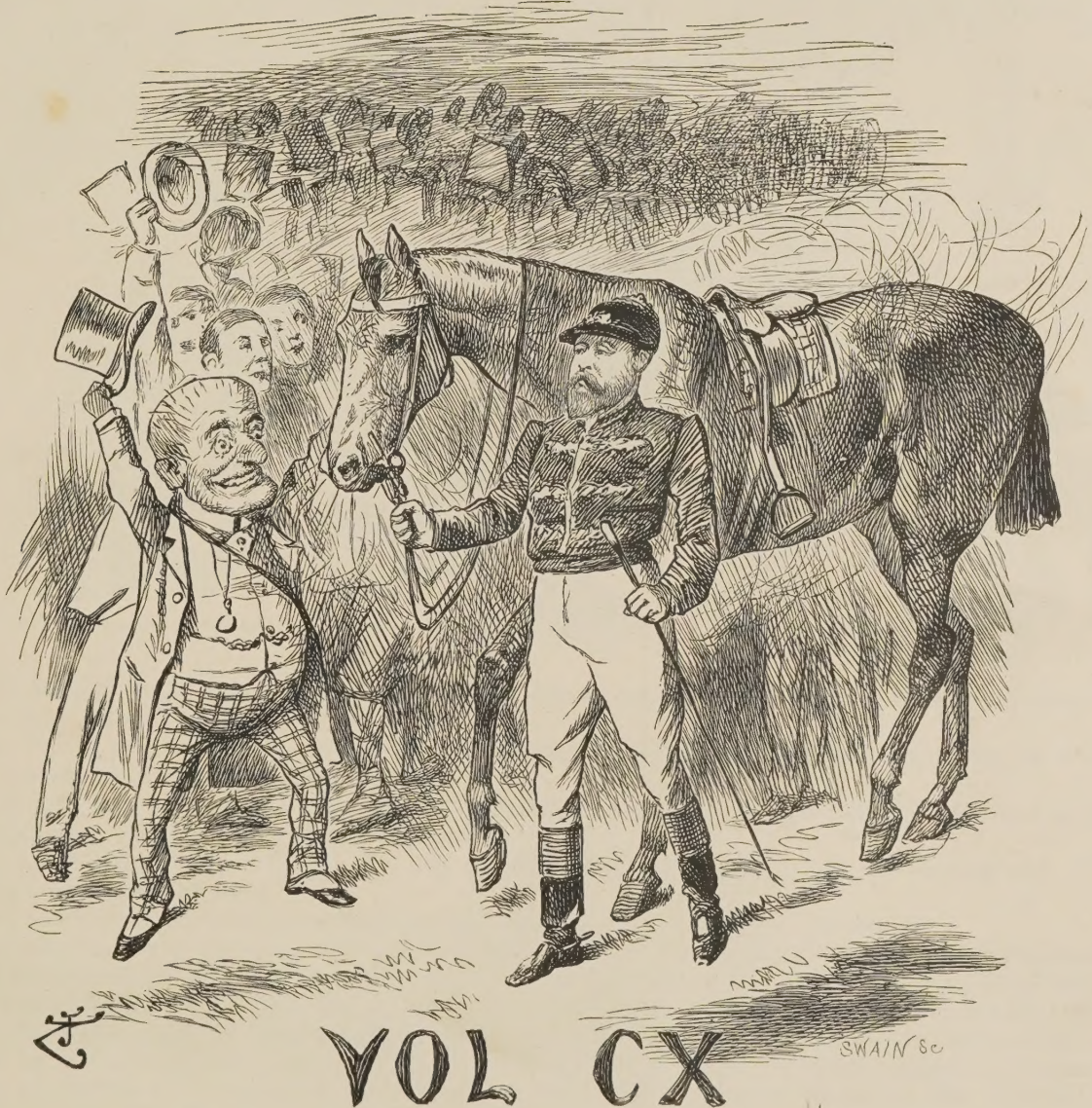


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1896.

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“IXION himself, by all that’s wonderful!” said Mr. PUNCH, addressing—in defiance of mere mundane injunction—the Man at the Wheel.

“Mr. PUNCH and none other, by all that’s delightful!” responded the Thessalian, trimming his bicycle lamp as tenderly as a masher tittivates his budding moustache.

“Happy to meet you, I’m sure—anywhere!” smiled the omnivagant Sage, pleasantly. “But how on earth did you get out of Hades and into Heav—well, say Olympus?”

“On my Wheel,” answered IXION. “It has proved a Wheel of Fortune to me—in the long run. I fancy I hold the record for long distance, anyhow.”

“But how did you contrive to turn your wheel of torment into a *Rota Fortunæ*, IXION?”

“As DISRAELI—who was a man after my own heart—made me write in JUNO’s album, ‘adventures are to the adventurous.’ MERCURY—who is not a bad fellow for a turnkey—first gave me the tip. In this epoch the Wheel rules the world! Olympus is awfully Conservative. But Olympus is also dull—as your Philosopher said most Conservatives are. And Olympus, like the Greeks, is always glad of ‘some new thing,’ if it be adroitly introduced. Now DISRAELI and I shared that useful knowledge how to educate a Conservative party—like the followers of JOVE or DERBY—without scaring it into revolt. Olympus—especially the she-side of it—was awearying for some novelty which was not as old as the hills or as stale as the New Fiction. To be brief, I cleverly converted my wheel of torture, and the chains wherewith I was bound thereto—MERCURY winking while I worked—into a Safety Bike! Then he whispered to JUPITER and JUNO that I was having quite a good time on my converted cycle. Curiosity did the rest, and now VULCAN and his Cyclops (floated as ‘The Etna Cycle Company, Limited’) are so full of orders even JOVE has to give six weeks’ notice when he wants a new Wheel. Ha! ha! ha!”

“Ho! ho! ho!” echoed Mr. PUNCH. “There seems to be a lot of human nature not only in humanity, but in divinity also. I presume you are quite a *persona grata* again—especially with the goddesses?”

“I believe you, my bho!” said the Thessalian, with a wink. “Olympus now ought rather to be called Olympia. Your Miss PATTISONS, MARIE PAULES, and Miles. SOLANGES are not in it, either for zeal or pace, with JUNO, VENUS, MINERVA, and that tremendously tenacious long-distance championess, dear DIANA! Are you a wheelman, Mr. PUNCH?”

“Am I not Everything in *excelsis*?” queried the Sage, coolly. “I wonder at your asking such a question! I’ll take you, or any of your Olympian ‘cracks,’ gods or goddesses, on at any distance you like!”

“On a cloud-course?” asked IXION, archly.

"Well, I'm better used to grass or asphalt," said Mr. PUNCH. "And perhaps I'm not so sweet on clouds as you are—or were—my dear Ixion. You, from long experience, are doubtless used to 'rolling in the air,'—on a wheel!"

The bold Thessalian actually blushed, and his impudent eye fell before Mr. PUNCH's significant glance. "I own that I prefer *innubilus æther*—now," said he. "But we've all sorts of tracks in Olympus. You pay your entrance fee, and you take your choice. If you like to enter for the Golden Apple Handicap, JUNO, VENUS, and MINERVA will run you a race on grass, or ATALANTA will give you a start, as a newer and swifter Milanion, over the Three Pippin Asphalt Track, at your pleasure. As for me, I'm your man at any distance, over any track, from cloud-course to cinder-path!"

"You always *were* a cheeky chap, Ixion," replied Mr. PUNCH, drily. "But how do your Olympian ladies *look* on Wheels? Do they don—well, Divided Skirts; and do they go *gracefully*, or humped and awkward, like too many terrestrial she-cyclists?"

"Look for yourself, Mr. PUNCH," responded Ixion. "'Here they come!' as your Derbyites yell, especially when a Popular Prince looks like to win. Peep through the cloud-rift, and you, Mr. PUNCH, like poor FINONE,

"Mays't well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and, like young PARIS, judge of gods!"

Sure enough, there they came, Goddesses Three. "Great HERÈ," pearly-shouldered PALLAS, "Idalian APHRODITE, beautiful," all on the World-dominating Wheel, all in Olympian Cycling Costume, all working away at treadle and handle as for dear life, like mere she-mortals at a mundane Cycle Meeting.

"What think you of my Three Olympian Pupils, Mr. PARIS-PUNCH?" asked Ixion.

"Humph!" said the Sage. "Methinks, personally, I should have preferred them as they appeared of old on the piny top of 'many-fountained Ida.' Women on Wheels look less like goddesses than they do *off* them, in my opinion, and goddesses on Wheels more like ordinary—*very* ordinary women. But I suppose the Wheel has 'come to stay'—for some time at least, in Olympus as in Hyde Park."

"You bet!" laughed Ixion. "Why, even that pompous upstart, PHÆBUS, is practising biking at night on the strict Q.T., and I expect soon will be putting down his stables, selling off his horses of the sun, and doing his daily round on Wheels! But look out, Mr. PARIS-PUNCH! This course is two laps to the mile, and the Illustrious Three will be back presently, when you will have to award the Apple——"

"Not at all, Ixion, my boy!" retorted Mr. PUNCH. "I have a better and fitter prize for the Olympian winner than any Golden Apple. My work and my awards are not for a mere cycle, but for all cycles, and cycles of cycles, 'not for an age, but for all time,' like my friend, WILLIAM OF AVON'S."

"And what *is* that prize of prizes for the Olympian winner of winners or champion of champions?" asked Ixion, curiously.

"Not a mere Golden Apple, but a veritable Golden Book," responded PUNCH, displaying to the amazed and interested Ixion his

One Hundred and Tenth Volume!!!





MR. PUNCH'S NEW YEAR PHILOSOPHY.

[HERACLITUS was called "the mourner" from his weeping at the follies of mankind.]

WHAT, weep the world's follies? That's playing the fool,
Like a jester who droppeth his tears in a pool;

'Tis like damming a deluge with water!
HERACLITUS had hardly the happy way hit,
Tears will not check follies as well as gay wit,
Which giveth those follies no quarter.

What use at the goose-flock to groan or to grizzle?

A laugh may succeed when a tear may mean
And what is more dull than damp fire-works?

DEMOCRITUS, Laughing Philosopher, knew
That a man make look blue over fools till all's blue;

That's just how all pessimist ire works.
A laugh has a lash, wit an edge far from blunt,

They whip up, without wounding, when grumble or grunt
Will only add anger to folly.

A fool under scolding is like your dull ass,
Who won't mend his form for mere whopping, alas!

So let's be, judiciously, jolly!
Untimely heroics, and preachments sublime,
Are tempting to juvenile censors, whom time
Will teach to be rather more rosy;

Not optimist boobies, nor pessimist bores,
They will learn that wise gaiety oftentimes
scores

When foiled fall the pompous and prosy.

And so at this solemn, yet soul-cheering season,
All wise men, like *Punch*, mingle laughter with reason;
And though East and West things look darkish,
Punch does not mean joining the fussy or frantic,
He sends a gay greeting across the Atlantic,
A blend of the loving and larkish.



Sporting Underwriter. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO INSURE?"

Bold Bird. "No; I'LL TAKE THE RISK!"

At—somebody's—folly he laughs, and derides
The notion of shindy between the two sides
Of one double-fronted iraternity.

Faithful friends' falling-out—for a time—a huge bore is;

But—here's to the *redintegratio amoris*!—

A love that should last to eternity.

Away fly the doves with an olive-branch each!

Good temper and fun better lessons will teach

Than many more high-sounding Messages.

Keep faith, at this season, in Peace and Goodwill!

Keep temper, and sure the New Year will fulfil

Mr. Punch's non-pessimist presages.

HERACLITUS, poor chap, was a little bit out;
A good hearty laugh may kill hatred or doubt,

If 'tis not too bitterly mocking.

"The Mourner" had best, on the whole, be a Mute!

Laugh! Laugh! save at sorrow; the man is mere brute

Who at misery chortles; that's shocking!
But *Punch's* first tip for the next of New Years

Is—don't weep at men's follies, nor laugh at their tears!

UP TO DATE.

SEEING that the New Woman proudly dreams
Of sharing Man's immunities and joys,

The proper proverb for the period seems,

"Girls will be—boys!"



THE PRINCES' MESSAGE.

"Sir FRANCIS KNOLLYS is desired by the Prince of WALES and the Duke of YORK to thank Mr. PULITZER for his cablegram. They earnestly trust, and cannot but believe, that the present crisis will be arranged in a manner satisfactory to both countries, and will be succeeded by the same warm feeling of friendship which has existed between them for so many years. Sandringham, Dec. 24, 1895."



DONE 'EM THIS TIME!

Huntsman (having galloped over rotten bridge, spanning deep drain, and kicked a large hole it). "Hi! KEEP OFF IT, YOU BEGGARS! IT WON'T BEAR YOU!"

[Has hounds all to himself—the acme of bliss!]

STUDIES IN MODERN JOURNALISM.

NO. III.—DORINDA'S DIARY.

Monday.—Oh dear! JEMIMA is *such* a nuisance! She has called three times in the last two days to implore me to spend next week at Twiddledum Towers. It is all very well for her to say that her husband—the Duke, you know—will be heart-broken if I refuse; but I put it to you, dear reader, how can I do as she wishes, and at the same time keep my solemn promise to the Countess of PENTONVILLE? The Countess would never, never forgive your poor DORINDA if she disappointed her. By the way, the Countess's new boots are not at all a success. But, as I told her, how could she expect them to fit well unless she bought them at Messrs. LACE AND LEATHER'S well-known shop, three doors off the Monument? * By the strangest coincidence, this excellent firm has a full-page advertisement on the cover of this number, so that you can find out all about their goods by referring to it.

Tuesday.—I felt very dull and depressed this morning; but a cup of DIBBS' cocoa at luncheon quite restored me. (You must notice the trade-mark carefully when you buy it—there are so many spurious imitations of DIBBS', you know.) After luncheon, CHARLES came in, and, since his tailor is SNIPS, of 540, Piccadilly, I need hardly say that he was dressed in faultless taste. He took me off to a *very* select At Home, where I was introduced to Lady SELTZER. "Dear Lady SELTZER," I said, immediately, "what charming gloves you are wearing! And yet I can see they are not expensive. Do tell me where you got them. and how much you paid for them." "Oh," said Lady SELTZER, with *such* a sweet smile, "that's what everyone asks me! Why, I bought them at Messrs. SHODDY'S winter sale—which, by the way, ends in a fortnight's time, so you should go there *at once*—and I only paid 2s. 11½d. the pair for them."

* Having guilelessly undertaken to publish a certain number of these delightfully entertaining articles, we would not for The World fail in our obligation. But, as we did not bind ourselves to give the names and addresses of the tradesmen herein insidiously advertised, we have substituted others of our own invention. Aggrieved purveyors have their remedy.—ED.

Wednesday.—"Where did you get that hat?" wrote SHAKESPEARE, and the question was repeated to me a dozen times at a fashionable luncheon-party to-day. How stupid people are, to be sure! For, of course, no one except Madame MODISTE, of 320A, Bond Street, could have created it. Indeed, I and all the other best-dressed people in London deal with her. TOMMY PLANTAGENET, my thirteen-year-old cousin, came in to tea. He told me that he had noticed a charming costume, worn by a lady in the row of stalls next to him at the Pantomime. I hasten to give the details of it, for the benefit of my readers. (Paper patterns of it can be obtained for six stamps from the office.) The dress is made of magenta-coloured sequins, embroidered with miroir velvet and piped passementerie. The bodice is composed of white fichu, draped round the hips with blue nainsook, and the arms are looped up above the basque with scarlet tulle, while the skirt is trimmed with yellow revers, edged with chiffon. The lining is of reseda-shot satin, with accordion-pleated buckles gathered very closely round the tunic. One could not easily imagine a more charming design.

Thursday.—"Arma virumque," as HOMER says—which means, of course, that all knowledge is useful. So, darling reader, I hasten to impart to you a fact which I was told to-day. And this is, that no one in London has such splendid crocodiles as Mr. SHADRACH, of Upper Holloway. This is worth remembering, as it is quite possible that crocodiles may become favourite drawing-room pets before long, and you could not offer your family a more acceptable Christmas present. In fact, a certain Princess—Bother! that dull old Marchioness has called to take me for a drive, so I can write no more just now.

A Grammatical Question settled under the Mistletoe.

"Now a kiss, dear," he said, "is a noun we'll agree, But common or proper, say which may it be?" "Well, perhaps," she replied (to speak nothing loth), While she smiled and grew red—"Let us say it is both."

ROBING-ROOM RUMOURS.

THERE is no truth in the report that, following the precedent about to be set by Mr. ASQUITH, in appearing before his fellow Privy Councillors, many of the Judges of the High Court are accepting retainers to represent either Plaintiffs or Defendants in their own Divisions. At least this extension is not likely to be carried out just at present.

The proposed representation of "A New Pantomime," by the late Dr. KENNELLY, at Gray's Inn, will certainly not take place during the present Christmas. If the work is played at all, it will be without scenic accessories.

It is asserted that, at the recent meeting of the deputation from the Bar Committee with the LORD CHANCELLOR, smoking was not permitted. As the proceedings, however, were of a semi-private character, it is uncertain whether liquid refreshments were discussed with arguments of a less material nature.

It is not improbable that, with a view to removing the block of legal business, that some of the railway companies will run, during the present year, "High Court Saloon Carriages," in which accommodation will be provided for the Bench, the Bar, the solicitors, and their clients and witnesses. If the matter of *venue* can be satisfactorily arranged, causes will thus be ready for hearing during transit. There is already a recorded precedent of a Judge granting an injunction from the front of his bathing-machine.

Now that the qualifications for mem-



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

ON THE LATCH-KEY VIVE!

bership of the Inns of Court Volunteers have been relaxed, and others than counsel can be admitted to the famous corps, it is possible the parties concerned in Chancery proceedings will be accepted as recruits. It is argued that by this means the regiment will retain the services of wealthy litigants and their personal representatives—"it may be for years, it may be for ever."

As nowadays only one or two rooms are used in the Royal Courts of Justice during term time, on account of the absence of most of the Judges in other places, it has been suggested to utilize the remainder of the building for the production of a grand realistic spectacle on the lines of the capital military entertainment at Olympia. If the idea is adopted, no doubt the initial item will be called "Fifteen Years of a Junior's Life; or, From Call to First Brief."

HEY, PRESTO!

A CABLE message from New York says:—

A fifteen-ton disappearing gun was mounted in the defences of New York Harbour this afternoon. Four more weapons of equal size and the same pattern will be placed in position next week.

Which thing is an allegory, neatly and picturesquely typifying President CLEVELAND's famous message to Congress. For a moment, even for a day, there was the murderous armament, threatening the amity of two nations and the peace of Europe. People looked up again to see what further preparations were made, and lo! it was gone. It was a diplomatic, or more precisely, an election-eering, disappearing gun.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON NEPHEWS—AND "HUCKLEBERRY FINN."

It has been granted to me during the last few days to study a soaring human boy face to face. The abstract "my nephew" of whom I occasionally speak in passing has become the concrete "Guy, don't do this," or, "Guy, don't do that." My study is littered with paper darts of all sorts and sizes; a clasp-knife is at this moment lying open on my favourite arm-chair, a catapult is on the floor (perhaps the safest place for it), and odd numbers of *Chums* are strewn about the house. The owner of these articles is dashing up and down the stairs, with a whole pack of dogs at his heels.

GUY is an atom of humanity, tottering on the brink of his eleventh birthday. His fond mother consigned him to my care, together with a long list of instructions. "His usual bed-time," she said, "is eight o'clock. Please, please see that he brushes his teeth morning and evening, and keeps his hands clean. When he goes out he must wear his overcoat and his little flannel comforter; and when he comes in you must always insist on his changing his stockings. Keep him out of puddles, and see that he does at least an hour at his arithmetic and Latin Grammar. He is weak in arithmetic; but in Latin Prose he got full marks at his last examination. Don't allow him to make himself a nuisance to you. If he does, give him a good book of adventures, and you'll find him as quiet as a mouse." These were the more important items in the compendium drawn up for the guidance of a bachelor uncle.

So far I have done my best, but my best has stopped short of Latin grammar and arithmetic. I can remember how keenly I detested the genial old gentlemen who, on hearing that I had gone to school, asked me to decline *mensa*, and posed me with the perfect tense of *fero*, and in my nephew's case I satisfied myself with his personal assurance that he had been able to translate into Latin these memorable sentences:—"CÆSAR marched into Italy with a large army," and "We were seen by CATULUS, your slave." A boy who can do that, and obtain full marks for it, is obviously reserved for very great things.

For the rest, I found him fairly amenable. He jibs a good deal at his overcoat, and has contrived to lose his little flannel comforter; his bedtime has been extended to nine o'clock; I have utterly failed to restrain him from puddles (our country roads, by the way, are nothing but so many huge puddles); and I find it next to impossible to keep his hands clean, though he has immaculate intervals lasting for about three minutes at a time. But he brushes his teeth and he changes his stockings, so I feel that on the whole I have done pretty well.

Of course he collects postage-stamps. He also takes a profound interest in smoking and all that pertains to it. He goes about bristling with cigarettes so as to be ready to supply my needs at the shortest notice. He is never without a tray, into which he knocks the ash from my cigarette as I smoke it. He has just come in and has posted himself at my elbow. Whizz—bang, he has decided that I have finished my cigarette, he has seized it out of my mouth, hurled it into the fire, has jammed another between my lips and has struck a match and burnt the cigarette to a cinder before I have recovered from the shock. He has found a box of fifty cigars and clipped all their ends, and he has filled my ten pipes with tobacco so as to be ready for all emergencies. It is delightful to find a mere boy able and willing to make himself so useful.

BUT his usefulness goes further. Only this morning I found him in the pantry busily employed in helping the butler to polish up the forks and spoons, and yesterday he was allowed, as a great treat, to take a hand in the manufacture of a plum-pudding. To-morrow he is to wait at table, a prospect which seems to fill him with unutterable joy. On the whole he is really a very good and cheerful little boy, with plenty of resources for his own amusement. One thing has struck me about him. He weighs about five stone, and his size, therefore, is not gigantic. Still, in his little knickerbocker suit, he looks quite big enough for his years. But in the evening he wears a full-dress Eton suit, which has the effect of reducing him to the merest scrap; the most diminutive shrimp, I warrant, that ever got full marks for Latin prose.

I FEAR there is a lack of reverence about the nephews of the

present day. This one—and I presume he is typical of the rest—calls me familiarly by my Christian name without the respectful prefix "Uncle." When asked why he did this, he said, "Oh, I don't know, 'uncles' are people with whiskers." As my whiskers did not survive my freshman's year at Cambridge, it appears that I am not qualified for the title, though I cannot shake off the responsibilities of the post. His ideas on age are also rather alarming. "How old," I asked him, "is the head-master of your school?" "Oh, middle-aged—nearly thirty."

BUT my chief surprise has been his keen and appreciative enjoyment of *Huckleberry Finn*. I gave it to him to quiet him, and he was soon deep in it. This evening he has insisted on reading aloud to me the whole of that inimitable passage which relates how the two old frauds, the *King* and the *Duke of Bridgewater*, pretended to be the brothers of *Mr. Peter Wilks*, deceased. At every other sentence that boy had to stop, convulsed with laughter, and, mind you, he laughed in the right way and at the right things. This is no mere piece of knockabout clowning such as one supposes would appeal to a small boy, but a bit of the most genuine and incisive humour ever printed. I am, therefore, forced to the conclusion—still assuming GUY to be typical—that the sense of humour amongst nephews of a tender age has become far keener and juster than it used to be.

BUT, after all, what a great book is *Huckleberry Finn*. With how lavish a hand has MARK TWAIN scattered the riches of his humour and his observation and his sympathy over every page. There is enough in it to fit out twenty ordinary books with laughter. There are bits of description in it which bring a scene before your eyes as vividly as if you had seen it over and over again and fixed it on your mind. Characters are hit off in a few incisive touches, and the man stands before you as he must have lived.

TAKE this for description:—"It was one of these regular summer storms. It would get so dark that it looked all blue-black outside, and lovely; and the rain would thrash along by so thick that the trees off a little ways looked all dim and spider-webby; and here would come a blast of wind that would bend the trees down and turn up the pale underside of the leaves; and then a perfect ripper of a gust would follow along and set the branches to tossing their arms as if they was just wild; and next, when it was just about the bluest and blackest—*fst!* it was as bright as glory, and you'd have a little glimpse of tree tops a-plunging about, away off yonder in the storm, hundreds of yards further than you could see before; dark as sin again in a second, and now you'd hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling down the sky towards the underside of the world, like rolling empty barrels downstairs, where it's long stairs and they bounce a good deal, you know."

AND this:—"Colonel Grangerford was a gentleman, you see. He was a gentleman all over; and so was his family. He was well-born, as the saying is, and that's worth as much in a man as it is in a horse, so the widow Douglass said, and nobody ever denied she was of the first aristocracy in our town; and pap he always said it too, though he wasn't no more quality than a mud-cat himself. Colonel Grangerford was very tall and very slim, and had a darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywhere; he was clean-shaved every morning all over his thin face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high nose and heavy eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep like they seemed they was looking out of caverns at you as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was black and straight and hung to his shoulders. . . . Sometimes he smiled, and it was good to see; but when he straightened himself up like a liberty pole, and the lightning begun to flicker out from under his eyebrows, you wanted to climb a tree first, and find out what the matter was afterwards. He didn't ever have to tell anybody to mind their manners—everybody was always good-mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around too: he was sunshine most always—I mean he made it seem like good weather. When he turned into a cloud-bank it was awful dark for half a minute and that was enough; there wouldn't nothing go wrong again for a week."

THEN for simple, unforced pathos you have the runaway nigger, Jim, one of the finest and purest gentlemen in all literature. And for tragedy, can anything be more moving and terrible than the last stand of the *Grangerfords*, or the death of *Boggs*, with its sequel in *Colonel Sherburn's* imperturbable defiance of the cowardly mob, who propose to lynch him? But I have not space to dwell on all the great points of this Homeric book—for Homeric it is in the true sense, as no other English book is, that I know of.

So I (and my nephew) send this message of goodwill across the sea to our friend MARK TWAIN, at a time when messages of good-

will and friendship are sorely needed. That the countrymen of DICKENS and MARK TWAIN should fight about Venezuela is an idea so fantastic and preposterous that imagination boggles at it; and even the mind of the worst Jingo of either nation must revolt from it when it is fully realised.

P.S.—A week or two back I asked about the National Pension Fund for Nurses, and expressed a wish to know the address of its Secretary. A kindly correspondent, signing herself "An Admirer of *Mr. Punch* of Fifty Years' standing," gives me the necessary information, which I hereby convey to my readers in the earnest hope that the fund may benefit:—Royal National Fund for Nurses, 28, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

THE BEAUTYCIDES.

"A THING of beauty is a joy for ever,"—
Until there comes an advertiser clever,
With paste, and poster, and some patent pill;
And then by stream and meadow, vale and hill,
Taste feels, through greed's disease, by no pill curable,
A thing of ugliness is yet more durable.
Churls! they'd foul Eden, or disfigure Arden,
With Trade's new-fangled "Ugly Thing in the Garden"!
Shall they at Foyers carry on those feats
Whereby Philistia gives the lie to KEATS?

"SOME OF THE BEST" OF REGULATIONS.

(Prepared by an Expert after witnessing the new piece at the Royal Adelphi Theatre.)

ALL officers belonging to the Portsmouth garrison will take tea with neighbouring parsons, and their daughters, in undress uniform. On such occasions the regiment of the subaltern, in attendance upon the Commander-in-chief, shall accompany their officer to the churches, belonging to said parsons, to the music of the fifes and drums.



A lieutenant of Highlanders shall be told off to prepare the plans of the new fortifications at Portsmouth, in the absence of Royal Engineers qualified to undertake the duty.

It shall be considered high treason if the lieutenant aforesaid takes the plans, he has himself prepared, from a safe with a view to acquainting himself of their contents, and imparting the knowledge thus guiltily obtained to an anonymous enemy of his country.

When accused of the aforesaid crime, the lieutenant shall be tried by court martial, whereat ample accommodation shall be reserved for females in distress.

The office of prosecutor at such a court martial shall be assumed by a general officer senior to the Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, and one who has been permitted to retain his A.D.C.-ship after promotion from field rank.

The prisoner shall be allowed practically to conduct the proceedings of the court martial, and shall have opportunities afforded him of taking part in several touching scenes, with the females in distress.

On being found guilty, the lieutenant shall have his sentence read to him in front of his regiment, and undergo the painful and novel indignity of degradation to the ranks.

During the execution of this newly-authorized punishment, the lieutenant shall be permitted to clasp his *fiancée* to his heart and to present her with the Victoria Cross.

On reinstatement to his rank the lieutenant shall obtain the control of his regiment, and shall use his regained freedom to harangue his superior officers, to pardon his accusing and perjured witness and reconcile her to her father, the general commanding, and finally to embracing the young lady destined shortly to become his wife.

The reinstatement of the lieutenant having been fixed to come off on the occasion chosen by the prosecutor at the court martial as one fitting for the presentation of new colours to the lieutenant's regiment, the prosecutor, in a neat speech, shall deliver the national flag to the ex-prisoner amidst the loudly expressed joy of all beholders.

Lastly. After the reinstated lieutenant has received the National Flag at the hands of the prosecutor aforesaid, he shall give satisfactory statistics regarding the crime of high treason in its relation to the commissioned ranks of the British Army. Having done this, he shall be at liberty to allow it to be inferred by all sufficiently fortunate to be present at the aforesaid interesting ceremony, that it is the intention of himself and his bride to live honourably, and consequently happily, for ever afterwards.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

IT IS NOT THE BUSINESS OF DUCAL FOOTMEN TO CLEAN THE FAMILY BICYCLES. THE LADIES ERMYNTRUDE AND ADELGITHA HAVE TO DO IT THEMSELVES.

A PROPHET TOO PREVIOUS.

(To the Author of the "Hill-top Novel.")

THE "Survival of the Fittest" we begin to understand,
(Though we sometimes doubt the *fact* of the survival.)
But the coming of GRANT ALLEN, with his notions queer, if grand,
Seems an instance of its premature arrival.
Many hundred years ahead of us, and yet "dumped down" to-day
Among those who his far ancestry should be!
It is really quite "too previous" and the Fates must be at play
To perch upon our hill-tops such as he.
When centuries get mixed up so, and there comes a saintly seer
From the twenty-fifth, six centuries in advance,
What wonder if we find his hill-top theories wild and queer,
And decline at his new tunes to up and dance?
No, we *don't* want to catch up to him, and were he out of sight,
We could wait for him six centuries, contented,
But his spectre—on the hill-tops—fills the timid with affright,
And drives advanced young ladies half-demented.
Between good Mrs. GRUNDY and Miss LANCHESTER it seems
There are dangers in our novelist's new leaven,
It drives one to hysterics, makes the other dream strange dreams,
But will it sweeten home or brighten heaven?
You dedicate your work to those who've heart, and soul, and brain
Enough to understand it! Modest! Meek, Sir!
Can't you move a *leetle* farther good GRANT ALLEN, and remain—
Well—say about the middle of next week, Sir!

AN UNPREDICTED STORM.

A STORM of unusual violence, coming from the United States struck the British coasts on the 18th ult. The usual storm warning from New York had not preceded it. It was accompanied by loud thunder and blustering winds, and seemed likely to cause great damage. Happily a condition of great calmness prevailed over the British Isles, the cyclonic disturbance seeming to have little effect, unless to cause a temporary increase in the fog and gloom. Since then appearances give hope of greater clearness, with probably bright and settled conditions later.

It is believed that this storm originated in a violent outburst of

Mount Cleveland, a large volcano hitherto quiescent; and of Mount Olney, a smaller, but equally active, centre of fiery disturbances. Until recently they were considered quite harmless. The Irish newspapers state that both craters had been for some days in a state of violent ebullition. Before this outburst the summit of Mount Cleveland was densely wooded, and produced a larger number of inferior planks, used in the construction of platforms, than any other headland in the United States. The present volcanic condition has, of course, entirely superseded the production of these inferior planks.

"DR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS."

JUST before the holiday time a drawing-master was summoned before Mr. HADEN CORSER by an indignant female parent for chastising her offspring. The master had merely anticipated the general season of gifts with a Christmas Box on the boy's ear. "The mother," observed Mr. HADEN CORSER, with a staccato touch of HADEN's surprise in his tone, "is within her right in complaining," and so HADEN the Politer—never "the Corser"—fined the drawing-master three guineas, for which he had to draw a cheque, and bound him over in five pounds to come up for judgment when called on. HADEN the Politer well and wisely remarked that it was beyond his powers (as a magistrate) to imagine what course the aggrieved parent would have taken had her son been a public school-boy at Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or Winchester, where the birch, in some form or other, and on some form or other, or some part of it, was the rule of punishment, where the boy would be swished, and where the head-master's swish over-ruled the parent's wish. At Eton, and at any other public school, the boy "could take it (the swishing) or leave it (the school)," and would be only too glad to accept the "*post hoc propter hoc*" instead of having to retire from public (school) life. Every boy ought to know how to take his whack and be glad of the chance. Also, on certain occasions, he should be able to return the whack with interest.

Mr. HADEN CORSER is the Solomon of the Bench, and had he reminded the sensitive mother of that wise saying of the Wise King as to the sparing of the rod and the spoiling of the child (though in this case, it may be admitted that the rod was not in question, but only a handy mode of chastisement), it would not have been amiss. The "Block System" at public schools is a good one. *Floreat!*



“JUST OFF!”

GUARD. “TICKET, SIR, PLEASE!”

LITTLE NEW YEAR. “SEASON!”

GUARD. “THANKEE, SIR! (*Aside.*) HOPE THE LAD WILL GET THAT LUGGAGE SAFELY THROUGH!”



"EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM THAT 'WAITS.'"

THE HAUNTED HAT.

(Tag-end of a Ghost Story written for Christmas or any other time.)

ANGELINA could not understand the cause of her misfortunes. All through the day she had had the luck against her. She had visited her favourite spinster aunt (from whom she expected to inherit wealth untold), and that usually amiable old lady had treated her with marked coldness.

"I don't know what it is," said the venerable dame, "but there are voices in the air, ANGELINA, accusing you of murder, I can hear them, I can, indeed!"

"My dear Aunt, what nonsense! But there, I only looked in to show you my new hat. Do you like it?"

"Well, no," returned the elderly spinster; "I don't care for such a heap of feathers. The original material is completely hidden in a perfect nest of wings. The hat is suggestive of limitless slaughter."

"It is the fashion," replied ANGELINA, rather angrily; "and what is the fashion must be nice."

And then the ruffled maiden, after a cold adieu addressed to her aged relative, took herself off. She visited several of her friends, but one and all complained of the voices. They heard in the air accusations of assassination. ANGELINA was "an accessory after the fact," and these cruel indiotments quite eclipsed the success of the hat. The head-gear was pronounced here and there "stylish," but the cry of "murder" overwhelmed the praise. At last ANGELINA met EDWIN.

"What is the matter?" cried the girl, as her betrothed turned away from her in horror.

"Your hat!" cried the budding barrister. "Every feather accuses

you of cruelty! The voices of the birds are chirruping out charges of brutality!"

"But it is the latest fashion!" urged the now weeping ANGELINA. "Feathers are all the vogue."

"And to procure them the poor little songsters of the grove are massacred by millions! The parent birds are taken away from their young, and the fledgelings are allowed to die of starvation! Your hat is eloquent of misery! There is not a wing on it that does not suggest a tragedy!"

The young man spoke earnestly. He had been called to the Bar, and spoke as if addressing a jury.

"Then you no longer love me!" sobbed ANGELINA.

"How can I?" replied EDWIN. "The birds are witnesses against you. I am fully aware of the consequences. I know the dangers of breaches of promises of marriage. But, ANGELINA, in spite of those dangers, in spite of possible damages of untold amount, I must withdraw. I can no longer be yours! All is over between us!"

"Oh, EDWIN!"

And then not an altogether strange thing happened—ANGELINA awoke. The retribution of the birds had been a dream!

More was the pity! It would be well for the feathered tribe if such a dream could become a reality!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE RIDER TO HIS MISTRESS

THERE'S never a sweetheart so dainty as mine,

Not a lady so loving and fair

From the Rhone to the Rhine, from the Thames to the Tyne,

There's not any with you to compare!

Your eyes are as bright as the sun's subtle light,

Yet as soft as the moon on the sea,

And your form has the grace that belongs to the race

Of a damsel of long pedigree.

There's surely no helpmate so willing as you.

Have you never refused me your aid?

In the world there are few half so loyal and true

As you are, my bonny brown maid.

In the cruellest task I have only to ask—

You care not for danger or pain—

When our fortune seem'd gone, you have challeng'd and won,

You have done it again and again.

There's never a cross word between you and me,

And you listen to all that I say.

If a point there should be on which you disagree,

And you show it—'tis only in play.

You're the joy of my heart, and we never shall part,

Not e'en when we've finished at last.

Then the cap, jacket, belt, and the spurs you ne'er felt,

Will be memories glad of the Past!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EXCELLENT present for the present season—which, as our old friend WILLY SHAKESPEARE would have said, is "the season of presents," the New Year's gifts coming in as the Old Year, loaded with the good things of Christmas, goes out—is *The*

Vanity Fair Album, with its coloured caricatural likenesses of "celebrities" of all sorts—more or less celebrated—drawn chiefly by "SPY," occasionally by "STUFF," and sometimes by "GATH," with notes written as an accompaniment by JEHU JUNIOR. Of the three artists named, "SPY," legitimate successor of poor "PELICAN," is *facile princeps*, although, even in his work, it is very rare to find one picture drawn in the genuine spirit of caricature. They are likenesses first, and caricature has to take its chance.

Always you exclaim, "How like! How good!" seldom "How inimitably funny!" The frontispiece introduces us to four sporting gentlemen, masters of fox-hounds in pink—"SPY" pinx-it—who, in their own persons, represent the hardy annals of the winter season, who, as disdaining hares, and not caring for stags, would choose for their motto "*Fox et præterea nil*."





Mr. Boreham (who has already stayed over an hour and talked about himself the whole time).
 "YES, I'M SORRY TO SAY I'M A MARTYR TO INSOMNIA. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING, BUT I CANNOT GET SLEEP AT NIGHT!"

His Hostess (sweetly). "OH, BUT I CAN TELL YOU A VERY SIMPLE REMEDY. YOU SHOULD TALK TO YOURSELF—AFTER GOING TO BED!"

OUTSIDE!

(With Apologies to a Mellifluous Memory.)

It chanced a song the Stoney-broke One sang
 Of Fortune and her wheel—in S. E. slang:—
 Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, as 'twere a
 "bike,"

Now cutting records, now bust-up, belike,
 Thy wheel and thee I'll neither "bull" nor
 "bear."

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, like a steam-
 pump! ["slump,"
 Now up, and 'tis a "boom," now down—a
 I'm neither Bear nor Bull, and so don't care.

Smile, and behold a "Barney," and a swell!
 Frown, and 'tis still a "barney" but a sell!
 An empty purse is master of man's fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel before the crushing crowd,
 Fools who before the golden calf have bowed!
 I'm stoney-broke, and so can't speculate!

AN INTERVIEW IN COMMON FORM.

(From a Note-book found in the land of Personalia.)

THE house of the great man did not differ very materially from the dwelling-places of his neighbours. The regulation portico, the customary area, the white-washed stucco front were all there to carry out the resemblance. The hall, too, was not unlike other halls of other mansions. The butler, the footman, and the housemaids had nothing to distinguish them from fellow-menials filling like situations in other *ménages*.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the Great Man, with a smile.

"Well," I replied, "it is only fair to tell you that I come in the character of an interviewer. To save time, I will not give you my opinion of things in general, and yourself in particular, for the simple reason that I can add it as padding when I come to the composition of the article."

"Quite so," responded the Great Man, emphatically; "I commend your excellent good sense. And here let me say that this is not the first time I have been examined on behalf of the Press."

"Certainly, but not too often. Had you 'been done to death,' to use a colloquialism, I should not have had the honour and pleasure of this introduction. In fact, you, from an editorial point of view, would have been regarded as valueless for copy."

"No doubt," returned the Great Man, laughing heartily and good-naturedly. "But I have the advantage—thanks to my scanty but, for this purpose, sufficient experience—of knowing the sort of thing you want to learn. For instance, I have a cup of tea at seven, eat a hearty breakfast at nine, lunch lightly at two, and reserve eight o'clock for dinner."

"Thank you very much," said I, making the entry in my note-book; "and now tell me—do you take soup?"

"I have not for many years. I must confess, too, that I dilute the deadly cold of the morning tub with a little boiling water. I never eat sugar, and care nothing for pastry."

"Is the dislike medicinal or hereditary?"

"A mixture of both. As a child, the favourite punishment of my mother was the order of 'no pudding.' Thus, as quite an infant, I lost my appreciation of tarts. What was commenced by my maternal parent was completed by my doctor. I have been ordered to give up fruit pies."

We laughed heartily at this quaint description, and for a moment or two my pen was busy.

"Is there anything else I can tell you?"

"I suppose you go to the seaside in the summer, and occasionally run over to Switzerland in the autumn? That you are fond of dogs and children? That your wife takes a deep interest in your work? Then you have cozy corners in your house, and that kind of thing?"

"To be sure," replied the Great Man, who had been nodding affirmatively to my various queries. "But everything connected with the house you will surely leave to the photographer? I presume I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance?"

It was my turn to bow, and bow I did, with a smile.

"And now," said my host, "I am going to ask a slight favour. All I have told you would probably be equally applicable to my good friends and neighbours, BROWN, JONES, SMITH, and ROBINSON? You acquiesce in the suggestion? Quite so; then give all the interesting particulars you have collected, but avoid mentioning my name."

"But your personality is what will interest the public."

"Yes; but this sketch will do for any one else of eminence. Reserve it for the next comer."

And, as the idea was a novelty, I adopted the suggestion.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

(Entirely New Version.)

BENEATH the Bridge I often sit and sigh,

So often, that I seem to grow indig-
 -enous. Maybe you'll want to ask me why
 Beneath the Bridge.

"A tunnel's made to get you through a ridge,
 And o'er a bridge you keep afoot on high."
 But I'm aboard. Above me, on the Bridge,
 My lover officer scans sea and sky.
 And though it grows as cold as the Refrig-
 -erator late at night, still there am I
 Beneath the Bridge.

THE KALENDAR OF FRIENDSHIP.

(FOR 1896.)

January.—Mr. WILLIAM JONES presents his compliments to Mr. HENRY SMITH, and while apologising for the liberty he takes in addressing him, would be obliged, &c., &c.

February.—Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and in reply beg to state, &c., &c.—Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

March.—Dear Sir,—I shall be very pleased to afford you all the information relative to the matter mentioned in your letter, &c., &c.—Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM JONES.

April.—Dear Mr. SMITH,—I much regret that I was not at home when you so kindly called on me the other day. Perhaps you will do me the honour to dine here one night at an early date? &c., &c.—Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM JONES.

May.—Dear SMITH,—Your letter is not at all "presumptuous," as you modestly express it. Pray be assured that you have my best offices in any thing that may tend to your advantage, &c., &c.—Yours most sincerely,
WILLIAM JONES.

June.—My dear SMITH,—Of course I shall be delighted to join your party. When does the picnic take place? Pray give my compliments to Mrs. SMITH, &c., &c.

Yours ever, WILLIAM JONES.

July.—My dear old chap,—Just got yours. Of course, you dear old fellow, shall be delighted, and only too pleased, to come to the christening, and stand godfather to the olive branch. The idea of supposing that it would be a "bore" to me! &c., &c.—Yours ever most affectionately,
W. J.



AMBIGUOUS.

"SHALL I WAIVE IT, MISS? IT DOES AWAY WITH THE PLAINNESS."

August.—My dear SMITH,—Have you forgotten my letter of yesterday week? Pray let me have an answer to it at your earliest convenience and oblige

Yours ever, WILLIAM JONES.

September.—My dear Mr. SMITH,—I cannot see that your tardy answer to my letters at all explains matters. What I wish definitely to know is, &c., &c.

Yours sincerely, WILLIAM JONES.

October.—Dear Mr. SMITH,—I fail completely to understand how, &c., &c.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM JONES.

November.—Dear Sir,—I am surprised, &c., &c.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM JONES.

December.—Sir,—I positively decline to do anything so ridiculous as to go to Belgium with you for the purpose of fighting a duel. On the other hand, you are certainly at liberty to go to Jericho, for all I care.—Sir, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

To Henry Smith, Esq.

N.B.—My solicitors' address is, &c., &c.

The Seven Against—Each Other.

SEVEN Minor Bards snatch, with an eager glee,

At every chance of courtly minstrelsy;
'Tis hard the Court (or Cabinet) will have none of them!

They're all half-fitted for the post, you see;

Poets, of course, they none of them may be.

But they're effusive Laureates, every one of them.

HAPPILY OBVIOUS.—That CLEVELAND need not be interpreted Land-cleaver.

"THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON."

Peg away, *Daily Graphic*, and advocate weekly,
And strongly, and daily, and gaily, your dreams
Of beautiful London. We bear much too meekly
Discomfort and ugliness; fight for your schemes.

Peg away, and keep showing that London needs greatly
In buildings more beauty, in streets still more space,
Plan boulevards and squares, lined with houses more stately,
Combining convenience, grandeur, and grace.

Then England may rise to a wonderful level,
The level of France, of old Greece, even more;
"Schools of Art," as at present, may go to the—I mean, dogs—
And art may be fostered as never before.

Then Wellington Statues, and Shaftesbury Fountains,
And Albert Memorials never would come,
As mouse-like productions of labouring mountains,
To strike the intelligent foreigner dumb.

She would not put pictures by barracks, nor boast that
South Kensington sheds show her architects' skill;
She builds even now, and requires at the most that
Some generous citizen settles the bill.

The bill! *Daily Graphic*, of what are you thinking?
The bill! Oh, my goodness, who ever will pay?
Is England so rich as to contemplate sinking
Such sums for mere beauty, hard cash thrown away?

Note by a "New Novel" Reader.

CERTAIN unsavoury social crimes of old
Were things on which pure ladies would not look.
They're not so sternly censured now, I'm told,
But they're (by women) oftener "brought to book."

NEW DICTIONARY.

(Being some occasional notes intended as a contribution towards a
"Lady's Own Dictionary of Words and Phrases.")

"AGGRAVATE." This word, according to men's dictionaries, means "to exaggerate: to make enormous, &c.,"; but the fair sex, not content with this simple definition, have given it another, which is, to anger, to irritate. For instance, in women's language, the expression, "an aggravating thing," is generally understood to signify a person who causes us anger or displeasure. If a man were to talk to a woman of an "aggravated injury," she would probably not know what he meant. But if he were to describe her dearest friend's conduct as aggravating, she would immediately understand him.

"So." This little adverb is a great favourite with ladies, in conjunction with an adjective. For instance, they are very fond of using such expressions as "He is so charming!" "It is so lovely!" &c. According to the rules of strict grammar, the use of the adverb "so," and of the adjectives "lovely" and "charming," requires to be followed, in both these sentences, by the use of the conjunction "that." "He is so charming! that I have made a friend of him," is a purely masculine one, or should be so. It is satisfactory to know, however, that ladies have nothing whatever to do with the rules of strict grammar.

It is hoped that these two extracts will for the present suffice to show the exceedingly useful character of the forthcoming publication.

EAR! EAR!—The *Daily News* felicitates the country on its "Musical Year." But why drag in that "Y"? When it can congratulate England on the possession of a musical ear, it may indeed inspire a patriotic psalm. But after hearing the Christmas holidays made hideous by inharmonious howlings, in discordant keys, of "Glorious Beer!" Mr. Punch feels that the most seasonable greeting to his countrymen is "I wish you all a Happy New Ear!"

LONG AGO LEGENDS.

Y^E INNEHOLDERE AND HYS DRAWERE.

IN Cheape dwelled an Inneholdere, and one daye he dyd go downe in toe hys cellar toe watere y^e ale, as was hys wante, when he espyede hys Drawere drynkinge sack out of a flaske which he had tayken toe hys own use, and then place it in hys poke for bye-and-bye. So y^e inneholdere dyd lie in wate for hym, and on hys coming oute dide taxe hym withe y^e theft. "Nay, goode master," sayde y^e Drawere, "'tis not theft, for you are payde for it; I dyd but nowe deposite y^e pryce of itte in y^e till where you will finde itte withall." But y^e Inneholdere, knowinge thys toe be alle lese, dyd take awave from hym y^e flaske and dyd boxe hym on y^e eerys and hytte hym in y^e iye, remarkynge while, "Nay, 'tis you who are payde for itte."



Then y^e Drawere dyd retaliate malapertelie withe hys tongue in such a waye that itte can notte here be chronicled.

"Ho," cryed y^e Inneholdere, "woulde you gyve me chyke in mine owne house? Knowe, knave, that I playe firste fiddle here!"

"And no marvell," replied y^e Drawere, "consyderinge it is suche a vile inne."

And dyd y^e Inneholdere forgyve hym on account of thys pleasanterie? Peradventure; for it is saide he dyd then and there give hym y^e sack.

HOW TO KEEP A DIARY.

(Taught by the Contents.)

January 1.—Intend to preserve in this little volume the written record of my life. Now and again I shall give my thoughts, my aspirations. Any event of commanding importance, of course, will appear in its proper sequence in these pages. I shall not omit reference to domestic details of purely personal interest, for out of such seemingly homely materials many an interesting biography is ultimately carefully compiled. And now to commence. Went out to-day to have my hair cut. Later on, a family gathering. Present, my Uncle JACK, Aunt JEMIMA, and the boys. Dinner passed off pleasantly. The only discordant note was BOBBY'S allusion to Cousin POTTER'S will. I think the *contretemps* that followed was caused by thoughtlessness rather than by malice. Still, it was a bad omen for the otherwise glad New Year.

January 2.—And now to continue the story of my career from day to day. Obligated to go out. Will return to this volume when I get home.

January 12.—Had my hair cut. Gloves, 3s. 6d. Fellow told me last night that the only way to get good cheroots was to write to Manilla direct.

January 31.—Afraid I have not kept this diary very regularly. However will make a fresh start, and not get into arrears again. This morning I rose at seven, had breakfast (sausages, tea, and eggs) at eight. Off to chambers at ten. Led in an important case (*Bauks* versus *Corkes*) and obtained a verdict. TOMKINS, J., complimented me. On my way home met my Cousin CHARLIE. He dined with us, and tells me that GUSSIE returned from Canada last Autumn. She is engaged to be married. Dear me! How time flies! It seems only the other day that she was playing with her doll!

March 5.—Had my hair cut to-day. Must keep this diary more regularly. What is the benefit of a diary unless you use it? Pause for a reply. Saw the BEVERLEY ROBINSONS in the Park. It appears that it was not their fault that the silver *épergne* passed out of the family. The facts are these—

March 6.—Was interrupted yesterday as I was giving the true story of the *épergne*. However it is just as easy and appropriate to enter it under this date as any other. Well, to commence—

April 19.—Omnibus 2d. Cab 2s. 6d. Gingerbread nuts 4d. Repayment of portion of loan at Bank £153 10s. 6d. Address of the man with marble statues—247, Araminta Avenue East, Lower Tooting Lane.

May 1.—Really ashamed to find how slack I have been in keeping this diary. However, in future I will make entries daily. This morning went to the British Museum to verify dates in my new book, *Remembrances Recalled on the Stage-side of the Green Curtain*. I was right. Professor Anderson was lessee of Covent Garden Opera-house when it was burned down after a *bal masqué*. Met CHARLIE HOGARTH. The same as ever. Awfully good fellow. Dined at the club, and went to see *Sinbad up to Date*. Quite like old times. A morsel of mild American cheese in a plain lettuce salad not half bad. CHARLIE'S recipe. Good chap, CHARLIE!

August 3.—Decided to go to Kiel.

September 9.—Braces, 1s. 6d. GUSSIE married the Captain. My present of a card-table, made of Japanese fans, pretty. Only fault, there were nine other duplicates. That's the worst of getting wedding-gifts from the Stores. Some other chapple is sure to choose the same!

October 25.—My birthday! I have been sadly remiss in keeping this diary hitherto, and will mend the fault for the remainder of the quickly passing year. To-day I reach my prime. Well, I have not done so badly; my practice is fairly good—at any rate pays the rent of my chambers, and keeps me in gowns and wigs. Then my editorship of *The Moon-Gazers Monthly Magazine* has been entirely satisfactory to the proprietors. If I quarrelled with BOBBY'S ROSIE it is only because she was so extremely rude to poor dear TRIXY in the train. However, in that matter, it's more their loss than ours! So I can regard the situation with equanimity!

November 12.—Had my hair cut.

December 14.—Gloves 3s. 6d. Aunt MARIA'S day is first and third Fridays. Kidneys cut into thin slices, then covered with bread-crumbs, then broiled.

December 27.—Went to the play last night. Did not see very much, as my box appeared to be a sort of converted doorway. Performance (so far as I could judge) as per usual. Omnibus for us both, 1s. 4d. Gave blind crossing sweeper half-a-crown instead of a penny. It is a mistake of that character which disgusts one with charity.

December 28.—Had my hair cut.

December 30.—Soleing boots, 4s. 6d.

December 31.—And so this is the last day of the 365! I find that I have not kept to my original intention in this volume. But I have bought a new diary, and will try to do better next year.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE AT OLYMPIA.

THE classic ground close to the elongated mile once known as "Punch's Railway" is again popular. Thanks to the efforts of the great DEUBOLIANTUS-CUM-ADDISONRODIA, Olympia is very much to the fore. On Boxing afternoon and night crowds thronged to see the last thing in Derbys and the newest idea of the Chitral campaign. Both events are perfect marvels of realism. The mob that supplies a background to the winning of the Blue Riband of the Turf could not be surpassed as a specimen of "the convincing." There are real "ARRIES" and "ARRIETS," soldiers, sailors, acrobats, and, last but not least, police-constables. The horses, too, seem to enjoy the sport, and if they are not all "winners," they compare favourably with many a successful competitor for a Queen's Plate. But the feature of the equestrian show is unquestionably the crowd of spectators. With the assistance of many hundreds of auxiliaries, the hill is realised with its numberless vehicles, its series of booths, and, last and not least, its poor, forlorn, forsaken, and much-chivied Derby dog. Then Olympia has, as is quite right and correct, races by ladies, bicycles and donkeys. Those who are to be responsible for the coming meeting in Athens might secure an object-lesson in West Kensington. If Greece follows in the wake of the Addison Road, all should be well at the international gathering of athletes.

And if the Race for the Derby is satisfactory, the Relief of Chitral is equally excellent. The soldiers who gallantly occupy the boards, once the home of the largest ballet *troupe* of the world, are reserve men, and members of that constitutional force, "the bold Militia." These fine fellows must delight the descendants of the Brook Green Volunteer, whose traditional training-ground, it will be remembered, was in the neighbourhood. For the rest, there is every prospect that the present excellent entertainment will draw crowded houses twice daily to Olympia far into the glad New Year, and possibly into those years to come in the approaching century.



CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

To the President of the Royal Academy of Arts.

MY LORD,—On this auspicious Occasion I have the honour to offer my Congratulations. My Friend, Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, of whose Literary Attainments you have been informed by his Biographer, Mr. BOSWELL, would doubtless join me in my Felicitations to your Lordship, my successor, if he were not at present somewhat disturbed in mind by the Contemplation of the melancholy fact that his Dictionary is rapidly becoming obsolete. He passes many hours in lonely Meditation, murmuring to himself words of some barbarous Jargon, such as "bike," "slump," "jingo," and the like. This circumstance is the more to be regretted, since he has commended several of your Addresses, written in Language even more classic, more stately, and, perhaps, more beautiful than his own, and would, therefore, have felt assured that by your Lordship, in any case, his Dictionary is still consulted and admired. Mr. GOLDSMITH and Mr. GARRICK request me to convey their Good Wishes. I have the honour to be, Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

HIGHWELLBORN BARON,—At this, at the highests, joyish The first P.R.A. (Sir Joshua Reynolds) pays his respects to Lord Leighton, P.R.A. Day send I my friendliest Happinesswishes. In the sixteenth Year le Baron, all my felicitations, and the assurance of my distinguished hundred lived I to London, as HENRY THE EIGHTH King was, and so sentiments.



learned I the english Speech. Now see we a german Kaiser who himself to paint endea-vours. But what endeavours he not to do? Thunder-weather, all things! If he only like you to paint could!

I have the honour yet again to congratulate you, High-wellborn Baron.

HANS HOLBEIN.

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR BARONE,—Not I have much studied the her language, but me permit to offer thousand happy auguries to Her, the first english painter who has become Baron.

I have the honour to say myself, of Your Excellency, the humblest and devotedest servant,

RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

MONSIEUR LE BARON,—I come to make to you my felicitations the most warm at the occasion of the Day of the year, the day when you have received a gift—une étrenne—of the most charmings, the title which you merit so well. Since long time you have painted, as me, the nymphs and the shepherds, but thy-vours are those of the old Greece, and the mine ar-those of the court of the Great Monarch. But we have the same tastes and, if I may venture to say it, the same talent.

I beg you to agree, Monsieur le Baron, all my felicitations, and the assurance of my distinguished ANTOINE WATTEAU.

THEN AND NOW.—A TERPSICHOEBAN CONTRAST.

[The Countess of ANCASTER deprecates the bad manners of the dancing people of to-day.]

OLD STYLE.

Gentleman. May I have the exquisite delight of being your ladyship's humble cavalier in the coming country dance?

Lady. Oh, Sir, you are vastly polite, and I am overwhelmed by your request!

Gent. Do I then make too bold?

Lady. Oh, Sir, I would not have you misconstrue my words!

Gent. May I then reckon upon your treading the measure with your devoted servant?

Lady. I may not say you nay, Sir.

Gent. Madam, you are too con-decerd'g. I will not fail to claim your hand.

[Retires with courteous humility.]

NEW STYLE.

Gentleman. Ah, Lady FLO-RENCE, got an entry left, or is your book full?

Lady (looking at card). Well—here's a quadrille running loose. Gent. Oh, hang quadrilles! I'm not out for walking exercise. Not on the square, twiggey vons?

Lady (laughing). You funny old cripple! Here's a polka I'm not sure about.

Gent. A polka. That's my form! We'll fire right into the brown of 'em, and have a glass of the boy afterwards, eh?

Lady. It's a bet.

Gent. Done. So long.

[Strolls off, humming a music-hall air.]

SOMETHING FOR HIM TO DO.

At this time of excitement, Mr. Punch drinks the new Laureate's health, and calls upon him for a song, *impromptu*, appropriate, and to be sung immediately. Anything patriotic he may have handy will do. The moment is critical, which is more than his enthusiastic audience will be, if he only pitches it in the right key. But Lord SALISBURY, who has made the piper, has a right to call the tune. By the way, according to a note in *The Westminster*, the new Laureate is entitled to receive, all in a lump, the salary due for the three past years during which time the office has been vacant. So the first thing ALFRED, monarch of minor poets, will have to do is, not to sing, but

to "draw." Hooray! for SALISBURY and Salary! Quite a Sunday-best-and-Top-Hat-ford Day! Tune up! Twang the lyre! What rhymes to "Pretoria" if not "Victoria"? But rather less easy to get something neat to rhyme with "Venezuela," eh? Still, within the reach of practical poetry and the *petit maître*.

A CASE IN COURT REHEARD.

ALL Abroad finds itself "quite at home" at the Court Theatre. Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN very funny, with his singing and dancing, and with his phonographic business. Miss MAY EDOUIN is a charming *ingénue*, delighting the jury of the Court with a very pretty song, "Two Sweet Little Love Birds." Elle ira loin. Mr. SUGDEN appears as a witness to "character": capital. Mr. FRED KAYE is as eccentric as ever, and Mr. DAVID JAMES acting, dancing, and singing, follows in the footsteps of his father, especially in the dancing. Miss GRACE PALOTTA makes a hit with the song of "The Business Girl." Altogether the amusing evening's entertainment has not suffered in its transit across London from the Criterion—where it gained a favourable verdict at the bar of public opinion—to the Court, where, it having been already "part heard," it is being tried over again, until further notice, before new judges and juries, who have to pronounce upon several new songs, of which not a few are encored, and before whom is brought a mass of new evidence not produced at the previous trial. The verdict ought to be Success; and, at all events, the members of Miss Cissy GRAHAM's Company at Manager CHUDLEIGH's theatre "have the Court with them."



MOTTO, AT PRESENT, FOR SOUTH AFRICAN DIFFICULTY.—"Post 'CHAMBERLAIN' sedet atra cura."



ALFRED THE LITTLE.

Sir Edw-n Arn-ld (bitterly). " 'FORTUNATUS!' HA! HA!"

Sir L-w-s M-rr-s (moody). " 'ENGLAND'S DARLING!' HE! HE!"

"The QUEEN has been pleased to appoint ALFRED AUSTIN, Esq., to be Poet Laureate to Her Majesty."—*Daily Papers*, January 1, 1896.



OUR OVERWORKED BISHOPS.

The Rector's Wife. "HAVE YOU HEARD FROM THE BISHOP, DEAR, ABOUT THE ALTERATIONS YOU PROPOSED TO MAKE IN THE SERVICES?"

The Rector. "YES; I HAVE JUST GOT A POSTCARD FROM HIS LITTLE BOY. THIS IS IT:—

"THE PALACE, BARCHESTER.—PAPA SAYS YOU MUSTN'T."

NEW YEAR'S DAY

(On Parnassus).—

OR, THE APOTHEOSIS OF ALFRED THE LITTLE.

Alfred the Little tunes up on his new Official Harp to an old air of Alfred the Great's:—

You must take and call me Laureate, Poet Laureate, brethren dear,
For to-morrow I'll be the happiest bard of all this glad New Year;
My glad Muse chimes, not "vapid rhymes," but the maddest,
merriest lay,
For I am QUEEN'S Poet to-day, brethren, I am Court Minstrel
to-day!

There's many a gushing muse, men say, but none can gush like
mine;

There's ARNOLD and there's MORRIS, both can lip the laureate line:
But none so well as little ALFRED in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be Poet Laureate, brethren, all upon New Year's Day!

I'll now sleep sound o' nights, from dreadful dreams no more I'll
wake,

That ALGERNON or WILLIAM they will Poet Laureate make.
But I must gather flowery tropes and flatteries fine and gay,
For I'm ALFRED THE GREAT'S successor, brethren, dating from New
Year's Day!

As I came down the street called Fleet, whom think ye I should see,
But EDWIN, bland and Japanesque, bard of the *Daily T.*?
He thought his chance was good, brethren, lord of the Orient lay,
But I've whipped him on New Year's Day, brethren, done him on
New Year's Day.

He looked pale as a ghost, brethren, exceeding weird and white,
For the singer of "The Season" now had dimmed his Asian Light.
They say I'm a Party pick, brethren, but I care not what they say,
For I'm crowned upon New Year's Day, brethren, laurelled on New
Year's Day!

They say that limpid LEWIS is as mad as mad can be;
They say young ERIC is making moan—what is that to me?

There's many a better bard than I, or so sour critics say,
But little ALFRED has taken the cake, all upon New Year's Day.

Little ALFRED has licked them all, as shall right soon be seen,
The loyalist lyrist of all the lot to his Country and his Queen.
I've out-sonnetted WILLY WATSON in my Tory-patriot way,
So I've passed dear WILL up the "Sacred Hill," all upon New
Year's Day!

For WILLY, with wild and whirling words, had pitched into the
Powers,
And invoked the name of the old recluse who at Harwarden groans
and glowers;
For he's got a bee in his bonnet about the woes of Ar-me-ni-a:
So I look down on him from Parnassian peaks, all upon New Year's
Day!

Yes, I am "Fortunatus," brethren, and "England's Darling"!
Hum!

This harp is big, and wide in stretch, and needs long arms to thrum.
But if I stand a-tiptoe I shall manage it, I dare say,
And I'm Poet Laureate, anyhow, all upon New Year's Day!

I wonder now if ALFRED THE GREAT—and gruff—with joy would
thrill

If he saw me twanging the Laureate lyre on the Parnassian Hill?
He once was a leetle rude to me when on him I had said my say.
Like LYTTON to him; but I'm Laureate now, all upon New Year's
Day!

So you must take and call me Laureate, Poet Laureate, brethren
dear,
And I'm sure that EDWIN, and LEWIS, and WILLIAM will wish me
a Happy New Year.

"My Satire and its Censors" have not stood in my upward way;
"Ambition ended" I'm Laureate—at last—upon New Year's
Day!!!

AS IT SHOULD BE.—The Foreign Committee of the American
House of Representatives having reported in favour of Mr. BAYARD,
he is now, like his prototype, *sans reproche* as well as *sans peur*.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. II.

Some account of Mr. Jabberjee's experiences at the Westminster Play.

BEING forearmed by editorial beneficence with ticket of admission to theatrical entertainment by adolescent students at Westminster College, I presented myself on the scene of acting in a state of liveliest and frolicsome anticipation on a certain Wednesday evening in the month of December last, about 7.20 P.M.

At the summit of the stairs I was received by a posse of polite and stalwart striplings in white kids, who, after abstracting large circular orifice from my credentials, ordered me to ascend to a lofty gallery, where, on arriving, I found every chair pre-occupied, and moreover was restricted to a prospect of the backs of numerous juvenile heads, while expected to remain the livelong evening on the tiptoe of expectation and Shank's mare!

This for a while I endured submissively from native timidity and retirement, until my bosom boiled over at the sense of "*Civis Romanus sum*," and, descending to the barrier, I harangued the wicket-keeper with great length and fervid eloquence, informing him that I was graduate of high-class Native University after passing most tedious and difficult exams with fugitive colours, and that it was injurious and deleterious to my "*mens sana in corpore sano*," to remain on legs for some hours beholding what I practically found to be invisible.

But, though he turned an indulgent ear to my quandary, he professed his inability to help me over my "*pons asinorum*," until I ventured to play the ticklish card and inform him that I was a distinguished representative of Hon'ble *Punch*, who was paternally anxious for me to be awarded a seat on the lap of luxury.

Then he unbended, and admitted me to the body of the auditorium, where I was conducted to a coign of vantage in near proximity to members of the fair sex and galaxy of beauty.

Thus, by dint of nude gumption, I was in the bed of clover and seventh heaven, and more so when, on inquiry from a bystander, I understood that the performance was taken from Mr. TERRISS's Adelphi Theatre, which I had heard was conspicuous for excellence in fierce combats, blood-curdling duels, and scenes in court. And I narrated to him how I too, when a callow and unfledged hobbard-y-hoy, had engaged in theatrical entertainments, and played such parts in native dramas as heroic giant-killers and tiger flyers, in which I was an "*au fait*" and "*facile princeps*," also in select scenes from SHAKESPEARE's play of *Macbeth* in English and being correctly attired as a Scotch.

But presently I discovered that the play was quite another sort of Adelphi, being a jocose comedy by a notorious ancient author of the name of TERENCE, and written entirely in Latin, which a contiguous damsel expressed a fear lest she should find it incomprehensible and obscure. I hastened to reassure her by explaining that, having been turned out as a certificated B.A. by Indian College, I had acquired perfect familiarity and nodding acquaintance with the early Roman and Latin tongues, and offering my services as interpreter of "*quicquid agunt homines*," and the entire "*farrago libelli*," which rendered her red as a turkeycock with delight and gratitude. When the performance commenced with a scenic representation of the Roman Acropolis, and a venerable elderly man soliloquising lengthily to himself, and then carrying on a protracted logomachy with another greybeard—although I understood sundry colloquial idioms and phrases such as "*uxorem duxit*," "*carum mihi*," "*quid agis?*" "*cur amat?*" and the like, all of which I assiduously translated *virâ voce*—I could not succeed in learning the reason why they were having such a snip-snap, until the interval, when the lady informed me herself that it was because one of them had carried off a nautch-girl belonging to the other's son—which caused me to marvel greatly at her erudition.

I looked that, in the next portion of the performance, I might behold the nautch-girl, and witness her forcible rescue—or at least some saltatory exhibition; but, alack! she remained *sotto voce* and hermetically sealed; and though other characters, in addition to the

elderly gentlemen, appeared, they were all exclusively masculine in gender, and there was nothing done but to converse by twos and threes. When the third portion opened with a long-desiderated peep of petticoats, I told my neighbour confidently that now at last we were to see this dancing girl and the abduction; but she replied that it was not so, for these females were merely the mother of the wife of another of the youths and her attendant ayah. And even this precious pair, after weeping and wringing their hands for a while, vanished, not to appear again.

Now as the entertainment proceeded, I fell into the dumps with increasing abashment and mortification to see everyone around me, ay, even the women and the tenderest juveniles! clap the hands and laugh in their sleeves with merriment at quirks and gleeks in which—in spite of all my classical proficiency—I could not discover *le mot pour rire* or crack so much as the cream of a jest, but must sit there melancholy as a gib cat or smile at the wrong end of the mouth.

For, indeed, I began to fear that I had been fobbed off with the smattered education of a painted sepulchre, that I should fail so dolorously to comprehend what was plain as a turnpike-staff to the veriest British babe and suckling!

However, on observing more closely, I discovered that most of the grown-up adults present had books containing the translation of all the witticisms, which they secretly perused, and that the femininity were also provided with pink leaflets on which the dark outline of the plot was perspicuously inscribed. Moreover, on casting my eyes up to the gallery, I perceived that there were overseers there armed with long canes, and that the small youths did not indulge in plaudations and hilarity except when threatened by these.

And thereupon I took heart, seeing that the proceedings were clearly veiled in an obsolete and cryptic language, and it was simply matter of rite and custom to applaud at fixed intervals, so I did at Rome as the Romans did, and was laughter holding both his sides as often as I beheld the canes in a state of agitation.

I am not unaware that it is to bring a coal from Newcastle to pronounce any critical opinion upon the ludicrous qualities of so antiquated a comedy as this, but, while I am wishful to make every allowance for its having been composed in a period of prehistoric barbarity, I would still hazard the criticism that it does not excite the simpering guffaw with the frequency of such modern standard works as, *exempli gratia*, *Miss Brown*, or *The Aunt of Charley*, to either of which I would award the palm for pure whimsicality and gawkiness.

Candour compels me to admit, however, that the conclusion of the Adelphi, in which a certain magician summoned a black-robed, steeple-hatted demon from the nether world, who, after commanding a minion to give a pickle-back to sundry grotesque personages, did castigate their ulterior portions severely with a large switch, was a striking amelioration and betterment upon the preceding scenes, and evinced that

TERENCE possessed no deficiency of up-to-date facetiousness and genuine humour; though I could not but reflect—"O, si sic omnia!" and lament that he should have hidden his *vis comica* for so long under the stifling disguise of a *serviette*.

I am a beggar at describing the hurly-burly and most admired disorder amidst which I performed the descent of the staircase in a savage perspiration, my elbows and heels unmercifully jostled by a dense, unruly horde, and going with nose in pocket, from trepidation due to national cowardice, while the seething mob clamoured and contended for overcoats and hats around very exiguous aperture, through which bewildered custodians handed out bundles of sticks and umbrellas, in vain hope to appease such impatience. Nor did I succeed to the recovery of my hat and paraphernalia until after twenty-four and a half minutes (Greenwich time), and with the labours of Hercules for the golden fleece!

For which I was minded at first to address a sharp remonstrance and claim for indemnity to some pundit in authority; but perceiving that by such fishing in troubled waters I was the gainer of a golden-headed umbrella, fresh as a rose, I decided to accept the olive branch and bury the bone of contention.



"A golden-headed umbrella, fresh as a rose."



THE TU

(UITLAND.)



OF WAR.

(-MB-RL-N.)



HIGH LOVE BELOW STAIRS.

The Venus of the Servants' Hall. "M^r GETTING FOND OF RICHARD? I SHOULD THINK I WAS! WHY, HE'S ONLY GOT TO LOOK AT ME, AND I TREMBLE ALL OVER LIKE AN ASPEN JELLY!"

THE PEERS IN THE BACKGROUND.

(A Dramatic Fragment, improbable and all but impossible.)

SCENE—Studio of Illustrious Painter. The easel is occupied by a sketch of a classical subject—an idea from the Greek.

Illustrious Painter (consulting watch). Dear me! The time for the first arrival. Not a bad notion of mine to paint the portraits of my colleagues for one of the corridors. It may take some time, but when the work is done—well—it will, at any rate, not shrink from comparison with the Diploma Gallery. *(Knock.)* Come in. *(Enter First Peer.)* Ah, my dear Viscount, glad to see you.

First Peer (returning salutation heartily). Thank you, so much. And now, as I have a great deal to do in Pall Mall, I am afraid I shall not be able to give you much time for a sitting.

Illus. Paint. I don't want you to sit at all. I propose roughing in the background to-day. What would you like for yours? Battle, I suppose?

First Peer. You are most kind. But if I might suggest, that is scarcely my *spécialité*. Of course, I have seen a fair amount of service, and all that sort of thing will be represented by my medals. But my real line is literature. I would propose that I should be taken in my library, putting the finishing touches to the proofs of the *Soldier's Pocket Book*. And now, my dear Lord, I must be off, as I have to see to all our little affairs—existent and pending—in Africa and America. But first of all I have to overhaul the working of the Islington Military Tournament. *[Exit.]*

Illus. Paint. (making an entry in his Note-book). As a bookman! well, he is the author of his own fortunes. *(Enter Second Peer.)* Bon jour, my dear Chancellor. I do not think we ought to have much trouble about your background. If you are painted in front of the robing-room—

Second Peer (promptly). I shall be disgusted. I am prouder of my swordsmanship than anything else. So make me lunging (not lurching)—ha! ha! excuse the *plaisanterie*—in a School of Arms, and I shall be more than satisfied.

[Exit, as batch of Peers—numbers up to 20—enter.]

Third Peer. We have come, my dear colleague, to say that we shall be most pleased to help in the work. Peers' Gallery! Splendid notion!

Illus. Paint. What are to be the backgrounds?

Fourth Peer. Well, we have consulted together, and have thought of a novelty. As we attend the sittings, on the average, about once in five years, we fancied that perhaps if you placed us in the House itself it would be original and striking.

Illus. Paint. (after consideration). Yes. And then some of you might be in robes; presumably, you know, having put in an appearance on some State occasion.

Fifth Peer. First rate! What a clever fellow you are!

Illus. Paint. (showing them out). Thank you very much. And now I think I may— *(Enter Twenty-first Peer.)* Ah, my dear friend! Delighted to see you, as your creation chimes in with the date of my own. Not many years' difference between them. Your background, I suppose, should be the manufactory—

Twenty-first Peer (interrupting). Not at all! That kind of thing would be distinctly misleading. Of course I don't like to dictate, but as you have been so kind as to ask for a suggestion, I would propose that you should paint me looking at one of my ancestors assisting to win the Battle of Hastings. You must know that, without bothering at the Heralds' College, I have every reason to believe that one Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBYNSONNE was—

Illus. Paint. Quite so! I will turn it over in my mind.

Twenty-first Peer. And (if I might venture upon a hint), if you could make Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBYNSONNE a bit like me, I should be more than delighted. You know a family likeness may be traced for generations, and dear old Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBYNSONNE was—

Illus. Paint. Yes, yes, I know all about that.

Twenty-first Peer. I am more than grateful. Not that I care about it myself, but my wife— You know ladies are different from men.

Illus. Paint. (drily). No doubt. *(Courteously shows Twenty-first Peer the door.)* And now to get upon safer ground than the Battle of Hastings and those who took part in it.

[Scene closes in upon the Illustrious Painter returning to his sketch of a classical subject—an idea from the Greek.]

ROSEBERY'S RESERVE.

(See his late two Letters.)

To you, dear friends, I am much beholden,

(Why can't you let me alone, though?)

Speech is silver if silence is golden.

(The latter must be my own, though.)

I'm bursting, but I must not speak!

(Except to say that I must not.)

The SULTAN's wicked, the Powers are weak!

(Do you want me to say so? I trust not.)

I'm haunted by the Armenian news,

I have no trust in SOLLY.

(To SAY so, in public, I must refuse,

I am quite above such folly.)

That insulting SULTAN makes England his mock;

He was always given to that form!

(But I greatly fear I should greatly shock

If I told you so—from a platform!)

I, of course, can write what I cannot say,

(And you can publish the letter.)

But I must be silent! *(You'll find some way*

To voice your Mute, which were better!)

I rage, I burn, and the wrath I feel

My letters no doubt discover!

I mustn't speak to the Man at the Wheel!

(But I hope you'll—chuck him over!)

MARVELLOUS AND SUDDEN CURE!—Mr. CH-MB-RI-N was unwell. He took a dose of "*Rhodesia*." Salutary effect instantaneous! It is not improbable, however, that this treatment will have to be continued.

OLD FRIENDS.—It is said that in event of war between England and Venezuela, 100,000 Brazilians will join the latter country. Of course, for have not Brazil nuts always been associated with Caracas?

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!—Mr. HALL CAINE has brought back a draft Act on Canadian Copyright. An open cheque on Canadian publishers would have been more acceptable to British authors.

A LONG-VEXED QUESTION SETTLED.—In view of Lord SALISBURY's appointment as Lord Warden, Walmer will of course become *de facto* Premier Port. The other towns may now sink their differences.

"MRS. STIRLING."

(THE LATE LADY GREGORY.)

ONE more star of Stagedom gone! Peerless, bright *Peg Woffington*, Matchless *Martha*, perfect *Nurse*, Speaker witty, quaint, and terse! High Comedy and humorous grace Spoke in that most speaking face. Who forgets those sparkling

graces
Oft displayed in *Masks and Faces*?

Age-unwithered, and still dear,
Passing with the passing year,
She has left the Comic Stage
Duller both for youth and age.

PAGE FROM EUROPA'S DIARY.

Sunday.—Calm of the most absolute character. Pulpit subjects of a purely perfunctory nature. Expected immediate appearance of the Millennium.

Monday.—Continuation of the peace. The silence of harmony unbroken. Monarchs of all sorts live in charity with all men, and, in their dreams, exist only in Arcadia.

Tuesday.—Tranquility maintained. Ambassadors sleep, and Parliaments adjourn for want of work. Nothing stirring but stagnation.

Wednesday.—Political barometer at "Set Fair." A storm anywhere impossible. The lion has laid down with the lamb. The contents bills of the papers have to fall back upon tricky headlines to sell a copy of the periodicals they represent. Public consequently sold as well.

Thursday.—The world fast asleep. Dicky birds the only disturbers of the ubiquitous peace.



A HOME TRUTH.

Irate Stepfather. "I CAN'T THINK WHERE YOU LEARN SUCH MANNERS. YOU DON'T SEE ME SLIDING DOWN THE BALUSTERS AND TURNING SOMERSAULTS IN THE HALL!"

Friday.—Not a ripple anywhere. Blue sky on view in every land of the universe. Triumph of the dove and the olive branch.

Saturday.—Sudden outbreak! Row everywhere! National struggles the order of the day! Fire and the sword take precedence in every civilized and uncivilized community! Expected immediate approach of Pandemonium!

CRY OF THE INCOME-TAX'D.

"It ought to be a fundamental principle of the next Budget to reduce the income-tax by at least a penny."—*The "Times"* on "*The Surplus*."

THAT policy were "penny-wise" Indeed, but not "pound-foolish."

Let's hope that unto our loud cries

HICKS-BEACH will not prove mulish.

My cry to him is (like the *Pie-man's*)

"Please give me a penny!"

May his be not (like *Simple Simon's*),

"I have not got any!"

PAX.—There is now prospect of peace and quiet in one place, at all events, and that is immediately at Osborne and at the Court generally, for Dean FARRAR has replaced the Rev. ROWE JOLLEY as Deputy Clerk of the Closet in Waiting." So in that locality there is temporarily no more to be heard of a Jolley Rowe.

QUOTATION ADAPTED BY MR. CH-MB-RL-N.—"*Bores*" et "*Pre-toria*" nihil!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

THE LAST SHOOT OF THE SEASON.

SUBMITTING to the fate of all things bright and fair, the shooting season of '95 '96 is drawing to an end, lamented by all who love good sport and big bags. The combination is a common one in these days, when even keepers are beginning to understand that those who shoot care less for a slaughter of easy birds than for a chance of exercising their skill in pulling down tall birds from the region of clouds. It may safely be asserted that all the big bags of pheasants are made by guns placed well back from the coverts where the birds are likely to be high up in the air by the time they are shot at. The shooting is made difficult, greater skill is necessary on the part of the shooter, and the bird shot at has a greater chance naturally of saving its life.

THESE would seem to be self-evident propositions; but I gather from the ingenious and accomplished "*RAPIER's*" notes in the January number of the *Badminton Magazine*, that there are still "papers of a certain class" in which one may read "sarcastic comments on the making of big bags of pheasants. The writers calculate how many birds are killed per minute, and after a little indulgence in statistics, wind up with a sneer at the 'sport'—in inverted commas." I have in my time read such comments, but not very lately. However, I must take "*RAPIER's*" word for it that there still exist journalists sufficiently abandoned to make them, though I do not suppose even the most sarcastic of them would refuse to eat a pheasant which had been beaten over a distant line of guns, or would prefer to it a bird shot either by a "bone-scatterer" at the very edge of the covert, or by an old-fashioned "walker-up" within a few feet of the muzzle of his gun.

A KEEPER's one object is to make the biggest bag he can. If the arrangement of the shoot is left to him—*quod di avertant*—he will place his guns as near as possible to the edge of the covert, so that they may smash the birds while they are still flying slow and low. This to a true sportsman, even if he is not a shot of the class of Lord

DE GREY or Lord WALSINGHAM, is detestable. He would rather shoot at, even if he misses, one high bird flying strong, than blow ten easy ones to pieces. Therefore in a properly managed shoot the guns are placed well away, although often the keeper looks gloomy, and confides to his intimates that he doesn't see the use of having taken "a peck o' trouble if they birds aint to be shot where, as you may say, a gun can shoot 'em."

BUT putting all that aside, what a glorious season this has been in nearly every part of the country. From all sides you hear the same story of fine, strong, hearty birds, and plenty of them. I do not claim for pheasant-shooting the virtues of an athletic exercise, but it does require in the highest degree coolness, resource, precision and self-control—qualities that are not without their value in other and more important pursuits. Nor is his endurance to be despised who stands and waits in a cool and nipping wind, or in storm of rain such as the variations of our climate often send down upon our heads. Then it is, if you wear a mere cloth cap, that you envy the shooter whose hat has a brim to guard his neck; for first with a casual trickle, and then with a steady, relentless flow, the frosty water makes its way from the back of your head, down between your neck and your collar, and down, ever down along the channel of your spine. Ugh! the mere remembrance is enough to give you the influenza.

AND now the time of the last shoot has come or is coming. Once more, and for the last time, the array of beaters is summoned. There they all are, those stolid, autochthonous British labourers, differing not so much in expression as in the signs of age; imperturbable, slow, and as impervious to thorn-bushes as they are to the voice of the keeper when he bids them keep the line, or come up faster on the one side or the other. But watch these same beaters when a rabbit appears in their midst, especially after lunch has made their mood merry, and you will see a wonderful change. Not otherwise does a maiden, shy with the reserve of her first season, enter a ball-room. Heedlessly her eyes travel round the room, till, on a sudden, lo they light upon young ALGERNON, the pride of Her



Friend, "HULLO, OLD CHAP! WHAT ON EARTH——"

Brute of a Husband (who has been to see "Trilby"). "SH!" (Sotto voce.) "IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M JUST TRYING TO 'SUGGEST' TO THE MISSIS—HYPNOTICALLY—THAT IT'S TIME FOR HER TO GO TO BED, AND FOR ME TO GO TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL! 'SH'—— SHE'S JUST 'OFF'!" [Chuckles.]

Majesty's Horse Guards Blue; young ALGERNON, than whom none ties with more skill the butterfly tie, none with more splendour wears the pointed pump, none drops his final g with a more careless certainty. She, looking upon him and seeing him advancing, feels the happy blush mantle her virgin cheeks, her eyes sparkle, her being becomes animated, and with ready favour she grants him the desired pleasure of a dance. So a beater having perceived a soft-furred rabbit in the underwood, his eyes flash fire, impetuously he moves his heavy legs now hither now thither, loud exclamations burst from his lips, his stick flies hurtling through the air, and the whole line rends the skies with joyous shouting. But afar off, and unharmed, the timorous rabbit seeks refuge, threading with swift feet the tracts that lie behind the beaters.

ALL hens, of course, are to be spared during the last shoot. And it is aggravating to notice that the hen, ignorant of the edict that saves her life, rises with just as great a flutter as if she was to be shot at. And towards evening as the shadows fall, and distinction becomes difficult, the poor hen does often get shot and pays the penalty of her rashness. But hark! what shout is that? "Woodcock forward, woodcock to the right, woodcock to the left. Mark, mark." Every voice in the covert and out of it seems to take up the cry. Are there a hundred woodcocks in the air. An electric shock seems to go through every shooter. Bang, bang, there he is; bang, bang, mark to the left; bang, bang, forwards, backwards, sideways, everywhere guns are going off, while the woodcock zig-zags through the trees and out into the open till he falls a victim to the youngest of the party, whose hat henceforth wears the trophy of the bird's feathers.

AND so good-bye to the great season and to all its memories of sport and good fellowship and happy days. The 1st of February will see its departure, but I bid it farewell to-day.

COMPANION TO "THE LATE MR. CASTELLO."—The Early M. CHATEAU.

TERPSICHORE TO DATE.

(The "Sitting Waltz" is stated to be the latest American novelty.)

THE *Valse à Siège* is an interesting development, which has been recently introduced for the benefit of engaged couples, flirts, hussars, gentlemen with wooden legs, sufferers from "housemaid's knee," and other persons who are averse to dancing exercise.

No floor to speak of is required, as it is only used in extreme cases for sitting on, when the stairs, window-sills, *fauteuils à deux*, and banisters are all occupied. Even then it is considered somewhat vulgar, and suggestive of hunt-the-slipper. It is better, if every available seat is taken, to stand the waltz out.

Very little preliminary training is necessary, though possibly a visit to Hampstead Heath on a fine Bank Holiday might supply a few useful hints on deportment.

The movements are quite simple. The partners engage themselves in the ordinary way. The gentleman then conducts the lady to a suitable seat. This, of course, should accommodate two, and two only, and need not be aggressively public. In fact, if the ball-room is all conservatory, so much the better. He next passes his right arm round his partner's waist, and clasps her right hand with his left. Her left hand rests fondly on his shoulder, and they are now ready to keep time with the music.

At the first beat the lady puts out her left foot with a dainty and coquettish but almost imperceptible *glissade*, and the gentleman ever so slightly touches it with his own.

Second beat. The lady turns her head towards her partner, the gentleman simultaneously gazes yearningly into her left eye.

Third beat. *Balancez*, and set to corners. The couple thus *chassent* in the same direction without leaving their seat, swaying gently backwards and forwards in three-quarter time.

The decorations should consist largely of mistletoe and kissing comfits (whatever they may be).

And, lastly, the new waltz is as old as the hills, and was danced before ball-rooms or Terpsichore were heard of.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

AN elegant show! a splendid spectacle! a graceful grouping! Fun, Fancy, and Frolic! Such is the summary of the Annual Pantomime provided for us all, young and old, by Master DRURIOLANUS, *semper virens nunquam viridis*, Grand Master of Christmas Revels and Popular Pantomime. With him attendant sprites CECIL RALEIGH and ARTHUR STURGES, with stage-manager COLLINS, and J. M. GLOVER, Master of the Music to DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR. Just take the programme and read the names of all the Pucks and Pixies obeying the magician's word. Six artistic elves do the scenery, who, together with the two principal costumiers, might be sung in two hexameter lines by the new Poet Laureate, if inclined that way.*

But there are nine more names to this department, and three are responsible for the "shoes," including the glass slippers of *Cinderella*, of which the maker is not specially named. There is an Assistant Stage Manager, and, by CLARKSON! there are wigs!! But suffice it some fifty names appear as the officers of the Pantomime Army, marching and dancing (with JOHNNIE D'AUBAN) to victory. Charming ballets; quite Original; which you mightn't expect from a *maître de ballet* whose name is "*COPEL*." Beginners in the art of ballet-teaching will do well to copy COPEL. Two of the comic songs are capital; both sung by HERBERT CAMPBELL; the first, "*You know love it wouldn't be true*" (or a catch line like it), being exceptionally good.

The GRIFFITHS Brothers in their wrestling match are immense. So earnest! so serious! so irresistibly comic! Of course, DAN LENO,

* *Scenarij Harkker Bruce Smith Cänky Kaitskij Schvritzer än' Rjün, Drösses by Mons. Aliäs and cöstümier Mistr Cönell.*

inimitable as an elderly matronly shrew, is *facile princeps* as *Cinderella's* step-mother, and supremely ridiculous. HERBERT CAMPBELL seconds him excellently: upon these two, with the Brothers GRIFFITHS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD (ordinarily a hook-nosed Hebrew villian in a melodrama, but now a comic Irish tutor with tiptilted nose, which just makes the difference), rests the fun of the pantomime; and

"rests" is not the word, for the fun is always kept moving.

Really splendid is Miss ALEXANDRA DAGMAR, who as *Dandini*, the Prince's valet, tops her royal master, Prince ADA BLANCHE, considerably, and is much more of a Royal Highness, by her Royal Tallness, than is the little prince. Surely ALEXANDRA ought to have been where ADA is, and the prince should have been the valet, as "*Ada and abettor*." However, let us take the caste as it is, and be thankful. *Petite et pétillante d'esprit* is the representative of the French Ambassador, Miss MARGUERITE CORNILLE. ISA BOWMAN is an interesting *Cinderella*, [of whom the authors have not "made half enough." Poor *Cinderella* is just a bit out of it; as, by the way, she was in her kitchen.

The show begins at 7.30, and is over about 11.30. The music is graceful throughout, and Conductor GLOVER takes wonderful physical exercise in directing the orchestra; arms, hands, head, and all that is visible of him give practical illustration of the theory of perpetual motion. As much as he makes in money during his engagement, he must lose in weight. It is all good, and there are very few topical allusions, and not many political ones, thank goodness! as a Pantomime ought not to have any thing of "party" about it, always excepting "Christmas party," of which seasonable material there is in this plentiful supply. So success to the Seventeenth Annual! *Foreat Druriolanus Mimus Imperator!*



EVERY ONE'S GOOD HEALTH!

As the festive season draws to a close, when the plum of the pudding is heard of no more, when the mince-pie lingers only in the memory, when the bear's head ceases to adorn the buffet in the castle hall, when the chemist has done his best and the doctor has departed, when elderly maidens begin to regret lost opportunities afforded by now vanished mistletoe boughs, and when, by the disappearance of the sprigs of holly, the schoolboy is reminded of the rapid approach of the blossoms of the birch tree, then is the hour when the Lordly Baron solemnly bethinketh him that some change of air will be beneficial to his state of health. Opportunely he receiveth a copy of the *Fortnightly Review* for January, wherein the title of an essay, "The Climate of South Africa and its Curative Influence," attracteth his kindly regard. Of South Africa and its gold wotteth he somewhat: it needs no BARNATO to tell him this. Of the climate he hath heard, but as to its "curative influence" he hath received no information whatever. At a glance, and with half an eye, he grasps the fact that "consumption" is to be grappled with in South Africa and its baneful effects neutralised. The learned medico, yclept Dr. ROBSONIUS ROOSE, whose signature is to this brief but most interesting article, shows "how," "when," and "where" to go in search of recuperating the vital forces at Frazerburg, Victoria (West), Aliwal (North), and Kimberley, ranging from 4000 to 4500 feet up in air, places, alas, as far above the ordinary means of the ordinary patient as they are above the level of the sea. The benevolent doctor should tell us where the £4500 is to be obtained by the patient who would with pleasure ascend these 4500 feet!! But even if the patient obtains the ways and the means, how about the Rhodes, the CECIL RHODES? Won't the climate, just now, be a little too hot for any Englishman? So, we must wait till, first, we get the £4500—and then?

STOPPED.

THE other day, when I was down in the country, I suffered from severe toothache. I decided to come up to town the next morning, see a friend of mine, a famous dentist, and get back by the 3.30 express after lunch at my club. He is a capital fellow, as kind as he is clever, and he touches one's aching jaw with a hand as gentle as a woman's. So, rather than consult a stranger in the country, I resolved on a three hours' journey to town, to see my friend.

Having some other business to do, I started early, breakfasting very lightly and hastily at 7.30, and catching the 8.23 train after a six-mile drive in the keen, bracing air. My business delayed me a little; my friend delayed me more. He is so much occupied. When at last he was able to see me and had stopped my tooth, it was past two, and I was very hungry. "Come with me," I said, when he had taken out of my mouth his hands, his instruments, and other impediments to conversation, "and have lunch at the club. I'm ravenous."

"All right," he said. "I've half an hour; I'll come. Open your mouth once more. Wider, please. Yes, I'm rather hungry, too. Had my breakfast very early, and very little of it. But you mustn't eat anything, you know." I almost bit his hand off in my effort to shout "What?" with my mouth filled with a napkin, dentist's mirror, &c. "No," he said, "you mustn't bite anything for two hours at least, or you'll spoil all the stopping. You may have a little soup." When we got to the club I had a little soup. And when he my friend had finished, and I had indignantly waved away the tooth-picks handed to me by the waiter, there was only just time to catch the 3.30 express, which doesn't stop anywhere, and doesn't carry any provisions.

To have no teeth must be very uncomfortable, but to have plenty, and to starve, so to speak, in the midst of them, is infinitely worse.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

"ARE YOU THE CARPENTER?" "YES, MISSY."
"WHERE'S THE WALRUS, THEN?"

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. III.

Mr. Jabberjee gives his views concerning the Laureatship.

It is "*selon les règles*" and *rerum naturâ* that the QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty, being constitutionally partial to poetry, should desire to have constant private supply from respectable tip-top genius, to be kept snug on Royal premises and ready at momentary notice to oblige with song or dirge, according as High Jinks or Dolorousness are the Court orders of the day.

But how far more satisfactory if Right Hon'ble Marquis SALISBURY, instead of arbitrarily decorating some already notorious bard with this "*cordons bleu*" and thus gilding a lily, should throw the office open to competition by public exam, and, after carefully weighing such considerations as the applicant's *res angusta domi*, the fluency of his imagination, his nationality, and so on—should award the itching palm of Fame to the poet who succeeded best in tickling his fancy!

Had some such method been adopted, the whole Indian Empire might to-day have been pleased as *Punch* by the selection of a Hindoo gentleman to do the job—for I should infallibly have entered myself for the running. Unfortunately such unparalleled opportunity of throwing soup to Cerberus, and exhibiting colour-blindness, has been given the slip, though the door is perhaps still open (even at past eleven o'clock P.M.) for retracing the false step and web of Penelope.

For I would respectfully submit to Her Imperial Majesty that, in her duplicate capacity of Queen of England and Empress of India, she has urgent necessity for a Court Poet for each department, who would be *Arcades ambo* and two of a trade, and share the duties with their proportionate pickings.

Or, if she would be unwilling to pay the piper to such a tune, I alone would work the oracle in both Indian and Anglo-Saxon departments, and waive the annual tub of sherry for equivalent in cash down.

And, if I may make the suggestion, I would strongly advise that

this question of my joint (or several) appointment should be severely taken up by London Press as matter of simple justice to India. This is without prejudice to the already appointed Laureate as a swan and singing bird of the first water. All I desire is that the Public should know of another—and, perchance, even rarer—avis, who is *nigroque simillima cygno*, and could be obtained dog cheap for a mere song or a drug in the market-place, if only there is made a National Appeal to the Sovereign that he should be promoted to such a sinecure and *cere perennius*.

As a specimen of the authenticity of my divine flatulence, please find inclosed herewith copy of complimentary verses, written by myself on hearing of Poet AUSTIN's selection. Indulgence is kindly requested for very hasty composition, and circumstance of being greatly harrowed and impeded at time of writing by an excruciating full-sized boil on back of neck, infuriated by collar of shirt, poulticing, and so forth.

CONGRATULATORY ODE.

To Hon'ble Poet-Laureate Alfred Austin, Esq.

Hail! you full-blown tulip!
Oh! when the wheezing zephyr brought glad news
Of your judicious appointment, no hearts who did peruse,
Such a long-desiderated slice of good luck were sorry at,
To a most prolific and polacious Poet-Laureate!
For no *poeta nascitur* who is fitter
To greet Royal progeny with melodious twitter.
Seated on the resplendent cloud of official Elysium,
Far away, far away from fuliginous busy hum,
You are now perched with phenomenal velocity
On vertiginous pinnacle of poetic pomposity!
Yet deign to cock thy indulgent eye at the petition
Of one consumed by corresponding ambition,
And lend the helping hand to lift, pulley-hauley,
To Parnassian Peak this poor perspiring Bengali!
Whose *ars poetica* (as per sample lyric)
Is fully competent to turn out panegyric.
What if some time to come, perhaps not distant,
You were in urgent need of Deputy-Assistant!
For two Princesses might be confined simultaneously—
Then, how to homage the pair extemporaneously?
Or with Nuptial Ode, lack-a-daisy! 'What a fix
If with Influenza raging like cat on hot bricks!
In such a wrong box you will please remember yours truly,
Who can do the needful satisfactorily and duly,
By an *epithalamium* (or what not) to inflame your credit!
With every coronated head that will have read it!
And the *quid pro quo*, magnificent and grand, Sir,
Would be at the rate of four annas for every stanza.
Now, thou who scale sidereal paths afar dost,
Deign from thy brilliant boots to cast the superfluous star-dust
Upon

The head of him

Whose fate depends

On Thee!

(Signed)

BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE.

The above was forwarded (*post-paid*) to Hon'ble AUSTIN's official address at Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey (opposite the Royal Aquarium), but—hoity-toity and *mirabile dictu*!—no answer has yet been vouchsafed to yours truly save the cold shoulder of contemptuous inattention!

What a pity! Well-a-day, that we should find such passions of envy and jealousy in bosom of a distinguished poet, whose lucubrated productions may (for all that is known to the present writer) be no great shakes after all, and mere food for powder!

The British public is an ardent lover of the scintillating jewellery of fair play, and so I confidently submit my claims and poetical compositions to be arbitrated by the unanimous voice of all who understand such articles.

Let us remember that it is never too late to pull down the fallen idol out of the gilded shrine in which it has established itself with the egotistical isolation of a dog with the mange!

"JUST LIKE HYMN!"—SIR,—Mr. STEAD is sending circulars about asking everyone to give him a list of "Hymns that have helped him." Personally I am not going to be one of the "Hims who will help him (Mr. STEAD)," and shall not, if asked, mention the names of the "Hers that have helped me," though I have a grateful remembrance of a nurse and nursery governess, both of whom helped me uncommonly well at dinner, specially about Christmas time. They were, however, women equally capable of helping themselves. Wishing STEAD steadier than ever as he grows older,

I am, yours truly,

AVIS SENIOR.

CONCISE PRÉCIS OF THE SITUATION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The result of robbing Pietermaritzburg to pay "OOM PAUL."



A FREE HAND.

'The Unspeakable Turk' (to himself). 'HA! HA! THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT! I CAN GET TO BUSINESS AGAIN!'



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Spanner (a great Cyclist, whose horse has been startled by Man on covert hack). "Hi! CONFOUND YOU! WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU SOUND YOUR BELL!"

BRITANNIA'S SOLILOQUY.

(On the New Bronze Coinage.)

ONCE upon my shield I sat,
Gripped my "fork" in graceful
manner;

Now beside that shield I squat,
Trident held like a stage-banner.
Then a lighthouse and a ship,
Flanked me either side "One
Penny";

Now alone my spear I grip,
And "supporters" have not any!
Really, 'tis exceeding funny,—
But 'tis prov'd by efforts recent,—
Britons, good at making money,
Cannot make a coin that's decent.
Rule Britannia? Rot sophistic!
Had I really sway I'd rule
No more duffers inartistic
With my coins should play the fool

KOKOFUKU!

[An Ashanti Chief named KOKOFUKU is said to have left Coomassi with the submission of King PREMEL.]

He has started on his way,
KOKOFUKU!
And he's bearing peace, they say,
KOKOFUKU!

If his tidings really bring
The submission of his king,
Oh, how joyously we'll sing
Of the fame
And the name
Of KOKOFUKU!



SUGGESTED FOR NEW ENGLISH COINAGE
BY CERTAIN DESIGNING PERSONS.

PLEA FOR THE LARK.

"HARK, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

But will it sing there long?
To market Man in thousands brings,

These tiny sons of song.
Now *gourmets* eat the morsels sweet;

They're strung upon a string,
With plumpy crops, at poulterers' shops,

No more to soar and sing.
A shameful sin! Will none begin
To ope the Public eyes?

Let everything that pretty is
Against this outrage rise!

Arise! Arise!
My Public sweet, arise!

The kestrel and the sparrow-hawk,
The pole-cat and the shrike,

Pursue the bird. But how absurd,
That Man should do the like!

O, SHAKESPEARE'S shade; O, SHELLEY'S sprite,
Arise and scourge base cits,

Who'd rob our sky of minstrelsy,
To fill their pies and spits!

Kind *Punch* forswears the pretty dears,
On toast and eke in pier,

Let everything that gentle is
Against this horror rise.
Arise! Arise!
My Public sweet, arise!



QUITE A NEW AND ORIGINAL SUGGESTION AS SUBJECT FOR GOLD MEDAL AT R. A. SCHOOLS, 1896:—"THE FINDING OF MOSES."

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

ON PAYING BILLS.

I HAVE noticed with deep and genuine regret that in the month of December there is always a terrible mortality amongst tradesmen. Why this should be so I know not. It is not to be supposed that tradesmen are, as a class, weaker or more liable to deadly illness than the rest of their fellow-citizens. Many of them I have met in the flesh, and they have always struck me as a particularly healthy, well-clad, strong, comfortable, and energetic body of men—not at all the sort of men whom one would expect to be sent to their account unhouseled, disappointed, unannealed, and, above all, no reckoning made, by the fogs and chills of December.

BUT there is no getting out of it: tradesmen do die with an alarming frequency and suddenness as the end of the year approaches. As I write there lie before me four communications from firms with whom I have from time to time had dealings which have been, I trust, mutually profitable. Two of these are trimmed with a delicate little mourning border, the other two are without any external sign of woe, but they all tell the same story: "Dear Sir," says one, "owing to the recent lamented death of Mr. JOSHUA TENPENNY (from heart disease) we have found ourselves compelled to call in all liabilities due to this firm of which he was a member. We beg with compliments to enclose your valued account amounting to £9 10s. 4d., and shall feel honoured by receiving from you a cheque for same at your early convenience. Trusting to be favoured with your future commands, and assuring you of our best attention at all times, we beg to remain your obedient servants, TENPENNY, TWISTER, & Co." In the remaining three the phraseology and the names, of course, vary, but the distressing purport is the same.

THERE was something, however, about the document I have quoted which struck me as having a specially familiar air. I seemed to remember that other members of the same firm had also been called away in recent years. A search through my papers plainly revealed what I had only vaguely remembered. I found, to my horror, that, in the short space of five years, five members of this firm and family had submitted to fate. In December, 1890, it appeared that Mr. CALEB TENPENNY had died (of diphtheria), and that my account of £6 5s. 8d. had been called in. In December, 1891, Mr. ARTHUR JOHN TENPENNY went off (typhoid fever), and a request was made to me to pay £4 8s. 2d. In December, 1892, Mr. HENRY PARKINSON TENPENNY was summoned (by internal complications), and the melancholy event was, as usual, communicated to me, together with the statement that I owed the firm £5 0s. 3d. Mr. WILLIAM TENPENNY, Junior, was the next to go, influenza proving fatal to him in December, 1893. My account then stood, as in the previous year, £5 0s. 3d. Sorrow at the death of Mr. HENRY PARKINSON TENPENNY had evidently caused me to omit payment of what I then owed, and to abstain from further dealings with this death-stricken

firm during the ensuing year. In December, 1894, there was a break. No TENPENNY died; the TENPENNY plum pudding was not overshadowed by calamity, and the TENPENNY Christmas tree, blazing with festal candles, was surrounded by a joyful and united family. Another result seems to have been that my account, although, doubtless, it was rendered, remained unpaid. Obviously, however, this luck was too good to last, and accordingly in December, 1895, as I have already said, heart disease struck down Mr. JOSHUA TENPENNY.

BUT this is not all. I was talking the matter over with a friend who also deals with TENPENNY, TWISTER & Co. He shocked me by the information that the TWISTERS were just as liable to December deaths as the TENPENNYs. GEORGE, SYDNEY, NORMAN, ARCHIBALD, and CHARLES TWISTER, junior, have all died since December, 1890, of a variety of illnesses and accidents, the most tragic incident, perhaps, being the fall downstairs which robbed the world of SYDNEY TWISTER, and the railway collision in Spain which accounted for CHARLES TWISTER, junior. So close, in any case, is the connection between the component elements of this firm that no TENPENNY ever applies for a passage in Charon's ferry unless one of the TWISTERS goes with him to mingle with the lamenting Shades.

I MUST confess that, stated as I have stated it here, the business begins to wear an ugly and sinister look. I am not at all satisfied that these respectable gentlemen came by their deaths in a natural and lawful manner. I am reluctant to say anything which may cause offence to a body of men whom I cordially respect, but it does seem to me that these regularly recurring deaths, amounting in one firm alone to ten since December, 1890, call for a searching investigation from the police authorities. What if it should be discovered that there exists, by the custom of the trade, in every branch of business a suicide club with a rule compelling a member of a firm to kill himself whenever the money owed to the firm exceeds a certain amount, and another rule authorising the other members to kill him if he fails to commit suicide within a reasonable time? Mind, I do not affirm as a fact that such a club exists. At present I have no sufficient evidence, but I must say that natural causes appear utterly inadequate to explain the dreadful annual mortality amongst my unfortunate tradesmen in December.

WITH this exception, there is something dull and prosaic about bills, when you can pay them. Formerly, of course, in one's undergraduate days for instance, things were very different. Then the end of every term brought its own special excitement in the shape of duns, who called in person to demand payment of their accounts. One was able to appreciate dimly the feelings of the fox when the feathering hounds thread through the covert and push him unwillingly from his lair. How artfully he slinks and glides amongst the trees, across the rides, until at last he slips away with the "yoick" of the huntsman ringing in his ears. With equal art could the undergraduate mark the approach of the relentless dun and avoid

AT IT AGAIN?

SWISS authorities complain that Prince SII GUGEA DARGUÉ, of Abyssinia, has been kidnapped by Italians from Neufchâtel, and conveyed on board of a vessel bound for Mas-sowah. We understand, under all reserve, that the following telegrams have passed:—

(1) *To President Swiss Republic, Berne.*—Send ships to pursue Italians. Outrage indefensible. Have ordered Rhine gunboats to Basle in your support. WILHELM.

(2) *To German Emperor, Berlin.*—Impossible. All our vessels laid up for winter. Crews engaged at London restaurants. ZEMP, President S. R.

(3) *To President.*—Recall crews. Can arrange to supply places with my own subjects. Make demonstration on Lago Maggiore while I occupy Teutonic-speaking Lucerne and Zürich as security for costs. Mas-sowah under my protection. Can sell—cheap—stock of obsolete cannon. WILHELM.

(4) *To Emperor.*—Your action would spoil summer season. Cannot spare Lucerne or Zürich. Why not occupy Monte Rosa outside our sphere of benevolent neutrality. Propose introducing a Bill abolishing Italian organs and ices. ZEMP, President S. R.

(5) *To President.*—Amdisgusted. Abolish yourself. WILHELM.

(6) *To Emperor.*—Ditto. ZEMP, President S. R.

him. In the end the dun was usually baffled, and the undergraduate went home light of heart and lighter of pocket, leaving his sitting-room table littered with bills thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

BUT the day of reckoning, of course, was only deferred. In the end a stern but forgiving parent was appealed to, and all the bills were settled. In my time this was called "going a mucker"; probably the term is still the same. One man I remember used to be pointed out with a certain amount of respectful awe as having "gone a mucker" (i.e., appealed to his father, and had his debts paid) three times in one year. In fact, the payment of one's just debts, not by means of one's allowance, but by the interposition of a parent, was looked upon and spoken of as the very crown of disasters. And now there is no going of muckers for most of us. We are turned into clergymen, barristers, doctors, business-men; two of us (with one of whom I, *moi qui vous parle*, have rowed a race in the same boat) are bishops; we have wives, families, houses, and we pay our debts with a sober regularity which seems to preclude the existence of a past when duns were avoided, and unopened bills were left to look after themselves. Yet the days of duns and of debt were the happier, in spite of occasional disaster.

PUNCH TO MR. W. D. HOWELLS.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been reading an article from your pen in *Harper's Weekly* of January 4. It will give me genuine pleasure if you will count me henceforth as one of your devoted admirers, your servant to command in any matter in which it may be possible for me to oblige you. How temperately, how wisely, how humorously, with how broad and generous a humanity do you write of this difficulty which threatens to set our two peoples, the British and the American, into hostile camps. "I was greatly stirred the other day," you say, "in reading the President's Message concerning the Venezuela boundary dispute. I did not like his having four relative pronouns in one sentence towards the close of his message, and upon the whole the literature struck me as turgid and clumsy, but I accounted for that by the excitement he must have been in when he wrote it, and I felt a responsive thrill, which I took to be a patriotic emotion, as I read it. . . . I pictured England reduced by land and sea to the last extremity through the powers of our army and navy . . . and the grass growing in the streets before the offices of the London newspapers which had noticed my books unfavourably."

Well, we too have at times experienced that sort of emotion, and like you we figure it all so dramatically that we do not fancy ourselves taking any part personally in the difficult and perhaps dangerous work. We delegate it, as you did, to the poor fellows who are to fight and bleed, and continue to be poor fellows while we reap the honour and glory of it. Like you, we imagine our own exemption from all sorrow and suffering, "and the devotion of the sort of people who have mostly in all ages of the world been butchered for every cause, good or bad." Here, too, are golden words:—

"What I chiefly object to in our patriotic emotion, however, was not that it was so selfish, but that it was so insensate, so stupid. It took no account of things infinitely more precious than national honour, such as humanity, civilisation, and—

"the long result of time"—

which must suffer in a conflict between peoples like the English and the Americans. For the sake of having our ships beat their ships, our poor fellows slaughter their poor fellows, we were all willing, for one detestable instant at least, to have the rising hopes of mankind dashed, and the sense of human brotherhood blunted in the hearts of the foremost peoples of the world."

But is there, as you say, "in the American heart a hatred of England, which glutted itself in her imagined disaster and disgrace when we all read the PRESIDENT'S swaggering proclamation, in which he would not yield to the enemy so far as even to write good English?" Is there to be no forgiveness, are we never to cancel old scores and begin our international book-keeping, if I may so term it, on a clean page? I do not think our people hate yours. Your dash, your pluck, your humour, your keen common-sense, your breezy and inexhaustible energy, your strength and broad capacity for government, all these qualities command and obtain from us a sincere tribute of admiration. If you hate us, we must submit to that melancholy condition, but never submit in such a fashion as to cease from honest effort to abate and in the end to remove all hatred. Blood, as one of your naval captains said on a memorable occasion, is thicker than water. So saying, he dashed in to the help of our sorely-pressed ships. Let us then call a truce to petty and malignant carping, and join hands in an alliance dependent not upon written treaties, but upon the noble sympathy of two great nations engaged in the same work of civilisation and progress. You, Sir, speaking for others, I trust, as well as for yourself, have set us an example. I grasp your hand, and wish you well in all your undertakings.

Believe me yours in all cordial friendship,

PUNCH.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

[We publish with all reserve the following letter, which has, we understand, been despatched from Osborne Castle to Berlin. From internal evidence we should judge that it was not written but suggested by the exalted lady by whom it purports to be signed. There is a nautical breeziness about it that inclines us to attribute the actual authorship to the Duke of Y-RK.—ED. *Punch*.]

MEIN LIEBER WILLY,—Dies ist aber über alle Berge. Was bedeutet eigentlich deine Depesche an den alten KRÜGER der für Dich doesn't care twopence. Solch eine confounded Impertinenz habe ich nie gesehen. The fact of the matter is that Du ein furchtbarer



Schwaggerer bist. Warum kannst Du nie ruhig bleiben, why can't you hold your blessed row? Musst Du deinen Finger in jeder Torte haben? Was ist für this that I made you an Admiral meiner Flotte and allowed you to rig yourself out in einer wunderschönen Uniform mit einem gekockten Hut? If you meant mir any of your blooming cheek zu geben why did you make your Grandmamma Colonel eines Deutschen Cavallerie Regiments? Du auch bist Colonel of a British Cavallerie Regiment, desto mehr die Shade, the more's the pity. Als Du ein ganz kleiner Bube warst habe ich Dich oft tüchtig ge-

spankt, and now that you 're grown up you ought to be spanked too. Wenn Du deine Panzerschiffe nach Delagoa Bay schickst werde ich sie aus dem Wasser blasen, I'll blow your ironclads out of the water ehe Du dich umkehren kannst, before you can turn round. And look here, if you'll come over to this country werde ich Dich annehmen, I'll take you on, und ich wette drei gegen eins dasz ich Dich in drei Runden ausklopfen werde, Queensberry rules, three minutes to a round. Also ich schnappe meine Finger in your face. Du weist nicht wo Du bist, you dunno where you are, and somebody must teach you. Is BISMARCK quite well? Das ist ein kolossaler Kerl, nicht wahr? So lange! Don't be foolish any more.

Deine Dich liebende

GRANDMAMMA.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FAMILY TREE.

["After all, the English people are our people, and we are theirs."

New York "Morning Press," January 9.]

WELL said, *Morning Press*! 'tis the root of the matter
You've got at—your race and our race are the same;
Flung wide o'er the earth though our branches may scatter,
They spring from one stock, from one sapling they came.

'Twas a thousand long years, ere the trunk was divided,
Since Saxon in Britain first planted the seed;
Slow growing through storms and compact it abided,
The Oak-tree of Freedom—no wind-shaken reed!

Not as mother to child, but as brother to brother,
In age as in stature our nations are twin;
Side by side, not in anger confronting each other,
In face of the world let us show we are kin!

Yours and ours are King ALFRED, and CHAUCER, and BACON,
And SHAKESPEARE, and RALEIGH, and DRAKE, and Queen BESS;
Our heirship in common can ne'er be forsaken—
The glorious past we conjointly possess.

Nowadays, too, we share with you athletes and actors,
And *Trilby* we share, and affairs of the heart:
Each day of fresh ties o'er the Pond we're contractors—
There's no MONROE Doctrine in marriage or art!

If Teuton with Russian and Gaul were preparing
To fly at our throat, we would face them all three!
But attack Brother JONATHAN?—No, we're forbearing
To rend thus asunder the Family Tree!

LEGAL AND MEDICAL.—The time of the year is a troublesome one for those subject to gout and kindred complaints, but would it be correct for a lawyer to describe his symptoms as *livery of seisin*?

THE KAISER'S FAVOURITE SONG.—"William's sure to be right."



"TOUT EST PERDU, FORS L'HONNEUR!"

Housekeeper (who has been describing the fire in the country house, and the destruction of all the books and family pictures, &c., &c.). "YES, MY LADY, EVERY SINGLE PICTURE BURNT TO ASHES! BUT I VE ONE THING TO TELL YOU THAT WILL PLEASE YOU:—I MANAGED TO SAVE ALL LAST YEAR'S JAM!"

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM.

(Mr. Punch's Adaptation of Canning's Celebrated Song to Mr. Chamberlain.)

If hush'd the loud shindy that shattered our sleep,
The sky if no longer dark shadows deform.
If the worst of it's o'er, with the Boer, shall we keep
Silent tongue on the pilot that weathered the storm?

At the footstool of JOSEPH Punch never did fawn,
Against him he joined not in faction's dull
With those who abused, from their ranks when withdrawn,
The man who till then they'd extolled to the skies.

But clever cool pluck to all Britons is dear,
An example of which now the nations behold.
A statesman unbiassed by bounce or by fear,
Is worth, in a crisis, his weight in pure gold.

When wonder and doubt in the hearts of us reigned,
When a semi-piratical flag seemed unfurled,
He the honour and faith of our country maintained,
And set us all right in the sight of the world.

We are thankful all round an enthusiast craze
Did not set half the world in a deuce of a shine;
If to CHAMBERLAIN'S coolness and pluck we
Where's the partisan fool who'll that tribute decline?

Not yet, Sir, the course of your botherment's o'er;
May your talents and virtues prove equal [to all!
But now we'll give praise both to you and the Boer, [could fall.
With a tear for mad pluck which to folly
Take thanks for great dangers by wisdom repelled,
For evils by coolness and readiness braved;
For the Throne by considerate counsels upheld, [saved.
And the People from perils precipitate

And, JOE, if again sudden ructions should rise, [darkness deform,
The bright dawns of peace should fresh
The trust of the good and the hopes of the wise [storm!
Will turn to the pilot that weathered this

PENNY STEADFULS.

[Mr. STEAD is issuing a penny edition of standard works of fiction.]

ONLY a penny left of sixpence I had when I went into "Spotted Dog"! Not enough for glass of ale. Mate advises me to try a penn'orth of CHARLEY DICKENS. Here goes! CHARLEY is prime. Must get more of him. Spend a bob on *Pickwick*. Why ain't there a penn'orth o' Sam Weller? Sam is prime, too. Find the missis wanted that bob for Sunday's dinner. Can't give it her. Wishes to know if I've spent it "on the booze"? No, only "on the read."

Penn'orth of *Tom Jones* next. Tom's a ripper. Penn'orths of *Monte Cristo*, CHARLEY READE, *Joshua Davidson*, &c.

Don't like this half-and-half system. Prefer the "entire." Spend one week's wages on DUMAS. No more escapes from prison,

though. What a sell! Landlord wants rent, and missis wants tin for food. Spent it all. Tell missis I'm bound to buy a penny *She*. She doesn't understand, and hints—with a saucepan—at a judicial separation. Better out of this! Off to "Spotted Dog."

Sat up all night over *Charles O'Malley*. Head splitting. Wanted five glasses to make it right. Fined for being late at work. Told foreman it was all due to Mr. STEAD's penny novels. Foreman replied it was more likely Mr. BUNG's twopenny beer. How unjust!

Brokers in! Seized all my novels! Missus in workhouse. Says novels are worse than drink. No money to get more. What shall I do?

Just pawned children's boots. Got *Vanity Fair*—the whole hog, too. Disappointed. THACKERAY ain't in it with the CHARLEYS. Read two chapters of the *Fair*—thought it rot—off to "Spotted Dog" again. Jolly evening.

No home. And no employment! Sleep in casual ward. And to think that it's half-pints of fiction that have brought me to this!

To "Daily News."

(A propos of an Interview recently reported.)

"J. B. ROBINSON, he,
Seems to know something of S. Afrikey."

Week-end Party in a Country House.

Ordinary Man of Forty. I see someone writes to the *Times* to say that the KAISER ought to be turned out of the Army and Navy.

Charming Girl (much affected by the proposed punishment—quite innocently). What! do they want him not to be allowed to "shop" there?

A NEW "LABOUR OF HERCULES" (ROBINSON).—To struggle with the Boer-constrictor.



READY !

“COME THE THREE CORNERS OF THE WORLD IN ARMS,
AND WE SHALL SHOCK THEM: NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE,
IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE.”—*King John*, Act V., Scene 7.

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH THE WAR-WIZARD.

["It would require but the impetus of war to develop such a flood of destructive appliances as would astonish the world. I have invented a machine by which water charged with 5000 volts can be hurled to a great distance, which directed on an army would sweep it away like chaff."—*Mr. Edison.*]

PHEUGH! The bow, and the sword, and the dagger,

The hundred-ton gun and torpedo,—

(If one may trust EDISON'S swagger,

And Science's ultimate credo),—

Have been merely tentative trifles

On mankind's red highway of slaughter.

Machine-guns and murderous rifles,

Must yield to—electrified water!

Oh, thankee, dear EDISON, thankee

Inventions like yours are "transcendent,"

And War, as improved by the Yankee,

Will be—as mere carnage—resplendent.

How puny old Jupiter's bolts

Compared with your watery deluge,

Which, charged up to five thousand volts,

"Will sweep armies away"! Oh! a yell

Must rise from—well, regions below, [huge

For you've licked the artillery Satanio.

Whole armies you'll smash at a blow!

No wonder JOHN BULL'S in a panic.

Your dynamo-chains "like great snakes,"

Your horrid electrical cables,

Are terrible scientist fakes—

Unless they are journalist fables.

Well, well, we must "keep on our har"

As well as we can in our terror.

But snakes! Edisonian war

Would be Hades let loose, and no error.

Aërial infernal machines,

Dropping dynamite down—what a benison!

You'll realise, doubtless, the means

Conceived by the fancy of TENNYSON!

Then your water-torpedoes! O lor!

We admit we are awfully frightened

You'd annihilate us, were it war,

Ere one could remark that it lightened!

At least, so you kindly explain.

How friendly, dear boy, is your warning!

To your country you'd give your big brain,

All work save for slaughtering scorning.

Well, well, we are glad that we know;

We believe all your bounce—to the letter.

And now you have had your big "blow,"

Punch hopes, my dear boy, you feel better!

JACKY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

(An Intercepted Letter.)

MY DEAR BOBBY,—I promised when we said "good-bye" to one another at Old WHACKEM'S that I would write to you if anything particularly nice turned up. Well, I have been busy ever since. I have been to four theatres, a circus (Crystal Palace), six children's "at homes," and one 'teen Cinderella. I said I would tell you how many ices I am taking, but I gave up counting when I got to nine hundred and ninety-seven. At the Mansion House the other night I had sixteen. And that reminds me the juvenile's fancy dress ball was simply first-rate. The LORD MAYOR is no end of a good fellow. And the dance was A 1. And the supper! Well, it satisfied me, and you know I am a bit of an epicure.

And the dresses? Well, some of them were first-rate. There were two young ladies with Christmas-trees on their heads, who were absolutely charming. Then CHAUCER with a wreath, and Toreador with a sword, were quite the early English poet, and the latest style of bull-fighter. There were all sorts of costumes, uniforms, Indians, *Charley's Aunts*, and jockeys. But, as I heard a grown-up say, the best realisation of the ball was



Bill Sykes (reading). "THERE ARE NOW TEN MEN OF THE BECHUANALAND BORDER POLICE IN THE WHOLE BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE, FOUR OF WHOM ARE DOING CUSTOMS DUTY."

the LORD MAYOR himself. Sir WALTER WILKIN is no end of a good sort. He's not only a Lord Mayor but has worn a barrister's wig and commanded a brigade of artillery! From this you will imagine that he is a big gun himself. So he is, but also something better. He's a jolly good fellow. And so say all of us. And by all I mean everybody. And now I must stop as I have got to be off to the pantomime.

Yours thoroughly enjoying himself,

JACKY.

CHORUS AT A MATINÉE.

OH! Have you seen *Robinson Crusoe*?

Lyceum? If not, try and do so,

For LAURI and STOREY

Are both in their glory!

Sweet ALICE, Miss BROOKES, is young *Crusoe*.

"WOLF, WOLF!"—At Christmas time every effort is made to keep the wolf from the door. The rich help the poor, and the powerful the weak. As practical men, the directors of the Crystal Palace have gone a step farther, and instead of closing the gates of the Sydenham show, have opened its portals to the welcome outsider. M. WOLF is a host in himself, especially when represented by his circus.

THE LAUREATE'S FIRST RIDE.

(The New Poet-Laureate's verses appeared in the "Times," Saturday, January 11.)

SONG, is it song? Well—blow it!

But I'll sing it, boys, all the same

Because I'm the Laureate Poet,

That's the worst of having a name!

I must be inspired to order,

"Go, tell 'em, to save their breath:"

I can rhyme to "order" with "border,"

And jingle to "breath" with "death."

"Let lawyers and statesmen addle

Their pates over points of law;"

Of Pegasus I'm in the saddle,

But why does he cough "Hee-haw"?

Eight stanzas! Inspired! Mad ones!

Sound well if sung to a band!

There! dash it! some good, some bad ones,

To finish with "crushings" and "Rand,"

A. A.

"BUSINESS CARRIED ON AS USUAL DURING THE ALTERATIONS."—"Lord Hawke's Eleven playing the Johannesburg team according to previous arrangement."

A SCHOOLBOY'S QUERY.—Are three policemen's feet equal to one Scotland Yard.



AN ASTRONOMER.

Mrs. S. "BY THE WAY, I HEAR JUPITER—THE EVENING STAR—IS WORTH SEEING JUST NOW. CAN EITHER OF YOU GIRLS TELL ME WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT?"

Bertha. "YES, I CAN. IT'S EXACTLY TWO YARDS AND A HALF TO THE RIGHT OF THE GREAT BEAR!"

Mrs. S. "TWO YARDS AND A HALF! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU MEAN!"

Bertha. "WELL, I'VE MEASURED IT CAREFULLY WITH MY UMBRELLA!"

BERLIN WOOL GATHERING.

(A Page from Somebody's Diary.)

Sunday.—After preaching my customary sermon to the members of the Court, and putting an equerry under arrest for falling asleep before the end of it, took up my favourite book, *The Life of Barnum*, and sought for inspiration. Drew blank this time. However, dashed off letters to the POPE and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, giving the first a few hints upon ritual, and the last a new pattern for lawn sleeves.

Monday.—Spent the morning pleasantly in trying on uniforms and being photographed in the whole thirty of them. Read in the papers that someone had found out a new star. Wired my personal congratulations to the observant *savant*, and desired him to call his astronomical discovery after me. Gave a lecture to my "veteran class." Fair attendance of elderly ecclesiastics, warriors, and diplomats. My subject—treated simply and literally—"How to empty eggs by suction," greatly appreciated. Sent a professor to gaol for daring to give a testimonial to a pill manufacturer—such recommendations should be endorsed with my signature. I cannot allow tampering with my prerogative.

Tuesday.—Noticing that the Little Pedlington football team has proved victorious in a contest with the Shoreditch Outsiders, I sent messages of hearty congratulation to the one and sincere condolence to the other. Delivered another lecture to the "veteran class," a body which, on this occasion, had to be collected together at the point of the bayonet. My subject, "Myself as Universal Instructor," was full of interest. Spent the rest of the day in solving the problem "how to attain the maximum of interference in the minimum of time."

NURSERY RHYMES IN "BOOK" FORM

(Dedicated, without especial permission, to the Baron de Book-Worms.)

AIR—"Jack Sprat."

WALTER SCOTT
Wrote no "rot";
DICKENS was ne'er obscene.
For authors great
As these we wait.
To sweep our Hill Top clean.

AIR—"Hi-diddle-diddle."

Hi-Kipple-Kipple!
Your rhymes no more ripple;
Your prose, too, is getting abstruse.
If you've got more of *Mowgli*,
Drown him in the Hoogli,
And banish the rest to the deuce.

AIR—"Baa, baa, black sheep."

"Mar-Mar-Relli, have you any rule?"
"Yes, Sir, surely. 'Critic means a fool.'
I have a grievance, *Satan* has as well;
A'though I *think*—and you'll agree—his
Sorrows are a sell."

AIR—"Humpty Dumpty."

GRANTIE ALLIE sat on the hill.
GRANTIE ALLIE had a great spill.
All gentle readers, both women and men,
Hope he will never go there again.

AIR—"Three Blind Mice."

Three good books. See how they sell!
Platform, Press, Play, by T. H. S. E.,
Tall Talk by SMALLEY, and *Blackwood's*
"Shirlee,"
They've none of your modern morbidities
These three good books.

AIR—"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

OUIDA, OUIDA, CORELL's leader,
How does your MS. grow?
Latin, Greek, quotations sleek,
And epithets "all in a row."

AIR—"Little Jack Horner."

Little too Hardy, do not be tardy
In mending your too-blue cake.
For, by scissors and paste,
'Tis *not* good to the taste,
But a most injudicious "half-bake"!

Wednesday.—Roughed out a scheme for an International Exhibition. Should be sixteen times as big as Chicago. Central idea a colossal statue of myself. Should be twice as high as the Tour Eiffel. Another feature—a gigantic wheel four times the size of that at Earl's Court. In the hundred cars should be bands of music playing a new National Anthem about me, composed by myself. Sent a message of congratulation to Drury Lane. However, next year must beat the record myself. Nothing I should like better than producing a pantomime.

Thursday.—Rather neglected my fleet and army lately. Ordered off all the available vessels to the coast and organised an invasion. Prepared for a row anywhere. Filled in half-a-dozen telegrams of congratulation, and dispatched them in all directions. Spent the remainder of the day in consultation with my tailor. Have schemed out a sort of combination uniform, composed of two-thirds field-marshal to one-third admiral of the fleet.

Friday.—Great fun! I have been taken seriously! Friendly power says that I have insulted it! Must have international posters of myself. Portrait, of course. One thousand double crowns. Try one thousand—ought to do as a commencement. Must have more stations than the soap people. Ought to bill from the Arctic to the Antarctic. Sent message of congratulation to the proprietors of the Self-appreciative Savon.

Saturday.—Very much disturbed by a dream. Fancied in my sleep that I was at Eton. Just begun my customary game, when a fellow bigger than myself told me I "wanted the bumptiousness taken out of me," and gave me a good sound kicking!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE YACHTSMAN TO HIS LASS.

THE breeze is blowing full and fair,
The billows dance with glee,
And sparkle 'neath the noonday glare
Like jewels of the sea.
The schooner's bow begins to dip,
Her snowy wings are free;
The dinghy's waiting by the "slip"
For you, my lass, and me.

How nautical your pretty dress,
Your hat with sailor brim,
The buttons lettered "R. Y. S."
Upon your jacket trim;
Your silken knot with burgee ring,
Your shirt of navy blue.
Your dainty telescope in sling—
All typical of you.

We're off! and westward be our way
O'er Solent's flowing tide.
We'll race the sun till close of day,
As swiftly on we glide
By Yarmouth's pier and Totland's strand,
By Alum's glowing bay.
By where, mist-clad, the Needles stand,
White sentinels mid grey.

Hurrah! hurrah! the eager wind
Makes all the canvas fill.
The lighthouse we have left behind—
On! on! to Portland Bill.
Your Viking blood must feel the spell,
With ecstasy must flow—
Speak louder! What? Oh, very well,
You'd better go below!



EQUALLY TRUE.—It is stated by a teetotal scientist that any man drinking plain hot water for a year or two will never again need whiskey. Dr. PUNCH confidently asserts that anyone drinking plain hot whiskey for the same period will never again require water.

QUERY (by One "who only asks for information").—Was the President of the Orange Free State born in Belfast?

TALENT V. GENIUS.

Bob (the man of genius). "GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE ADVERTISING THE TENTH EDITION OF THAT CONFOUNDED BOOK OF YOURS WHICH I'VE NEVER READ, AND NEVER MEAN TO! WHAT RUBBISH IT MUST BE, TO BE SO POPULAR AS ALL THAT!"

John (the man of talent). "AH, WELL—ONE MUST LIVE, YOU KNOW! LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I DON'T WANT TO BRAG, BUT IF YOU'LL MAKE IT WORTH MY WHILE, I'LL PROMISE TO WRITE IN LESS THAN A WEEK A THREE-VOLUME NOVEL THAT SHALL FALL AS STILL-BORN FROM THE PRESS AS IF YOU'D WRITTEN EVERY WORD OF IT YOURSELF, AND SPENT A COUPLE OF YEARS IN THE PROCESS!"

MARY ANNER ON MARBLE 'ALLS AND AMERICAN NOTIONS.

[In America it is customary to make forecourts and house-steps of marble, and clean them with long-handled swabs without the necessity of kneeling.]

"I DREAMT I dwelt in marble 'alls!" One thinks of that old ditty A-hearing of them Yankee steps. If people knowed they'd pity The sorrows of a servant-girl a-kneeling and a-slopping, As might be done in comfort-like by marble flags and mopping. Same as I've seed them sailors do; wich my young man's a yotman, As caught my 'art—'e is that smart!—and cut out JEM the potman, Last Heaster-time as ever was. JACK, 'e sees me hearthstoning Our forecourt flags, with frozen knees, a-shivering and a-groaning, And sez, sez 'e "Belay there MARY! Pooty nice sight this is! Your friz, my gal! I'll 'ave a word with that old cat, your missis! This ain't no work in winter-time for pore young gals. O blow it! I'll give your red-nosed dragon beans!" Sez I, "Now JACK, dear, stow it!"

She's bossing through the blinds at yer this blessed moment, drat'er!

You'd only make it wus for me a-joring on the matter. She's that pertikler with'er steps, you'd think they led to 'eaven, As it's much more like t'other place. She routs me up at seven, And if these stones ain't white as snow by breakfast-time!"—'Ere JACKY

Let out a large-sized swear, and bunked, a-biting at 'is 'bacey As though it was the nubby nose of that there Miss BELINDER. As 'e could twig a-piping on 'im through the parlour winder. Heigho! 'Taint no use 'owling, but JACK's right; this 'ere step-cleaning

Ain't woman's work by enny means. You'd understand my meaning

If in a nipping cold east wind, some morning in December, With chilblains on yer 'ands and 'eels, and aches in every member, Red elbers, and a redder nose, and a 'ousemaid's knee a-coming, And Miss BELINDER at the blinds a-scowling and a-drumming,

You 'ad to clean those cold stone-steps and flags slap down the garden.

"Fiddle!" sez Miss BELINDER. "It'll brace yer up, and 'arden." 'Arden? O lor! If shivery, sore, numb feelings 'arden anyone, I ought to be as 'ard as nails. A step-gal, now, a penny one, Or tuppenny touch, one o' them towzly, trollopy tramps as tout about

For morning jobs, and then run loose, are 'ard, that there's no doubt about.

But decent gals as love fal-lals, mere flesh and blood ones, perishes A 'earthstoning them steps and stones our English missis cherishes. Therefore them marble steps and mops the Yankee 'ired 'elps uses, Makes my mouth water. JOHNNY BULL is stubborn, and refuses, Most times, to learn of furriners; but in their floors and pavings Them Yankees seem to beat us. O, the comforts and the savings, In colds, and cramps, and 'ousemaid's knees, if scrubbings and cold sloppings,

Could be did 'ere, as over there, without our 'ard knee-floppings!

And if inwensors 'ere will take this lesson from the Yankee, Us English servants gals will shout one loud tremenjous "Thankee!!!"

The Long and the Short of it.

SCENE—A Board School.

Pupil. Oh, prithees, teacher, tell to me,
Are we at war with Ashantee?

Teacher. On that my information's scanty:
But, p'raps, my lad, you mean Ashanti?

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—A reviewer contends in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that all books ought to be cut. On the other hand, many, not absolutely thin-skinned, authors declare that reviewers ought to be treated in the same way.

THE LINE WHICH IS OFTEN DRAWN.—The Equator.

"UNDER WHICH KING" (STREET, ST. JAMES'S).

HOPE told a fluttering tale when he wrote his stirringly, highly-charged Sir-John-Gilbertesquian romance, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Any one fond of the lighter kind of music united to an extravagant plot, while reading ANTHONY HOPE's romance, must have seen what a chance there would have been in it for an opera after the style of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, book by MEILHAC and HALÉVY, and music by the late King of opera-bouffe composers, JACQUES OFFENBACH. It needed an OFFENBACH; for anyone else, English, French, or German, touching this subject would have found himself woefully hampered and bothered by Offenbachian memories.

Here are all his characters to hand: here is his Grand Duke, his courtiers, his General Boum conspiring to support the Young Pretender; here is the pretty princess ready for a sweet song and a love duet; here are evidently burlesque imitations of Wagnerian *Ortrude* and *Telramond*, immediately recognisable in *Antoinette de Mauban* and the *Black Michael*, fitted with grand situations for ultra comic duets, to be taken most seriously; while in opportunities for solos, trios, grand choruses, ballets, and spectacular effects, never could librettist's book be richer. There is for the librettist and composer a perfect wealth of material; but for the playwright, choosing to take himself and this story seriously, all that is food for the comic opera librettist, is, to him, poison. So much for the romance and the opera-bouffe, the *King of Toorivurritania*, as it might have been; and now for the play by EDWARD ROSE, the *Blooming Rose*, as presented at the St. James's Theatre.

It is in a Prologue and four Acts. It commences at a quarter to eight, and is over by, or soon after, eleven. The Prologue is a little drama in itself; it is admirably played by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER as "the *Red Elphege*," of 1733—which sounds like a peculiar wine of a good vintage year; by Mr. WARING as "the *Black Elphege*," which sounds a bit like the Original Bones of Christy Minstrelsy, with a song "*The Waring of the Black*," parody upon "*The Wearing of the Green*"; by Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY, as the *Heavy Husband*, who, in company with Miss MABEL HACKNEY (a fresh young actress, in spite of her name), Mr. FEATHERSTONE, Mr. BOYCE, and Mr. STERNROD, struts his short half-hour on the stage, and then is heard no more. In this Prologue, had *Prince Rudolph*, or the husband, been killed, we should have had a complete little one Act domestic tragedy, a *lever du rideau* of exceptional merit, well worth seeing on account of the acting. But those who come in at 8.30 may comfort themselves by the assurance that the Prologue they have missed is not essential to the plot, its incidents being recounted in about three lines during the progress of the First Act of the play.

And this first Act is excellent. The device by which a "double" is substituted for Mr. ALEXANDER, who, as the moustachioed, tipping King, topples over on the right-hand side of the stage when, almost at the same instant, he himself, as *Rassendyll*, the moustachioed English tourist, enters on the left, is one of the best deceptions since *Dubosq* and *Lesurques*, the two single gentlemen rolled into one actor, startled the town. The change is effected with such neatness and precision as to defy detection. The oldest stagers will be puzzled, and the youngest will scarcely believe their eyes.

In fact, the three first Acts are all as good as they can be; but the question must arise, what sort of piece are we looking at? Is it not the dramatic representation of an extravagant practical joke, which the originators are taking with a light heart, and in which the author has been puzzled as to how it is to be taken, seriously or not? If seriously, then the motive is inadequate, and the striking tragedy notes of Miss LILY HANBURY as the handsome mistress of "the *Black Elphege*," represented by Mr. HERBERT WARING, that double-dyed black villain, ought to give the tone to the piece; in which case the merriment of the three practical jokers, *Rassendyll*, *Colonel Sapt* (Mr. W. H. VERNON), and *Fritz* (Mr. ROYSTON), is quite out of place. But, on the contrary, it is the light-hearted gaiety of the conspirators which carries the audience along and makes "our friends in front" participants in the jest, thoroughly enjoying the audacious humour of the situation. It is good fun to see all these magnificently haughty nobles, the Cardinal Primate, the Lords and Ladies, the representatives of the Great Powers, all taken in, and kissing the hand of the

sham King of Ruritania. It gives additional zest to the situation that *Lord Topham*, the English Ambassador, capitably played by Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT (who has quitted the Court (of law) to appear at St. James's), should be the imposter's uncle, but so blind as not to recognise his nephew. All this is pure extravagant fun. That the *Princess Flavia* should fall in love with the imposter, and he with her, is all part of "the humour of it." But that this should ever be taken seriously—impossible!

When in the last Act is seen the miserable victim of this light-hearted practical joke, the King, dying in the vault of the castle, the audience having thoroughly "entered into the humour of the thing," are on tiptoe of expectation for him to say something at which they

can laugh; but suddenly they find that "this joke is no joke," that what is fun for the boys is death to the frog, and they discover that this tragic situation, rendered still more tragic by Mr. ALEXANDER's forcible acting, is not by any means in keeping with the farcical antecedents.

Then when action commences, when the repentant *Antoinette* sympathises with the miserable monarch, when she has been rescued from the objectionable attentions of one ruffian only to fall into the arms of another, when there has been a fight to rescue her, and when the castle has been taken by storm (that is, by troops only "heard without"), and everything somehow or another ought to end happily, then the author disappoints us, the lovers separate never to meet again, and down comes the curtain on the poor deserted *Princess Flavia*, the living victim of a preposterous practical joke! And the audience, after paying just tribute to the excellence of the things had turned out rather

acting, go away wishing that differently.

Now, how ought this practical joke to have ended? Thus:—The toper King should have been allowed, like *Barnardine*, the drunken convict, to have been spoken of as having drank himself to death; he should not have been seen at all. The walls should have been battered down, the successful troops admitted, and *Princess Flavia* should have been proclaimed Queen, giving her hand to *Rudolf Rassendyll* as Prince Consort. Cheers, triumphant music, *tableau*, curtain, and everyone happy.

Of course it is not likely that this suggestion as to excision of Prologue and re-writing the finish will be acted upon; but had it been thus, then whatever the present success of this piece may be, interesting and amusing as it now is, its popularity would have been undisputed, and its run trebled. As it is, it may well be seen and enjoyed for the acting of all concerned in it; but to ask either actors or audience to take seriously the characters aiding and abetting so "comic-opera" a plot, is to demand an impossibility. And thus it is that anything like real sentiment, acted or spoken, is so much wasted force. This play is one thing, and Mr. HOPE's original romance quite another. In effect, Mr. ROSE is "Hope-ing against Hope."

His Own Poetical Explanation of It.

WHY our linkman didn't appear for a week after the first of the New Year:—

So many tips 'e 'ad an' many "nips" 'e
Took down! through these ere tips 'e got quite tipsee.

[Forgiven, but 'e 'opes not to be forgotten next year.]

"WALKER—LONDON."—Where are our diaries for this New Year? Where? "Echo answers, 'WALKER'!" The question *solvitur ambulando*. WALKER has just published his diaries, of all shapes and sizes, to suit all pockets and all tastes, for taste must be included when a popular book is likely to be in everybody's mouth. Neat, not bulky, with patent pencils that need no cutting, and some of them with covers that will last long and improve with age, so that all that will be necessary up to end of present century (whenever that may be, for already there is a difficulty as to when the next century is to commence) for the possessor of one of these handy pocket-books to do, is to follow the example of a good sporting landed proprietor, and *preserve the covers*, taking care to stock them afresh each year.

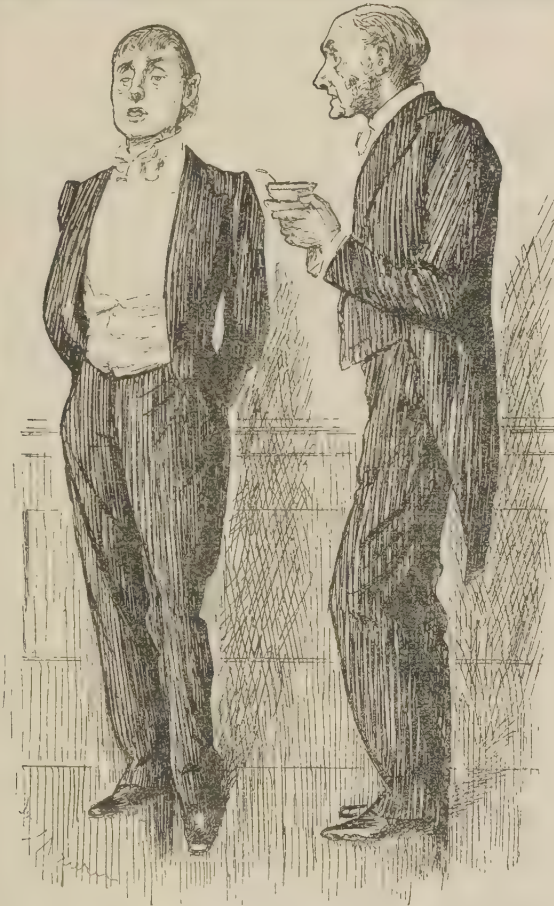


Trio of Conspirators, led by General Sapt-Boum!

Dansons! Chantons!

"Petits pas! Petits pas

Petits, petits, petits pas!"—Grande Duchesse.



THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

Country Vicar (much impressed by his new acquaintance).
 "PRAY TELL ME, MR. WISPE, OF ALL THE GREAT POETS,
 ANCIENT AND MODERN, WHICH DO YOU REVERE AND AD-
 MIRE THE MOST?"

Supreme young Poet (the third that has appeared this week).
 "MYSELF."

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

NO. XIII.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS ON THE ROAD—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—TIPS AND NIPS—TOFFY TINDAL'S TALE—MORAL FOR MUNIFICENCE.

"'OLIDAYS? Fudge!" grumbles old BILLY BOGER, wropped up like a turtle, and toasting 'is back

At our bit of a fire, Christmas Day in the morning. "Wot's 'olidays mean to a 'usky old 'ack, A stiff 'un like me, without ne'er a old stockin' for old Santa Wot's it to fill full o' toys?"

'Olidays? Gammon! They don't mean not nuffin', 'cept perks to the toppers and larks to the toys."

Bilious old BILLY is sour but not silly. 'E stretches a bit, but there's truth in 'is talk.

Wot is Merry Christmas to BILL's crippled gal, with a cough like a creak and a face like grey chalk;

Who spends the great day with penwipers and pincushions, grinding away at a few bob a gross,

And wolfin' 'er sossage and mashed without stopping? To drop it, to 'er, would be no mighty loss.

Nevertheless, while you're young, straight, and 'ealthy, the crush of the 'oliday-makers all round,

Though you're nailed to your box, makes the world a bit warmer. There's that in the seuffle and buzzy-wuz sound

Of a number of people a flocking together, for 'olidays, shoppin', a fog, or a fire,

As makes you less lonesome, though you may be out of it. Carn't quite say why. P'raps some gent will inquire.

So I like Christmas-time, spite of old BILLY, who calls it all bunga-roo-bosh; poor old crock!

Lor, the rum cab-loads one 'as at this season! Full from the floor to the cab-roof, plum-chock,

With some olly leaves tickling yer rose through the trap if you take a sly peep at the party inside,
 With seventeen bundles, a cart, and a rockin'-orse, swellin' like six with good-nature and pride.

Give me the gents for good fares and a tip or so. Lydies—lord love 'em!—sweet, sour, young or old, [though silver was gold.

Go mostly "according to COCKER" with cabbies. They 'andle their purse as And copper was silver. Their neat-kidded fingers, though tiny and trim, 'ave no end of a grip, [a tip.

And not one in ten on 'em reckons 'er bundles kerreet, or is moved to give Cabby Lydies not bizness-like? Bless yer, the beauties just beat Mister Man at that game by a mile. [smile.

See a small fist twisted round a port-money, a pair o' red lips, as look made for a Snap sharp upon "That's your right fare, Cabman!" Scissors! Nutcrackers not in it for nip with she-jaws.

And grumbling's about as much good against females as fists against granite, or tears against laws.

The worst o' the gents is, they will ply the liquor so! Don't mind a weed now and then, good or bad [awfully 'ad).

(And some of the toffs must buy tuppenny duffers, or be by their 'baccynists But seventeen whiskies took on *seriatum* will tell on the toughest; and then such a mix, [a fix.

From Port to Old Tom, as you get at this season!—it puts sober coves in a bit of

To take 'alf the neat New Year nips out in tuppences, that would suit Cabbies, and likewise their wives. [strives.

London, you see 's a 'ard place to keep sober in, special at Christmas, 'owever one That form of convivialness known as "treating," to cabbies and others is just a fair cuss,

Lots will stand you free drinks all the evening, and yet if you're broke for a tanner will raise a big fuss.

Rum thing, 'uman friendship! It often sticks close to mere self as its shadder.

For what can you think Of a "jolly good pal" whose sole notion of 'elping a stoney-broke chum is to—stand 'im a drink?

Just feels disposed for a booze-mate, that's all, for a lot of big laps don't like lapping alone, [a 'eart like a stone.

And there's many a swaggersome treater-all-round who, away from the bar, 'as So gents, remember when dealing with Cabby, and Bobby, and others at 'oliday time.

Free standing of drinks isn't always a kindness, is frequent most selfish, and sometimes a crime

Wish you 'ud known TOFFY TINDAL! Ah, TOFFY, old pal, it is many long years since you died, [at my side?

But wouldn't I relish a crack with you now, or a rattle up west, lad, with you Smart as they made 'em, and 'earty and gamesome, a swell—for those days before

FORDER—sound through, Except in the throttle! Once flush that with liquor too much, and poor TOFFY was in for a screw.

Fought it, 'e did, with 'is pooty wife aiding, and me,—well, I didn't shirk 'elping, you bet.

'Appy days! 'Appy days! We was young, 'earty, 'opeful; and 'olidays then—ah! I think of 'em yet,

Especial that Christmas when TOFFY's young missus 'ad brought 'im a present,—'e called it a doll.

Along of its yellow-topped fluffiness. TOFF was as proud as two Punches, and so was 'is POLL.

As luck would 'ave it the night afore Christmas we drove, TOFF and me did, a couple o' fares

Both going out Balham way. Lor! 'ow we chatted and laughed as—quite friendly—we raced our two mares.

TOFF got the lead, and turned off at a corner. I 'eard 'im a shouting for full arf a mile,

And the click of 'is mare's 'eels sang back through the frostiness. I trotted on with a phiz all a-smile.

With friendship, and 'ope, and good thoughts of the morrow at TOFF's with 'is "doll" and 'is POLL and 'is pipe.

And TOFF—well, that old gent just "treated" 'im—Christmassy! Ah! and the drink got poor TOFF in its gripe.

Ramped 'ome, ran wild, and run over a kiddy! It broke 'im, the pain and disgrace of that drunk;

All tried to cheer 'im, and 'elp 'im, but no, it struck 'ome to TOFF's 'eart, and 'e sunk and 'e sunk. [suicide. Gentlemen all,

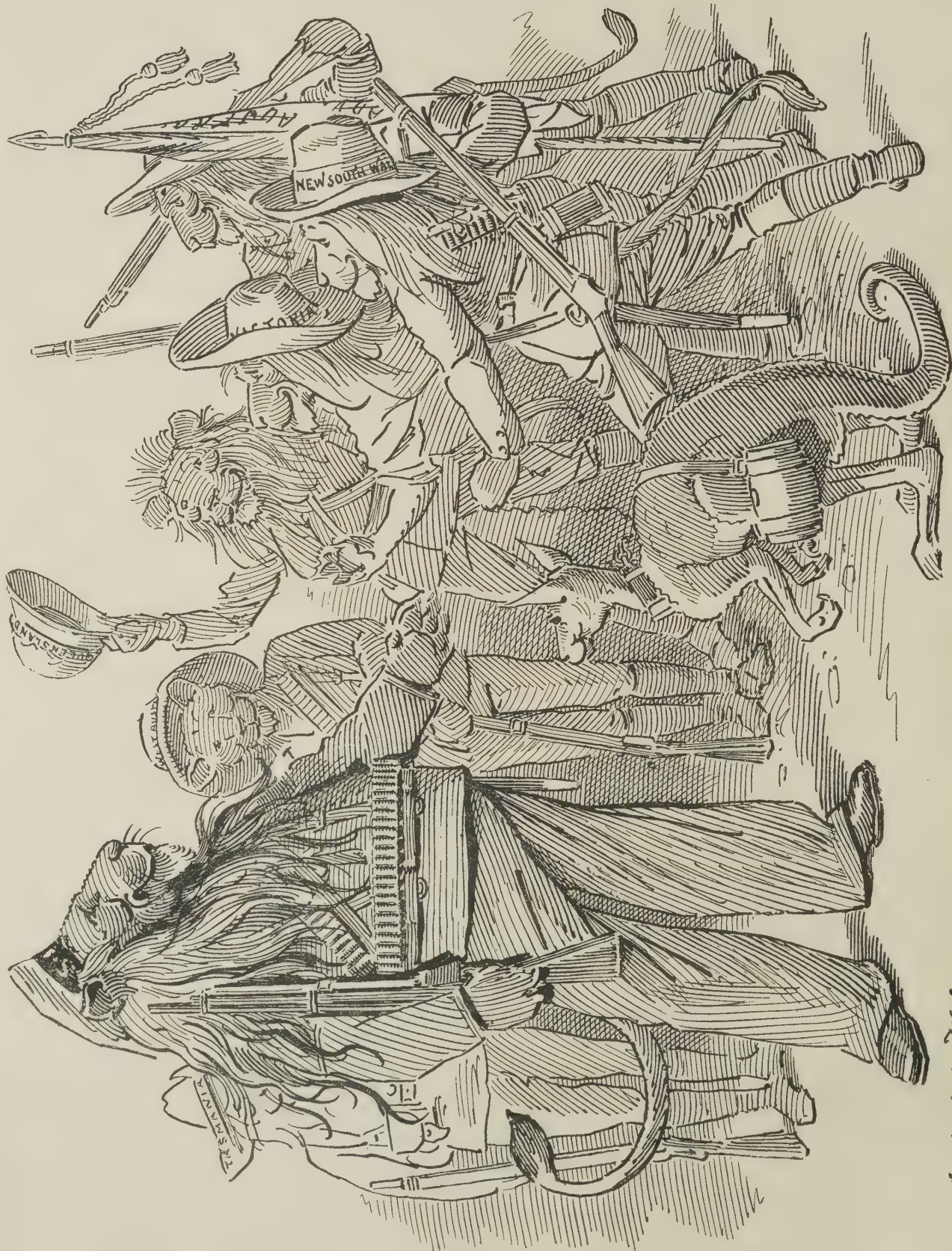
'Elpless, and 'opeless, and reckless, and ended a drink-sodden That came of too liberal Christmassy "treating." And now, p'raps, you'll go and just keep up the ball!

Nevertheless, notwithstanding, for all that, at any rate, anyhow, Christmas *ain't* folly,

Despite bilious Billy; and most people love it, and will do, whilst jolly keeps rhyming with holly.

Laughter's contagious, and tips do come 'andy, and Cabby's as fond as 'is fares of good cheer;

But "nips"—well, I says give their value in cash, gents, and Cabby will wish you a 'Appy New Year!



BRAVO, YOUNG 'UNS!

Young Lions. "WELL DONE, DAD! WE'LL STICK TO YOU!"
British Lion. "THANK YOU, MY BOYS! I NEVER DOUBTED IT!"

Samuel.

"THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE."

(New Version.)

THE other morning I was digging up my tulips, and trying to think of a rhyme to *Clematis Jackmannii*—what an unpoetic name!—when VERONICA brought me a large letter. Glancing at the envelope, I perceived that it came from the Lord Chamberlain's office. As I was anxious to finish my gardening, I exclaimed "*Litera scripta manet*," and continued digging.

"You had better open it," said VERONICA.

I did so. They wanted another Ode. How tiresome! I was forced to leave my tulips, and, merely looking at my *Gaillardia grandiflora*, *Helenium pumilum*, *Eryngium amethystinum*, and *Centaurea macrocephala*, to go indoors and write. It was a perfect afternoon, at the end of May, and I should have preferred to stay in the garden that I love, and think of some unofficial verses to my first *Gloire de Dijon* rose. Alas! "*Autre temps, autres vers*." It is all Official Odes now. I only wish "the Poet" was not a fiction, and then I could turn him on to the Lord Chamberlain's work. As I sauntered sadly to the house, I met LAMIA.

"Can you come for a walk?" she asked.

"Eheu!" I answered, speaking to her in Latin, as I usually do, which sometimes appears odd, since she does not understand a word, "*Eheu, non ego! Nunc semper scribo. Non est omne beerus et skittles*."

"Another ode, I suppose. You don't seem very cheerful since you became Laureate."

"Ah no!" I murmured. "I can say with DANTE, '*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, ch'entrate!*' I get no time for gardening now."

"Never mind the Ode. Come and take a walk in the orchard, and do try to speak English."

It was a great temptation—I mean the walk. The weather was perfect; my flowers were delightful; my companion was more so.

"Ah, LAMIA," I exclaimed; "I use so much English in the official odes, that talking Latin is a relief. I fear I have no time. Tempt not a desperate man." Would you wish me to defy the Lord Chamberlain?

I regret to say that she spoke disrespectfully of the Lord Chamberlain. At times she is frivolous. She said "Bother him!"

"Forgive me," I ventured to remark, "if I deprecate such language in reference to my official superior. He only does his duty. I wish it was not so irksome to me to do mine. Once I could enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, and now it is all *dignitas* with no *otium* whatever. I begin to hate poetry."

"Yes, but this ode can wait," she said; "you must come for a walk now."

"Dear LAMIA," I exclaimed, "*odi et amo*"—

"I can guess what that means," she interrupted; "odes and something."

"Not exactly," I said, "I will teach you the verb *amo*. It is a very pretty one. Let us begin now, as we walk in the orchard."

At that moment VERONICA brought me a telegram, from the Lord Chamberlain, as usual. It said "Please send immediately poem ordered this morning." There was no help for it. LAMIA walked alone. She herself once said "Love is a literary invention." On this occasion, at least, literary invention was not love.



Street Serio (singing). "ER—YEW WILL THINK HOV ME AND LOVE ME HAS IN DIES HOV LONG AGO-O-O!"

GOOD OLD DUTCH!

(A Song à la Chevalier, by a Cockney Cosmopolitan, whose patriotism is, perhaps, none the more vulgar for putting Queen Victoria's wisdom into the Vernacular.)

"The peace of South Africa and the harmonious co-operation of the British and Dutch races, which is necessary for its future development and prosperity."—Her Majesty's Message to President Krüger.]

AIR—"My Old Dutch."

PRESIDENT, old pal,

'Ere's to yer! Some may doubt yer,

Boss of that Trans-va-al,

But I likes some things about yer

It's many years since fust we met.

We've rapped and serapped a bit—you bet!

But lor! "We may be 'appy yet,"

Pipes my old gal.

Chorus.—We've knowed each other now for many a year,

And each 'eld 'tother axed too much,
But as we're bound to live in the same land,
Let's shake 'ands on it, Good Old Dutch!

That Trans-va-al

Ain't no Great Sahairer.

Let's share, as pal with

Go fair, and I'll try fairer.

We ain't quite hangels—I talks tart,

At jawin' you're a mite too smart;

Still, "Scrappers may be spoons—at 'eart!

Sings my old gal.

Chorus.—We've got to live as neighbours, yus for years;

Ain't we showed fists a mite too much?

Let Boers and Britishers go 'and in 'and,

Spite that real (crowned) "Outlander,"

Good Old Dutch!

WOMAN.

"FAIR woman was made to bewitch."—
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing or curse;
Fair woman was made to be—which?

ALTERATION OF SIGNATURE.—An inquiring mind wrote to the *Daily News* last Saturday asking when Plow Monday was? Is it always fixed for a certain date, which might fall on a Tuesday, or is it invariably the first Monday after Twelfth Day, and so forth, as almanacks, like lawyers, differ among themselves on this point. The writer signed himself "ALFRED SUTTON." But in this instance it would have been more appropriate had he signed himself either "Only 'ALF SUTTON," or "ALFRED Rather Un-SUTTON."

MEEK MIKE AND HIS ARCH ANGEL.

NOTICE—During the run of the Reverend ENRY HAUTHOR JONES's ecclesiastical drama, "Orders" will be admitted if proved as having been regularly and canonically conferred. Beadles-in-waiting to eject any brawler.

THE cumbersome title, *Michael and his Lost Angel*, suggests an



Memorial window in the Reverend Michael's church.

irreverent muddle-headedness, as though ENRY HAUTHOR JONES had, with his goose-quill, aimed at a pun flying, and cleverly missed it. Was it the result of a Michaelmas-day feast? Did the author and manager-actor dine together on goose day, and did the latter take in with a relish all the stuffing provided by the artful dramatist? The production of such a play as this must surely be the result of some weird compact made between *Forbes Robertson-Faust* and *Jones-Mephistopheles*? Is it a strange case of hypnotism? Is *Trilby-Robertson* under the magnetic influence of *Svengali-Jones*? Only on some such hypothesis is it possible to account for the acceptance and production of so poor a play as this. Undramatic in its lack of action and situation and its flimsy sketchiness of character: uninteresting in its principal characters: and nonsensical when measured by probabilities. Had he devised a plot of *Harlequin* and his *Lost Columbine*, founded on the *Pagliacci*, there would have been a great chance for genuine pathos; but could ENRY HAUTHOR have touched the humour of it?

The Reverend Michael makes the daughter of a humble dependent of his do public penance in church for the sin of having "gone wrong" privately. ENRY HAUTHOR says he has authority for this;

and I remember some such case being reported. I suppose "the 'Bishop' would have had a word to say to that." In brief, *Parson Michael*, having compelled this modern JANE SHORE in the person of *Rose Gibbard* (very prettily played by Miss SARAH BROOKE) to do public penance, himself falls a victim to the wiles of a gay lady, *Audrie Lesden*, a married woman, living in single cussedness, and presumably posing as a widow; a most difficult part, very cleverly rendered by Miss MARION TERRY. In fact, throughout, the acting is excellent; that of Mr. W. MACKINTOSH as the fit-for-tattooing father of the doubly victimised girl being especially good.

The gay unattached lady pursues the innocent curate,—the *mondaine* she-wolf determined to prey upon the innocent clerical lamb,—to a desert island, most difficult of access and only visited occasionally by excursion steamers, where the reverend gentleman, in order to devote himself more entirely to his parochial work at home, has built himself a house containing two cosy bachelor rooms, one of which is the breadth, height, and half the depth of the Lyceum stage; and in this snugger of *Little Michael-all-Alone* suddenly appears *Mrs. Audrie Lesden*. There is no boat to take her away: the steamers have gone. They are alone together on the island. They are in the situation of *Helen Rolleston* and the Reverend *Robert Penfold* in READE and BOUCICAULT's novel, *Foul Play*: in the situation, not for weeks or months, but "for one night only." There are two separate rooms; and even if there were not, the Reverend Michael could have said to himself, "Outside, Sir, outside," and virtuously, in accordance with saintly precedents, could have walked about till daylight did appear, and then, with his excellent antecedents and an irreproachable reputation in his favour, he had only to return, tell his simple story, fetch the lady back, and be believed by all his parishioners. Isn't that clear? And it is at this point that I recalled the personality of Mr. PENLEY as the Reverend *Robert Spalding* (who like the Reverend Michael "didn't like London"), and wished that he could have been seen by a delighted public in the awkward predicament of Mr. JONES's Curate, when (to quote the title of an old farce with a motive similar to that of the situation in this play) *Locked in with a Lady*.

Of course, when the Reverend Mike finds that the lady is a married woman, and that her husband is on the spot, he foresees that he may be landed in the Divorce Court. This is undoubtedly awkward; but it forms no part of the motive of the play. Then he decides upon making a public confession of his guilt, in his own parish church, before a congregation assembled to witness the ceremony of the "dedication." This ceremony is the occasion of a display of the most ornate ritual known in the highest of ritualistic churches, Mr. DOLLING's not excepted; but this simple-minded curate out-Dollies DOLLING, and "goes one better" by inducing a Bishop, presumably his own Bishop, to be present in full canonicals, mitred and moustachioed, and so fully prepared for what the Reverend Michael, in a cope, is going to do, that his Right Reverence evinces no sort of surprise when the Reverend Michael steps forward, makes public confession of his sin, throws off his cope (why "cope," which is only permitted in state ceremonies to the higher clergy, and on certain occasions in a college chapel?), and stalks out of church, leaving the Right Reverend Super, attendant clergy, and Mr. STEADMAN's tuneful choir to continue the service as if nothing out-of-the-way had occurred!

Then the Reverend Michael visits his uncle, the monk, at *Majanoin Italy*, and hither, too, comes *Audrie Lesden*, widow, and invalided. Her manner of death in her reverend lover's arms somewhat resembles that of *Frou-Frou*. Her highly conscientious and



Tips for the Piece.

Last Act: Reverend Forbes Feversham-Robertson going for a "last buss to the Angel."

exceptionally religious' lover allows this *Frou-Frou* to die in his arms without "the benefit of clergy," although his uncle, the priest, is within call, and quite ready for the office. "Take me and do with me what you will, so long as I may ultimately rejoin *her* wherever she has gone," are, in effect, his last words, which imply the condition on which alone he will become a convert to the ancient faith of his fathers—and of his uncle. But why not join the company of the faithful in Wellington Street, and become an "Irvingite"?

That Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON is as good as he can be, and far better than the part, goes without saying; but how he arrived at producing this play will, it is probable, remain a mystery until he favours the world with his reminiscences. **THE OTHER JONES.**

TO KATE.

If you think me shallow, KATE,
I myself must vindicate.
All to you I'll allocate;
We will form a syndicate.

Do not then prevaricate,
If to wed you're ready, KATE;
You I wish to marry, KATE,
And my life to dedicate.

WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR IT!—A "disappointed contributor" said that his editor was "subject to fits of rejection."

THE HIGHEST RULING POWER IN U. S. AMERICA.—"Precedent MURKOE."



THE LAST DAY OF THE MISTLETOE.

ADOLPHUS AND DOLLY CONFIDE TO EACH OTHER THEIR OPINION AS TO "THE AGE OF LOVE."

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

(New Version. Communicated from the Shades by that true British Patriot, if fervent Scots poet, Robbie Burns.)

O, RATTLIN', roarin' WILLIE,
Do pray keep on your hair!
An' no wi' matters meddle
Which are your Grandma's scare.
Ye're fain to play first fiddle,
Wherever you may be;
But rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,
That's simply fiddlededee!

O WILLIE, lay down your fiddle,
O drop your fiddle sae fine!
Or else reserve that fiddle
For watches by the Rhine!
Unless you drop that fiddle
The war! may deem ye mad,
For mony a rantin' day, WILLIE,
Your fiddle and you hae had!

As I cam down the Solent,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,
Was sitting at our board 'en.
Sitting at BULL's board 'en
Amang princely companie;
O rattlin', roarin' WILLIE
Your welcome was fair an' free!

O rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,
Is your return as fair?
O drop that noisy fiddle,
An' buy some other ware!
But put by that first fiddle
In Uncle's companie,
And rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,
Right welcome still ye'll be!

Alas!

SHE was a cruel, heartless lass,
As ever man could find;
Yet I suppose that she could pass
To all as woman kind.

A REVIEW OF LITERARY FORCES.

AT the commencement of the year the Baron, having ordered out his Literary Forces and reviewed his noble shelves, issues this General Order:—"I am struck with admiration for the development of what I may term the utility business in the publishing, not only of novels, but of all kinds of valuable literature. I have passed in review a splendid force of the 'Charles Kingsley's Own,' organised and commanded by General MACMILLAN; while under General WADE, Colonel LOCK, and other distinguished officers appears a regiment, not the less valuable because showy, of 'Henry Kingsley's Light Horse.' The 'True Blues, or Charlotte Yonge Forces,' make a fine display in the service of the MACMILLAN Company. The 'William Black Watch' march past with a breezy step to the tune of 'Far Lochaber,' and wearing their *Three Feathers*, with *One White One*. They are marshalled in order by Lieut.-Col. SIMPSON LOW, who personally leads that fine body of Horse Marines, the 'Clark Russell Rovers.' But of all the regiments of volumes most serviceable for campaigning command me," quoth the Baron, "to the Picked 'Pocket Volume Regiments.' They form a small, compact army in themselves, excellently officered, ready for outpost, skirmishing, sharpshooting, and any handy duties which heavier-weighted volumes could not perform. At the head, in deep red, with gold ornamentation on their backs, and light blue silken bookmarkers for colours, bearing proudly the motto '*Non Sans Droict*,' comes the 'Temple Shakespeare Regiment'; perfect type; excellent notes; ready to travel anywhere; always handy by road, river, or rail, never in the way, brought into the field of practical itinerary study by Colonel DENT of Aldine House, with invaluable texted weapons from the Cantabrigian armouries of Messrs. MACMILLAN and ALDIS WRIGHT. Let the attention of all who love their SHAKESPEARE handy, and who are contented to travel about with one play at a time, turn their attention to this most useful series.

"Then march along, in a long line, the 'Dark Blue Guards,' or 'Literary Household Brigade,' started by CASSELL & Co., a gallant corps that admits volunteers from all regions of literature into its ranks, so that their range of marksmanship is world-wide, co-extensive with British Rule, and therefore might well bear the title of 'The Windsor Cassell Series.' These also are *argumenta ad pocketa*, and

within an eighth of an inch as pocketable as the Shakespearian Regiment aforesaid. And what names are to be found on these regimental lists? MACAULAY, DICKENS, SILVIO PELLICO, LA MOTTE FOUQUE, PLUTARCH, BOCCACCIO, WASHINGTON IRVING, MARCO POLO (with, of course, directions how to play it), STEELE, and ADDISON. Then FRANKLIN, SWIFT, with BUNYAN (enough to make SWIFT limp), XENOPHON, and BACON (a real literary dish, as a treat), after which ask for MORE (Sir THOMAS), and see that you get it. 'There's a picture for you!' And the price sixpence each in cloth; three-pence in paper; which, with the usual discount for cash, means thirty volumes for half a sovereign; and of such a whole sovereign reigning over Utopia might be proud. All these are at the command of General Public, on the March of Intellect to join forces with General Knowledge. They d-file past, salute, and are saluted in turn most heartily by

"F. M. THE BARON."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL MEM.—Great discoveries are coming to light as regards the Chapel of the Rolls. No doubt the Buttresses will soon be found. Its architectural construction would have been imperfect without these, which would have constituted it The Rolls and Butteresses Chapel. Here a full dole of rolls and butter was given to every unbreakfasted applicant. In *Wagge's Ancient History*, advertised as "Jest out," it is recorded how there was "one Chap ill of the Hot Rolls and Butteresses; and how after a 'full dole' he became 'dole-ful.'"

CHANCE OF A NOVELTY NOT TO BE LOST.—From a recent number of the *Manchester Guardian* we extract this advertisement—

ARE You Giving a Party?—Gentleman, accomplished musician, with unexceptionable references, accepts invitations to professionally attend Evening Parties or Entertainments, to accompany soup, play dance music or solos, sing refined humorous songs à la Grossmith, &c.—Address, &c.

"An accomplished musician" to "accompany soup"! There's a treat! What's the tune? What's the instrument?

TIME FOR THE COLONIAL SECRETARY WHEN RAISED TO THE PEERAGE.—"Lord JOE-HANNESBURG."



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Fair (and immensely successful) Novelist. "AND NOW THAT YOU 'VE BOUGHT MY NEW NOVEL, MR. BRADALL, AND WE 'VE SIGNED THE AGREEMENT, MAY I ASK IF IT'S TRUE THAT YOU DON'T ALLOW YOUR WIFE AND DAUGHTERS TO READ MY BOOKS? I WAS TOLD SO LAST NIGHT."

Eminent Publisher. "A—A—A—MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—A—YOUR ADMIRABLY EXPRESSED BUT EXTREMELY ADVANCED VIEWS ON THE—A—THE SEX QUESTION, DON'T YOU KNOW—A—RENDER IT SOMEWHAT INEXPEDIENT FOR ME TO—A—TO—A— MY DAUGHTERS, THOUGH MARRIED, ARE STILL YOUNG. MY WIFE IS NO LONGER SO—A—BUT ALTOGETHER, AS THE FATHER OF A FAMILY, YOU KNOW—A—I THINK THAT—"

Fair Novelist. "YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, I UNDERSTAND, AND AM VERY SORRY AND ASHAMED! BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THERE'S NOT A LINE IN THE BOOK YOU 'VE JUST BOUGHT THAT MIGHTN'T BE READ BY A GIRL OF FIFTEEN!"

[Hearing this, Eminent Publisher pulls such a long face that we've been obliged to turn his head the other way.]

A JOURNALISTIC JUBILEE.

[On the 21st inst. the *Daily News* completed its fiftieth year, celebrating the occasion of this anniversary by the issue of an extremely interesting Jubilee Number.]

"LIBERAL Progress throughout the world!"
Fine theme for a fifty years' retrospect,
verily!

DICKENS the *Daily News* flag first unfurled,
To-day, under ROBINSON, floating right
merrily.

Long may it wave! Bright spirits and brave,
Since genial "Boz," have fought under
that banner.

Green hang the laurels o'er many a grave
Of friends who have fallen. In time-
honoured manner

To all such loved memories silently drink,
But brim a brisk cup, with a cheer, to the
living! [brink,

Punch fills his own beaker to bubble-crowned
His toast of "Long Life to the *Daily
News*!" giving.

He, too, had his Jubilee,—not long ago,—
And knows the mixed feelings, triumphant
and tender,

Of those who look back, with a choke and a
glow,

O'er all that a fifty years' service can render
To Freedom and Progress, by wisdom or wit;
For liberal souls blend good sense with gay
laughter;

And follies by eloquence missed are hard hit,
Sometimes, by the shaft of keen mirth that
flies after.

To wield blade and bauble is given to some,
As proven by pens known to both of our
pages.

Political *nous* has no need to look glum,
And motley may sometimes be stooped to
by sages.

From DICKENS to LUCY, my dear *Daily News*,
Your columns of this furnish witness
perennial. [Muse

Punch drinks to your Jubilee now! May his
Have as pleasant a theme when you touch
the Centennial!

QUERY.—A livery-stable keeper advertises:
"During the summer months the Coachmen
wear Boots and Breeches, for which one
shilling extra is charged." Highly respect-
able, as is also the charge. But are not these
more necessary in winter? If they wear boots
and breeches in summer only, what do they
do without them in winter?

AN ECHO.

His Ideal (as she dismisses him). "No! Go!"
He (as he reaches the door). "No Go!"

STILL TO BE ASKED.—About Dr. JIM'S
march we know something, but not all. We
can trace his general line of country, but
how about the Rhodes?

THE LAW AND THE LAUNDRY.

["I should not be ashamed of being called a
laundress's son, if it were true, as I have known
very many laundresses in my time."—Lord Esher.]

Yes, bound together by one rope
The two professions march;
Some Judges know the use of "soap,"
And more the use of "starch."

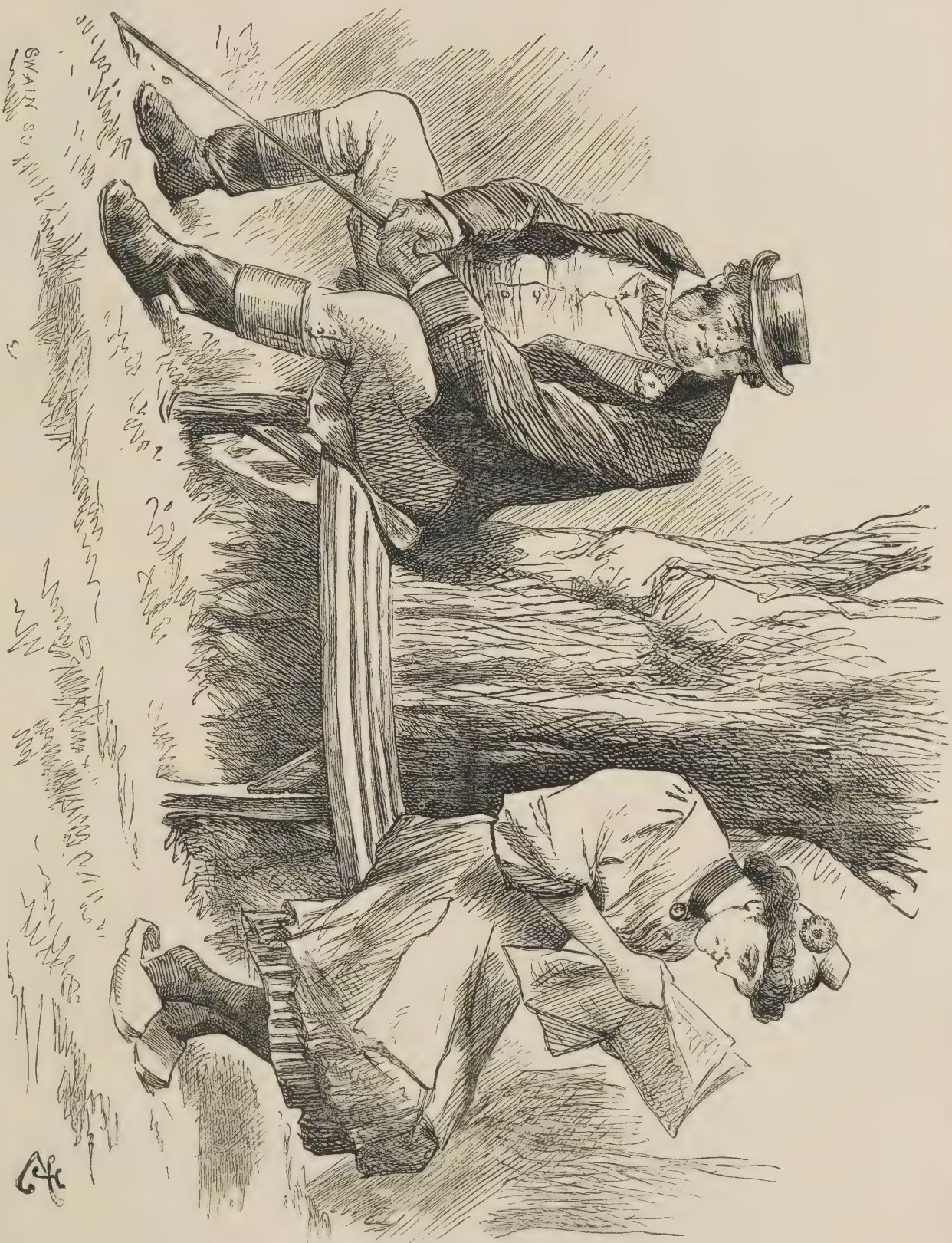
And when a Counsel, not too cute,
Gets facts into a tangle,
Their Lordships know, beyond dispute,
That muddler how to "mangle."

The useful laundress much 'twould grieve
If shirts were in arrears;
While suits entire our Judges leave
To be "hung up" for years.

Then is there not a host of "stuffs"
Would, were it no disgrace,
Prefer the "getting up" of cuffs
To getting up a case?

But—this remark the Bench can quash
Should it be judged as sland'ry,—
If there's one thing that "will not wash,"
'Tis pride based on the laundry.

LAPSUS CALAMI.—The Post-Laureate dis-
avows the statement, erroneously attributed
to him, that he is about to relinquish the pen
for the sword on being gazetted to the QUEEN'S
Bays.



“RAPPROCHEMENT.”

JOHN BULL (*aside*). “SHE’S RATHER AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN!”

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*aside*). “TIENS! APRÈS TOUT, IL N’EST PAS SI MAL!”

“We are on excellent terms with the French, and greatly appreciate the value of their regard.”—*Times*, January 16.

“It will be noticed that some of the French papers protest that there is no *rapprochement*. Possibly *rapprochement* does not in Paris bear the meaning it conveys to us in London. But when two Powers which have blocked . . . suddenly discover that these differences are quite capable of adjustment . . . the substantial reality of the facts is so unmistakable that we do not care to quibble about words.”

Westminster Gazette, January 18.



THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERY.

THANKS TO THE DISCOVERY OF PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN, THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILL NOW BE ABLE TO OBTAIN AN EXACT PHOTOGRAPH OF A "BACKBONE" OF UNSUSPECTED SIZE AND STRENGTH!

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(A Let'er for Ladies.)

MY DEAR ETHELINDA,—We have been quite gay this week. Aunt JEMIMA gave a Cinderella on Tuesday, and all our friends assembled in great force. There were some novel and becoming dresses. I especially noticed a sweet harmony in yellow and green chiffon, the skirt being caught up with bunches of real Mandarin oranges. The wearer was a young Countess, whose portrait was rejected at the Academy the year before last. A pretty, sallow girl, with a nose rather too *prononcé*, was gowned in brick-dust *bigogne*, the *ceinture* of Marie Thérèse blue, with a short fluted *basque* of gamboge. She wore Spanish chestnuts in the prickly pod arranged as a bouquet, and the *ensemble* was quite too perfect. Very striking, too, was a costume of toad-brown velvet, the broad *évêque* empire *corsage* terminating with a sharp *grand monarque* point, fastening on the right side with a cluster of marigolds, dahlias, and forget-me-nots.

On Wednesday ERMYNTRUDE and I went to Lady CALLIPER's ball. A Russian Princess created quite a sensation by appearing in a black satin *cosaque*, embroidered in gold, and ornamented with malachite chains. I confess that the arrangement seemed to me somewhat *outré*, and not to be compared to the Duchess of BRIGHTON's creation of peat-coloured Patagonian *tulle* cut *à la belle Margot*, with *revers en cascade* of Honiton lace and endless wreaths of bottle-green carnations. On Thursday Uncle NOLL took us to the New Gallery, where I came across two very original *toques*, one being formed of the skin of a Tweed salmon with the scales perfectly preserved, the *entourage* being artificial flies; the other constructed of marmoset fur with the head *en lion*, the eyes being emeralds, while the tail of the monkey was brought over the left shoulder *à l'Impératrice*, and terminated with a wee crystal watch. Uncle NOLL made us feel very uncomfortable by repeatedly asking where the show of Spanish liquorice could be found.

On Friday we had to get some presents for ANGELINA's birthday, and at CUIPURSE AND DUVAL'S I found such a delightful blotting-book, made of Thibet beech—a rich red wood, very like mahogany. The charm of the thing is that, directly the book is opened, out jumps a grand lama (the inkstand) with a penholder in his mouth, ready for use. ERMYNTRUDE bought a silver-guilt tortoise, which, on pressing a spring, puts out its head, and becomes a toast-rack.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

[Professor RÖNTGEN, of Würzburg, has discovered how to photograph through a person's body, giving a picture only of the bones.]

O, RÖNTGEN, then the news is true,
And not a trick of idle rumour,
That bids us each beware of you,
And of your grim and graveyard humour.

We do not want, like Dr. SWIFF,
To take our flesh off and to pose in
Our bones, or show each little rift
And joint for you to poke your nose in.

We only crave to contemplate
Each other's usual full-dress photo;
Your worse than "altogether" state
Of portraiture we bar in *toto*!

The fondest swain would scarcely prize
A picture of his lady's framework;
To gaze on this with yearning eyes
Would probably be voted tame work!

No, keep them for your epitaph,
These tombstone-souvenirs unpleasant;
Or go away and photograph
Mahatmas, spooks, and Mrs. B-S-NT!

The Cry of a Hungry Biped.

["On New Year's Day a number of ladies and gentlemen went to Acton, where the horses and donkeys at the Home of Rest were regaled with a dinner of carrots, bread, apples, and sugar."]

For four-legg'd beasts there's lots of stuff,
But not for this barbarian.
Oh! would that I were ass enough,
To be a Vegetarian.

"INQUIRER" wishes to know if the war-song of the troops under the command of Dr. JAMESON is "Jimmy on the 'shoot,' Boys!"?

CHARLEY asked me to get him a gift as well (the poor fellow is working night and day on a starvation salary at the Colonial Office); so we went to ROLICK AND RASPER'S, where, after giving a great deal of trouble to the very gentlemanlike young men who serve, we selected a very useful article—an umbrella, with a handle holding a knife, fork, spoon, and toothpick, all in silver. One of the young men who waited on us is so like the Duke of PIMLICO, but perhaps more *distingué*. Naughty E. says, "Noblesse oblige."

Last night we had a box at the Adelphi, and thought that Mr. TERRISS, in his kilt, was very like his daughter ELLALINE, whose photograph I sent you as a Christmas card. We could not help clapping our hands at the patriotic speeches, just to show how we hated the Boers, though, to be sure, the play is all about Egypt. *Mais, ma mie la patrie toujours la patrie*. Here is a good recipe for luncheon. Take half a dozen eggs, a pot of caviare, and the insides of six Spanish onions. Let them simmer together for four hours. Then add an ounce of cinnamon, two pickled walnuts, and three nutmegs. Meantime stew a bladebone of beef with a pound of Perigoid truffles and a bottle of champagne. Mingle the contents of the two *casseroles* together, boil, and serve with slices of French bread *en branche*. You will find this an economical and appreciated plat.

We all hope that this dreadful disagreement with the EMPEROR will not prevent our going to Homburg this year. *Mais Dieu dispose!* Ever, dear, Your loving Cousin, KADJ.

A Birthday Card.

To William II., German Emperor, King of Prussia; born, January 27, 1859.

ALL hail to thee, great Kaiser King!
Away with melancholy!
Time flies with telegraphic wing,
And sometimes, too, does Folly.

INOPPORTUNE PUBLICATION.—Sir,—I see an advertisement of "Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language." Surely, Sir, never at any time, but least of all just now, should there be found in our vocabulary any such word as "Funk"?

Yours, JINGO DE JINGO.



ON THE RIVIERA.

She, "I WONDER WHAT MAKES THE MEDITERRANEAN LOOK SO BLUE?"
 He, "YOU'D LOOK BLUE IF YOU HAD TO WASH THE SHORES OF ITALY!"

A LAY OF THE UNION JACK.

(By a Patriotic Cockney.)

THOUGH I feel less at home on the bounding
 wave

Than I do on the firm dry land,
 I can spin you a yarn of a right good craft
 That is true-British owned and manned.
 The winds may blow, and the storms may
 beat,

And the hurricanes rage and roar,
 But "the ship I love" on her course will
 hold

With the Union Jack at the fore.

Fair weather or foul, she ploughs along,
 Leaving far astern the strand,
 And many a towering sister bark
 We pass on the starboard hand.

And, Westward ho! as we bear away,
 I can count stout ships galore,
 Abeam, in our wake, and ahead, that fly
 The Union Jack at the fore.

And the sight of the flag that has swept the
 seas,

Nor ever has known disgrace,
 Makes even a landlubber's bosom swell
 With the pride of his English race.
 At that gallant sight in my landsman's heart
 I rejoice—and rejoice still more
 That I'm only aboard of a road-car 'bus,
 With the Union Jack at the fore!

VIVE L'EMPEREUR.—It is a hopeful sign
 in these times of European trouble to know
 that our old and esteemed friend NAPOLEON
 BOLTONPARTY has been "appointed to the
 vacant Taxing Mastership." He will be any-
 thing but a "vacant" taxing master. For
 this motive he quits the firm of BOLTON AND
 MOTE; so the castle of business in which he
 was one of the towers of strength is still pro-
 tected by the MOTE. May the new Taxing
 Master not overtax his strength! And so
 Mote it be!

DICKENS UP TO DATE;

Or, Fiction repeats itself.

IT was four in the afternoon, and Mrs. WITTITELY reclined, according to custom, on the drawing-room sofa, while KATE read aloud the first part of a romantic novel in the newest fashionable quarterly, entitled *The Savoy*, which ALPHONSE the doubtful had procured from the library that very morning. . . . KATE read on:—

"Before a toilet that shone like the Altar of Nôtre Dame des Victoires, Helen was seated in a little dressing-gown of black and heliotrope. The coiffeur Cosmé was caring for her scented chevelure, and with tiny silver tongs, warm from the caresses of the flame, made delicious intelligent curls, that fell as lightly as a breath about her forehead and over her eyebrows, and clustered like tendrils round her neck. Her three favourite girls, Pappelarde, Blanchemains and Loreyne, waited immediately upon her with perfume and powder in delicate flacons and frail cassolottes, and held in porcelain jars the ravishing paints prepared by Châtelaine for those cheeks and lips that had grown a little pale with anguish of exile. . . . Millamant held a slight tray of slippers, Minette some tender gloves, La Popelinière—mistress of the robes—was ready with a frock of yellow and yellow, La Zambinella bore the jewels, Florizel some flowers, Amadour a box of various pins, and Vadius a box of sweets. . . .

"Cosmé," said Helen, "you have been quite sweet and quite brilliant, you have surpassed yourself to-night."

"Madame flatters me," replied the antique old thing, with a girlish giggle under his black satin mask. . . .

"Helen slipped away the dressing-gown, rose before the mirror in a flutter of frilled things, and called Millamant to bring her the slippers."

"The tray was freighted with the most exquisite and shapely pantoufles, sufficient to make Cluny a place of naught. There were shoes of grey and black and brown suede, of white silk and rose satin, and velvet and sarcenet; there were some of seagreen sewn with cherry blossoms, some of red with willow branches, and some of grey with bright-winged birds. There were heels of silver, of ivory, and of gilt; there were buttons so beautiful that the buttonholes might have no pleasure till they closed upon them; there were soles of delicate leathers scented with maréchale, and linings of soft stuffs scented with the juice of July flowers. But Helen, finding none of them to her mind, called for a discarded pair of blood-red maroquin, diapered with pearls. These looked very distinguished over her white silk stockings."

"Meantime, La Popelinière stepped forward with the frock."

"I shan't wear one to-night," said Helen. Then she slipped on her gloves."

"Oh, charming!" interrupted KATE's patroness, who was sometimes taken literary. "Poetic, really. Read that description again, Miss NICKLEBY."

KATE complied.

"Sweet, indeed!" said Mrs. WITTITELY, with a sigh. "So voluptuous, is it not? So soft?"

"Yes, I think it is," replied KATE, gently; "very soft."

"Close the book, Miss NICKLEBY," said Mrs. WITTITELY. "I can hear nothing more to-day. I should be sorry to disturb the impression of that sweet description. Close the book."

Kate complied, not unwillingly.

Nicholas Nickleby, Chap. XXVIII.
 (mutatis mutandis).



THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

His Honour. "H'M! WILL YOU KINDLY RAISE YOUR VEIL. I FIND IT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO—H'M—HEAR ANYONE DISTINCTLY WITH THOSE THICK VEILS—"

'ER—ER—THANK YOU! SILENCE! I WILL NOT HAVE THIS COURT TURNED INTO A PLACE OF AMUSEMENT!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAINED RELATIONS IN THE KENNEL.

I AM beginning to experience some of the uncomfortable results of educating my dogs up to the *Spectator* standard, and, in order that others may take warning ere it is too late, I propose to set down a brief history of what has happened during the past week amongst the highly-intelligent dogs who have kindly agreed to share with me my humble dwelling, and to leave for my use one or two of the most uncomfortable chairs to be found in it. I need scarcely say that the sofas and armchairs have long ago been recognised as the exclusive property of the dogs.

OF course, everybody knows that if dogs are only allowed to live long enough in the society of human beings, they eventually reach such a high pitch of intelligence that they begin to feel the want of speech. The scope of their feelings, their desires, and their thoughts becomes enlarged, and they yearn for some more accurate medium of expression than is afforded by barking, tail-wagging, or scratching at a door, eloquent as these may sometimes be made. (Has anybody, by the way, ever owned a dog who did not constantly post himself on the wrong side of a door? A considerable part of my life is spent in getting up and opening doors for dogs. No matter how carefully I may inveigle the dogs into a room, the result is always the same. In the space of five minutes after I have sat down and composed myself every dog will, by some magic means, have vanished, and a furious scratching or a melancholy whining will announce that they all wish to come back again. So when I have left the house with apparently the whole pack, a few seconds afterwards the vision of two or three excited dog-faces at the garden-window, and a series of agonised ululations will prove to me that some of them must have run back at the last moment—probably to fetch whatever is the canine equivalent of a handkerchief or a matchbox. This, however, as I have said, is by the way.)

Dogs, then, understanding more or less what is said to them, and recognising in speech the best method of expression, begin, after a time, to want to be able to speak. Fortunately I have managed, to some extent, as I explained some weeks ago, to gratify this wish by means of the Canine Cogitagraph, or thought-register, adapted to dogs of all breeds and sizes. A curious indirect result of this contrivance has been, however, that my dogs, as the sequel will

show, are able not only to communicate their thoughts to me, but also to understand much more plainly all that I say, and to converse with one another with far greater force and variety than before. They are, in fact, becoming too human, and I am afraid I shall have to part with them. When I acquired them I looked for the companionship of real dogs, not of human beings disguised with four legs, tails, and fur coats.

I MUST explain again that my pack numbers five. There is *Nellie*, the deerhound, whose virtues I need not further describe, as she plays no part in the story I am about to tell. Then there are *Don* and *Roy*, the two St. Bernards, aged about twenty months. *Don* is an enormous animal, not yet fully developed, but weighing already eleven stone, and measuring very close on thirty-three inches at the shoulder. He is the kindest and best-tempered dog in the whole world, one huge lump of affectionate good nature. His brother *Roy* is a smaller, but perhaps a handsomer dog. His head is broader, his nose shorter, his body more compact, and his limbs, on the whole, better knit together. He is a dog of immense strength, and of a wild, teasing, romping disposition, rather shy with strangers, but very affectionate with his intimates. I think the soul of some high-spirited, clever, mischievous undergraduate has found its incarnation in *Roy*. There are deep wrinkles on his forehead and over his eyes that give his face a peculiar whimsical and pathetic expression. He has a great admiration and liking for the butcher, but, oddly enough, pursues the butcher's cart up the lane with a relentless animosity which is apt to terrify quiet people who meet him on one of these *razzias*. Both these dogs adore children; and it is a comical sight to see them standing one on each side of a youngster of five, and all but lifting him into the air as they lick his face with their great tongues. One other point about them deserves mention. They overflow with sympathy. You have only to sit down and pretend to cry or to be in pain to have them rushing across the room with howls, upsetting chairs or tables as they come, until they can smother you under an avalanche of clumsy caresses.

BEN, the retriever, is a quiet dog, devoted to his profession and very intelligent, a dog with deep, eloquent eyes, and a lustrous, wavy black coat. *Rufus*, the spaniel, is a brown dog, and supplies unconsciously the comic element in the kennel. He has the most absurd way of gazing at you with his bulging, amber eyes, while he wags his stump of a tail at the rate of about a million to the minute.

He is very affectionate and very jealous; a pat or a kind word to one of the other dogs is enough to arouse *Rufus* from the deepest slumber in order that he may at once claim his share of attention. He is also rather masterful, and being comparatively a little dog he is apt to resent the rough, good-humoured gambols of the St. Bernards. He is deeply convinced that he is superior to the whole of the rest of them put together.

Now I noticed during the last few days that *Rufus* has been employing his leisure in burying odd biscuits and stray bones in various parts of the garden. For instance, when I gave him a biscuit the other day, instead of eagerly scrunching it as is his custom, he kept it in his mouth, and looked at me with a conscious, half-guilty expression, wagging his tail furiously all the time. Obeying the dictates of good breeding, I withdrew, but not far enough to lose sight of *Rufus*, although I made sure that he was unable to see me. Having waited a short time he trotted off to a convenient flower-bed, and began to scrape a hole. In this he carefully deposited his biscuit and then set to work to rub the earth back with his broad and foolish brown nose. Having carefully smoothed the place all over he came back to me looking as if nothing had happened, though his tell-tale nose had upon it a pyramid of earth quite an inch high. It may be thought that *Rufus* buried these scraps of food in order to have a store for future emergencies. Not at all. I discovered that, to use his own expression, he had been "pegging out claims" in the garden, and by this time he imagines himself to have proprietary rights over the whole place.

We have, of course, all been very much excited by the foreign intelligence of the past few weeks, and the other morning, while *Rufus* was apparently sleeping, someone read out aloud the German Emperor's extraordinary telegram to President KRÜGER. *Rufus* took no notice at the time, but, as the result shows, he had evidently heard, had been fired with admiration, and had resolved on the first opportunity to imitate. After lunch on the same day, *Ben* had retired to smoke a quiet bone in a corner of the garden that he particularly affects. *Roy*, who is, I am sorry to say, rather a greedy dog, observed the bone from a distance, and the waters of desire began to trickle from his mouth. He decided to make an attempt to possess himself of it. *Ben*, however, who had temporarily deposited his bone, was fully aware of what was passing in *Roy's* mind, and accordingly when *Roy* advanced, looking as if he had urgent business totally unconnected with a bone in that corner of the garden, *Ben* sprang up, and seized the invader by the ear. So resolute was the retriever's demeanour that *Roy*, oppressed with a sense of knavery, incontinently turned and fled. Here was *Rufus's* opportunity. That remarkable dog approached to within ten yards of *Ben*, looked at him steadily, barked twice, and then retired. This was what he had said; I read it off immediately on the Cogitograph: "I congratulate you with all my heart on having repulsed dastardly invasion of *Rob-roy*, freebooter, without the intervention of any friendly powers. (Signed) *Rufus, R. & I.*" *Ben* had made a suitable reply to the effect that he would defend the independence of his beloved bone to his last gasp.

THE consequences of this ridiculous action on *Rufus's* part are very distressing. *Roy* and *Don*, who had of course heard the message delivered, are both furious. *Don* says that he is far from wishing to defend every action that *Roy* may take, but after all, blood is thicker than water, and he is not going to endure the preposterous airs of a bandy-legged upstart like *Rufus*. *Ben* is not too pleased. He says he can defend himself without the intervention of anybody, and has no intention of being patronised by *Rufus*. In fact, that unfortunate spaniel is at the present moment the most unpopular dog I have ever known, and all on account of a moment's rashness inspired by hearing the Emperor's telegram read aloud. I have had to give *Rufus* a room to himself, and to keep him carefully out of the way of the St. Bernards. I scarcely like to think what the end of it all may be.

OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE BAR.

SCENE—*A Court of Law. Judge on Bench. Solicitors in Well. Silks in the pew reserved for them. Back seats crowded with members of the Junior Bar.*

First Leader (rising and addressing the Court). I appear, my Lord, with my friends, Messrs. BLACKSTONE, COKE, BACON, HOLT, and LITTLETON, for the plaintiff. *(Sits down.)*

Second Leader (following suit). And I, my Lord, with my friends, Messrs. BRIEFLESS, DUNUP, ROE, DOE, and JUSTINIAN COCKBURN, for the defendant.

The Judge (courteously). I do not wish to interfere at so early a stage. But I would suggest to learned counsel wearing silk, that there seems to me rather an excessive use of stuff in this matter.

[Laughter.]



BELLICOSE PREPARATIONS.

THE PROPOSED GIRAFFE CORPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

First Leader (smiling). I take your Lordship's meaning. But I would humbly suggest that in the course of my case I shall have to show a prize fight, when, for the purpose of illustration, I shall find the services of my friends who are associated with me invaluable. Many of my friends when at Cambridge were distinguished members of the A. D. C.

The Judge. Quite so. Of course you will use your discretion.

Second Leader. And as the matter has been mentioned, my Lord, I think it is only right to say that, as during the course of this case I shall have to show how a game of Nap was played, I cannot dispense with the services of my friends. I may mention that Mr. BRIEFLESS (whose face may possibly be better known to your Lordship than his voice) is a very clever amateur actor. During the last twenty or thirty years he has been giving readings of *Hamlet* and *Dazzle*, absolutely distinct from those made familiar to the public by Sir HENRY IRVING and the late Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS.

The Judge. I have not the least doubt of Mr. BRIEFLESS's ability, but I would point out that, as a rule, a Queen's Counsel is satisfied with the assistance of (at most) two members of the Junior Bar.

First Leader. Just so, my Lord. But no doubt it will be fresh in your Lordship's memory that recently Mr. AVORY showed how a suicide or murder might be committed in a cab with the assistance of his learned friend Mr. BIRON.* Now I would not for a moment suggest that the great dearth of business in these courts has anything to do with the matter, but it is undoubtedly open to observation that certainly anything that can be done to put business—

The Judge (interrupting). Yes, yes; I understand. But I am afraid that the matter may end in disappointment. But that is a point that the Taxing Master must decide.

Both Leaders. As your Lordship pleases.

[Scene closes in upon the prospect of a coming contest "re costs."]

* *Daily Chronicle*, January 15, 1896.

IN RE "MOTOR."—There is to be a grand exhibition of Motor Carriages at the Imperial Institute. Is this to be in May, or at a Re-Moter date?

THE CHARTERED SOUTH AFRICAN CO.—"A Chartered Libertine."

THE PATRIOT'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled on Sentimental Plus Commercial Principles)

Question. You consider war a curse?

Answer. Certainly; and one that should be avoided at almost any cost.

Q. But you would not sacrifice the honour of your country to secure peace?

A. No; but then "honour" is an elastic term, having more than one signification.

Q. You would reverence the Army and Navy?

A. Unquestionably. The more especially in referring to them in a speech delivered at the fag end of a charity dinner.

Q. You would increase both Services?

A. To any limit, at the instigation of the writer of a soul-stirring leading article.

Q. You would cheer a song with a refrain ending with "England," or "Fatherland," or "Victoria"?

A. To the echo. And my applause would be the louder if bestowed from the auditorium of a comic opera house or a theatre of varieties.

Q. But would not war spell "disaster"?

A. Yes, in shape of famine.

Q. And yet you have nothing but enthusiasm for bellicose ballads?



A YOUNG REPUBLICAN.

Little Lord Charles. "OH, I'M GOING TO BE AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR, WHEN I GROW UP."

Fair American. "BUT YOUR BROTHER'S GOING TO BE A DUKE, ISN'T HE?"

L. L. C. "AH, YES; BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL HE'S FIT FOR, YOU KNOW!"

A. To be sure. But then it must be remembered that songs are harmless until their words cease to be syllables and become deeds.

Q. Then, in spite of spirited leading articles and Jingo minstrelsy, you would act with moderation?

A. Yes, as represented by the Government.

Q. And you would prefer rumours of war to war itself?

A. Naturally; for the former have all the advantages of martial glory without the drawbacks.

Q. But, supposing that it turned out after careful consideration—after taking into account the possibility of seizing foreign colonies and securing the remainder of the world's carrying trade—it seemed likely that war might be profitable, would you then counsel peace?

A. No; for then hostilities would have come within the bounds of business. Once prove that a good general row will yield dear old England a safe four per cent, and Britannia will draw her sword, and let her lion not only growl, but bite.

ANTICIPATORY OF FEBRUARY 14.—In view of the meeting of Parliament Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is preparing to send Mr. J. CHAMBERLAIN a Transvaalentine.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK. THE SAVELOY.

I.—MYSTERIES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

Is the world coming round to my point of view after all, and is the great heart of the nation beginning to recognise that what interests me must be the most important factor in life? Here is a charming magazine, written by contributors who have the full courage of their woman's creed, and very refreshing it is to turn from the morbid philosophy of the Besantine school of literature to the sweet fresh air of the new world to which Mr. WEIRDSLEY and his colleagues take us. There is not an article in the volume that one can put down without feeling the better and the purer for it.

II.—AN IDYLL OF THE SEASIDE.

I have neither fear nor shame in printing the following extract from a breezy article by the editor.

Margate, 1895. By Simple Symons.

I went to Margate this year by the excursion-train with the intention of remaining only for the eight hours of vulgarity without fun that we trippers are promised, and I remained from Saturday till Monday! What is it in this so little watering-place that appeals to the poet, and that turns us all, at our moments, into helpless and drivelling idiots?...

Ah! but the beach on a sunny morning! What a feast of colour, of movement, of so various curiosities! Here is the smart brandy-ball man with his paper cap, here the quaint seller of old-world pebbles. On certain mornings negro minstrel perform on the sands. You cannot imagine anything more delicious. These, it should be said, are not real negroes; they are simply ordinary white men, with their faces painted black. How amusing it all was, how interesting they were, how they invited to the wandering of vague emotion!

I had my own little romance on the beach—the most absurd of little romances. Still!

There was an old bathing-woman, known as MARTHA GUNN. She avoided me in so marked a manner that I saw she was in love with me. Once, when I smiled at her, she waved at me, as in mock defiance, a little, teeny bathing-dress. Sometimes she would sit on the steps of a bathing machine, knitting. I thought once of kissing my hand to her. But, after all, was it worth while? Yet it would have pleased her, my dear old friend, whom I never knew, but who, I knew, loved me. More than all others, MARTHA GUNN seemed to sum up Margate for me. ...

This plaintive philosophy will come home to many as a revelation and a hope.

III.—UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.

The article from which I subjoin an extract, and which is deeply interesting in the present political crisis, will, I venture to think, add

much to the making or the marring of the joys and sorrows of those who live in what the Decadents and the Ibsenites choose to call "the end of the century."

A Fine Child. By Maz Mereboom.

I first saw him last summer, in the Isle of Wight, clapping his chubby little hands, and crowing with delight as he sailed his toy-ship. A fine child he is, fond of his rocking-horse, fonder still of playing with soldiers. For the rest, I find but one slight stain on his infant life. He is a trifle quarrelsome, and, when other children fight, he will run and kiss the victor, or hit the vanquished with his clenched fist. Once he locked his little brother up in a cupboard for doing something that displeased him. He prefers sauerkraut even to Mellin's food, and dearly loves a musical box that plays "Die Wacht am Rhein." He cannot bear to leave his toy-boats at home. He cries when he goes out, and says to his nurse "Kleine Billie wants Schiffe." He is perhaps a trifle spoilt. He should be, while there is yet time, placed judiciously in the corner, or deprived, it may be, of pudding. *Ein wenig Geduld!* He may yet grow up to be a great and good man.

IV.—THE MORAL TONE.

And now we come to Mr. WEIRDSLEY's work, *Under Ludgate Hill* is a novel rather of character than of adventure. It is chiefly remarkable for its terse, vigorous style, its absolute truthfulness to nature, and—more important than all the rest—its high moral tone. The character of the excellent Mrs. Marsuple is superbly developed, while *Claud* and *Clair* are creations—they seem to live. This book should be on every schoolroom table; every mother should present it to her daughter, for it is bound to have an ennobling and purifying influence. Here is a powerful description of the refreshment-bar of Messrs. SPIERS AND POND:—

... The refreshment-table was freighted with the most exquisite and shapely delicacies, sufficient to make Buzzards' place of naught. On quaint pedestals of every sort stood bottles of cherry-brandy, of gingerbeer, of lime-juice cordial. Marmalade and jam were in frail porcelain pots. There were jam-tarts that seemed to stain the table, bath-buns baked to the utmost, and flecked with tiny dead flies, macaroons of all sorts, and sandwiches cut like artificial flowers. There were seed-cakes sown with caraway-seeds, gingerbread twisted into cunning forms, and sausage-rolls so beautiful that the teeth might have no pleasure until they closed upon them. ... Some of the barmaids had put on delightful little fringes dyed in reds, and yellows, and some wore great white aprons after the manner of the New Magdalen. They were silenced by the approach of the Bovril, that was served by waiters dressed in black.

Have I not said enough about the "Saveley" to show that no family should be without it?
J. P.



THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILHELM.

(Up-to date Version of "Struwwelpeter.")

"LET ME SEE IF WILHELM CAN
BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN;
LET ME SEE IF HE IS ABLE
TO SIT STILL FOR ONCE AT TABLE!"

"BUT FIDGETY WILL
HE WON'T SIT STILL."

JUST LIKE ANY BUCKING HORSE,
"WILHELM! WE ARE GETTING CROSS!"



A FEMINE FAILING.

First Sportsman. "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT NEW MARE OF YOURS?"

Second Sportsman. "OH, FAIRLY WELL. BUT I WISH I HAD BOUGHT A HORSE. SHE'S ALWAYS STOPPING TO LOOK AT HERSELF IN THE PUDDLES!"

THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILHELM.

(From "Struwwelpeter" Up to Date.)

"LET me see if WILHELM can
Be a little gentleman;
Let me see if he is able
To sit still for once at table!"

Thus papa bade WILL behave,
Whilst mamma looked very grave.

But fidgety WILL

He won't sit still;

He wriggles and jiggles, with nose in air,
And flusters and blusters, and tilts his chair,
Just like any bucking horse.

"WILHELM! We are getting cross!"

See the tiresome restless child
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair tilts over quite!
WILHELM yells with all his might,
Grabbing at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Cloth dragged off, with WILHELM fall
Soup-tureen, knives, forks, and all.
Poor mamma does fret and frown
When she sees them tumbling down;
Poor papa makes a wry face;
Fidgety WILL's in dire disgrace!

NEW NAME FOR THE LATE COMMANDER-
IN-CHIEF IN CUBA.—MARSHAL DECAMPOS.

OF COOURSE.—The second number of the
Minute is announced.

THE THESPIAN TRAIN.

(Extract from a Diary.)

Monday.—After good night's rest, started for Newcastle. Gave two entertainments *en route* in saloon carriage. Crowded both turns. *Matinée* successful. Two afternoon performances to different passengers returning to London. Arrived in town in time for the evening's entertainment. Started again by special for Orkney Islands at 11.30 P.M.

Tuesday.—Rehearsing new piece *en route*. Supper at 2 A.M. Arranged business of Second Act in saloon at 4 A.M. Breakfast. Gave entertainment in the waiting-room. Capital business. Largest receipts on record. Performance to passengers travelling by same train. Tea. Dressed in cab. Got back to town in capital time for evening performance. Started at 11.30 P.M. for Edinburgh.

Wednesday.—Customary "before dawn" rehearsal of new piece. Introduced novel feature for passengers by same train—"Dramatic Breakfast." Played in refreshment-carriage during the meal. Enormous success. Three curtains. Travelling stage "fit up" just what was wanted. Edinburgh *matinée* a triumph. Started for return journey by special. Rehearsed new piece. Picked up double saloon-carriage containing audience *en route*, and gave special performance in it. Returned to town in excellent time for usual London programme. Left at 11.30 for Torquay.

Thursday.—Uncertain with my words during midnight rehearsal. By doctor's advice, took ten minutes for lunch. Torquay a success. Returned immediately afterwards. Extended the "drop-carriage scheme." Gave three separate performances in three double-saloon carriages. After London show, started at 11.30 P.M. for Dublin.

Friday.—Bad passage. *Matinée* on steamer to rather a poor house. Thoroughly Irish welcome. Doctor says I am "knocking myself up." Ordered me to sleep. Had a draught, and played in my slumbers. Suppose London show was all right. Left for Bath at 11.30.

Saturday.—Gave early performance at Bath because we had to be back for the London *matinée* at 2.34. Rested *en route* by doctor's orders. After second performance in town theatre at 8.30, gave special entertainment at the Harmonium Club. Supper. No sleep.

Sunday.—After leaving Harmonium Club, caught 8 o'clock train for Dover. Arrangements of the L. C. and D. Railway, as usual, capital. Managed to give short performance on board the boat in mid-Channel. Arrived at Calais. Twenty minutes' play during feeding interval. Lunched in train. No sleep. Arrived in Paris. Dressed in cab. Played before a French audience. Enthusiastic reception. Back again. Gave second performance at Amiens. Early breakfast. Dead beat. Just in time. Oh, dear! . . . Heavy gale in Channel! . . . Oh! where is the doctor?

Hanwell. . . . Resting.



SCENE FROM DOLLYLAND. "AFTER THE HOLIDAYS."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

THE ALARMS OF MOTHERS.

DURING the past ten days or so, the mothers of Great Britain have been bidding good-bye to their beloved sons. To Oxford and Cambridge, to Trinity College, Dublin, to Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Fettes, Loretto, and countless other schools with great reputations and varying charges for board (gymnastics, French, German, drawing, and music, being extras of unfortunately doubtful popularity), the sons have betaken themselves, many with hampers, and all with good advice from both parents. To the father it pertains to urge his son to greater mental activity, to warn him as to the crushing effects in after life of failure in examinations, to inculcate punctuality, obedience, and (in the case of undergraduates) a discreet management of his finances. The mother, on the other hand, concerns herself with his bodily welfare. She provides him with a hamper, she implores him not to catch cold, she is eloquent on the subject of dry socks and flannel underwear, she begs him to avoid the terrible fatigues involved in eight-oar boat-races, and the inevitable danger to life and limb entailed by football. "Your grandfather," she says, "never played football, and he is vigorous and healthy at the age of eighty." The logical inference is of course obvious: abstain from football, and you will live to be a vigorous and healthy octogenarian. But sons, like all other males, are hopelessly illogical.

HERE, I think, I may indulge myself with a short by-the-way on the subject of hampers. Yesterday my advice was sought by a small friend who was about to return to the house of toil. He was proceeding with his even more diminutive brother in the direction of the village grocer, in order to buy something for the terminal hamper, but he wished to know how best to employ the money intrusted to him by his mother for that purpose. "What do you think of oranges?" he asked. I suggested that oranges were a cold fruit at this time of year. "But you can take 'em to bed, you know, and warm them up a bit first. Besides," he continued, "you can make pigs out of orange peel, and put them on the French master's desk; and you can make spiffing sets of false teeth." This settled the matter; a dozen oranges were decided on. "Any jam?" I asked. "Rather. Two pots of apricot, three pots of strawgogs, and three pots of goosegogs." "What about potted shrimps?" I inquired. "Oh my, of course we'll have potted shrimps, won't we, Dick?" Dick's eyes glistened; enthusiasm burst from every feature. "Chuck her up for potted shrimps," he remarked, in a tone of deep conviction. "A cake?" I hinted. "Oh, we've got a cake ready at home, a reg'lar whopper, full of currants." A few

minutes later the necessary purchases were concluded, two dozen macaroons being added at the last moment, and the heavily loaded foraging column staggered homeward in triumph with its booty.

To return to the subject of mothers. I once had the privilege of staying at home with a very massive and powerful heavy-weight oarsman, whose strength and stamina in the University boat-race had been universally admired. In accepting his mother's invitation, I had permitted myself a jocular allusion to the pleasure I should feel in being able to watch over her young Titan's restoration to health after the labours of the race. "Dear HARRY," I wrote, "will want a rest; his delicate frame requires plenty of wholesome food, and it will be well for him, I am sure, to continue to go to bed early so as to get as much sleep as possible every night. I will do my best while I stay with you to persuade him to take very great care of himself." When I arrived I was welcomed as though I had been a prophet by HARRY's mother: "You are the only one of HARRY's friends," said that dear lady to me, "who sees that HARRY is over-doing all this dreadful rowing. He looks strong, I know, but in reality he is delicate and terribly liable to colds. Have you ever seen him in one of his fits of sneezing? They are most severe, and seem to shake him to pieces. Of course, he is wilful, and refuses to listen to his mother, but now that I have your influence to support me, perhaps he will be a little more reasonable." In fact, I discovered that this picked specimen of health, strength, and endurance was considered by his dear mother to be a frail and delicate plant requiring constant care and attention. I never had so much difficulty in making my peace with anyone as I had with HARRY when he discovered what I had done in a moment of ill-timed levity.

HERE, too, is a letter from a mother to her son who was travelling on the Continent:—

MY DARLING BOY,—I am thankful to hear you have arrived safe and sound with dear WILLY. Ever since you left frightful disasters have been before my mind. First of all there was a short telegram in the papers announcing a train wrecked (the very day you were travelling) between Abbeville and somewhere else. Of course, I pictured you and WILLY buried beneath horrible splinters, with the engine slowly setting fire to you both, and no means of escape, except by axes that might hack off your arms and legs before the doctors arrived. As no further accounts of the disaster followed I began to be easy, although I had already imparted such fearful and sinister forebodings to my cook that she was evidently quite certain you were in that train, and must have been deeply disappointed by your card yesterday morning announcing your safe



GOLF IS BEING PLAYED VERY MUCH IN EGYPT.

arrival at Madrid. Still, she has been cheered up by the evening papers last night about a smash to a Brussels train. Well, thank heaven, you were not in that one. At first I thought you might have been, but on reflection I found that Madrid and Brussels were not necessarily direct stations on each other's lines. Do, do take care of yourself, and wrap up well if you go out at night. Nothing is so deceptive, I am told, as a warm day in Spain. And above all things, see that you have dry sheets in the hotels. Many a young life has been cut off by damp sheets."

THE fact of the matter is that the dear creatures revel in anxieties and in carefully-planned alarms. If the nature of things fails to provide them with a reasonable cause for apprehension, they never fail to invent one for themselves. And yet, who would charge that "pleasing, anxious being," a mother, for a being made of sterner stuff? From our earliest days onward, in our schoolboy troubles, in the difficulties that beset the undergraduate, in the cares and disappointments that lie about the path of the man, it is to our mothers that we turn by instinct in the sure confidence of being comforted and encouraged. And who, in the time of our little successes, will bear our banner with so bold a hand, and declare our triumph with so clear a voice as a mother? Friends may fall away from us, sorrow and pain may set their mark upon our faces, all the world may speak ill of us, but the love of a mother shines unchanged and unchangeable upon her wayward sons.

I READ the other day an account of the capture of a poacher by the police. In a struggle with the keepers he had given and taken some hard knocks, and had eventually escaped. After an active search of three days, the police tracked him down, and caught him in a shed adjoining his mother's cottage. She was giving him a cup of milk when the guardians of the law broke in upon them. "Let him have the milk," she said; "he's had none too much to eat or drink these last days." What did it matter to her that he was a poacher; and had knocked a keeper down. To her he was still a son; she still thought of him as the little fellow whose courage and bold ways had been her pride and her fear years ago. I have no particular sympathy with those who batter keepers, but I hope this particular poacher was allowed to drink his milk before they marched him away from his poor old mother's sight to the lock-up.

AND so let me end with Hood's beautiful lines:—

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

An Imperial Question.

[The German Emperor has stopped the fitting out at Cowes of the yacht *White Heather*, which he had hired for a trip to the Mediterranean.]

O KAISER, what we are most eager to know
Is why you give up the *White Heather*?
It is not we are sure that you'd willingly show
On your nautical cap the white feather.

A CHANCE IN HIS ABSENCE.—Who does not remember the excellent life-like portrait of "Dr. JIM," painted by Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., exhibited at Burlington House? It was "a speaking likeness." Could it oblige us, now, with some information?

IN MEMORIAM.

H.R.H. Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg died at sea, of the effects of African fever, incurred in the Ashanti Campaign, on January 20, 1896.

"UNTO each man his fate." 'Twas his to fall
In a campaign else bloodless; yet may all
True victory's laurels deck this Prince's pall.

A brave man facing duty with stout heart
Knows not, nor heeds, whence flies the fatal dart;
To await it calmly is the hero's part.

In patriot battle's keen blood-stirring close
A man might chose to die, but history knows
Her noblest oft have fallen to unseen foes.

They serve who wait, England's great singer saith,
He who on duty's road encounters death,
With proud content may yield his latest breath.

All England grieves with her whom England's crown
Shields not from sorrow; nor its love, deep down
In myriad bosoms, from fate's adverse frown.

And her, the all-faithful daughter, loving wife,—
The People's heart, perplex with sounds of strife,
And rumours wild wherewith the realm is rife,

Yet turns to her in this her hour of grief;
Praying for her Heaven's balm, of boons the chief,
The solace of home-love and high belief.

"COME HITHER, HUBERT!"

THAT artful necromancer, HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., who holds us enchanted by his skill, causing us to wonder at his daring, admire his pluck, and his infinite capacity for taking pains, is now throwing an entirely new and, indeed, an electric light on the ancient Black (and White) art. He begins with a "positive process." Some persons never in a lifetime get beyond this. These "positivists" employ a process so positive, and believe in themselves, as royalists believe in a monarch who can "do no wrong." But this is not the case with our gentle professor HUBERT: professor and eke a practiser. He goes from the "positive" process to the "comparative,"—comparing other results with those which he has already obtained,—and from the "comparative" he arrives at the "superlative," which he tells us in his lecture is superlatively satisfactory, and is destined to supersede the more laborious road, as the railway has superseded the coach. "In no method of black and white work that is known to me," says our HUBERT, "is rapidity of workmanship so safe and so satisfactory." By this new method the artist, who is to be his own reproducer, will, in a jiffy (so to speak, and not quoting the words of the Master), readily reach the masses with autographic touch, so that anyone with a taste for real art, but lacking the means to gratify it, may acquire a genuine article, whose originator "*dessinait engravé dit dédit et sinédit*," for some ridiculously small sum within the capacity of the shallowest pocket. "Oliver asks for more." We would hear further of this, anon.

A GAMPISH REMARK.—From the *Veuve Monnier et ses Fils* inquiry it appears, from the evidence, that the *Veuve Monnier* was an invention of the ingenious person who started the company. Evidently, as "there never was no sech person," the English translation of "*Veuve Monnier*" is "Mrs. HARRIS."



DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

He, "I WONDER YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF GOING TO NICE AFTER THOSE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKES!"

She, "OH, SURELY THOSE THINGS ARE ALWAYS CONFINED TO THE POORER QUARTERS OF THE TOWN!"

THE TWO SENATORS.

(Mr. Punch of Fleet Street to Mr. Walcott of Washington.)

"When I hear . . . that the people of the British Isles, in defence of what they deem their rights, are marshalling armies and assembling navies ready and undaunted to face the world in arms, unyielding and unafraid, I thank God I am of that race. Blood is thicker than water, and until a just quarrel divides us—which heaven forbid—may these two great nations of the same speech, lineage, and traditions, stand as brothers shoulder to shoulder in the interests of humanity by a union-compelling peace."—Senator Walcott in the American Senate, speaking upon Senator Davis's resolution.]

SAY! Senator WALCOTT on Senator DAVIS
Comes sweeter than sugar-a-top of molasses!
The song of the mocking-bird, bobolink,
mavis,
The bellicose squawk of the eagle surpasses,

Sweet! Sweet!

You're bad to beat,

Senator WALCOTT, whom warmly we greet!!!

Senator DAVIS—non *Edipus*!—swaggers

And blows windbags out to their fullest inflation.

But Senator WALCOTT knows pistols and daggers [nation.]

Won't scare, no, not much, a high-spirited

Bosh! Bosh!

Windbags won't wash, [squash.
Unless a man's soft as your own punkin-

Senator WALCOTT is almost *too* flattering,

Paints JOHNNY BULL in a posture heroic.

Well, we're not sweet on thrasonical chattering,

But kindred's praises would soften a stoic.

Joy! Joy!

WALCOTT, dear boy,
Tributes like yours touch our hearts, and
don't cloy.

"Thicker than water?" You bet! So much thicker

That CLEVELAND *plus* DAVIS *plus* Spread-eagle Jingo,
The chuckling tail-twister, the asinine kicker,

Don't count—when compared with your gen-u-ine stingo!

Drink! Drink!

'Tother eye wink,

And—tangled affairs will soon 'come out of kink!

"Thank God you're one of our race?" O, *Punch* blushes!

And yet, like your "bars," Leo loves virgin honey.

And swiftly JOHN's face fervent friendliness flushes

When JONATHAN proffers the comb! Is that funny?

Shake! Shake!

That doesn't mean *quake*,

But tip us your fist for old kinship's dear sake!

"Shoulder to shoulder?" Why, Senator WALCOTT,

That's just as we ought to be, much like two brothers

Who learned at one knee, and slept in the same small cot.

And "so mote it be," and *shall* be, despite pothers.

Sol! Sol!

Now, let 'em "blow"!

Row, boys, row together, in spite of MONROE!

Senator DAVIS—non *Edipus*—"guesses,"

No doubt, like most Yanks, but he ain't guessed our riddle!

But, Senator WALCOTT, the Britisher blesses,
The man who hits "common-sense" bang in the middle.

Drinks! Drinks!

You've floored the Sphinx!

And *Punch* tells you straight what each Britisher thinks!

BALLADE OF HAPPINESS.

WE've sailed the ocean's trackless main,

Full many a passing pleasant day,

Now back in England once again

We come, and come, alas! to stay.

Back in the old familiar fray

We fight to live. Yet dear to me

The thought that naught can take away

The happy days we spent at sea?

With games we ever dared to strain

Our nerves and thews in ceaseless play.

We bet upon the run to gain

A livelihood—it didn't pay!

To one another's great dismay

We bluffed at poker—"Raise you three"—

Can any pen aright portray

The happy days we spent at sea?

Our conduct was—well, hardly sane,

With none at hand to say us Nay.

We danced, we sang, we ragged. In vain

They strove to stop our "making hay."

In future when our fancies stray,

And we are lost in reverie,

Shall we not often softly say,

"The happy days we spent at sea?"

L'Envoi.

Friend, if you're feeling far from gay,

Come, drink this sentiment with me,

"May we repeat without delay

The happy days we spent at sea."

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.—GALWAY has been handed over to Belgium.



“JONATHAN JINGO!”

Scene from the Pantomime of “Jonathan Jingo”; or, Harlequin Arbitration and The Blueful Boundary.”

CLOWN, “OH, I SAY! HERE’S A JOLLY OLD GUN, LET’S SEE HOW MUCH IT’LL STAND WITHOUT BUSTIN’!”
PANTALOON, “DON’T LOAD ‘IM TOO FULL, JOEY!”

THE NOVICE AT NIAGARA.

An exercise elating
The gentle art of skating,
When gracefully gyrating
You circle round the place,
To pretty partner prating
Of news not worth narrating,
It is most aggravating
To fall upon your face.

But then the joy of whirling,
Of twisting and of twirling,
Let Scotchmen sing of curling,
Of golf, and games like these,
I fly about like winking,
"So swanlike," I am thinking,
When, on a sudden sinking,
I'm down upon my knees.

As pale as alabaster,
The art I vow to master,
And, reckless of disaster,
Once more I will essay
To cut a simple "figger,"
Which here is quite de "rigger,"
I try;—and people snigger,
Who watch me limp away.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Referring to the issue of a "compressed" version of RIDER HAGGARD'S *She*, at a penny, someone suggests as a title for the series of which this is the first venture, "The Liebig Library." But old GRUMPY (who hates Penny Dreadfuls, Shilling Shockers, Three- and -sixpenny Thrillers, and all shapes of what he calls "romantic rubbish") says he thinks the two syllables in "Liebig" should, for this purpose, be transposed! Perhaps "Pemmican Pennyworths" would be better.



TURKEY AND THE POWER.

Mr. Punch. "WHAT! YOU EXCLUDE ME, WILL YOU?"

Sultan. "OH NO, MY DEAR MR. PUNCH! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! COME BACK AGAIN, AND I WON'T ALLOW ANY MORE ATROCITIES!"

["PUNCH" EXCLUDED] FROM TURKEY.—"The English are justifiably indignant, &c."—*Daily Chronicle*, January 20.]

SVENGALIVANTING.

WONDERFUL! But ten minutes ago he was *Gentleman Joe*, the red-faced, flaxen-haired Hansom Cabby; and now he is the pasty-faced, hook-nosed, black-bearded, and black-haired *Svengali*. None can complain of not getting full change for their money, so complete is the transformation. *Gecko*, *Taffy*, *The Laird*, *Little Billee*, have their chances; while *Tribby* herself, with the Baird feet, is as near the original as anyone totally different from her can be when arrayed in a similar costume. But all these are details of no importance. The central Tree-ilby figure is *Svengali*. The travestie is introduced *à propos de bottes*, a phrase most applicable in the case of "*Tribby's* tootsies," and depends simply and solely on Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS'S burlesque impersonation of DU MAURIER'S memorable mesmeriser, *Svengali*. There is not a Beerbohmian trick that Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS has not caught and reproduced to posterously absurd perfection. It is a very masterpiece of burlesque imitation, the art of which is impressed on the audience by his suddenly dropping it all, and while retaining the make-up of *Svengali*, re-asserting his own Arthurian individuality. Then, the equally sudden resumption of the *Svengali* manner is admirable. Finally, within five minutes all *Svengali*—a study in black and white—has disappeared, and he is once again the rubicund, flaxen-haired Hansom Cabman.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LAST week I was extolling the pocketable library, by which I mean, especially, the "small-pocket" library, as therein mentioned. If I omitted to particularise, as included in my laudation, the red-backed, prettily bound, and clearly typed series of standard works in prose and poetry published by GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, it is just because these volumes, like the poor, are always with me; and secondly, because, on their first appearance in public, I had already given them their meed of praise. The volumes I have enumerated are genuinely "pocket volumes," i.e., volumes that can be, without any inconvenience, carried in an ordinary-sized coat pocket. The Cassell's Pocket Library, edited by MAX PEMBERTON, may suit CASSELL'S pocket (which, primarily, it was intended to do), but will not suit mine, nor, as I expect, any coat pocket which already has to carry a cigar-case and a note-book. The print is excellent, but in the case of *The Paying Guest*, by GEORGE GISSING, the print is better than the matter printed; for the story, beginning well, and having a *dramatis personæ* artistically individualised, soon becomes uninteresting, and then there's an end of it.

No. 1 of "Pierrot's Library" (JOHN LANE) is a story called *Pierrot*, by H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. A weird yet pathetic romance. An idea such as inspired this story might have occurred to the mystic fancy of a meditating dreamer seated on a deserted terrace amid the ruins of an old French *château*, as he gazed, listlessly at first, then with a curious interest, on two children, who, having dropped their toys, were standing in half-

frightened, half-amused puzzlement, silently regarding the broken statue of a faun. Then they wander away into the woods, and so vanish. Whereupon John-a-dreams conceives the story of the place. There are only a few characters in it, but one of them, *Joniaux*, an old Napoleonic corporal who lost his arm at Waterloo, may remind some of us, in a sketchy way, of a certain English veteran named *Corporal Trim*. The French used strange oaths in Flanders. So, probably, did their men at Waterloo. It is a fascinating romance for a spare couple of hours.

THE BARON.

The Doctor's Treatment.

Dubious Londoner.

How will they treat this "Dr. JIM,"
Who doesn't return "a winner"?

Hearty Citizen.

There's only one way of "treating" him.

Dubious Londoner.

And that is?—

Hearty Citizen.

Give him a dinner!

[They shake hands, and exeunt.]

NOTE BY AN EARLY CHRISTIAN ADMITTED BEFORE 7.30.—If it be true that Mr. WILSON BARRETT is doing big business with his Early-Christian-Martyr play, entitled *The Sign of the Cross*, then for him the legendary motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*," will soon bear an entirely new and highly satisfactory meaning.

FROM A TRANSVAALIAN EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

President Krüger soliloquises:—

"—all the unsettled humours of the land,—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!"

King John, Act II., Sc. 1.

Then he addresses the Chartered Company,
substituting "neighbours" for "cousin's,"
and the plural for the singular, in the following lines:—

"I have had feeling of my neighbours' wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do them right (r):
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be their own carvers, and cut out their way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you that do abet them in this kind,
Cherish rebellion."

King Richard the Second, Act II., Sc. 3.

"MAY MAGISTRATES SIT WITH CLOSED DOORS?"—Yes, certainly; and with closed windows, too, should there happen to be any danger of a draught. Surely by now the question has been sufficiently ventilated. Shut up.



"ON SAFER GROUND."

First Doctor. "I ORDERED HIM AN ICE-COLD BATH EVERY MORNING."

Second Doctor. "WHAT, WHEN HE HAD INFLUENZA!"

First Doctor. "YES, IT WILL GIVE HIM PNEUMONIA, AND I MADE MY WHOLE REPUTATION CURING THAT!"

AN INTERVIEW.

"*AIMEZ-VOUS Paris?*" was the question put to Miss MARIE HALTON by the inevitable Parisian Interviewer, or, as they sometimes spell it, "Interviewer," which, if pronounced as spelt, might, to English ears polite, sound like a "wooer" who had interpolated himself between two other "wooers." Wisely did Miss HALTON, "knowing the language," reply, "*A la folie! seulement je lui trouve un défaut...*"

"*Lequel?*" asks the Interviewer. Then the astute MARIE sees her chance, and replies, triumphantly, "*Paris n'est pas en Amérique!*"

No, it isn't; and therefore, as LOWELL said, "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

What a number of good Americans there must be!

Of course Miss HALTON turns out to be partly American and partly French: not half and half, as fractional portions must be left vacant for her to fill up in the course of her future tours, just as Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly discovers that he is a Welshman, a Yorkshireman, a Scotchman, an Italian, or of any other nationality according to the place and circumstances of the occasion. It appears, according to the Interviewer, that Miss HALTON played at the Gaiety in the "*Schap Girl*, de *Dam et Ivan Caryl*." "Enough! *Hein!* *Assez d'interview!*" Who said this? anyhow, the heroine of the "*Schap Girl*" seems to have made a hit in "gay Paree!"

JEER, BOYS, JEER!

A SONG FOR THE ENEMIES OF ENGLAND.

AIR—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

JEER, boys, jeer! JOHN BULL is doomed to sorrow.

Courage! Events seem shattering his sway. Jackals may share the lion's skin to-morrow, For some of them try twisting the Lion's tail to-day.

So farewell, England! Little did we love thee, Crocodile tears alone your doom deplore. Eagles now squeal, and cocks crow above thee, So farewell, England—farewell for evermore!

Jeer, boys, jeer, that poor, played out old country!

Jeer, boys, jeer! She has foes on every hand. Jeer, boys, jeer! Oh! won't there be fine pickings?

Jeer, boys, jeer! We'll cut up the Happy Land!

Jeer, boys, jeer! Columbia's Boss is "blowing,"

Boers bang her badly, France flouts her East and West,

Wild WILLIAM'S Press thick mud at her is throwing,

Some bad home-birds take to fouling their own nest.

Long has hate lurked with little to reward it, Now 'tis rare fun to smile on England's pain!

Ireland rejoices when England's need is sorest. Bad old Britannia no more shall rule the main!

Jeer, boys, jeer! the proud old "Mother Country"!

Jeer, boys, jeer! in one big hostile band!

Jeer, boys, jeer! Oh! it will be love's own labour—

By no means lost—to cut up that fat old land.

AN "EVENING FROM HOME."—Look in at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, where, to the artistically effective series of "Living Pictures," is added an excellent reproduction of Mr. Punch's cartoon "Ready." Britannia, "a fine figure of a woman," as Mr. Weller, Senior, observed, evokes enthusiastic plaudits. "The show" at the Palace Theatre ought to attract those who scruple about going to a theatre, because, in *tableaux vivants*, only such persons can possibly be employed as are able to give practical evidence of their "steadiness." Anyone at all "shaky" would be ineligible as a motionless statue.

AN EXTRA BIG D.

(By Watson the Unparliamentary.)

[See the *Purple East* and the *Daily Chronicle* of January 25.]

CALIPH, I fear I wasn't up to date—I beg your pardon for that cheap swear-word, It merged me with the fish-retailing herd, Who crowd the approach to boozy Billingsgate,

Gregarious spirit-drinkers, and who state Their choice opinions, like that well-known bird.

The garden goose, whose voice is also heard In pit or gallery with its hiss of hate.

For in a town where coster-folk abound Big d's are legion, people dash their souls Until the streets with expletives are crammed.

Thee with my purplest sonnet-aureoles (My language makes the air blue) have I crowned

Sulphureously beyond all Sultans—blest!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE MODERN MUSKETEER'S SERENADE.

"THE grey old grange is wrapped in light,
All dark the yew-tree glade,
Where in the loneliness of night
I make my ambuscade
Hard by the tower, whence the chime
Proclaims the hour of rest,
And brings the beauty sleep of time
To you within your nest.

Beneath the terrace each parterre
Is silvered in the dew,
But not a blossom can compare
In loveliness with you.
The nightingale with trill and shake
Bids all my heart rejoice—
Her melody could never make
The music of your voice.

I stand on guard to meet the foe
Who causes you to weep,
As in the days of long ago
A knight his watch would keep.
My matchlock's ready for the fray,
My aim is quick and true;
I'll stop the bold marauder's way,
His cruelty he'll rue!

The air is getting over-damp,
The screech-owl's cry is shrill;
I would that I might dare to stamp,
My feet are very chill.
What's that? Bang! Bang! Revenge is
sweet!
Two bunnies! both are dead!
They'll never more your roses eat,
Nor keep me from my bed.
Forgive the fright!
Good night! Good night!
My lady love, good night!

SONG OF THE OVER-RATED ONE.

Oh, did you never hear from a (hem!) "Gas
and Water Co.,"
Who for their rates do (confound them!)
apply?
They send their collector to call ev'ry
quarter! co-
-er-ci-on who does not hate and defy?
You cannot treat
The charge derisively,
He won't repeat
His call. Decisively
Says that the water and gas both "will be
Cut off if unpaid for!" The Briton so free
Must submit! Draw a cheque on the L. and
C. B.



"WOULDN'T YER LIKE TER 'AVE ONE O' THEM THINGS, LIZA ANN?"
"NO. I WOULDN'T BE SEEN ON ONE. I DON'T THINK THEY'RE NICE FOR LIDIES!"

THE MISSING MAN.

"[In late years we have had too many men honoured with a memorial in Westminster Abbey. I really only know one man now alive who ought, when he dies, to be 'abbeyed.']"—*Truth*, January 23, 1896.]

WHAT one man would *Truth* within Westminster's walls bury?
It seems pretty certain, 'twouldn't be * * *.

And we think it is *not*, from what everyone knows, very
Likely this paragraph points to Lord * * *.

'Tis true there's one man, for whom Tories' and Rads' tone
Alike shows respect. It *might* mean Mr. * * *.

But the fact is, the name of the man for the Abbey
Isn't mentioned through modesty. Well? Yes it's * * *.

ORIGIN OF A TITLE.—It was a condition attached to the earldom of DE LA WARR, that the heir to the title should marry as early (and in as lordly a style) as possible, so that, gay and butterflyish as he might be, he should not elope. Hence the second title "Can't elupe." "Elope," in ancient English, having been spelt that way.

QUERY.—Mr. RHODES is on his way back "to meet his detractors." Is "detractors" a misprint for "directors"?

THE PUGILIST TO HIS ANTAGONIST.

(Suggested by a couple of verses in the *P. M. G.*, January 17.)

HIT again and strike me, BILL,—hit me on the nose;
Think not of a rib to break, think but of the art;
Let me see quite clear again, do not let us close:
Come, let me get near to you, then the pair they'll part.

Bung'd up is one peeper, seeing not the light of day,
And from out the other one a blurring moisture drips;
We have but to fill the time until we share the pay.
Come again and hit me, do, hit me on the lips.

WORK MUCH APPRECIATED AT WHITSTABLE AND COLCHESTER.—
The Return of the Native—into popular favour.

MOST APPROPRIATE ARRANGEMENT (as advertised).—"Season of
Matinées, Daly's Theatre, Daily."

SUBJECT FOR A GRAND HISTORICAL PAINTING.—Mother COLUMBIA
and her ugly ducklings.

SWEET STUFF IN SILK FOR SOUTHAMPTON ELECTORS.—Mr.
CANDY, Q.C.



BEYOND PRAISE.

Roscus. "BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT A WORD OF PRAISE FOR ANY ONE. I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO YOU WOULD CONSIDER A FINISHED WRITER?"

Criticus. "A DEAD ONE, MY BOY—A DEAD ONE!"

CHANNEL CHIT CHAT.

(That should be Overheard at Guildhall.)

"What an opportunity for the City Companies to present an ironclad or two fast cruisers to the Navy!"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE *Cinderella*, with Admiral Master Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S pennant flying, is worthy of the best traditions of the Loriners.

The Mercers are keeping up their reputation as Merchant Adventurers with the assistance of that excellent torpedo-boat catcher, *Thomas of Acorn*, under the command of the LORD MAYOR.

The Drapers insist (in a spirit of drollery) that their fast schooner, the *Gun Cotton*, is thimble-rigged. No doubt Mr. Alderman GREEN will make an excellent navigating lieutenant.

It showed much public spirit on the part of the Fishmongers to launch those gunboats, the *Sole*, *Plaice*, *Salmon*, *Skate*, *Mackerel*, and *Turbot*, officered from their own members of the livery.

The Goldsmiths have certainly produced a magnificent battle-ship in the shape of the *City Sovereign*. Mr. Alderman DAVIS will make the best of captains.

The Skinners have named their despatch-boat most appropriately the *Eel*. It will be ready for sea when Mr. Alderman FAUDEL PHILLIPS comes on board.

The Merchant Taylors are calling the armed cruiser they are busy building, the *Coat of Mail*.

The Haberdashers have done good service by placing their harbour-defence ship, the *Chest Protector*, at Portsmouth.

And yet this sort of thing was done two hundred and thirty years ago!

Quite so. What was thought expedient in 1665, is no less necessary in 1896.

To be sure! And after all, it is acting with common sense. The City Fleet will preserve the City commerce. Trade follows the flag, so the protection of the flag is simply a matter of business. By increasing the Navy, the City merely enlarges its powers of insurance. So three cheers for the Corporation's Armada!

LORD LEIGHTON,

The President of the Royal Academy, died January 25, 1896, in his 66th year. His last words were, "My love to the Academy!"

A LIFE of high Art-love and lofty aims,
Crowned both with fortune's laurel and with fame's,
Passes, for love too soon.
Yet honour-crowded moments make true life,
Not empty length of years, ignoble strife,
Or Mammon's sordid boon.

Lately ennobled, and now lost! 'Tis sad!
Yet the far dream of the ambitious lad,
In the accomplished man,—
Artist and scholar, orator refined,
Chivalrous courtier, graced in mould and mind,
True Crichton of Art's clan,—

Was well fulfilled. To classic beauty vowed,
He stooped not to the market. Art is proud
Of him whose latest breath
Spoke love for her, at dying pain's sharp cost.
Love she returns, knowing what she hath lost
By FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S death.

"LE SPORT" IN THE BASSES PYRÉNÉES.

DETERMINED on having day with hounds. Went to *manège*. Hired animal that had once been a horse. It belonged, I should say, to era of first NAPOLEON, when it might have done duty as charger during Peninsular War. Proprietor described it as "a seasoned horse." It struck me as "a many-seasoned horse." Climbed up. Seated myself on back of this splendid ruin. Proceeded to the meet. Arrived. Felt myself elevated and statuesque. Find we are to hunt strong dead herring instead of crafty, lively fox. Have to wait some time, as Whipper-in assures me that *beaucoup de monde* are expected. *Beaucoup de monde* don't come. At length we move off. Hounds are laid on (sounds like the gas or the water, this, but sporting, nevertheless) in a small paddock, where *paysan propriétaire*, accompanied by a half-bred sheep-dog, is prepared to receive cavalry. Noticing, however, that he is armed with a two-pronged fork, we do not wait to exchange felicitations. Note.—The Basques, although a happy and contented, are not a sporting race.

We speed across paddock, scrambling over formidable stone wall, nearly eighteen inches high, into a lane. Up this we gallop at headlong pace. Farther progress blocked by good *paysans*, who, in their earnest desire to stop hunting, have dragged, from a cottage hard by, a bedstead, two chairs, and a table: these, supplemented by wire rope and donkey-cart, form barricade across lane. We swerve aside and ride on recklessly; like Lützow's wild jäger, "a hunting we go" (without music), across a country of ravine, common, and cabbage-stalks, until my own career is ruthlessly cut short through the heirloom I am bestriding falling over a fence into a melon-frame.

M. le propriétaire emerges from cottage. He says things. Seems quite excited, and doesn't appear to care for *le sport*. He works himself up into such a state of loquacity that he executes a sort of savage dance, during which he heedlessly approaches the south-western corner of my *cheval de chasse*. Animal gives casual glance round, and I note an expression in his starboard eye which bodes ill to somebody. I essay to warn *M. le propriétaire* in my very best French. He ignores my best French, and employs the worst possible French, directed towards me. In his wrath he inadvertently draws quite near the dangerous corner of prehistoric steed. For once the expected happens. Expected by me, unexpected by him. The Expected Unexpected takes the form of a double-barrelled-extra-high-pressure drive from both heels of prehistoric quadruped accurately directed at the nearest available spot on the body of *M. le propriétaire*. A crash! Not of bones but glass. Mister the proprietor has gone backwards into one of his own melon-frames. Here he sits in the shape of a "V," his head out one side and his legs upwards on the other, as helpless as a Punch-doll doubled up in his box. Finding myself, fortunately, still in the saddle, I urge the prehistoric to greater efforts: in a few minutes, at all events long before Mister the proprietor has extricated himself from his "glass with care," we are on the high road. . . . Safely returned to stable. Say, patronisingly, "*Pas mal ce cheval*" (which has a touch of poetry in it), and am discreetly silent as to the incident of Mister the proprietor and the melon-frame. The next day I quit the locality, omitting to leave my address. Like the wily Reynard, I am "Gone away!"



ADELPHI ADOLLIFIED.



Court-martial trying the Dollinquent.

TOOK DOLLY to see *One of the Best*. When I do take her to the theatre I always choose one of the best. But this at the Adelphi is *One of the Best par excellence*, or rather *par Masters SEYMOUR HICKS and GEORGEY EDWARDES*. "Bravo 'ICKS!" which, as I learn from theatrical tradition, was the form of approbation bestowed on a certain melodramatic actor: "which," as *Mrs. Gamp* might say, "coupled with the name of HEDWARDES, I drinks with love and tenderness." Messieurs GATTI are fortunate in having obtained so telling a show for their puppets just at this moment, and have shown themselves genuine diplomatists in securing an "armed piece." As a military drama, it is of uniform excellence throughout: artistically constructed; on old lines, and there are none better. It has a court-martial scene that recalls the famous naval one in *Black-eyed Susan* (which, by the way, was itself taken from a military French piece), followed by a most rainfully realistic and intensely effective scene of an officer's degradation never before, as I believe, seen on the English stage. The play, with its marches, drills, counter-marches, drummers, generals, colonels, and so forth, has been "produced," says the playbill, "under the stage direction

services given gratuitously. That Mr. ABINGDON, as the wicked puppet of the show, is first-rate goes without saying.

As for his companion in crime, the puppet entitled *M. Jules de Gruchy* ("Jules" was safe when the collaborators, in godfathering a French puppet, had to decide "what the deuce they should call him?") is again "one of the best" Frenchmen, after Mons. MARIUS, ever seen on the English stage. His is a very perfect performance; and the part, small but important, stands out in bold relief.

All the toy soldiers are also "of the best," nay, "of the very best." The country is safe so long as Lieut.-General CHARLES FULTON, Sir ARCHIBALD SASS, K.C.B., A.D.C. (was he an "A.D.C." at Cambridge? if so, the Amateur Dramatic Club has to be congratulated on its training), and President CARTER, of the court-martial, with the other distinguished (but nameless) officers, are in command.

Another "of the best" is the doll styled *Jason Jupp*, the gay and grumpy old villager, a "bit of character" for which the make-up and acting of Mr. ATHOL FORDE will be memorable.



Toy Soldier; or, the Present Sentry.

of Mr. FRED G. LATHAM, who has shown such proficiency in soldiering, that, should war break out, the Government will not hesitate to appoint him General Commander-in-Chief "under the personal supervision of the authors," who will represent the War Office. So much for the show and the showmen, and now for the puppets; the Adelphi Dolls.

My DOLLY was delighted with Mr. TERRISS, quite "No. 1 Adelphi Terriss."

A type of the

manly, bluff soldier or sailor, who would scorn to commit any action that was not the purest, the noblest, and the best! In this piece he has something to do, a lot to think, plenty to express facially, and not so very much to say. *Facta non verba* is puppet TERRISS's motto as *Dudley Keppel*.

Then, as to the villain puppet, *Phillip Ellsworth*, "owner of Market Witton Saw Mills,"—which business being "up" one day and "down" the next, may be termed "the See-saw Mills,"—certainly, if Mr. TERRISS is "one of the best," then is Mr. ABINGDON "one of the worst." At his best when at his worst. Once a villain, always a villain. Why is it that, once accepted by the public as the representative bad man of the deepest dye, neither Mr. ABINGDON, nor anyone else with the professional curse upon him, can ever again hope to appear with success as the virtuous and self-sacrificing lover, or the benevolent friend? As salaried villain he is worth, professionally, untold gold; as a virtuous person, peasant or gentleman, a manager would risk much who accepted his

As the wicked heroine, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON acts this *Countess Zicka*-like part in a manner that foreshadows the career of a PATRICK CAMPBELL. Miss EDITH OSTLER has only to look prettily interesting, and to act sympathetically, which she does as "one of the best." "Did you never hear of KATE KEARNEY?" She plays the Irish Landlady, also as "one of the best."

Finally, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS as *Private Jupp*,

with his sweet-heart Miss VANE FEATHERSTON as *Kitty Spencer*, are between them the life and soul of the piece. As the Cockney soldier of "The 2nd Highlanders," HARRY NICHOLLS is "kilt entirely" but quite unconquered. He takes the Scotch cake. Rarely, except when he was in an office as a lawyer's clerk (in a Drury Lane melodrama) always wanting to go out to lunch, have I seen him more thoroughly amusing than as *Private Jupp*. His humour is so quiet: he is Private—and confidential. He has only to glance slyly at the audience to set them in a roar. A genuine comedian in the truest and best sense. Yes, there are very few parts in the wide range of light and low comedy, and burlesque, that he could not play to perfection. With a good dramatic story and HARRY NICHOLLS for the relief, dramatists and manager may rest contented.

CAVE URSUM!—According to latest intelligence from St. Petersburg the bloated Turkey is likely to be boiled down into Bear's Greece.



The Not Dudley Blow.



Dudley and Dolly.



THE COMPACT.

Mephistopheles ("à la Russe"). "BUT MAKE THE COMPACT, AND AT ONCE I'LL UNDERTAKE TO CHARM YOU WITH MINE ARTS . . . BUT ONE THING!—ACCIDENTS MAY HAPPEN, HENCE A LINE OR TWO IN WRITING GRANT I PRAY."

Faust ("à la Turque"). 'A WRITING, PEDANT, DOST DEMAND FROM ME? A FORMAL DEED, WITH SEAL AND SIGNATURE! IS 'T NOT ENOUGH THAT BY MY WORD ALONE I PLEDGE MY INTEREST?'—*Goethe's Faust.*

"It should be clearly understood that no written compact as yet exists between Russia and Turkey. . . . The SULTAN . . . said that between such friends as himself and the Tsar written engagements were superfluous."—"Our Own Correspondent," "Times," January 31.



WELL WORTH IT, TOO!

Nervous M. F. H. (to his Huntsman). "SEND HIM AT IT, GOSLING! THERE'S A SOV. FOR YOU IF THE TOP BAR GOES!"

NELSON EAST OF TEMPLE BAR.

(A Page from the Diary of a Future Lord Mayor.)

Monday.—Yesterday's rumour justified. War is proclaimed. Put off all business of a civilian character to a more convenient opportunity. Pasted placard on the Mansion House, giving news to the public, and desired the immediate presence of the City Marshal. That worthy official answered my inquiries with "ready, aye ready." Accompanied by the Sheriffs, took command (at Dover), of the City Fleet. So much occupied that I have scarcely time to make this entry.

Tuesday.—Very well satisfied with the Squadron. My battle-ship, *The Snapping Turtle*, with my pennant flying, heads the flotilla. My gallant secretary acts as navigating-lieutenant. The City Marshal controls the marines. The Sheriffs are responsible for their respective commands. They are signalling to one another from the decks of their respective ironclads, *The Gog* and *The Magog*. The Aldermen who have passed the chair are the captains of the first division; those who have not are the chief officers of the second. The Recorder (assisted by the Common Serjeant) is most useful in his despatch boat, *The C. C. C.*, in acting as a police patrol. Not that his services are really required, as the patriotism of the Livermen prevents an attempt at desertion. Spent the entire day in getting things ship-shape. From what I see I believe I shall be able to give a good account of the enemy—when I meet him. No more time for writing.

Wednesday.—Held a council of war in *The Snapping Turtle*. Present the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, the City Chamberlain, the City Marshal, the Common Crier, and the Sword Bearer. Made a little speech, which was received with enthusiasm. Congratulated the Corporation on taking the hint of the public Press in fitting out and officering a City Fleet. No doubt other orations would have followed had not proceedings been interrupted by the report (a false one) that the enemy was in sight. Beat to quarters. Every man in his place. The Common Councillors (in their mazarine gowns) at the guns. Every ship had a company beadle acting as boatswain. Manœuvred for some time.

Then, pursued by a gale, took refuge in the Downs. In consequence of the stormy weather, banquet proposed at the morning's council of war postponed indefinitely. Have to drop my pen to take command of the midnight watch.

Thursday.—Spent the day in torpedo practice. Converted river steamboats very sure, if rather slow. The adapted City barges make excellent floating batteries. Surprised to find they carry their eight-inch armour so easily. City Marshal most usefully employed in training his new cavalry, the Mounted Marines. The Common Crier has very properly exchanged his mace for a revolver,—an example that has been followed (so far as the circumstances of the case admitted) by the Sword Bearer. Everyone in good spirits. General engagement expected to-morrow. No more leisure for scribbling.

Friday.—Glorious victory! Met the enemy off Herne Bay. Evidently the foe were attempting to obtain possession of the Reculvers. My flagship, *The Snapping Turtle*, rammed ironclad commanded by the enemy's admiral—I fancy his vessel was called *The Bumptious*—most successfully. Both *The Gog* and *The Magog* distinguished themselves. The Mounted Marines (under the City Marshal) carried out one of the most dashing cavalry charges on record, jumping from ship to ship with perfectly marvellous agility. The Town Clerk most useful in his torpedo-boat destroyer. The gallant *C. C. C.* (with the Recorder on board) saved lives of drowning opponents. As the enemy used common powder—instead of our smokeless variety—could see very little of the course of events. However, am satisfied that I am right in describing the day's doings as a triumph!

Saturday.—Quite right! We did win! Only time to record that my signal, "England has not expected in vain the City of London to do its duty," was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.—A cyclist stopping beside Sir HENRY MEUX'S Temple Bar at Theobalds, in the hope of getting a pint of ale.

AN ACTOR WHO BRINGS THE WATER MEADOWS OVER THE FOOT-LIGHTS.—MR. BROOKFIELD.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. IV.

Containing Mr. Jabberjee's Impressions at The Old Masters.

I HAVE the honour to report that the phantom of delight has recently recommenced to dance before me. Miss JESSIMINA MANKLETOW, the perfumed, moony-faced daughter of the gracious and eagle-eyed goddess who presides over the select boarding establishment in which I am resident member, has of late emerged from the shell of superciliousness, and brought the beaming eye of encouragement to bear upon my diffidence and humility. This I partly attribute to general impression—which I do not condescend to deny—that, at home, I occupy the social status of a Rajah, or some analogous kind of big native pot.

So, on a recent Saturday afternoon, she invited me to escort her and a similar young virginal lady friend, by name Miss PRISCILLA PRIMMETT, to Burlington House, Piccadilly, and, as *Prince Hamlet* appositely remarks, "Look here upon this picture and on this." Which I joyfully accepted, being head-over-heels in love with Art, and the possessor of two magnificent coloured photo-lithographs, representing a steeplechase in the act of jumping a trench, and a water-nymph in the very *décolleté* undress of "*puris naturalibus*," weltering on a rushy bed.

We proceeded thither upon the giddy summit of a Royal Oak omnibus, and on arriving in the vestibulum, were peremptorily commanded to undergo total abstinence from our umbrellas.

Being accompanied by the span-new silken affair with the golden head, which, as I have narrated *supra*, I was so lucky to obtain promiscuously after witnessing the Adelphi of the Westminster college boys, I naturally protested vehemently against such arbitrary and tyrannical regulations, urging the risk of my unprotected umbrella being feloniously abducted during unavoidable absence by some unprincipled and illegitimate claimant.

But, alack! I was confronted with the official ultimatum and *sine qua non*, and have subsequently learnt that the cause of this self-denying ordinance is due to the uncontrollable enthusiasm of British Public for works of art, which leads them to signify approbation by puncturing innumerable orifices by dint of sticks or umbrellas in the process of pointing out tit-bits of painting, and on account of the detrimental influence on the marketable value of pictures thus distinguished by the plerophory of the *Vox Populi*.

Nevertheless, my heart was oppressed with many misgivings at having to hand over three hostage umbrellas—one being masculine and two feminine gender—and receiving nothing in exchange but a wooden medallion of no intrinsic worth, bearing the utterly disproportionate number of over one thousand! Next, after, at Miss JESSIMINA's bidding, having purchased a sixpenny index, we ascended the staircase, and on shelling out three shillings cash payment, were consecutively squeezed through a restricted wicket as if needles going through the eye of a camel.

I will vouchsafe to aver that my interior sensations on penetrating the first gallery were those of acute and indignant disappointment, for will it be credited that a working majority of the exhibits were second, or even third and fourth-hand mechanisms of an unparagoned dingitude, and fit only for the lumbering room?

Perhaps I shall be told that this wintry exhibition is a mere stopgap and makeshift, until a fresh supply of bright new paintings can be procured, and that it is *ultra vires* to obtain such for love or money before the merry month of May. Still I must persist in denouncing the penny wisdom and pound foolery of the Academicals in foisting off upon the public such ancient and fish-like articles that have long ceased to be *bon ton* and in the fashion, since it is undeniable that many are over fifty years, and some several centuries behind the times!

It is to be hoped that these parsimonious Misters will soon recognise that it is not possible for modern up-to-date Art to be florescent under this retrograde and fossilized system, and be warned that such untradesmanlike goings-on will deservedly forfeit the confidence and patronage of their most fastidious customers.

Miss JESSIMINA remarked more than once that such and such a picture was not in *her* taste and she would never have chosen it personally, while Miss PRIMMETT declared that she would not have had her likeness taken by Hon'ble Sir JOSH GAINSBORO, or Misters VELASKY and VANDICK, not even if they implored her on their bended marrowbones, and that, as for a certain individual effeminately named ETRY, it was a wonderment to her how respectable people could stand in front of such brazen performances! These remarks are trivial, perhaps, but even straws will serve as cocks of the weather on occasions, and, moreover, I shall certify that the most general tone was of a critical and disapproving severity, and it was quite evident that the greater portion of the spectators could have done the job better themselves.



"Miss Jessimina Mankletow."

A certain Mister TURNER came in for the BENJAMIN's mess of obloquy, having represented Pluto, the god of wealth, in the act of carrying off a female Proserpine, but the figures so Lilliputian, and in such a disproportionate expansion of confused sceneries, that the elopement produced but a very paltry impression. The slipshod carelessness of this painter may be realised from the fact that in a composition styled "*Blue Lights to Warn Steamboats off Shoal Water*," the blue lights are conspicuous by their total absence, and the mistiness of the atmospheric conditions renders it difficult to distinguish either the steamers or the shoals with even tolerable accuracy!

In the ulterior room were sundry productions from Umbrian and Milanese and other schools, such being presumptively the teaching establishments over which Hon'ble REYNOLDS and TURNER and GREUZY and Co. predominated as Old Masters. But surely it is unfair, and like seething a kid in the maternal nutriment, to class such crude and hobbardhyoy performances with works by more senile hands!

Here I observed a painting to illustrate scenes in the life of an important celebrity, who was childishly represented many times over having separate adventures in the space of a few square feet, and of a Brobdingnagian bulkiness compared to his perspective surroundings. Had this been the work of an Indian artist, native gentlemen out there would simply have smiled pitifully at such ignorance, and given him the gentle admonishment that he was only to make a fool of himself for his pains. There was also a picture of a Diptych, in two portions, with a

background of gilt, but the figure of the Diptych himself very poorly represented as an anatomy.

Where all is so so-so, and below par, it is perhaps invidious to single out any for hon'ble mention; but loyalty as a British subject obliges me to speak favourably of a concern lent by Her Majesty the QUEEN, and representing a bombastical youth engaged in a snip-snap with a meek and inoffensive schoolfellow, who supports himself on one leg, and is occupied in sheltering his nose behind his arm, until his widowed and aged mother can arrive to rescue her beloved offspring from his grave crisis.

This at least can be commended as being true to nature, as I can attest from personal experience of similar boyish loggerheads, although, owing to preserving my *sang froid*, I was generally able to remove myself with phenomenal rapidity from vicinity of shocking kicks by my truculent assailant.

Also a subject, by late Hon'ble REYNOLDS, of a student who, as Miss JESSIMINA informed me, *vivâ voce*, from the guide-book, was "supposed to be a portrait of Master BROWN." I will not allege that it is as like as two peas to the Mister BROWN of Westbourne Grove, of whom I have lately commanded a pair of patent leathers, but, *non constat* that it may not be a correct representation of him in his *statu pupillari* period, so I will bestow upon it the benefit of a doubt.

"Let me not omit to mention a painting of "*Polichinelle*" by a Gallic artist, which Miss PRIMMETT said was the French equivalent to *Punch*. At which, speaking loudly for instruction of bystanders, I assured them, as one familiarly connected with Hon'ble *Punch*, who regarded me as a son, such a portrait was the very antipode to his majestic lineaments, nor was it reasonable to suppose that he would allow his counterfeit presentment to be depicted in the undignified garb of a buffoon!

I trust that I may be gratefully remembered by my Liege Lord, and that he will be gracious enough to entertain me favourably with something in the shape of prize or bonus in reward for such open testimony as the above.

I have only to add that the custodian preserved the inviolability of our umbrellas with honorable fidelity, and that we moistened the drooping clay of our internal tenements at an Aerated Tea Company with a profusion of confectionaries, for which my fair friends with amiable blandness permitted me the privilege of forking out.

THE WARES OF TAUTOLOGUS.

"BREAKFAST AT A COFFEE-STALL."

SAITH Sir John Falstaff—robustious, corpulent eques—to Prince Hal, "O, thou hast damnable iteration!" and the *Post Meridien Gazette's* numberless perusers turning to the wares of their faithful, humble TAUTOLOGUS, doubtless exclaim, "O, thou hast delectable



iteration!" For hath he not described countless times in constantly varying style How the crocus in early spring bursteth through *terra firma*, How doves circle about St. Paul's dome and strut in the cathedral yard, How the crossing-sweeper sweepeth, How the wealthy dine, lunch, sup—*et hoc genus omne*? And shall he not make friends acquainted with his methods of preparing these feasts *literarum*—Sardanapalian word banquets? Verily yea. Know then that TAUTOLOGUS hath little sack full of assorted epithets, quotations—not too hackneyed—from classics, slightest sprinkling, or *minimum* quantity, of definite article, plentiful supply of dashes, brackets, commas (inverted), notes of interrogation and eke exclamation. Stirring up these main ingredients he produceth essay not, he hopeth, unworthy his Elian predecessor.

Nor is TAUTOLOGUS altogether unassisted in his labours at the sign of "The Wares." Mrs. T. discourseth not seldom, with delicate fascinating touch of lettered feminine hand, upon world-absorbing topics such as "Chickens and Hens," "Geese and Foxes," "Ducks," "Socks," "Silk," and "Slippers." 'Tis no idle flattery to pronounce her effusions not second to those of your obedient, obsequious servant himself. Revert we now to title of present article, "Breakfast at a Coffee-Stall." O, thou Shrove-tide reveller! homewards wending upon Shanksian steed—the city, just ere rosy-fingered dawn (*ρόδοδακτύλος* 'Eos) makes first appearance, being cabless—despise not the unassuming vendor of irreproachable Mocha, comfortably enshrouded in *ben trovato* indentation of a house's wall, or in cleverly-chosen *cul-de-sac*. Stay rather to dissipate fumes of thy nocturnal debauch in steaming cup (*poculum*) filled from huge throbbing urn situated at the dexter extremity of immaculate linoleum-covered counter. Drink the comforting beverage as "piping-hot" (*pot bouille*) as throat will bear. Then, if impaired digestion permit and TAUTOLOGUS's advice be followed, let the palate be tempted by dainty, insidious sardine, deftly served upon crisp, crackling square of toast. Neither, upon this exquisite *plat*, neglect to sprinkle purple, piquant powder—the product of distant Cayenne.

Now is apparent the full force of TALLEYRAND's truism—or BRILLAT SAVARIN's was it?—"L'appétit vient en mangeant." Order, therefore, *pomme Irlandaise*—the apple of Hibernia, the potato—roasted, and not divested of its jacket. Cut in halves and lubricate its mealy interior with judicious quantity of margarine, which the amiable caterer provideth upon application. *Shun*, with this dish, *sardine-suitable* Cayenne, flavouring instead with black pepper and a *souçon* of salt only. Hunger's pangs appeased, a second copious draught of the coffee-berry's decoction may not be amiss. Day now dawneth, the horny-hundred one hurrieth along

the street to diurnal duties, and thou—top-hatted, brazenly-belated scion of Society—art an incongruous object on the awakening townscape. Retire then, rapidly, to thy *domicilium*, not forgetting to purchase from the all-providing matutinal *restaurateur*—*fumi sacra fumes*!—a fragrant *Denarian* weed of genuine home-grown Havana. Bid him a courteous "*Vale*," and proceed, refreshed, upon thy way—now no longer tortuous nor encumbered by multiplicity of lamp-posts. Thou hast broken thy fast like a king—at a coffee-stall!

ALFRED TO ALFRED.

(A very Up-to-date Song from the Shades.)

O ALFRED, ALFRED, ALFRED! Since you also bear my name, You might have more respected both my feelings and my fame; For copy-book moralities, piped forth as by a starling, Will not make England venerate the memory of her "Darling." I do not love that name, ALFRED; it does not match with mine; It savours of suburban "spoons," or rustic "Valentine." I'm told by those who know, ALFRED, when *bourgeois* sweethearts meet,

They doat, like you, on "darling," dwell, like you, on "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!" [Park.]

Which may do for amorous Hampstead, or for Cockney Clapham Or for ANGELINA "walking-out" with EDWIN, her new spark; But for EDWY and EDGIVA, quite another sort of pair, [the air,] (Though the latter's name "soared into space, and summered all As you credibly inform us,—well, I don't wish to be harsh, But two Anglo-Saxon lovers, in a damp, "low-lying marsh,"

Hardly talked such twiddle-twaddle, when we had to fight the Dane, As a couple of canoodlers in a Cockney Lovers' Lane. There's a want of "local colour," my dear ALFRED, in your lay, For we did not war, or wanton, in your mild suburban way. There is too much sugar-candy in your handling of such themes, And your Muse—if I may say so—is too fond of chocolate-creams. You know I touched the harp myself, but, on your Laureate-lyre, You twiddle in a fashion which had roused grim GUTHRUM's ire. And Celt and Briton, Angle, Frisian, Saxon, Norseman too, Would have seized their "shrilling weapons," and at once have gone for you!

I was quite a moral model, as king's go, I am aware; But I don't remember having such a go-to-meeting air As your virtuous "England's Yum-yum"—[mean "Darling"—seems to sport.

And as to "forehead questioning the sky"—O, cut it short! I'd a "virile love of country," or at least I hope I had, But thrasonic gush about it would have made me feel quite mad. In dear old "foam-fenced England" I should feel myself at home, But not among the Jingoos who are also given to "foam,"—Foam at the mouth, my ALFRED, like mad dogs and men in fits. There be "patriots" and "poets," my dear ALFRED, wits and cits, Who the muzzle and strait-jacket seem, at seasons, to require. "ALFRED shall have this England"—as a theme for his new lyre; It seems rather hard on England, so the earlier ALFRED thinks, An idea from which my "practical imagination" shrinks. Still, I wouldn't mind so much if ALFRED limited his odes To poems upon JAMESON, and dithyrambs on RHODES. But it sets the shades a-sniggering and old Cerberus a-snarling To think of Saxon ALFRED being shrined in—*England's Darling!!!*

RURALITIES.

SIR,—I am sure you will be glad to hear how unusually mild the season is with us in the country. As a proof of the fact, the following may be of interest. The other day Mr. SIDESPLITTER, a local gentleman, was accused by a lady friend of having cut her in the street. He replied—"It was such a little cut, that it might almost be called a *cutlet*!" Can you imagine anything milder than that?

A RESIDENT AT SPARKLINGTON.

SIR,—Our venerated old clergyman met my boy TEDDY (aged six) yesterday, and asked him when he was going to school, and if he was going to be a boarder. TEDDY promptly retorted that "he didn't intend to go to a board school." This is another instance of how extremely forward we are in the country this season!

PROUD PATER.

SIR,—The precocity of the vegetation for the time of year is truly remarkable. A lad of mine has just come in from the garden, and tells me he found a rose out! I have not seen it myself, but the boy is incapable of an untruth, and I think the unparalleled event (for January) deserves a notice in your columns.

DARWIN CUVIER JONES.

P.S.—I find it was the watering-pot rose that the lad found. Still the fact remains that the watering-pot itself was out at a period of the year earlier than I ever remember.



THE NEW FOOTMAN.

"OH, MUMMY! ISN'T JOHN A DARLING!"

"NAVAL ESTIMATES."

"We must be prepared. We must never lose the supremacy of the sea . . . it is vital to our very existence. . . I do not think I shall be divulging Cabinet secrets if I tell you that the Government are not going to slacken exertion, and that large as this year's Naval Estimates have been, next year you will see further increase."

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Leeds.

John Bull loquitor:—

ALL right, Sir MICHAEL! Fire away!
Be sure you will not find me grudging.
To my last penny I will pay
For safety. But no Jingo fudging!
No wanton waste in headlong haste!
No upward rush like a mad rocket!
Pocket comes second, to my taste,
But there are limits e'en to pocket.

Like CÆSAR to the pilot, I
Say, "Forward, and fear nought! Thou
carriest
Great CÆSAR and his fortune!" Why,
The storm may swell e'en whilst thou tar-
riest.
My fleet's my fortune, well I know,
And though strong foes the seas should
To my Brundisium* I must go, [cover,
Though storm-winds howl and storm-clouds
hover.

And winds and clouds, I must admit.
Seem beating up as though for battle.
In insular confidence to sit
Till hurricanes roar and thunders rattle

* "Though the sea was covered with the enemy's fleets, he resolved to embark in a vessel of twelve oars, without acquainting any person with his intention, and sail to Brundisium."

PLUTARCH'S Life of Cæsar.

Were foolish, fate-inviting, mad.

You're right, my boy, I *must* be ready.

But—song another refrain had

In good old days,—“Steady, boys, steady!”

Steady's the word! 'Twere too absurd

For BULL to show mere boyish flurry.

I fancy he's too old a bird

To fall a prey to hurry-scurry.

The Eagles, with one head or two,

Like roosters scared may crow and cackle;

But 'tisn't loud hullabaloo

That is the toughest thing to tackle.

It isn't crying; “Shoo!” or “Whu-ush!”

Like an old *Durden* to her *Partlets*,

Will scare my chicks to a mad rush.

Not DAVISES nor ASHMEAD-BARTLETTS

Will rule the roost this side or that.

Kaisers and Dr. BURNSIDES bluster;

But when I put my foot down flat

It won't be frightened up by fluster.

Who hints the City Fathers *might*

Prove patriot zeal, as in old centuries,

By arming England for the fight

With extra ironclads? The venture is

Exceeding bold. But hoarded gold

Is apt to hold mere sentiment gammon.

I put my trust, now, as of old,

Much more in Manhood than in Mammon.

Yet if 'twixt Wealth and Commonwealth!

Such proof of patriot kinship proffers,

'Twill be fair sign of England's health,

And make us prouder of our coffers.

“Lay on, HICKS-BEACH!” our Jingo's cry,

“Give GOSCHEN whatso'er he 'axes!”

But patriots true but poor must sigh

At prospect of yet heavier taxes.

Dives, who hath huge hoards at stake,

Is most “Britannia-rule-the-wavy,”

But will he prove his patriot make

By—adding to his country's navy?

What a wild cheer *that* volunteer

From the whole Empire would elicit!!!

Saint George! I *should* be proud to hear

Of the first million down! *Where is it?*

A SOMETHING OF A DIFFICULTY.

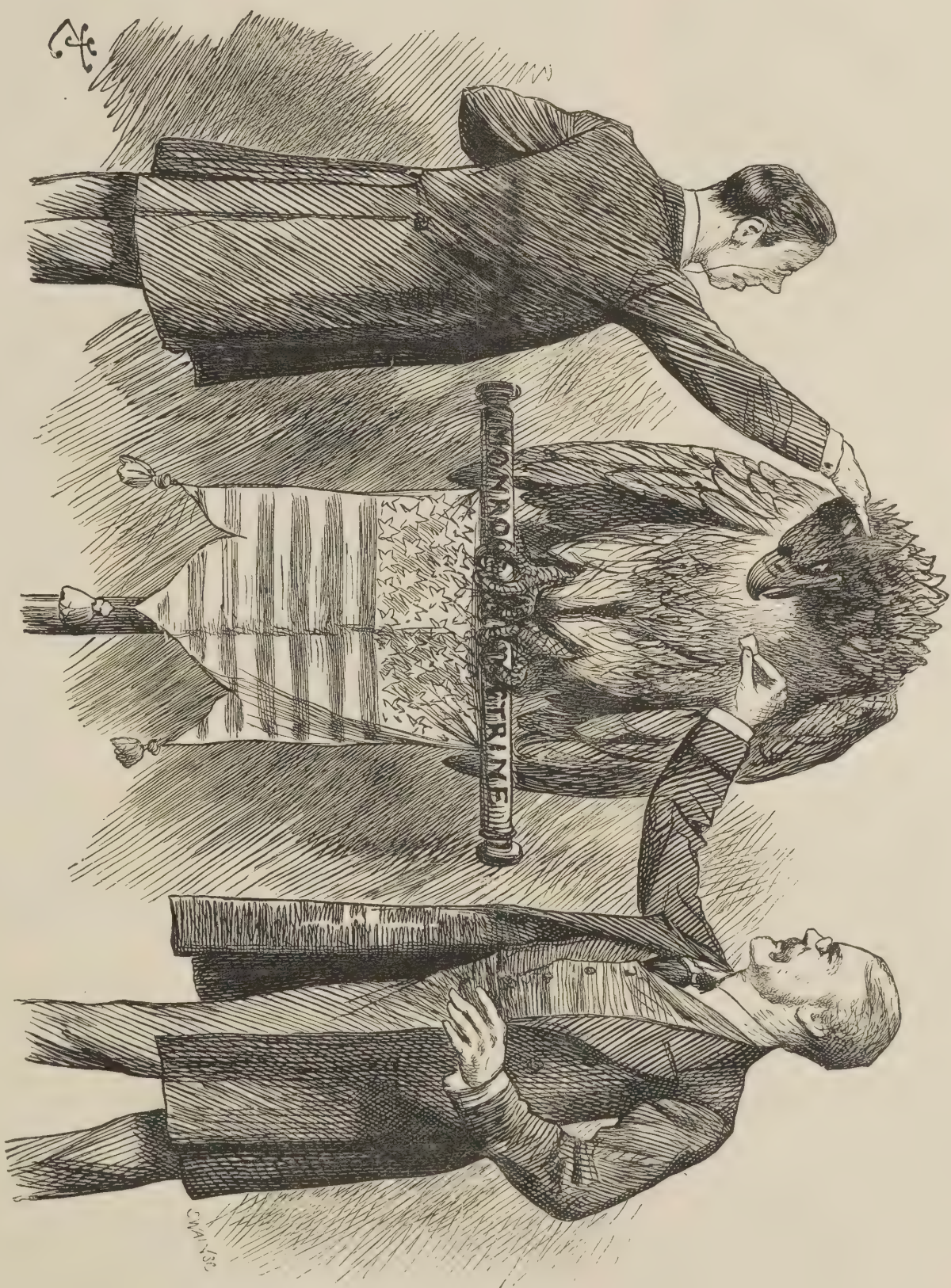
IN *Napoleon's Last Voyages*, published by FISHER UNWIN, JOHN WOLSELEY, serving on board the *Superb* when NAPOLEON surrendered, says, “On Sunday NAPOLEON came on board.” * He is very short and very fat, and was, consequently, much tired with walking up and down the ladders.” Ahem! “Very short and very fat,” and yet our HENRY IRVING, who is tall and very lean, is, it is said, to appear as the Great NAPOLEON. Such an objection is not insuperable. If taken at all, it must equally apply to Sir HENRY IRVING's playing the part of *Hamlet*, who, on his own mother's showing, was a short, stout party (*vide Hamlet*, Act V., Sc. 2), who would soon get “bellows to mend” in a fight, or in any such exertion as is implied in “such a gettin' up stairs.” Sir HENRY, by his breadth of style, will have to reduce his own height to the Napoleonic inches. But, indeed, not so very long ago one of our clever artist-boys in *Mr. Punch's Annual* showed how the trick might be done.

LITERARY GOSSIP (*from the “Austineum”*).

—We understand that the author of *England's Darling* has in preparation two new volumes, which will shortly be published. Their titles will be *Scotland's Poppett* (ROBERT THE BRUCE), and *Ireland's Diddums* (BRIAN BORU).

MICHAEL AND HIS FOUND ANGEL.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his surplus.

A LAUREATE OF METRE.—The Gas Collector.



“PRETTY DICK!”

“I should look forward with pleasure to the possibility of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack floating together in defence of a common cause sanctioned by humanity and by justice.”
Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, January 25.

“The time must come, when some one, some statesman of authority more fortunate even than President MONROE, will lay down the doctrine that between English-speaking peoples war is impossible.”
Mr. Balfour at Manchester, January 15.



He. "I SEE YOUR FRIEND, MRS. OVERTON, HAS WRITTEN A SOCIETY NOVEL."
 She. "OH DEAR!—AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE WAS SUCH A NICE-MINDED WOMAN!"

GOING A DEGREE BETTER.—In the *Athenaeum* it was recently said that "The Oxford movement in favour of granting the B.A. degree to qualified women seems to have gained a new impetus," and the petition will, probably, be backed by the Vice-Chancellor, one of the Proctors, and other university lights and leaders. But how can ladies, married or unmarried, ever be "Bachelors"? Why not a new and special degree for them? We have Maids of Honour, Bride's-Maids, House-Maids, and so forth. Why not, for the unmarried, "L.M.," which will serve for "Learned (or Lovable) Maid." She will wear a becoming cap, showy gown, and a hood. If married, the letters L.M. will stand for "Learned Matron," with bonnet, gown, streamers and hood of another cut and colour, symbolising the distinction between Maidenhood and Wife-hood.

"HONEST MY LORD?"—Last Saturday the *Daily News* gave in its list of distinguished Parliamentarians staying at Cannes the name of "Lord BURGHELERE, long known as Mr. HERBERT GARDNER." What is the correct way of pronouncing this title? Is it "Bur-ghe-le-re" or "Burghe-le-re" or "Burghe-lère"? Take it how you will, can it be looked upon as a rise in life for a man who was once a worthy and honest Gardner to have become a Burg'lar, or to be connected in any way with Burg-la-ree?

"ALADDIN'S UNCLE, OR PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN AND HIS DISCOVERY."—Great song by the Herr Professor, "*New Lights for Old Ones*," "Ah!" sighs our Bilious Contributor; "if he could only for 'lights' substitute 'livers'! What a business he would do!"

A SOMERSET VALENTINE.

I do reckon 'morrow be proper day,
 Zo warr'nt I'll spell ee out a line,
 An' poastman 'll gie 't ee soon as may
 Come marnin'—'tes zart o' Valentine.
 I've a zummat to tell ee, shart an' zwit,
 An' might 've a-telled it ee long ago—
 But there, like tartus as vair a-bit
 Wold hare, I be tarr'ble sure an' slow.
 Aye, sure an' slow, an' poor an' plain,
 But tidden great volk do veel the mos';
 An'—'morrow marnin' I'll be down lane
 'Gin Varmer VELLACOTT's archard-close.

I beänt no scholard, as you do know,
 I worn't a one vor books to school,
 An' ha' n't done much to 't zince, like JOE—
 He've a sight o' larnin' an' I be voel.
 Hows'ever, las' ploughin' down to Ling's
 (Doeemind?) virst prize wer' a-judged to I—
 Do zim there do be a power o' things
 As books cänt do vor ee more 'n fly.
 An' a heart, I count, 'tes better 'n brain—
 I've a-loved ee zince I do mind a'mos';
 Zo come, dear, do ee—I'll bide down lane
 'Gin Varmer VELLACOTT's archard-close.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. WELLS's *Wonderful Visit* would have been all the better for compression. We are delighted to welcome the strange visitor; but a visit may be prolonged till the caller becomes a nuisance. This particular District Visitor happens to be an angel—not exactly an angel of the Old or New Testament, the author is careful to tell us, so as to guard himself against any charge of irreverence, or of being classed among those who rush in where angels fear to tread; but an angel of a lower zone, an amiable kind of being, something between a boy and a bird, not unlike a Peri or an overgrown fairy.

The Vicar of the parish, who is a collector of strange specimens, wings him with his gun, brings him down, and take him home. So perhaps the story originated with the old Yankee joke about the sportsman who, hearing others lying about their wondrous shots, topped them all with—"Waal, guess one day I was out shooting, and I winged a cherub. We kept him hopping about the garden, and made quite a pet of him, until one day, when—" He paused. His hearers breathlessly inquired, "What happened?" "Waal, sorry to say, the cat eat him."

The "winged" angel becomes rather tedious, and at last, having won the affections of a housemaid, both disappear in smoke. And this is in brief the story of "the angel in the house"—not by COVENTRY PATMORE.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's *Comedies of Courtship* are excellent light reading. Several tales in a single volume. "Pick 'em where you like." All good, and recommended by

THE BARON.

AN ACCRA-WAITING SITUATION.

[Prince ATCHEREBOANDA, the claimant to the Golden Stool, is still at Accra.]

O PRINCE, whose name suggests a sneeze Combined with some weird, goose-like wheeze,

Why claim that Golden Stool?

Would not a biscuit-box befit

Your dignity, or must you sit

On what supports no golden rule?

Dark ATCHEREBOANDA, stay!

Think on poor PREMPEH's wilful way,
 And curb your proud ambition.

Or else you'll occupy some day
 His stool of sad contrition!



Our Gallant Colonel. "YOUR DAUGHTERS, MY DEAR MRS. TYMPANUM, ARE LOOKING DELIGHTFUL TO-NIGHT—SIMPLY DELIGHTFUL!"
 Mrs Tympanum (rather hard of hearing, and very intent on a rôti of ducklings). "YES, AREN'T THEY! I'VE HAD THEM STUFFED WITH SAGE AND ONIONS!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ADMIRAL THUNDER.

NOT long ago I received a letter from my old friend Admiral THUNDER. That is not his real name, but it is the name by which he was universally known throughout the service while he was still on the active list, and it still clings to him in his retirement. Originally due to the old sea dog's inveterate habit of expressing himself in the strongest language whenever his anger or his interest was aroused, it has lost none of its applicability now that the Admiral no longer directs the movements of a squadron, or keeps his clear blue eye on the signs of the weather in mid ocean. Indeed, advancing years, far from mitigating the matchless ferocity of the Admiral's language, have, if anything, rather increased its force and copiousness. The causes that provoke the dear old sailor's outbursts are necessarily more trivial in the pleasant little Hampshire house where he is spending what he has, for six years at least, called the last few days of his life, than they were on board a battleship; but this makes no difference to the Admiral. I do not mean to say that the Admiral is a habitual or even a frequent swearer of oaths. Here and there one of these short, crisp little words, will pop out, but set as it is in one of the Admiral's flaming sentences, its appearance is as little noticed as would be the crack of a toy pistol in the midst of a tornado.

I SPOKE just now of the Admiral's advancing years. I must not be misunderstood. He is still well on the fair-weather side of seventy; his eye is undimmed, his step is elastic, his figure is erect, his noble chest is not yet shrunk from the broad expanse on which, in former days, a brilliant array of medals used to glitter, and his voice, though it merely shakes the rafters of his country home, or echoes through the woods, is not less resonant than when it used to strike obedience into his crew. His thick and stubborn hair is grey, but in his crisp beard the dark is still the ruling colour. He has seen much war-service from the day when, as one of PEELE's lion-hearts, he first heard a shot fired in anger in the Crimea, and won the admiration of all his comrades, not merely by his constant and cheerful performance of his regular duties, but by the almost unparalleled act of heroism by which he saved the life of a fellow-sailor, and earned for himself three severe wounds and the Victoria Cross. And his sea knowledge, his power of handling his ship under

the severest stress of weather, his masterly disposition of a fleet, were always of the kind that are exercised only by the few sailors who combine with a love of their profession and a mastery of all its details, undaunted courage, prompt resolution, and an instinctive grip of every situation in which they find themselves.

THE Admiral has never been married. He passed safely, if not entirely unscathed, from a youth which, if rumour may be trusted, had its gay and dashing complications, through a not unsusceptible middle age, and so into the bachelor bliss of his veteranship. He did, I believe, make one proposal of marriage, but his language in the excitement of this unusual moment was so violent that the lady, naturally of a timid disposition, having summoned up all the courage she could command, shuddered out a hasty "No," and fled in terror from the room. The Admiral looked upon the incident as a warning, and never repeated the experiment. But he bore no malice, and in time grew to treat the matter as one for jocular allusion, speaking of it as "perhaps the one occasion, Sir, in a long and stormy career, when a woman, yes, a woman, by the immortal Jingo, showed herself wiser, ten thousand everlasting million times wiser, than this old hulk here; may his one-horse-power engines burst into blue flames if ever he gives another woman a chance." The decision was a wise one: the Admiral was not made for matrimony, and no doubt he was happier living, as he did, at Rodney Lodge, not far from the New Forest, under the care of his two admiring maiden sisters, than he would have been with a wife to check his outgoings and keep watch over his incomings.

SUCH, then, was and is Admiral THUNDER. His two sisters, "the girls," as he calls them, mere chits of sixty and sixty-two, keep house for him, admire him, recite his exploits, disregard his furious explosions, and coddle and cosset him to his heart's content whenever he is seized with one of those colds which, according to the Admiral, are the sure heralds of the galloping consumption that is eventually to bring him to his grave. For the Admiral is, if the truth must be told, inclined, like many vigorous and healthy men, to magnify the extent and the danger of his little ailments. From a passing twinge in his chest he has been known to infer a long-standing fatty degeneration of the heart; a red patch on his neck convinces him that blood poisoning, in an aggravated form, has set in at last; and a fall from his bicycle, for which simple natural

causes might be assigned, made it an article of faith with him for a whole week that his doom would come through creeping paralysis. All these dreadful threatenings, it must be said, do not much affect the Admiral's cheerful spirits. He is much more likely, in fact, to be rendered morose if anyone should dare to hint a doubt as to the necessarily fatal issue of his complaint. Yet the Admiral never calls in a doctor; he is attended to by the girls and by his faithful old body servant, a former A.B., who now makes himself useful about the house in a hundred little ways as only a sailor can. These three, between them, have brought the Admiral through every mortal illness known to medical science.

KNOWING my old friend's peculiarities I was not much alarmed, therefore, when I received from him a letter in which he informed me that what he had long expected had now come about, that phthisis in its most acute form had attacked him, that he had a racking, hacking cough calculated by its own unaided efforts to sweep away a whole ship's company, that death, which he did not in the least fear, had come within easy signalling distance, and that if I wanted to see him again alive I was to come as soon as possible. I concluded, as was indeed the case, that the Admiral had a bad cold, and that, being confined to the house, he would be glad of a slight change of companionship. So I packed my bag and shortly found myself at Rodney Lodge. The girls received me in the morning room. "We are glad you have come," said Miss ELSPETH, the elder, "for the Admiral has been so looking for you. We do not anticipate his immediate demise, but there is great danger, very great danger." "Shall I go to him at once?" I asked. "Perhaps that would be best," said Miss AGNES. "He is in his study; it is a warmer room than his bedroom, and being on the ground-floor we can more quickly and easily attend to his wants. But, I fear, you will find him sadly changed." As I approached the study I became conscious that, in voice at any rate, and in fury, the Admiral was still his old self. It was booming through the door and along the passage like a broadside from a three-decker. "May heaven forgive me," he was roaring, "if that is not the most astounding, immoral, and incomparable act of double-distilled folly that even you, abandoned worm as you are, have ever committed in the course of your misspent life. Why, you hoary, old Japanese mask, you, I told you not more than an hour ago—an hour? it wasn't half-an-hour by all the immortal powers—" At this point I entered the room. The Admiral, who was sitting in his armchair, a rug wrapped round his knees, a thick woollen comforter round his throat, and a cloth cap on his head, never paused for a moment in the torrent that he was pouring on the imperturbable head of his servant. "Here," he continued, "is a friend who will bear witness to what I say. This man, Sir, has the effrontery, I can call it nothing else, by gad, he has the unparalleled effrontery to bring me my white wine whey now, when he knows that I cannot by any possible concatenation of circumstances want it for another hour. Why, curse you, you're grinning." (AMOS had, it must be admitted, winked at me.) "I'll break every—" But what the Admiral would have threatened must remain a subject for conjecture, for at this point a violent fit of sneezing came upon him, and when he recovered from it his anger had vanished like a summer cloud, and he not only greeted me warmly, but accepted a dry handkerchief from the hands of the attentive AMOS and took his white wine whey without another murmur as to its premature appearance. He then assured me that his will was made, all his affairs were in order, death might be expected at any moment, and he hoped I should be able to stay for at least a week. Personally he would have preferred a month, but he couldn't expect that from me.

In two days he was as right as a trivet. On the third day he came up to town with me, gave me a first-rate dinner at his club, and visited *Trilby* afterwards. "By the Lord Harry, Sir," he said, as we came out, "I could hardly contain myself from springing on to the stage and throttling that greasy, dirty, swab-faced villain, *Scengali*. The man tainted the air, Sir, he poisoned it by his foul presence. May I be fed for ever on bilge-water if he oughtn't to have a thousand dozen." Here he stopped suddenly in his walk. "What's up, Admiral?" I asked. "A pain, Sir, a red-hot demon of pain in my leg. I know what it is. I have got hip-disease." I recommended oysters and stout as the best remedy applicable at the moment, and I have reason to believe that it was thoroughly successful, for I met the old fellow yesterday walking along Piccadilly at the rate of about five miles to the hour.

A Chevalieresque Conundrum.

Coster Bill (to 'Arriet). I si! When is your young man like a fish out of water?

'Arriet. Oh, g'long! Give't up.

Coster Bill. Why, when 'e's a witin' round the corner.

[Short encounter, and exeunt severally.]



THIS TREACHEROUS WEATHER!

Jones and Robinson are so muffled up they can't utter a sound, and have to make signs.

Jones. "WILL YOU LUNCH WITH ME TO-DAY?"

Robinson. "AT WHAT O'CLOCK? TWO?"

Jones. "YES." *Robinson.* "ALL RIGHT."

[*Exeunt.*]

"REMEMBER!"—A JACOBITE CAROL.

(Sung to a Well-known Air, January 30.)

REMEMBER, remember, each scatterbrain member
Of Leagues for Legitimist rot,
That now is the season for amateur treason
And playing at piffle and plot!

At three in the morning, the powers—that-be scorning,
Turn up at Whitehall in full force,
And there with doffed hat you must worship the statue,
And pay your respects to his horse.

With excursions, alarums, bring lilies and arums
For brutal police to remove;
And, for this year's display, lick the record with Gaelic
Inscriptions, your ardour to prove.

Then, Jacobites, sally from out the Thames Valley
By sixes and sevens to the Tryst;
White cockaders, stand ready! St. Germain's be steady!
With danger the cause is well spiced!

For if you're too bold, Sirs, you'll doubtless catch cold, Sirs,
And people will laugh at your pranks,
And at self-advertising and STUART uprising,
And freaks of our latterday cranks.

King CHARLIE THE SECOND, we're sure, would have reckoned
These tricks as a comedy rare;
Nor will *Punch* to-day smile less at humours so guileless,
Shown off in Trafalgar Square!

SENTIMENT BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (to Mr. Cook, the new Editor of the "Daily News").—May you be a Top Soyer!

THE DUTCHMAN'S WEE DOG. (TRANSVAAL VERSION.)

President (with a wink) pipes:—

Oh where, und oh where, is dat leetle
wee dog,
Oh, where, oh where can he be?
Mit his tail out short, und his ears
cut long,
Oh where, oh where is he?

He came, und he barked, and he
licked mine big boots,
Oh where, oh where can he be?
I fear dat I gif him a sort of a
shnub.
Has he fled back to Ger-ma-nie?
Oh where, &c.

He come und I fancy he wanted to
shop,
For ours is a bootiful air;
But de Portugee stiff at de door of
his shop,
Said he wasn't vant Teuton tykes
dere!
Oh where, &c.

Den I tink dat I see dat leetle wee
dog,
Drop his tail 'twixt his legs mit
a vince;
Und he flew vat you call to de
midst of next veek,
Und I've not heard von yap from
him since!
Oh where, &c.

Sausage is goot, "Small Germans"
is goot,—
Oh where, oh where can he be?
Dey makes dem of horse, und dey
makes dem of dog,
I hope dey not make dem of he!
Oh where, &c.



I dink dat he like der Pretoria town
Or even goot old Amsterdam!
But I fear he is made into beef or
to pork,
Unless he is chicken und ham!
Oh where, &c.

Yet, perhaps all is vell mit dat
Teuton wee dog,
Who at Berlin lays low, und
keeps dark;
Perhaps in his kennel dey've
chained him safe up,
But—vat haf dey done mit his
bark?
Oh where, &c.

MORAL (adorning a tail).

When a leetle stray dog come und
vaggie his tail,
I guess as he vishes for prog.
I von't vistle him back, but I would
like to know
Vat's become of dat wee German
dog

Oh where, oh where is dat leetle dog
gone,
Oh where, oh where can he be?
Mit his ears hanging down und his
tail 'twixt his legs,
Oh where, oh where is he?

STRANGE MISAPPREHENSION COR-
RECTED.—The Moor, not the Boer,
is bringing Mr. CECIL RHODES to
England.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.—A Ger-
man Company occupies St. George's
Hall. We should have preferred a
German-Reed equivalent.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE. (For Ladies only)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—It was with trembling Trilbys (we never
speak of vulgar feet now) that I was ushered into the dressing-room
of Miss GOOSIE GANDER, the charming young cantatrice (she pleads
to eighteen years) of the Mansion House Theatre of Varieties. I was



soon *chez moi*, when GOOSIE (she
begged me to be familiar as
soon as I had introduced my-
self) asked me to take a chair,
and join her in a "Tom Cat"
(a mixture of gin and brandy),
and a cigarette. Her courtesy
gave me time to look round
this dainty little den of refined
dissipation. The furniture was
what I would style *rococo*, and
the pictures were mainly por-
traits of my hostess from fa-
vourite weekly papers, fastened
to the unromantic wall-paper
with hair-pins. Of course I
noted, amid the *abandon* of dis-
carded *chevelure* and necessary
cosmétiques, quite a little pile of
correspondence—many of the

letters with coronets on the envelopes—flanked by bouquets of orchids
and roses, and sundry little morocco cases, which, were I in ever-
beautiful Paris, I should suggest contained *les bijoux de la reine*.
I observed, too, that the old *cheval* mirror was severely cracked in
several places (could it have been by reason of GOOSIE's lightning
glances? *Quien sabe?* as they say in Cuba), and that my hostess's
favourite face-powder was *Folle-Farine*, the delicate violet requisite
just evolved from the laboratory of TARTINE & Co. of Bond Street.

GOOSIE, happily for fearsome Me, opened the ball, "How," she
asked, with her winsome Whitechapel accent, which I will not
attempt to reproduce, "do you like my togs? They're up to snuff
I take it." I replied that her garments, though, perhaps, deficient
in warmth, were quite capable of carrying several pounds of crushed
tobacco. "Now don't get on that lay," she snorted, with a piercing

flash from her great emerald eyes. "Don't try spoof with me." I
earnestly disclaimed any attempt to indulge in a sport which I had
heard of as *tant soit peu chic*. GOOSIE smiled languidly, the sort of
risible separation of two red lips, which the favourite of the SULTAN
might give when the Commander of the Faithful declares his
ignorance of European politics. "How do you like your profession?"
I asked, wanting to make copy. "Oh, blow the profession," she answered,
lightly sending the smoke of the exquisite Dubec tobacco through her
gazelle-like nostrils. "Do you not like your career?" I inquired,
anxiously. "I'd far sooner be mangling," she answered, taking a
drink of "Tom Cat." "Hearts?" I interrogated roguishly. "No—
washing, you stupid," she replied, with a chuckle *ben trovato*; "you
seem to be a bit balmy on the crumpet." "I never eat the delicacy,"
I responded. "I represent the staff of social life, the Press."

GOOSIE raised herself from the azure velvet cushion on which she
was reposing. "Look here," she ejaculated. "if you imagine I care
one and ninepence three-farthings for the Press, you're jolly well
mistaken. I can cut my capers, sing my songs, and do my patter to
the tune of a hundred quid a week, and do you think I mind what
some starving bloke with thirty bob salary says about me? Not
much. I'm a lady, and the managers know it." "I'm sure I did
not wish to excite so talented an *artiste*," I cried, repentantly; "but
I notice that you always advertise favourable newspaper criticism."
"Oh! that's my agent's business," she retorted, flicking a peach-
stone at the mirror (peaches in January, *ma chère*!); "he's a regular
sniffer after black and white, and much good may it do him."

At this moment an elderly female, who might have been an arch-
deacon's sister, appeared, and exclaimed, "Hurry up! You're
called, GOOSIE, dear." "Oh! bother!" cried *la belle chanteuse*,
fingering the end of her cigarette into the water-jug. "What do I
start with?" "The Flatcatcher and the Bird," replied the duenna,
standing ready with a hare's foot—*véritable pied de lièvre*—
anointed with some delicate pink bloom. "Dead cats to the con-
ductor!" said GOOSIE, pettishly. "I told him that I wanted to try
'Tripe and Onions à la mode,' and my brother and his pals are in
the gallery ready to give a friendly lead." So saying, she disap-
peared, and so did I, much impressed with the *nonchalance* of this
music-hall humming-bird. Try treacle and rum (BOOMERANG's
best), beaten up with new-laid eggs, for your cold.

Ever, dear,

Your loving cousin,

KADJ.



DEGENERACY.

"SHURE AN YOUR HONOUR, IT'S THINGS AS WAS MIGHTY DIFFRUNT IN THE OULD DAYS WHEN THE GINTHRY BE'S A CUMMIN' TO THE PARTIES! 'TIS AS MUCH AS THREE POUND I'D BE TAKIN' OF A NIGHT; BUT NOW—WHY, DIVIL A BIT BRYANT A FEW COPPERS EVER I SEES AT ALL! MIND YOU, THIS EVENIN' I PUTS A DECOY HALF-CROWN ON THE PLATE MYSELF, AND BEDAD IF THEY DIDN'T TAKE IT OV ME! BUT WAIT—I'LL DO THEM THE NEXT TIME, FOR BEGORRA I'LL HAVE IT GLUED TO THE PLATE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON MAD DOGS.

I GATHER from the usual sources of information that we are now in the midst of an epidemic of terror inspired by mad dogs. There has been a leading article in the *Times*, and the great army of letter-writers, each with his own special tale of horror, and his own patent remedy, has invaded the solemn columns of the daily Press. "One who Loves his Fellow-Men" has been joined in a muzzling crusade by "Prevention is Better than Cure," and "A Dog-Lover of Long Standing" has demanded in tones of menace that members of the tail-wagging fraternity shall be either confined constantly within their kennels, or shot or bludgeoned at sight if they venture to stray abroad in pursuit of those innocent but seemingly important investigations that form so large a part in the life of a dog. County Councils have taken action. The sages who control the affairs of London, having declined to impose a covering on their own baldness, have decided, by way of compensation, that the heads of all dogs in their enlightened jurisdiction shall be confined in cages; and dull men in every part of England, who have hitherto been content to grumble at the rates, and to pay their butchers' bills with decent regularity, are now swelling proudly with the new-born inspiration of a muzzling mission.

"THIS is a dreadful business," said my friend BROADBEAM to me the other day, in a tone of the deepest gloom, "a dreadful business. I don't know why the Government delay to take action."

"Good Heavens," said I, for I had not yet seen my evening papers, and I thought that possibly some new and totally unexpected crisis had arisen for the benefit of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN and the music-halls. "Good Heavens! what has happened? Has Venezuela broken loose again and burnt Mr. GEORGE CURZON and Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT in effigy? Or has President KRÜGER demanded the head of Mr. CECIL RHODES on a charger? Do not keep me in suspense,

BROADBEAM; tell me what has happened, for I love my country, and wish to know the worst."

"What!" asked BROADBEAM, his whole being shaking like a restive blanc-mange with suppressed fear; "do you mean to say you haven't seen all the articles in the papers about *rabies*? Why the whole place is full of mad dogs, and we shall all be bitten in our beds." BROADBEAM, I should explain, has a certain fondness for expressing himself melodramatically, but not always with strict appropriateness. No doubt he had read somewhere about people being murdered in their beds.

I TRIED to soothe my unfortunate friend, but the effort, though well meant, was a wretched failure. He refused to be comforted, and went off in a hansom. Being a nervous man, he is not, as a rule, addicted to hansom; but, in his present state of terror, the word "growler" was too fearfully suggestive, and the comfortable customary four-wheeler was abandoned. I have reason to believe that the letter signed "A Conservative, but a Patriot," which appeared in a morning paper shortly afterwards, was from BROADBEAM's indignant pen. The writer, it will be remembered, declared, with a fine sarcasm, that Lord SALISBURY might possibly manage to spare a moment or two from the miseries of the Armenians for the sufferings of the English people at home. What was the object of writing despatches to the SULTAN when law-abiding Englishmen were allowed to be made the victims of thousands of mad and prowling dogs? Had not the SULTAN a crushing retort ready to his hand? "This question," the writer concluded, "obliterates all distinctions of party. I have been a loyal supporter of the present Government, but there are necessary limits even to party-loyalty, and, in my case, these limits have been reached."

HAVING digested this portentous declaration, I turned to the sixty-ninth letter of "A Citizen of the World" by OLIVER GOLDSMITH. It was entitled "The Fear of Mad Dogs Ridiculed," and gives a humorous account of the epidemic terror through which the population of these islands was passing some hundred and thirty years ago. "A dread of mad dogs," he says, "is the epidemic terror which now prevails; and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer. . . . The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several who had seen him. The next account comes that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. . . . This relation only prepares the way for another still more hideous, as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog; and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, when he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup. . . . My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour with horror and astonishment in her looks. . . . A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who, soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who had it from very good authority."

WITH all our statistics, our sanitary inspectors, our County Councils, and our wire muzzlings, I believe we are every whit as foolish, as credulous, as liable to blind panic as were our forefathers in GOLDSMITH'S day. In any case, I am certain that of all possible remedies the cage-muzzle is the most absurd, in that it defeats its object, and is admirably calculated to promote the disease against which it is to guard us. But I have my consolations. In another month or two the country gentlemen of England will be sending up deputations, and announcing in the public prints that they are resolved to vote against a Government which has basely allowed dogs to be muzzled.

THEATRICAL ON DIT.—In consequence of the success of *The Sign of the Cross*, the temporary manager of the Lyric, following the example of Mr. William Stumps, as recorded in *Pickwick*, has now adopted the following signature, "WILSON BARRETT: HIS MARK X." W. B. may have been a long time in "making his mark," but he has done it at last.



"MY CAREER IS ONLY BEGINNING!"

(See Report of Mr. Rhodes's brief speech before leaving South Africa, Jan. 1896.)

Performer (*log.*). "THINK I WILL POSTPONE APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC AND GO BACK AGAIN."

"Mr. RHODES will immediately return to South Africa. . . . Curiosity will probably be whetted rather than allayed by this intimation."—*Times*, Feb. 8.



UNCERTAIN—VERY.

Sportsman (having been knocked over by Breaker on bolting four-year-old). "Hi! YOU FOOL! WHERE THE DEUCE ARE YOU GOING?"
Horse-breaker. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SEZ TO THE COLT, SIR!"

THE JOKING OAK.

(A Dramatic Poem for recitation.)

"PAUSE, Woodman, pause! My fate is known.

Thy cruel axe I see.
List—since you've marked me for your own—
To some re-marks from me."

The Woodman said, in tone abrupt,
"A tree that speaks should be——"
But here the Oak did interrupt,—
"No, I'm not BEERBOHM TREE.

"Too feeble for a lark I grow
To perch on after dark.
My bite you do not dread, although
You do care for my bark."

The Woodman cries, in much surprise,
"The like I never knew!
Why, if I trust my ears and eyes,
The Oak that spoke was *Yew*!"

"'Twas I indeed," the Oak replied.
"Your ears did not deceive.
My leaves are sparse, my fibre's dried.
Could not you me re-leave?"

"That's not my trade," the Woodman said,
"You queer cuss of a *quercus*.
Re-lieving officer! Not paid
Am I by Parish Work'us.

"With critic's eye I will not meet
Your leaves, or green, or brown;

As thrift high salaries must treat,
So I must cut you down."

To him the Oak, "Old friends ne'er cut.
Be that the woodman's maxim.
I could a tale unfold." "Tut, tut!"
The Woodman paused,— "I'll ax him.

"How is it you're a Talking Oak?
Just answer that, old chap."
The Oak replied, "Excuse the joke,
I'm full of *verbum sap*."

The Woodman staggered. Sad to tell,
He knew but one retort,



A cutting one! . . . The old tree fell.
One blow had cut him short.

The Woodman by the fall was crush'd
As by a load of bricks!
Both Joking Oak and Woodman! hush'd!
They've gone across the Styx.

"HOW ART THOU TRANSLATED!"

SIR,—In a letter, written in French to the *Times* last week, read aloud to me by a friend who flatters himself as much on the correctness of his accent as I pride myself on my comprehension of the language when pronounced in my hearing by an educated Parisian, I noticed the words "*Palais Moral*." A year and a half, I regret to say, has elapsed since last I visited the gay city, and then the entertainment at the Palais Royal was, as ever, broadly farcical, and, as English ladies say, "Oh so French, you know!" Is it possible that our gay old "*Palais Royal*," the home of *Le plus heureux des trois*, and many other irresistibly funny improbabilities, has been converted into a "*Palais Moral*"? Or is there a *Palais Moral* set up in opposition to the *Palais Royal*?

Yours, "UN QUI SAIT."

[Referring to the letter, we find that the expression used was the "*palais moral*." *Espérons que notre "un qui sait" aurait toujours "le palais fin."*—ED.]

LARGELY PATRONISED BY SPORTING HEADS
JUST NOW.—The Spring Handi-caps.



MR. PUNCH'S PATENT MATINÉE HAT,
FITTED WITH BINOCULAR GLASSES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE
SITTING BEHIND ITS WEARER.

SOMEBODY'S LETTER.

SCENE—A Study. Greatly Esteemed Statesman discovered hanging up a considerably damaged hat and a little used shillelagh.

Greatly Esteemed Statesman (returning to his desk, upon which rests an all but completed letter). There! Now that I have put back my emblems of service and authority, I can resume my literary studies. How delightful it is to be once again amongst my books! No longer provoked and worried! No longer almost induced to give a severely irritating opponent a good hard knock! No longer denounced by half the Press of my native country, and contemptuously bullied by the remainder. Able at last to sit down in an easy-chair, with the comforting dignity of a scholar and a gentleman. Why I do believe that I shall be able to drink a cup of tea in peace! No more shoutings and yellings, and all sorts of hideous interruptions! I retire from the toil and tumult and heartburning of political contest, to resume the peaceful pleasure of justly-appreciated authorship. But let me read, for the last time, my letter, to see if I have forgotten anything I wish to be remembered. (*Peruses his epistle.*) Yes, I give in my resignation plainly enough! But what an omission! (*Writes, and then reads.*) "I need not tell you with what regret I make this announcement." No, I needn't!

[Greatly Esteemed Statesman smiles as the scene closes in upon a tableau of intense felicity.

"GOING TWO BETTER!"

GOOD news for those whom business, or pleasure, or a combination of both, takes to France per L. C. and D. night-boats. *The Dover* having satisfactorily passed her examination on the Clyde (the exam is a pretty stiff one), is to be followed by *The Calais*, and these two will supersede the Continental travellers' old friends, *The Foam* and *The Wave*. What need now of any Channel Tunnel, when no passenger need fear sea-sickness; for how can there be any *mal-de-mer* in the absence of *Wave* and *Foam*? They are to travel at the rate of "eighteen knots per hour," which is "three knots in excess of old rate." Consequently the sooner will the *trajet* be over. But will this gain give any extra time for a *petit souper, en route*, at the celebrated Calais buffet of the *Gare Maritime*? May this be so, since, at that "very witching time of night," there is nothing so sustaining to the *vacuus viator* as the comforting *bouillon*, served just hot enough, and not too hot, for immediate consumption, accompanied by a glass of "the generous," at one franc the half bottle. To be compelled to travel to Paris as "an empty" is poor fun, false economy, and a bad start, whether for pleasure or business.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—"During his visit to Constantinople, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has been persistently followed by five of the SULTAN's spies."

MILD MCCARTHY.

A LAY OF A LOST LEADER.

AIR—"Enniscorthy."

YE may thravel over Europe, yes, and the U-nited States,
YE may meet wid many leaders wid sound hearts and level pates,
But the pride of snug tea-parties and the glory of his mates,

Was "dear JUSTIN," mild, magnanimous MCCARTHY.
It was early he tuk breakfast, it was late he went to bed,
He never ceased his labours hard—or leastway—so 'twas said—
And the praise of patriotism was a laurel for his head,
And its light was like a nimbus round MCCARTHY.

Chorus:—

Home Rule he was a tower in,
Debate he was a power in,
The pride of Oireland's pathriotic Parthy.
When shillelaghs all went whacking,
And the skulls of Pats were cracking,
The fairest chance of peace was in MCCARTHY.

But in spite of JUSTIN's gentleness, some disperate rows arose,
MCCARTHY did his best for to conciliate the foes;
But stick would clash wid cudgel, yes and fist encounter nose,

It was that which played the mischief wid MCCARTHY.
For raspy REDMOND did his best to knock TIM HEALY down,
They all fought wid one another, 'stead o' foightin' 'gin the Crown,
And DILLON, SEXTON, DAVITT—all rare warriors of renown—
Seemed dancin' like mad devils round MCCARTHY.

Chorus:—Home Rule he was a tower in, &c.

Now, JUSTIN was a gentle bhoys, who loved romance and rhymes,
And likeways wished to finish off a History of his Times,—
Which had been exceeding rough ones, amidst quarrels, rows, and crimes—

So he gave up tryin' to lead the Oirish Parthy.
Says MCCARTHY, "Thanks to Providence, my task at last is done!
I'll git back to my books again, and have some peace and fun!"
But if they wish their splint-up Parthies welded into one,
They'll scarce find a fitter leader than MCCARTHY!

Chorus:—

Home Rule he still may tower in,
Parliament be a power in;
Bat, faix! Auld Oireland's shamrock-sporting Parthy,
When the sticks again are whacking,
And the skulls once more are cracking,
May miss dear, mild, magnanimous MCCARTHY!

THE NEW SPORT OF "THANKFULLY RECEIVED."

Rules of the Game.

1. ANY number of players can take part in this pastime.
2. The players shall consist of a limited number of conductors and any amount of distinguished contributors.
3. When all is ready to begin, the conductor writes out a number of questions of a miscellaneous character, such as "What is your opinion upon street music?" "Why do you or do you not patronise the Stores?" or "What are your favourite books, and why do you prefer them?"
4. The conductor then distributes the written questions amongst the distinguished contributors, and waits for the answers, which, when received, count as "copy."
5. If the conductor gets a reply to some such question as "Should the clergy visit theatres?" from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, he scores one on account of the quality of the copy.
6. Should a question remain unanswered by a player, the conductor passes it on to the most likely distinguished contributor, and the non-answerer becomes a non-contributor, and ceases to have an interest in the game.
7. Should a distinguished contributor require payment for his answer, considering it copy, the conductor withdraws the question and sends it to someone of the non-contributor's profession and standing unlikely to demand remuneration. When the conductor receives a gratuitous reply he scores again.
8. When the conductor uses a contributor to obtain answers to a series of questions (called an "interview") from a second player, then the chosen contributor may ask to divide the profits of the interview with the conductor. Should the chosen contributor succeed in his application he marks one, but the second player, however distinguished, having served his purpose in providing the materials of the interview, does not count.
9. A conductor who sends out scores of circulars without eliciting a reply is said to "miss his tip," and is consequently "put out."
10. The winner of the game is he who obtains the best copy at the least cost, after allowing higher marks to quantity than to quality.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE COMPASSIONATE PUNTER TO
THE LUCK-FORSAKEN DAMSEL.

'Twas all my fault, I know you'll
say

I led your innocence astray
At Epsom, when I said I'd lay
Long odds against *Sir Visto*.

And so to make it real fun
I ask'd "In fivers?" You cried
"Done!"

And when I paid you what you'd
won,
Declared I was "Mephisto!"

To-day how chang'd you seem
to be,

No longer merry, fancy free,
Only too glad a race to see,
Just to enjoy an outing.

For now you scan with eager eyes
The "Latest Betting"—wondrous
wise—

You know when this or that horse
"tries,"

And love the "bookies" shout-
ing.

There was a time not long ago
When at a lawn or paddock show,
In chiffon, frill and furbelow,
Than you none could be smarter.
No more I note that dainty grace,
That symphony in silk and lace;



H. I. M. the Sultan (reading to himself from his presentation copy of
Mr. William Watson's sonnets)—

"THOU WITH THE BRIGHTEST OF HELL'S AUREOLES
DOST SHINE SUPREME, INCOMPARABLY CROWNED
IMMORTALLY, BEYOND ALL MORTALS, DAMNED!"

"WELL, I'M——! I MEAN, BISMILLAH!"

You've lost your pride in Fashion's
race,
And rarely face the starter.

Is it too late to bid you leave
The course that ever must deceive?
Your losses you may yet retrieve
And make up all your misses.
I've such a tip!—a splendid thing!
A match that must good fortune
bring!—

Say, will you try another ring,
And bet with me in kisses?

"Nursery Erudition" in a
Nutshell.

"[ALFRED's name, and the tales
that clustered round it, formed the
most enthralling pages of nursery
erudition."—Mr. Austin's *Preface to*
"England's Darling."]

SING a song of ALFRED!

Rhymester's all awry.

"England's Darling" erst was
praised

By Poet Laureate PYE.

Deeming the course was open,

AUSTIN the same did sing,

Was not that a shocking fate
For the great Saxon King?

THE REAL "INTOLERABLE
STRAIN."—Street organs.

THE INCOMPLETE LONDON LETTER.

(To be filled up by those "in the know.")

WORD of preface. New feature. Brevity order of the day. Light touch. Light come. Light go. Give outline. Shading superfluous. Last idea of the artists—very clever. "Why dot your i's?" "Why cross your t's?" Leave something to the imagination. Do it now instead of later. Saving at any rate in legacy duty.

HUNTING story. A man angry. Another man angry too. Language. Took the dogs home. "Congratulations." Office of telegram's origin—Berlin.

LEAP Year. Women proposing everywhere. Man never knows when he may lose singularity. One fellow reads first column daily. Says he must keep his eye on "the marriages." If he didn't, might miss his own wedding.

FEW points. He heard it at the Club. Fan found in the private box. With the *menu*. But she needn't have lost her temper. For it wasn't the fault of the spaniel. They wondered at the Stock Exchange. Not that it affected the conservatory. For he was wearing a blue domino. And she threw up the part at the last moment. However, it kept the congregation waiting. The pew-opener suggested a key. But it didn't matter much, as the mail-boat was not running. So she said she preferred Olympia. Which certainly astonished her mother. Hitherto a most indulgent parent. But what can be done when the coachman flatly refuses to bring out the horses? It certainly was frosty weather, and the bracelet had gone to be mended. But that needn't have put off the lecture. For, after all, the Royal Institution is the Royal Institution. Especially when diamonds are trumps three times running. So they preferred to stay at Nice instead of Monte Carlo. At the suggestion of the curate. At least, that was the tale told by the Squire at the hunting breakfast. But it was injudicious to talk about their meeting at Niagara. You can skate on thin ice anywhere. So said the Duke, when they asked his Grace's opinion. But they shouldn't have turned out the guard, for in spite of his riband he wasn't a field officer. And it was thoughtless at four o'clock in the morning. So they observed at the War Office. And they ought to know. Not that it wasn't annoying after they had ordered the *table d'hôte* luncheon. Extenuating circumstances was the verdict. But they are all wondering how it will end. For the dog-cart was smashed to atoms, and no one could find the lost certificate.

AND now I have referred to all the stories "going the rounds." At least, so says the Judge of the High Court.

FEMALE DEFINITION OF LEAP YEAR.—Miss Understood.

THE INFANT REFORMED.

(A Dialogue Dedicated, with Mr. Punch's Compliments, to those who
rely upon Figures.)

Compiler of Statistics. Now, my little man, I presume you are quite well?

Child between five and ten. Yes, tank you; me very well.

Compiler. Never had a day's illness, eh?

Child. Never dat me knows of.

Compiler. That's right, and have you been told that, taking the years 1841 to 1860, the death-rate of children under five years old was 71'2?

Child. Me has, and dat between years 1886 to 1890 death-rate only 61'9.

Compiler. Certainly, my dear; you are accurate to a decimal point. And can you now tell me what has been the death-rate for the same periods for children like yourself, between five and ten?

Child. Me thinks 9'3 and 4'9. Am me right?

Compiler. Quite right. You are a very good little boy, indeed; and now tell me, is not this decrease attributable to improved sanitary arrangements?

Child. Bery possible. Me likes the booful green fields and great big playgrounds. Me likes 'em bery much, indeed!

Compiler. Of course you do! very natural, too! But don't you think it probable that the abstinence from alcohol during the later period has had something to do with it?

Child. Yes, yes. Me live longer dan the oder ickle boys and girls, 'cos the oder ickle boys and girls were naughty ickle boys and girls!

Compiler. I am glad to hear you say so, although, perhaps, it was not entirely *their* fault. But why do you think the children who preceded you were naughty?

Child. 'Cos dey all took to drinking!

Compiler. A most intelligent response! and, to mark my appreciation of your replies to my questions, I beg to present you with twopence. What will you buy with it?

Child. Me will buy nice sweeties.

Compiler. But you will avoid brandy-balls?

Child. Acourse me will. Me buy sugar-stick, not brandy-balls. Why me not buy brandy-balls? 'Cos me am total abstainer!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A LINE FOR LAUREATES.

MEM. for all future patriotic Odes:—

The old "Path of Empire" now should be its RHODES!

NEW NAME FOR THE PRESENT AGE.—The German Sauce-age!



ALL IS IN A NAME.

"WELL, DARLING, YOU HAVE GOT A SWAGGER FROCK ON, THIS TIME!"
 "IT'S NOT A FROCK, HENRY." "WHY, WHAT IS IT, THEN?"
 "THE NEWSPAPERS CALL IT A CREATION OF MADAME ALDEGONDE'S!"

IN PAINTERS' CORNER.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

"He may become as eminent as he pleases."—*Hiram Powers*. "LEIGHTON has painted many noble pictures, but his life is more noble than them all."—*Mr. G. F. Watts*.]

PROPHET and praise-awarder, both were right; And here to-day, beneath St. Paul's grey dome,

History confirms the sculptor's forecast bright, And the great painter's tribute. He's at home

Here, with the genial genius, courtly soul, And true Art-friend, Sir JOSHUA. Here to lie

Near REYNOLDS is a royal fate, a goal At once fulfilling praise and prophecy.

A noble course right nobly run, and since *Noblesse oblige*, his manners matched his Art.

Fine painter-skill, the bearing of a prince, CRIGHTON's accomplishments,—in every part His life was of a piece, crowned with a death Painful but manfully patient,—noble still! Disparagement's malign and peevish breath Here may not penetrate, nor venom kill The fame which is the fruit of cultured days, Ripening despite the canker and the blight Of pestilent petty things, in whom all praise, Save of their hobby-idols, genders spite: Great if not quite among the greatest, here A noble artist, of a noble life, Rests, with a fame that lives, and needs not fear

Detraction, or the hour's ephemeral strife.

TO A CAUTIOUS STOCKBROKER.

You recommend Consols, the one Investment absolutely sound;
 Home Rails perhaps I need not shun,
 If nothing better can be found.
 For comfort has more charms than wealth;
 Let ease with placid calm combine.
 Since sleepless nights the best of health Will undermine.

Consols? Bless me, I can't afford To live on one or two per cent. I The workhouse then must give me board And lodging, free from rates and rent. I came—I'm hanged, you've made me shy! My brightest hopes I half resign. What will you think of me if I Suggest a mine?

You frown. I know what you will say— That sleepless nights will be my lot, That I shall pine and fade away, And die a pauper, shall I not? To pause before it is too late, Though cent. per cent. sounds very fine, Or ruin is the certain fate Of me and mine.

I know you're right, I'm quite ashamed; To avarice there should be bounds; And yet the sum I have not named, I only meant a hundred pounds. Now mines are low it seems no sin To risk a rise. You won't decline To buy ten shares—I shock you?—in The Bunkum Mine.

THE PROGRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH.

(From a *Matter-of-Coming-Fact Romance*.)

"You are greatly changed," said ADOLPHUS to his friend, after a pause. "I have not seen you for a year. When we last met you were the merriest of the merry. What have become of your quaint quips—your comic cranks?"

"Gone, all gone," returned HORATIO, gloomily.

"Your company is certainly depressing," the other continued. "When we bade each other adieu, twelve months since, it was with a pleasing jest, and a mirth-compelling anecdote. I remember how you made me laugh at the story of SNOOKS' infatuation for photography. He had learned how to reproduce the hitherto hidden bones of the living hand."

"Speak not of SNOOKS," HORATIO muttered, in a tone suggestive of apprehension. "Would that I had never met him."

"And yet he was a man of intellect. He never seemed tired of making experiments."

"It was that love of investigation that has proved my curse," cried the hapless HORATIO.

"He was not satisfied with merely photographing the human frame as he found it in the breathing body. He extended his operations until now I am completely in his power!"

"I do not understand you!"

"Who would?" queried the grief-stricken victim, wearily; "and yet what I say is true. SNOOKS is in the possession of a secret I thought safe from all the world. He knows what I had hoped had been buried in the never-to-be-remembered past."

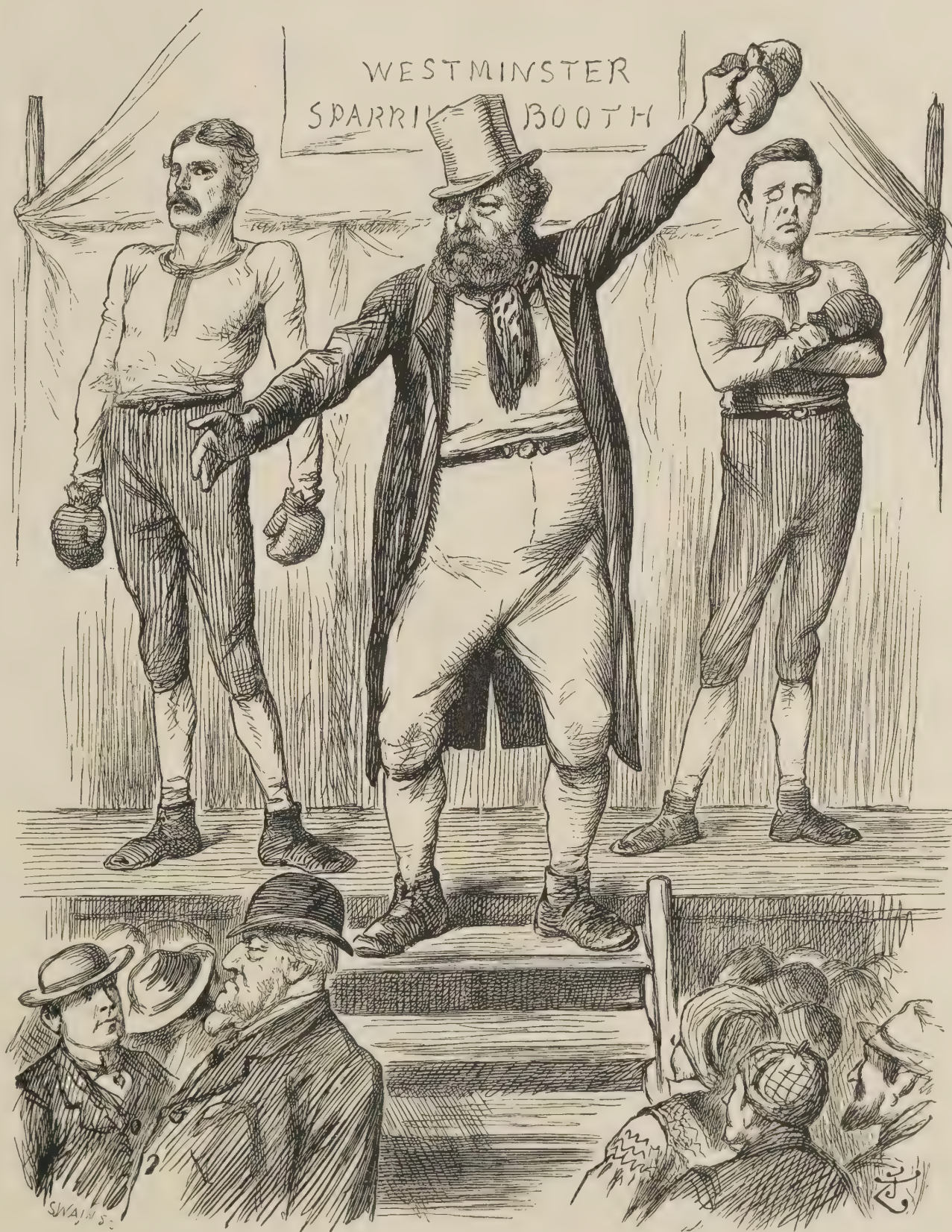
"You are more mysterious than ever! Pray explain yourself."

"It is the curse of the camera!"

ADOLPHUS glanced at his friend uneasily. A suspicion had entered his mind.

"No," said HORATIO, sadly, "I am not mad. With the assistance of photography SNOOKS has discovered something that fills me with fear." There was a pause. Then came the explanation in a terror-inspired whisper.

"He has succeeded—it is true after many failures—in taking a *carte* of the skeleton in the cupboard!"



"JUST A-GOIN' TO BEGIN!"

PROFESSOR S-L-SB-RY (P.P.R.), "NOW, MY SPORTIN' GENTS, 'ERE'S THE 'ATFIELD PET AND THE BRUMMAGEM BRUISER—WHO'LL HAVE 'EM ON WITH EITHER OF 'EM?"

SONG OF THE NEW NOVEL-READER.

AIR—"I cannot sing the old songs."

I CANNOT read the old books!
They always bore me so.
I never read the old books,
They are so dull and slow.
DICKENS and SCOTT are awful rot,
LYTTON's pure fiddlededee.
I cannot read the old books,
They give the hump to Me!

I cannot read the old books!
Just think of *Rasselas*!
BIRRELL calls JOHNSON hero,
I call him an old ass.
GOLDSMITH and BURKE I always shirk,
DRYDEN and POPE I flee.
I cannot read the old books,
They're far too "dry" for Me!

I cannot read the old books!
DICKENS is dreadfully low;
I once could laugh o'er *Pickwick*,
But that was long ago.
I tried a bit of *Chuzzlewit*
The other day, to see.
But I cannot read the old "Boz,"
Sam Weller sickens Me!

I cannot read the old books!
I'm forced to skip and dodge.
THACKERAY's such a proser,
And SCOTT's a fearful stodge.
Di Vernon is old-fashioned "biz,"
And *Becky*, so is she.
I cannot stand those old "crocks,"
They have no charm for Me!

I cannot read the old books!
They've neither style nor *chic*.
Their men are so provincial,
Their maids so milky meek.



DOLLY'S CLASSICS.

"THE LAOCOON."

They're not "sincere," and of
small beer
Their chronicles *all* be.
I cannot stand their old "spoons,"
Their bleat just sickens Me!

I cannot bear the old books!
They make me squirm and
blench.
They've no dusk touch of Nor-
way,
They've no sharp dash of
French.

Nay, you will miss "analysis,"
With which the Yank's so free.
I cannot stand the "old gang,"
They've no phil-os-o-phy!

I cannot read the old books!
You see I'm up-to-date!
My cult is of the new gods,
Faun-Passion, Fury-Fate.
The great god Pan to Modern
Man
Is chief divinity.

I cannot bow to old gods,
They're fetish frumps to Me!

I will not read the old books!
They're so unsound on Sex!
They grovel to the Grundy-bonds
That virile readers vex.
They're non-erotic, crass, chaotic,
Art's earliest A B C.
No, no! I read the New Books.
They thrill and tickle Me!

ON HIS "CURZONARY" RE-
MARKS.—*A propos* of Mr. CURZON
and his burglarious simile, M.
FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ, Foreign
Editor of *Le Temps*, wrote a
thoroughly *Press-sensé-ble* to the
Times last Friday.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAUREATE.

HANG it! Wish some other fellow hadn't written "*Rule, Britannia*." It would come in now admirably. Wonder if any-
body knows anything more of it than the chorus? Let me see—
how did first verse commence?

"When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main."

Capital! just exactly what I was thinking of! bother it! It's the
ideal! Can't get it out of my head. *Happy Thought*.—I see—
"*Britain first*" is the keynote. "First": beginning at the begin-
ning—good,—that's it—must make a start somehow.

"In the beginning when—"

Ahem! sounds scriptural. Um. Well, why not? I will. *Happy
Thought*.—Develop idea of Britain "in the beginning—when,"
what? Go back a little. What is comprised in the word "Britain"?
Island: water—sea—shore—shingle—(bravo! note down "shingle")
—beach—fields—woods—fastnesses! Whoop! Lovely word "fast-
nesses." Can't fit it in. Pity! What colour "fastnesses"? Grey!
Splendid!! And fields—what colour fields? Depends on time of
year. *Happy Thought*.—Any time of year will do. Poetry, not for
any particular season, but for all time. Say "green" for choice. Got
it! "Grey fastnesses and green fields." No, no; common-place;
and "fastnesses"—beautiful word—but *can't* fit it into metre.

Query—Change metre? No: I'm strung up for this jerky put-
'em-together-anyhow-chaotic-sort-of-pre-creation-of-world metre.
Must stick to it. It's original. And what I like is *Originality*, if
one can only get it! I've got it; and I'll keep it. "Grey"—
"green"—"fast"—"nesses." By Jingo! that's it! Omit the
"fast"! Lovely!! Here:—

"Grey-green nesses."

Bravo! bravissimo! An inspiration. What are "nesses"? Doesn't
matter; if I don't know, nobody else will. Note it down for use when
wanted. Sure to come in somewhere. Wish I could think of some-
thing new about the sea! Should like to call it "the azure main,"
but the chap who wrote "*Rule, Britannia*" did that, hang him!
Let me sea—no, I mean "see" (no levity). What's in the sea? *Fish*.
Big fish. Whales! Hooray! *Whales!* England and
Whales! that is "Britain." Oh dear! No, I mustn't joke. I must

curb my Pegasus! I must use my Pegasus as a cart-horse. *Cart*.
Horse! In field. Sea horse in "azure main." (Dash "azure
main"! Mariner "ploughs sea." Why not "whale" instead of
"mariner"? Ploughing the land? Ploughing the water? Triumph!
Another line!

"And whale-ploughed water."

Bee-antiful! That will do for to-night. Bring in shingle, valleys,
and mists to-morrow. Good night! I do wish that idiot, whoever
he was, had never written "*Rule, Britannia*." Denced hard on me.

An Appeal, when in Distress, to my Aunt.

(By a modest Nephew.)

SWEET Aunt, I've lov'd you as I should,
And never ask'd you for a stiver.
I'm in a mess I must confess.
Will you, as dear old Uncle would,
Upon my watch advance a "fiver"?

A MUSICAL HINT.

AT St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts the Meistersingers gave
GORMAN'S "*Whene'er I Gaze*." This was announced in the
papers everywhere. Of course GAZE deserves this publicity. We
are not "a deniging of it." But wouldn't it be fair and square
towards the other and elder firm of tourists' agents if the same sweet
warblers were, alternately with this, to give a madrigal entitled,
"*Whene'er I Cook*"? We are not aware of the existence of such
a concerted piece, but surely it might be at once written, composed,
and performed. Then one verse, as an *ensemble*, would do justice
to both these estimable and useful Travelling houses. As thus:—

Whene'er I Gaze on amounts
For travels, reduced they be;
Whene'er I Cook my accounts
I'm saving my £. s. d.

This verse is just given gratis, as a mere suggestion, by our own
Private Laureate—not ALFREDO CARO—and may be used, applied,
and developed, by the Meistersinger-in-Chief, for the public benefit,
and his own, whenever he takes it.



Old Jones. "YES, MY BOY, THERE'S WINE FOR YOU, EH? I BOUGHT TEN POUNDS WORTH OF IT THE OTHER DAY."

Brown. "WHAT A LOT YOU MUST HAVE GOT!"

THE FALL OF FOGSON.

FOGSON had been absent for more than a year from the meetings of our photographic club, and most of us would have borne the loss with some fortitude if he had never returned at all. It was undeniable that Fogson took better photographs than the rest of us, but this fact did not justify the disparaging and offensive criticisms which he used to utter about the work of his fellow-members. In his capacity as President, he had even had the effrontery to bestow the annual gold medal upon himself, while declining to award the silver and bronze ones "on account of the exceedingly low standard attained by the exhibitors."

So it was not with unmixed sorrow that one day we learnt from Fogson his intention of making a tour round the world.

"I shall return," he said, "with such a collection of pictures as you incompetent beginners cannot even imagine."

Somebody suggested that his luggage would be rather heavy, if it was to include all his apparatus.

"Not at all," he replied, triumphantly. "I shall take only one detective-camera, specially fitted with a film long enough to take five hundred pictures. That will be absolutely all."

Someone else regretted that space couldn't be found for at least one clean collar. But FOGSON took no notice of the irreverent suggestion, and shortly afterwards went away to obtain his new "Dokak" from the shop, as he was to leave England on the following day.

We got on very well in his absence. All the pictures at our annual exhibition were so

good that year that we decided to award twenty-four gold medals. Our club has just two dozen members, not including FOGSON.

One evening, about thirteen months later, our President suddenly re appeared in our midst. We asked if his tour had been successful. "Successful!" he exclaimed. "It has been magnificent! My dear friends, you may congratulate me. I have taken such a series of photographs as will give me world-wide fame. I have undergone the most unheard-of dangers and privations; I have climbed to the most inaccessible parts of the earth; I have been lowered in diver's dress, with my camera, to the bottom of the Pacific; I have photographed a volcano in full eruption from the edge of the crater, I—"

We interrupted his eloquence to inquire when the results of his journey would be visible.

"Almost at once," he replied. "I sent on my 'Dokak' in advance to Messrs. LENS AND HYPO's, telling them to develop my pictures, and to send the prints here. They may arrive at any time."

At this moment a page entered the room with a note, which he handed to Fogson.

"Ah, this is from the shop," he said, quickly tearing it open: "now we'll see... why... good heavens!" He suddenly became deadly pale, and staggered backwards into a chair. For a moment we thought that he was about to have a fit.

"Read it!" he said, in a faint voice, dropping the letter to the ground. The secretary picked it up, and read aloud as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Your camera is duly to hand. We regret to say, however, that through an oversight—doubtless due to the haste with

which your order had to be executed—no roll of sensitized film was placed inside it. Thus, although the rest of the mechanism is in perfect order, there is, of course, no record of any of the scenes which you imagined yourself to be photographing, as the interior of the camera is absolutely empty."

The Presidentship was declared vacant next day, and FOGSON has not been heard of since.

THE PLEA OF PILGARLIC.

(The Impecunious Income-tax Payer to the Jingo Patriot.)

"PAY up like a man, and don't grudge it!"

That's grand patriotic advice.

Sir MICHAEL projecting his Budget,

No doubt feels exceedingly nice:

But oh! when I have to make payment

Of eightpence—or more—in the pound,

My wife, running short of new raiment,

Will not look so nice, I'll be bound.

The last three years' average, verily,

Makes me feel sad and look glum.

Patriots perorate merrily,

I—pay my tax and am dumb.

But oh! CLEVELAND, KRÜGER, RHODES,

WILL-I-AM,

And backers of JAMESON'S raid,

Can you guess how alarmed at the bill I am,

Or with what sore effort 'tis paid?

When one has a limited income,

A falling one, thoughts will obtrude;

Wild wondering whence will the tin come;

And oh! tax-collectors are rude!

With a rather exacting Exchequer,

And agents capricious and curt,

'Tisn't easy to keep up one's pecker,

Or even to keep in one's shirt.

When a big tax is claimed in a lump, it

Comes hard on a purse that is small,

I fear I shall "go off my crumplet"

As taxes arise, and "screws" fall.

Some "returns" are far less than receivings,

But mine, I admit it, are more.

Both dodges, no doubt, are deceivings,

But oh! to be sniffed at as poor

To tradesmen and such may spell ruin.

And somehow things will get about.

Five hundred! There's little that's true in

My income's return I much doubt.

But if I put less they might fancy

My business was going to pot.

I try to explain this to NANCY,

But she—wanting bonnets—says "rot!"

She'd give it two hundred and fifty,

And storm if they deemed that too small;

For women, though shifty and thrifty,

Have no "point of honour" at all.

But when young thrasonical Jingo

Will shout "We've the money!" I wish

The spouters of patriot lingo,

Who at my "tightfistedness" pish,

Could but know how confoundedly trying

'Tis sometimes to "scrape up" the tax,

When creditors all round are crying,

And current expenses so wax.

I don't—when I've got some cash—grudge it

To pay for our Navy—oh, no!

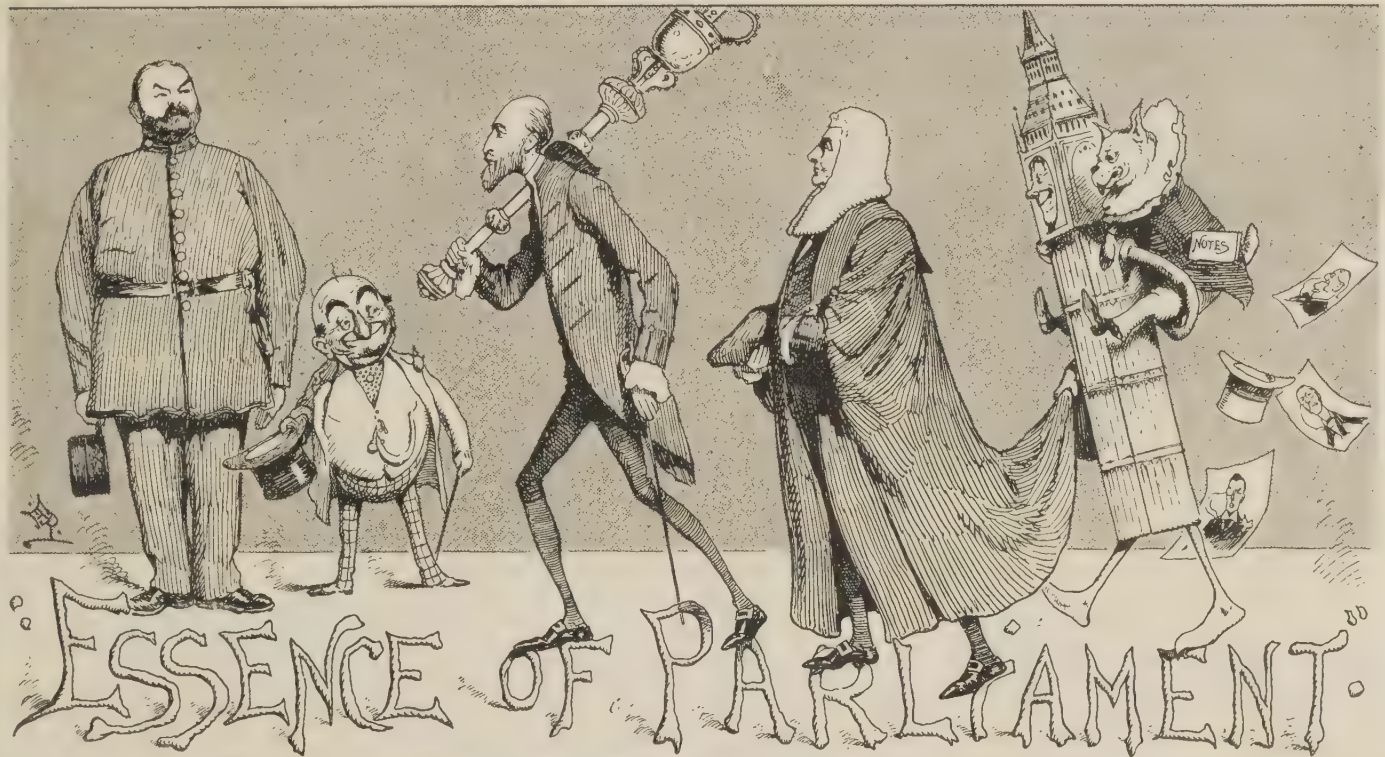
But still, I do hope the next Budget

May knock off a penny or so!

"KOFI VICTOR."—Prince CHRISTIAN VICTOR of Schleswig-Holstein will of course reside in a Kofi Palace on his return to England.

MIDWAY IN THE FOOTBALL COMPETITION.—"Half a League onward."

SUITABLE NAME FOR THE RAID.—The Caledonian Boer-Hunt.



EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.—Gathering of clans for new campaign. Customary competition for niche in history reserved for first man to put in appearance on opening of new session. But the race only half-hearted. Brings into sharp light the falling-off since the good old days when DONALD MACFARLANE, returned for Argyllshire, made his earliest mark. No half measures with that stout Highlander. Camped out in Palace Yard at nightfall preceding opening of session. His plaid wrapped round his swarthy limbs; a flask of Scotch whiskey hidden in its folds; at hand a small sack of oatmeal cake, which served a double debt to pay; a pillow to begin with; gradually thinned out as hunger grew, till its emptiness gave the signal to arise.

Used to be tradition among police on duty in those far-off days that pigeons in Palace Yard, having dim notions of treasured nursery tales, thought MACFARLANE was a Nineteenth Century Babe in the Wood. Being early in February, no leaves handy; brought straws and tenderly covered him. That probably mythical addition to simple facts of original story.

No similar foundation available to-day. The earliest Member arrives at prosaic noon; the rest troop in till, an hour before Mr. SPEAKER makes stately procession on way to Chair, the long-deserted House once more throbs with life. Everybody almost uproariously glad to see everyone else after separation which, after all, seems to date back only a week. Customary February allowance of sunlight. But SQUIRE OF MALWOOD makes up for deficiency in that matter. Passes through the throng like broad beam of sunlight; his whole face and figure a smile.

"Yes, TOBY," he said, when I remarked on his contagious hilarity; "I begin to think life is worth living. After three last years, reckon I have earned right to enjoy myself, and forthwith begin. Only thing that troubles me is consideration of PRINCE ARTHUR'S

position. Better than mine was, of course. Got majority behind him which would enable him to snap his fingers at anything on his side which corresponds to our Irish section, our Welsh, our Whigs, our Radicals, our men who want to go too far in a dozen different directions, our friends who will not accompany them. Moreover, he has the collegueship of DON JOSÉ, and what that means, either in Cabinet Council or in other relations of political comradeship, only those who have enjoyed it know. Still there are cares and worries which sit around the pillow of Leader of House of Commons even through most restful nights, and in balmy morning. Maggots breed under brilliancy of noontide sun. Now is the very height of prosperity for our dear friends opposite. An overwhelming majority; a docile following; overflowing coffers (which I heaped up); a powerful Navy (which SPENCER built); the cloud of depression that has long laid over trade uplifted; a fair wind, a flowing tide. Never in my recollection—and I remember DIZZY'S coming-in in 1874—never was there such a putting forth to sea of the Conservative argosy. And you know how, even in the second voyage of DIZZY'S ship, the seas grew troubled, how storms increased, and how total wreckage befel. No, I'm not chuckling over that prospect as looming along the pathway of this latest voyage. Enough for me that I am out of the conning-tower, and can commence once more to enjoy Parliamentary life."

"And your policy as Leader of the Opposition?"

"Did you ever," said the SQUIRE, with far away look in his eyes, "hear of the habitual resource of Brer Rabbit in times of sudden emergency or apparently inextricable difficulty? 'He lay low and said nuffin.' There you have it, dear TOBY. As far as I am concerned, or can control what is left of the Liberal Party, for the present, at least, our's shall be the policy of Brer Rabbit."

Business done.—Second Session of Fourteenth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA opened.

WEATHER AND WICE.

[MR. LINNEY, director of the Illinois State Weather Bureau, says that the total number of arrests shows a marked increase of crime with an increase of temperature, and when there is a deficiency of rainfall. There is a decrease of crime during the winter months, also when there is a rainy summer, and when the wind is from the south-east or south-west.]

I KNEW 'twas so! When earth and sky
Announce the spring to human senses
Do I not always yearn to try
A little *coup* in false pretences?

In sheets of rain and seas of slime
Perhaps our summer's been a sparse 'un;

Then something whispers, "Now's your time
To show the world your skill in arson!"

Conversely, when I'd take a shot
At being a homicidal hero,
My inward monitor says, "What!
Wouldst murder with the glass at zero?"

And when I poached, I should have netted
Ten toothsome bunnies at the least,
Had not the wind—which I regretted—
Turned suddenly to sou'-sou'-east.

So when I tried embezzlement,
Why did the crime stick in my gizzard?
What was it baulked my vile intent?
A bobby? No, it was a blizzard.

And here's a fact on LINNEY'S side—
Our culprits recognise it daily—
E'en should the air be cold outside,
They get it hot at the Old Bailey!

Church and Stage.

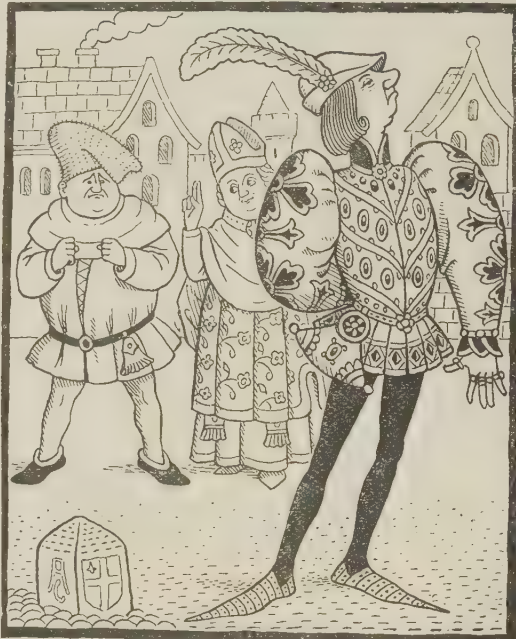
"TWIXT preacher dull and actor, there
Is difference small to show, Sir.
The one's a Proser *dans sa chaire*,
T'other, on stage, a "Pro," Sir.

NOTE ON RETIREMENT OF MR. J-ST-N MCCRTHY.—Irish difficulties in a worse plight than ever this Session, as the balance of parties needs *a'justin*.

LONG AGO LEGENDS.

Y^E PROUDE CITTIE MAN, Y^E BYSSHOP AND Y^E SPECULATORE.

A CERTAYNE cittie man was in converse wythe a bysshop. He was a proude cittie man, ffor he had a fayre resydaunce in Kensingtone, and hys wyfe and daughters were fyne ladyes, and one daye in everie monthe they woulde be atte home to theyre fryendes, and



woulde gyve each herself ayres when they dyd go a shoppynge. And while they were a talkynge who shoulde come that waye but TOMKYNES, y^e grett dealer in golde and dya-monde mynes, in ryche tyre, connynglie browded, wyth jewellis upone hys handes and raymente, and who had a grett house in Pickadilla, wyth servantes and horses wythoute numbere. And y^e proude cittie man was right glad TOMKYNES shoulde see hym a talkynge toe a bysshop, as y^e bysshop shoulde

see he dyd knowe y^e famouse man; and soo stood alerte toe catch hys iye that he myghte nodde and smyle upon hym. But TOMKYNES went hys waye with hys nose in y^e ayre and tooke no notyce ever so lytle.

"Y^e popinjay!" cryed y^e proude cittie man, who coule not restrayne hys ire; "why, my lorde, I dyd knowe that man when he had not a jyrkyne toe hys back, and walked y^e guttere callynge 'Rags and bones!'" A ryghte goode callynge, for he was but rags and bones hymselfe."

"Nay," sayd y^e bysshop, wythe the gentyle reproofe; "*contra bonos mores*. Speak not ill of olde fryendes."

Y^e proude cittie man toke hys leave wythe thoughte upone hys browe.

INGOLDSBY AND SHAKSPEARE.

"HE won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!" said the Baron."

Now this quotation is from the tale of *Grey Dolphin*, which, as everybody knows who reads, or has read, anything, is one of the prose stories included in the *Ingoldsby Legends* written by the Rev. RICHARD HARRIS BARRHAM. *Les grands esprits se rencontrent* occasionally, and in this matter of "boots" SHAKSPEARE anticipated *Ingoldsby*. Turn to *Richard the Second*, Act V., Sc. 2. I give it compressed:—

"Duke of York. Give me my boots, I say!"

[Exit servant for boots.

"Duchess. What is the matter?"

"York. Bring me my boots." (This he must shout loudly as the servant, according to stage direction above, has gone for them.) "I will unto the king."

"Re-enter servant with boots.

"Duchess (to servant). Hence, villain! never more come in my sight."

[It was a nice family to live in. Duchess is now preventing servant from handing boots to Duke, while their son AUMERLE is standing by. Pretty domestic scene in *High life*!]

"York (naturally irritated). Give me my boots, I say!"

But the Duchess won't let him have his boots. During the remainder of the scene, while the servant, who remains on the stage, must be dodging about trying his best to give the Duke his boots, and AUMERLE is regarding the scene quietly, the Duchess, now throwing herself on her knees before her husband, now embracing him, now clinging to him, is perpetually preventing the Duke from sitting down quietly and putting on his boots. Finally, utterly exasperated, the Duke exclaims:—

"Make way, unruly woman!" and flinging her aside rushes off

violently, followed, of course, by "servant with boots." SHAKSPEARE, whose genius never disdained trifles, makes far more out of the Duke's boots than does *Ingoldsby* of the Baron's.

Should Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON well and wisely determine on reviving this play of SHAKSPEARE's, himself taking the part of the unhappy *King Richard the Second*, with whom the audience must always be in sympathy, may I hope that he will give due prominence to this particular scene, and will take great care that the property boots be effective? The *Duke of York* should be played by Mr. TERRISS, specially engaged. He can "make-up elderly"; and then how finely would he thunder forth "Give me my boots!" For the *Duchess*, who has to implore him on her knees, let the part be confided to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. Mr. ALEXANDER should play *Aumerle*; and the part of the servant, who brings in the boots, on whose business with the *Duke* and *Duchess*, and on whose facial expression the entire effect of the scene depends, might be safely entrusted to Mr. PENLEY, whose performance in dumb show, when, with the big boots in his hand, he tries to dodge the *Duchess*, would attract the whole of London. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON will do well to consider this friendly hint from A. P. DE BOTTES.

FASHIONABLE ARRANGEMENTS (UP TO DATE).

THE Court at Osborne.

The German Emperor at or near Berlin.

The PRIME MINISTER at Downing Street and Hatfield.

The Duchess of WINKLESEA's bazaar in aid of the West African Top Boot Fund.

Mr. A. J. BALFOUR at Golf after meeting Parliament.

The P. P. C. Club attend a meeting of the "Au Revoir" Association at Farewell Lodge.

Mrs. TINWHISTLE's Small and Early. Carriages at 4 A.M.

Courts open at Bow Street, Marlborough Street, Westminster, &c. Sitting magistrates in attendance.

St. Paul's (Whispering Gallery), Madame TISSAND's (NAPOLEON's Carriage). The Tower (Crown Jewels), British Museum (mummies). Constant trains from Waterloo, Victoria, Charing Cross, London Bridge, Paddington, Liverpool Street, and other stations (punctuality not guaranteed).

Hanwell.—Entertainment to unemployed patients.

Company Meetings.—Bunkum Railroad (10), Salt Cellars Limited (11.30), Pigskin Pavement (11.45), Far-above-Boobies Mine (12), Ashanti Food Supply (12.15), Thames Mud Recovery (1), Robber-Jobber Gem Mines (1.15).

Professor FRIZELLE introduces the Salubrikon shaving soap at St. Barbe's Hall, W.

THE BACK KITCHEN. Etruscan Hall, *diner à la Macédoine*, accompanied by comic songs, 3s. 6d. Tripe and larks' feet suppers in the Scandinavian recess. Fried fish in the Jerusalem Chamber.

RESTAURANT SPAGHETTI. Specialities: Frogs legs and oysters à la *Piedmontaise*; *Tutti frutti à la Ghetto*. Private rooms for public parties. Suppers during the theatres.

Inauguration of the Kamskatka Boarding House, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. GINGER POP. Refection at 5. By cards of invitation only.

Great sale of wall-papers and window-blinds at Messrs. SIUCCO AND LATHE, 19, Great Cambridge Street, W.C.

Enormous sacrifice of Irish Whiskey Tonic at Messrs. O'BOGUS AND SNARK'S, 1008, St. Bee's Lane, E.C.

Hairpins, curlers, tongs, &c., amounting to £55,347 5s. 2d., at TOUPET'S, Chevaline House, Conqueror Street, W.

At BANAGHER'S, Crimpside (the only house established 1895) two million rabbit and rat-skin pelisses. Note—BANAGHER'S. None other genuine.

Madame FRILEUSE. *Massage Japonais* daily, 11 to 5. Open on Sundays.

Unicycling. The Bike Emporium, Ratford Road, W.

Corn cutting. *Chez un professeur Français*, No. 1279, Gambetta Street, W.C. Strict secrecy.

Guinea-pig, Bull and Bear Show. Stock Exchange Hall, E.C.

Racing. Campdown Steeplechases (first day).

Backgammon, Dominoes, and Draughts. Great matches (8), Ping Pong Club, Seven Dials.

Gadabout Theatre. Twenty-fourth edition of *Paul Pry in Petticoats*. New songs, new dances, "new wheezes," new management, new authors, new call-boy.

VABITO's Varieties. Signor Porco the Pigman at 10, nightly. The MAC FLASH has returned.

"CARO NOME DEL MIO LI-COR"; OR, "VERO ED BEN TROVATO."

[A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Aberdeen Association for the Control of the Liquor Traffic was presided over by—Dr. BEVERIDGE.]

WITHOUT doubt, "for the throat" is this medical seer, Whose name sounds especially "jolly."

But he'd "doe"—k the poor man of his beverage—bear, And this sounds like absolute folly.



WHAT OUR NOVELIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

His little Grandson is made to write (under dictation) to unknown enthusiastic American admirer of his works:—"DEAR MADAM,—GRANDPAPA WISHES ME TO WRITE AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, AND FOR YOUR KIND LETTER TO HIM, IN WHICH YOU SAY YOU WOULD SO LIKE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC AND MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE, SO THAT WHAT IS DIVINE IN YOU MAY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF MINGLING WITH WHAT IS DIVINE IN GRANDPAPA.

"GRANDPAPA THINKS IT WOULD BE VERY NICE INDEED, ONLY HE'S VERY BUSY JUST NOW; AND BESIDES, HE'S AFRAID GRANDMAMMA MIGHT OBJECT. SO, PERHAPS, YOU'D BETTER NOT.

"YOURS TRULY, JACK BOOMER.

"P.S.—GRANDPAPA CAN'T SEND YOU HIS PHOTOGRAPH, AS HE HASN'T BEEN TAKEN FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON COLDS.

PRIOR, I believe, tells us that—

"Each changing season does its poison bring;
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring."

Or, as CALVERLEY puts it, in words even more forcible, the winter is the season when—

"M's and n's are mostly
Pronounced like b's and d's."

With me a cold does not take precisely that form, but it is, even without these mispronunciations, a serious and melancholy catastrophe; and, while it lasts, takes from life all that ordinarily makes life pleasant. I do not wish to intrude my own personal sorrows upon the reading public, but after all in this matter, as I take it, the pains and discomforts through which I struggle by the aid of hot drinks, handkerchiefs, and all the other infernal paraphernalia of this minor fever, have been endured to an equal extent by the public at large. Now, nothing more consoles an invalid than to recount his desperate woes to his friends, and to assure himself of their sympathy by allowing them in turn—not at the same length, of course: no man's illness is ever so serious as one's own—to communicate their distressing symptoms to him. Let me, therefore, put myself in an entirely impartial position, and imagine that in reciting my own experiences I am really listening to those of a very dear and intimate friend—which is, indeed, the case.

THE beginnings, then, of the colds to which my friend is occasionally a martyr, are invariably sudden and explosive. At one moment he walks erect, proud in the consciousness of perfect health. His eye is undimmed, his mind is clear, his muscles are firmly braced, his voice is resonant. Then, without a warning, three terrible detonations shake the house in quick succession. There comes a pause, and then two more rend the rafters. He has sneezed five times—the number five is fatal to him—and he knows that a cold has him in its clutches. At these well-known and terrific sounds the establishment is convulsed. "He's got it," the butler remarks to the cook. "Yes, and it's a bad one. He's managed to keep it off a good long time this season, but I knew it had got to come. MARY, put his blue shawl in his bed, make up his fire, and don't forget the hot-water bottle." At these words from the mistress of the kitchen, the housemaid bustles away to make the customary preparations, and the butler, having placed his master's slippers by the fire, immediately busies himself with the brew of a jorum of port-wine negus or mulled claret, specifics sanctified by a long household tradition as the first line of defence, the domestic navy, against the treacherous attacks of the cold-fiend.

THE five sneezes have been the signal for the mobilisation of the home army. No further orders are required from the unfortunate master, even if he were capable of giving any. But as for him, the well-cushioned seat of his arm-chair receives him. There he reclines, huddled, a mere semblance of a man, now racked with despair, now tortured with illusive hope, and the walls re-echo with the trumpet sounds of his affliction. Not otherwise an eagle, borne aloft upon the invincible power of spreading wings, beholds upon the plain below a kid, sporting in the meadows. Downward he starts from the upper heights, his fierce spirit aflame with the desire of prey, ruffled as to his haughty plumage, and, with rending beak and greedy talons, seizes the soft offspring of the mother-goat. In vain its bleatings fill the air; in vain its sorrowing parents and the flocks of the shepherds pour forth lamentations, and witness each departure with black grief gnawing at their hearts. Up, and ever up, soars the kingly bird, depositing his prize, at length, in his eyrie, a feast not unappreciated by the partner of his throne and her soft-plumaged brood. But, below, the mother-goat is desolate, nor do the rich pastures give her comfort. So a cold—Well, in fact, to finish with the simile, the cold is as an eagle, the cold's victim is as the kid; and beyond a general resemblance, it is never possible to press a simile in the classic form.

BUT, as I said, the sufferer lies in his armchair, and at first he hopes. A cold! pooh, the notion is absurd. The weather is warm and spring-like; he has not been conscious of damp socks or sitting in draughts, or any other rashness. It can't be a real cold; merely a fit of sneezing which will pass away and leave no trace. So he thinks, but all the time there are little creeping shivers, the demon's *antennae*, playing up and down his spine; his skin turns to that of a goose; he shifts himself closer and closer to the fire without acquiring any warmth; his hair seems endowed with a malignantly independent existence; each separate hair begins to sting him, then they all combine and rake his throbbing head with a deadly persistence, and eventually the careful butler enters unsummoned with a relay of dry handkerchiefs on a tray, and an announcement that dinner will be ready shortly, that he doesn't suppose his master intends to dress, and will he have the usual amount of sugar in the hot port wine. After this, only one hope remains. He lights a cigarette. Misery—he cannot taste it. Then he is, indeed, in for a cold.

No matter: it shall be checked—nipped in the bud. Feed a cold and starve a fever; wherefore, immense quantities of food are consumed—and all to no avail. For the handkerchief, the white flag of surrender, flutters without ceasing, the eyes pour with copious tears, the tongue is parched. And as he enters his bedroom the sufferer sees the ancient blue shawl deftly and invitingly spread, the shawl that is brought out only for these calamities, and retires to its cupboard with reluctance long after all danger is over; and a bulge in the bedclothes proclaims that beneath that spot lies snugly nestling the hot-water bottle which is to spread its comfort from the feet upward through the whole system, and bake him in his bed. I need not protract the pitiful story. Men laugh at colds, but for real misery, for the misery which leaving you strength takes away joy, which tosses and tortures and roasts and freezes, which tears you and then tears each separate piece, which makes tobacco a loathing, and robs even a Norwegian anchovy of taste—for such a misery as this there is only one name, and the name is Cold. May it perish from the land.

SPECIAL NEW WOMAN SERVICE.—It has been announced that the Reverend AUGUSTA CHAPIN, D.D.—who might be familiarly addressed as "Chappie," or, "Young Chap"—has resigned her pastorate (sweet shepherdess!), and is coming to London. If her Reverence occupies a pulpit, then in the choir will be Mrs. CHANT.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE NORTH.

The Arrival.

"ALL PRECIOUS THINGS DISCOVER'D LATE
TO THOSE THAT SEEK THEM ISSUE FORTH.
FOR 'PLUCK' IN SEQUEL WORKS WITH FATE,

AND DRAWS THE VEIL FROM HIDDEN 'NORTH.' *

"THE MANY FAIL: THE ONE SUCCEEDS!"—*Tennyson.*

["Dr. Nansen has reached North Pole, found land, and is returning."]



PUTTING IT NICELY.

Young Lady (politely, to o'd Gentleman who is fiddling with gap). "I DON'T WISH TO HURRY YOU, SIR, BUT WHEN YOU HAVE QUITE FINISHED YOUR GAME OF SPILIKINS I SHOULD LIKE TO COME!"

"BETRAYED BY THE INTERVIEWER!"

(Fragment from a Matter-of-fact Romance.)

RUPERT had done his best to conciliate the representative of *The Detective*, the newest of the long series of interviewing periodicals. He had lunched him, smoked with him, joked with him. He believed that he had created a favourable impression. If he had to complain of anything, it was of the scanty attention paid to his stories, and the noise made by an apparatus that was brought into his study by the investigator.

"You will let me see the article when it appears," said RUPERT, as he bade his guest farewell.

"Certainly," was the answer; and the two men parted.

"I trust that he will not omit my narrative of good work and good deeds," thought the now lonely celebrity; "if he sets down all I related, I shall appear as a hero and a saint. And why not?"

A fortnight later and the two were once again face to face. But now RUPERT was furious.

"What do you mean, Sir, by proving me to be a coward and an imposter?" he shouted.

"I merely reproduced your thoughts," was the calm response.

"But I told you nothing to my disadvantage," cried RUPERT, angrily. "How can you know what was passing through my mind?"

"By using the simple contrivance to which you took exception when I brought it with me into your study."

"I do not understand you."

"You will when I tell you that I photographed the working of your brain, and thus learned the secrets you would have hidden from me! And now I will explain scientifically——"

But RUPERT heard no more. The unfortunate celebrity had fainted!

NEW TITLE (suggested by the Right Hon. J. Ch-mb-rl-n).—PRESIDENT KRÜGER; or, "OOM-RULE PAUL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Chief of O. B. O. is not addicted to strong language, but, having perused all the stories in *The Sand Sea*, he takes his Davey, which expression, whatever it may otherwise imply, means, in this instance, his "RICHARD DAVEY," author of this work, that rarely has he come across so good a compilation of short stories—all telling and all well told, none of them occupying more than the space of a thorough reader's "spare half-hour"—as he has found in the small volume (title mentioned above) published by the Roxburgh Press. No "problems" or mysteries among them. "*Davey sum, non Edipus*," says, in effect, the author. "I recommend the volume to all, and, *more Oliveri*, ask for more," says THE BARON.

"POLICE!"—"Hardly a week has passed without complaints being lodged with the police," wrote the *Pall Mall Gazette*, à propos of brutal murder at Muswell Hill. The paragraph finished with "*As yet the police have no clue*." What! not with all these "complaints lodged with the police" almost every week "for some months past"! Then follows "*The police theory is*"—and so forth. Of what use is "theory" of police, as against "practice" of burglars? When "Preventive Force," after being specially warned, does not "prevent," there is evidently something organically wrong.

"ON, STANLEY, ON."—Thus we address that talented actress, Miss ALMA STANLEY, who, after reports all to the contrary, nevertheless and notwithstanding, is alive, and, we trust, well. "On, STANLEY, on!"—the stage again!

LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW WOMAN.—Girton girls going in for a "Gamble."

NEW NAME FOR A PARTY IN THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—The Pro-Aggressives.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.—The Flying Squadron.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. V.

In which Mr. Jabberjee expresses his Opinions on Bicycling as a Pastime.

IN consequence of the increasing demands of the incomparable Miss JESSIMINA upon the dancing attendance of your humble servant, I am lately become as idle as a newly painted ship, and have not drunk in the legal wisdom of the learned *Gooroos* who lecture in the hall of my Inn of Court, or opened the ponderous treatise of Hon'ble Justice BLACKSTONE or ADDISON on *Torts*, for many a blank day.

Still, as Philosopher PLATO observed, "*Nihil humani alienum a me puto*," and my time has not been actually squandered in the theft of Procrastination, but rather employed in the proper study of Man-kind, and acquiring a more complete knowingness in *Ars Vivendi*.

So I think it worth to direct public attention to the dangers of a practice which threatens to develop into an epidemical kind of plague, and carry the deteriorating trails of a serpent over our household families, unless promptly scotched by benevolent firmness of a paternal Government.

Need I explain I am alluding to the nowadays passion for propelling oneself at a severe speed by dint of unstable and most precarious machinery? It is now the exception which breaks the rule to take the air in the streets without being startled by the unseemly spectacles of go-ahead citizens straddled upon such revolutionary contrivances, threading their way with breakneck velocity under the very noses of omnibus and other horses, and ringing the shrill welkin of a tintinnabulating gong!

Nay, even after the Curfew has taken its toll from the knell of parting day, and darkness reigns supreme, they will urge on their wild career, illuminated by the dim religious light of a small oil lamp!

I possess no knack of medical knowledge, but I boldly state my opinion that such daredevilry must necessarily inflict a deleterious result to the nervous organisms of these riders; and, who knows, of their posterity? For no one can expect to have hairbreadth escapes from the running gauntlet continuously, without suffering a shattering internal panic, while catastrophes of fatal injury to life and limb have become *de rigueur*.

Experto crede—for I can support my *obiter dictum* by the crushing weight of personal experience. A few mornings since I had the honour to escort Miss JESSIMINA MANKLETOW and a middle-aged select female boarder into the interior of Hyde Park. The day was fine, though frigid, and I was wearing my fur-lined overcoat, with boots of patent Japan leather, and a Bombay gold-embroidered cap, so that I was a mould of form and the howling nob.

Picture my amazement when, as I promenaded the path beside the waters of the Serpentine lake, I beheld a wheeled cavalcade of every conceivable age, sex, and appearance; senile gaffers and baby buntings; multitudinous women, some plump as a duckling, others thin as a paper-thread; aye, and even priests in sanctimonious black and milk-white cravats, rolling swiftly upon two wheels, and all agog to dash through thick and thin!

On seeing which, the matured lady boarder did exclaim upon the difficulties of the performance, and the vast crowd that had collected to view such a *tour de force*, but I, perceiving that those seated upon the machines used no exorbitant exertions, and, indeed, appeared to be wholly engrossed in social intercourse, responded that no skill was required to circulate these bicycles, which, owing to being surrounded with air-cushions, would proceed *proprio motu* and without meandering.

Thereupon Miss MANKLETOW expressed an ardent desire to behold

myself upon one of these same machines, and—as we were now close to the effigy of Hon'ble Duke of WELLINGTON disguised as an Achilles, near which were certain *bunniah*s trafficking with bicycles—I, wishing to pleasure my fair companion, approached one of these contractors and bargained with him for the sole user of his vehicle for the space of one calendar hour, to which he consented at the *honorarium* of one rupee four annas.

But, on receiving the bicycle from his hands, I at once perceived myself under a total impossibility of achieving its ascent—for no sooner had I protruded one leg over the saddle than the foremost wheel averted itself, and the entire machine bit the dust, which afforded lively and infinite entertainment to my feminine companions.

I, however, reproached the *bunniah* for furnishing a worn-out effete affair that was not in working order or a going concern, but he, by assuring me that it was all right, cajoled me into trying once more. So, divesting myself of my fur-lined overcoat, which I commanded a hobbardhoy of the sweeper class to hold, I again mounted upon the saddle, while the proprietor of the machine sustained it in a position of rectitude, and then, supporting me by the superfluity of my pantaloons, he propelled me from the rear, counselling me to press my feet vigorously upon the paddles. But it all proved as the labour of Sisyphus, for the seat was of sadly insufficient dimensions and adamantine hardness, and whenever the bicycle-man released his hold, I instantaneously endured the total upset!

Then again I reproved him for his *Punica fides*, informing him that I required a machine that would run with smooth progressiveness, precisely similar to those I beheld in motion around me. To which he replied that I must not expect to be able to ride *impromptu* as well as individuals who had only mastered the accomplishment by long continuity of practice and industry.

"Oh, man of wily tongue!" I addressed him. "Not thus will you bamboozle my supposed simplicity! For if the art were indeed so difficult as you pretend, how should it be acquired by so many timid and delicate females and mere nurse-lings? This machine of yours is nothing but an obsolete *hors de combat* with which it is not humanly possible to work the oracle!"

At which, waxing with indignation, he leaped upon it, and, to my surprise, did easily propel it in whatsoever direction he pleased, and its

motive power appeared to be similar in every respect to the rest; so, beguiled by his representations that, under his instructions, I should speedily become a *chef-d'œuvre*, I once more suffered myself to mount the machine; but, whether from superabundant energy of my foot-paddling, or the alarming fact that we were upon the descent of a precipitous slope, I was soon horrified at finding that my instructor was stripped out, and I abandoned to the lurch of my Caudine fork!

Oh, my goodness! My heart turns to water at the nude recollection of such an unparalleled predicament, for the now unrestrained bicycle *vires acquirit eundo*, and in seven-league boots! While I, wet as a clout with anxiety and perspiration, did grasp the handles like the horns of a dilemma, calling out in agonised accents to the bystanders,—"Help! I am running away with myself! Half a rupee for my life-preserver!"

But they were all as if to burst with laughter, and none had the ordinary heroism to intervene, and I with ever increasing rapidity was borne helplessly down the declivity towards the gates of Hyde Park Corner, when, by the benevolence of Providence, the anterior wheel ran under a railing, and I flew off like a tangent into the comparative security of a mud-barrow!

On my return and solicitous inquiry for my fur-lined overcoat, I had the further shock to discover that it was *solvitur ambulando*!

After such a shuddering experience and narrow squeak of my safety, I confidently appeal to the authorities to extinguish this highly dangerous and foolhardy sort of so-called amusement, or at the very least to issue paternal orders that, in future, no one shall be



"I instantaneously endured the total upset!"

permitted to ride upon any bicycle possessing less than three wheels, or guilty of a greater celerity than three (or four) miles per hour.

The fair Miss MANKLETOW amended this proposal by suggesting that the Public should be restricted at once to perambulators; but this is, perhaps, *majori cautela*, and an instance of the over-solicitude of the female intellect, for it is not feasible to treat an adult, who has assumed the *toga virilis* and tall hat, as if he was still mewling and puking in a tucker and bib.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

[As our unfair Correspondent has positively declined to share such emoluments as the mention of certain trading firms may bring in (*quâ* advertisements), we have adopted a perfectly equitable course in suppressing all such names. N.B. Any inquiries on the subject must be addressed to Editor, marked "private."—Ed.]

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—You owe me a thousand *félicitations*; not on my birthday, for that you know only blooms with the early roses in June, but on an Event. I hasten to chronicle it with all speed in that perfumed violet fluid which Messrs. * * * have rendered so necessary to all fair correspondents. In a word, as VICTOR HUGO puts it, I have had a personal interview with the Duchess of HAGGERSTON!!!! Naturally *je m'en raffole*. Are you not surprised, sweet coz, and was I not right in claiming your compliments? It was dear old General WHISKER (about whom such funny after-dinner stories are told, so FRED FLANEUR assures me,) who arranged the meeting. The General is *au mieux* with her Grace, who, like a wise woman, does not care for the society of the "masherkins" (the dear Duchess's own expression) of the frivolous theatres. However, imagine little ME (after an hour's journey by train, when I did not catch cold, thanks to one of Madame * * * 's new *Edredon* railway rugs) arriving in a cab at the frowning portals of Kagmagag Castle, a Norman structure which was taken by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR from the Saxon Princess ELFWYDLA, and given to the Duke's ancestor, who filled the post of *Tire-Bouchon de la Cour* on the field of Hastings.

My arrival was evidently expected, for I was immediately ushered through a vast hall, filled with battle-axes, by an enormously tall footman, who would make his fortune in the Life-Guards, into the Duchess's boudoir. The splendid fellow—such a gentleman—begged me to be seated, assuring me that her Grace would join me in a few minutes, and having gracefully thrown some coals (the M-rq-s of X's "Best Screened," I could see) on the fire, left me with a princely bow to the contemplation of this delicious retreat—a niche in fairyland, with its delicate *eau de nil* hangings, furniture *en suite*, and treasury of Sévres and Dresden ornaments, interspersed with roses, camellias, orchids, palms, and tree ferns. Note-book in hand, I jotted down some of the more striking *objets d'art*, such as a gold Cupid with turquoise eyes; a malachite fountain discharging *extrait de réséda* (* * * 's invention); a full-length portrait in oils of * * *, the famous low comedian; framed photographs (signed) of the Crowned Heads of Europe; a capacious ebony and silver box filled with * * * 's choicest cigarettes; a marble bust of Mlle. Z * * *, the witty French *chanteuse*; a collection of richly illuminated Greek missals; a negro's skull arranged as a candlestick (I fancied I traced the skill of Messrs. * * * in this), and a superb rug made, as I afterwards ascertained, from the tails of Siberian guinea-pigs, and valued at many



"Oh, I say! wot's ORANGE FREE STATE MEAN, BILLY?"
"WHY, WHERE YER GITS YER ORANGES FOR NUFFIN, STOODID!"

thousands of pounds. Perhaps you will smile at these *minutiae*, but surely the woman in possession had a right to take the inventory?

My pencilling (* * * 's shorthand) was interrupted by the entrance of the Duchess herself. Ah! *mamie*, conceive a goddess, a Juno, with languishing blue eyes, gold-bronze locks, and the stature of Diana—a *svelte* divinity, who would have inspired the Muse of V * *, or the brush of P * * P * * R * *. Her Grace was in cycling costume, which enabled me the better to view the fascinating proportions of her *taille*. I noted that her tailor-made knickerbockers were of thick quilted navy-blue silk, and her shapely legs incased in a pair of * * * 's Royal tartan hose. On her mouse-like Tr-lb-s were the pinked brogues for which * * * is so famous. The Duchess, producing a *brûle-gueule* from her jacket pocket (the garment was out *à la W-ll-m W-ll-ce*, with pebble buttons), lighted it with a real fusee, and observed in quite a business-like way: "Now I dare say that my time's as valuable as yours, Miss What's-your-name. You want to know something about me. Here goes. Do I hunt? Yes, and race, fish, shoot, cycle, as you see, yacht, and play the banjo, the bagpipes, penny whistle and Jew's harp. I can't spell, and am ignorant of grammar, but I write for half-a-dozen periodicals—someone corrects my articles, I don't. I'm Dame-President of the Kag-

magag Daffodil League, a bit of a SARAH BERNHARDT in my way, and can give twenty in a hundred at billiards to most men. The New Woman doesn't concern me in the least, but I'm partial to distinguished old men. I like going the rounds and winning a good *coup* at *baccarat*. Monte Carlo's twice as good a place as this dingy old dust-pan of a Castle. If my ancestors had built it instead of the Duke's, I'd have sent all their ugly old mugs to the National Portrait Gallery. Any views as to the mission of our sex? Yes, to make the oof-bird fly. Literature? No time for books, prefer spiky, up-to-date journals. Now I've got a skittle match on, so you'll have to scoot. You'll find tea, or B.-and-S., if you prefer it, in the house-keeper's room. Ta! Ta!!"

* Such, dear, were the *ipse dixit* words of this *grande châtelaine*. While I was discussing a cup of fragrant Bokoe (Messrs. * * * 's importation) with the ducal *sénéchale*—a fine old lady of some eighty winters—she gave me a recipe which you should try. It is short and savoury. Braise six *fonds d'artichaux* in the gravy of three Surrey fowls; add the juice of four pomegranates, and three soft bloater roes, and serve with Parmesan cheese, French mustard and syrup of chicory. The latter can only be obtained from the * * * Co., Ltd. Ever, dear,

Your loving cousin, KADJ.



SUNDAY COLLECTION FOR THE S. P. G.

(Little Pedlington.)

After Morning Service.

"OH—FR—I'M COMING AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON, YOU KNOW."

After Afternoon Service.

"OH—ER—I WAS HERE THIS MORNING, YOU KNOW."

'ARRY ON AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—'Ow goes it, old Oyster?
Shut up in your stuffy old shell,
Out o' town, out of life, out of heverythink,
fur from the Bank and Pell-Mell,
You're a regular old *Rip van Winkle*, or
winkle without the *Rip van*
All 'ard-shell and 'orny blind hoptie. Lawks,
'ow do you stand it, old man?

In town things skip lively, I tell you;
political pots on the bile.
"Oly calm"? Oh, my eye and a band-
box, the ghost of old BEAKY must smile!
True the Rads and 'Ome Rulers are kiboshed,
and clean off their crumpets with spite,
But elsewhere it is like good old times of 'eads
up, and "We don't want to fight."

With Rads it is always "tails down"!
'Owsomever they're not in the 'unt.
Thanks to Brummagem JOE, who has floored
them, and seems coming slap to the
front.
I've given 'im beans in the bygoness, I'm
nuts on that brave Doctor JIM,
But JOE 'as 'is pints, I admit, and you
cannot knock flies off of 'im.

"Pell-Mell and the Bank," I remarked,
CHARLIE. Ah! *that's* the text for to-day;
Toffs and Tin, CHARLIE, Fashion and Funds!
They're the only two barneys as pay.
Ask BARNEY BARNATO, ask RHODES, ask poor
dooks, ask a rich lady Yank;
And they'll tell you in Mammon's own Bible
the text is Pell-Mell and the Bank.

That's wot old SOL (SOLOMONS) tells me.
Queer codger, old SOL. Off 'is chump.

Sort of Sopherlist I. L. P. patriarch; learned
on "boom" and on "slump."

Like a grey JEREMIAH gone wrong, with a
beard like Niagara froze 'ard,
Or a door-mat as badly wants beating. But
can't 'e spin yarns by the yard?

Rum thing, mate, your fair stony-broker who
lives up a court, on the cadge,
Bangs ROTHSCHILD in talking of millions.

I'll wager a crown to a fadge
SOL knows more about bimetallism than
CHAPLIN or BALFOUR hisself;
And SOL says the Gods of our Period are
Privilege, Pedigree, Pelf.

The Prince and the Priest, grumbles SOL,
'ave give place to a new tyrant-curse,
As villainous 'ard and more vulgar, and that
is the Power o' the Purse.

Poor SOL! That's the bee in *his* bonnet.
But swelp me JEMIMER, old man,
If you can't get a slice of good old "Golden
Calf," you must grub on cold scan.

So fur Silly SOLLY is right. 'Ow the doose
can a cove cut a dash,
In Society—Church, State, or Sport—if 'e
ain't got the 'andling of cash?

It need not be 'is own—to *begin* with, the
shareholders' shekels will do;
But, CHARLIE, the duffingest game is 'ard
work on a measly small screw.

Spekkylation's the oyster, my pippin, from
which you may pick the big pearl.
Life is all pitch-and-toss, when you think on
it. Wot is it keeps up the whirl,
Spins the artful ones up to the surface, sucks
duffers and 'onest mugs down?

Well, it isn't 'ard work and straight ways,
you may bet Chartered shares to a crown.

I'm a thinking of going out, CHARLIE.
That's wot set your pal on this lay.

"'ARRY's preaching," thinks you! Well,
mate, preaching is not 'ARRY's mark—it
don't pay.

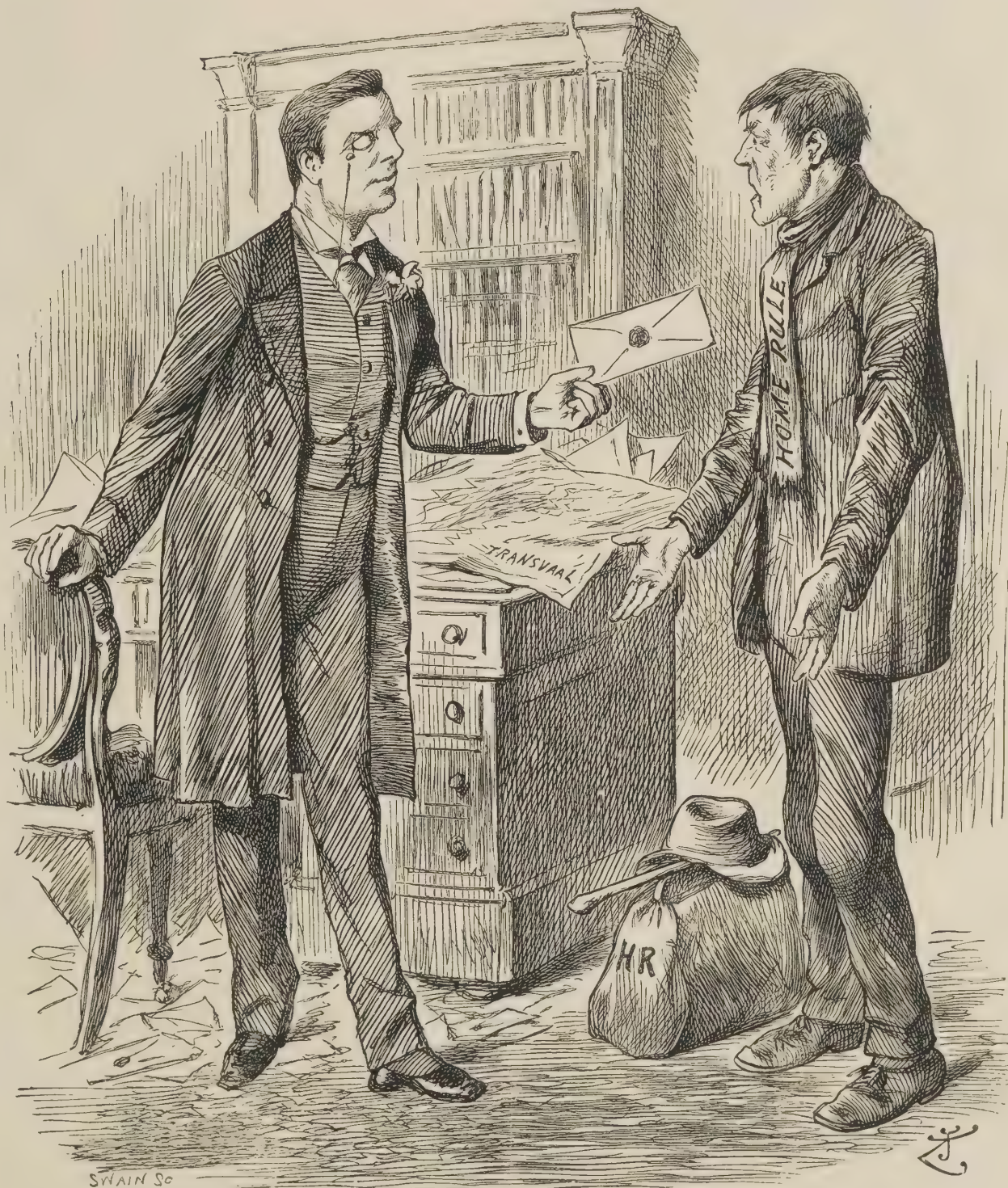
But two quid a week and no perks is a getting
a little mite slow;
And Johannesburg—if there's no fighting—
would jest about suit me, I know.

Only want to see JOSEPH more down on that
artful old Dutchman, and then
I'm an Outlander all round my 'at, CHARLIE,
either with pick or with pen,
Anythink but a rifle! It's clear that your
Boer is a bullying brute,
Who will whine, and won't mine, the old mug;
but, by Jingo, 'e knows how to shoot.

This mixing up bizness and bullets is bosh, as
those Cornishmen thought.
If I'd been a soldier *by trade*, like a 'ero, no
doubt, I'd 'ave fought;
But lor! to be called from the counter to
strap on a shot-belt and fight,
May do all very well for Dutch burghers, but
dashed if I think it seems right.

It's a pity that brave Doctor JIM didn't wipe
those Dutch farmers clean out;
As with proper support, and no JOE, 'e'd 'ave
done, I 'ave not the least doubt.
Oh! I'm not nuts on poetry myself, and I
think "lines" is mostly tin-pot;
But when I read AUSTIN—well, 'ARRY must
own 'e felt 'appy and 'ot!

They wos worthy of good old MACDERMOTT,
they wos, them there lines, and no kid.
A Briton as goes in a buster, and don't care
a blow wot 'e's *bid*,



A POOR RELATION.

HOME RULE (*disconsolately*). "WHAT'S TO BECOME OF *ME*?"

RT. HON. J. C. "WELL—THINGS HAVE GONE A BIT AGAINST YOU *HERE*, BUT THERE'S A NICE OPENING FOR YOU IN THE TRANSVAAL. PRESENT THIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO MY FRIEND MR. KRÜGER."



QUITE UNNECESSARY QUESTION.

Newly-appointed Magistrate. "ANY PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS AGAINST THE PRISONER?"

I say is a shore-going NELSON, as laws and conventions will jump,
And to call such a buster a mere fillibuster gives 'ARRY the 'ump.

"Raid" be jolly well jiggered, dear boy! England fust, and the rest as they can! That's my motter, my own "MONROE Doctrine," as ought to be stuck to, old man, Spite o' Dutchmen, and Yanks, German Hemprors, and all sech houtsiders. Great Scott! Old England, as SOLSBURY put it, can take on the whole blooming lot!

Yes, SOLSBURY's my man, bless 'is boko! If 'e'd do a turn at the 'Alls,
And recite ALFRED AUSTIN's new pome, gad, we'd blow the roof bang off the walls! Brum JOE?—well, so-so!—BALFOUR?—tol-lol!—but SOLLY and ALFRED? Oh, lor! The hangore for "Marquidge and Minstrel" would give German BILLY wot for!

It's clear 'e's no class, that young Sossige, as ought to know better, yes, much, Than to chip at 'is Good Gracious Grandma, along of a hugly Old Dutch.

If 'ARRY goes out to the Transvaal 'e won't turn a Dutchman, no fear!
And 'e won't want no Germans to swamp 'im; 'e's 'ad fur too much of 'em 'ere!

I'll watch 'ow things pan out, my pippin; and if JOE's as good as 'is word,
And don't knuckle hunder to KRÜGER, like GLADSTONE,—as *would* be absurd,—
And if the Rand game don't mean rifles, as I've no ambition to carry,
The Johannesburg Outlanders may 'ave the 'onour of welcomin' 'ARRY.

A NOTE FROM THE NORTH POLE.

Arrival at Destination.—Eureka! My excursion—undertaken in the interests of civilisation and the proprietors of the Patent Wardrobe Hat Company, Limited—has been successful! Have secured all vacant spaces on North Pole for advertising purposes. Already fixed up double-crown poster of the useful article for which I am travelling. The placard, showing the various compartments of the Patent Wardrobe Hat—here a space reserved for linen, there another for dress clothes, yonder a third for boots—is most effective. The picture is displayed under Union Jack. Expect to do big business in Greenland. Advertising will sell anything. Shall advertise North Pole itself for sale. Lots more where that came from. Supply can be kept up to demand.

Particulars of a Newly-discovered Landmark.—After leaving the dreary waste—which I christened "New Berlin," out of compliment to the German EMPEROR—we came to some hot-water springs, admirably adapted to the requirements of first-class baths and wash-houses.*

Sad Sights.—A dead wall. Poor thing! Enlivened it at once with pictorial advertisement. Applications for space to be made to me, per agent.

Commercial Possibilities of the North Pole.—"What shall we do now?" asked my companion, staring blankly at the other side of the North Pole not yet used for advertisement purposes. "Scratch a Pole," I replied, briskly. Which we did: carving our names on it, and appropriating it. (And here, let me say, in view of any association being launched, that I hold the concession, and

* Have established Club here, with all modern appliances.

shall expect to be managing director.) So far as I am able to judge, the ice surrounding the Pole is rich in gold, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. Tobacco could be profitably grown with the assistance of my new patent process. Oyster beds might be laid out, and the bivalves exported to England ready frozen. The spot, on account of its central position, is admirably suited to colonists, as it is equally accessible from all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. As the soil has never been tilled, it is ripe for experiments in scientific farming. The climate is dry and bracing. There are natural advantages in the place that would be of the greatest possible service in establishing an ice manufactory on the largest scale imaginable. As there are no railways omnibuses, nor cabs, there are naturally openings for all these industries. Splendid site for golf-ground, and promising career open to young man with small capital ready to accept position as foreman of works, tax collector, county councillor, tramway director, balloonist, bank manager, adjutant of volunteers, county court registrar, inspector of hoardings, &c., &c.

N.B. Should the Tussaud Wax-work people want a model of it (the real pole cannot be moved, at present, without creating considerable disturbance), I shall be happy to make arrangements for supplying them with an exact reproduction, on certain fair terms.

In conclusion, I beg to state that should anyone doubt my assertions there is a very simple way of testing their accuracy. Those who do not believe what I say about the North Pole can judge for themselves by going there and seeing it! There is no charge for admission, and the direction for the road is "as straight as you can go, and then turn sharply to the left."

THE FIRST QUESTION.—The North Pole! Discovery!! Who was at the head of it? Liberal? Unionist? or Conservative?



Distinguished Art Connoisseur and Collector (who has obtained permission to see over "The Moat," Fenshire) stopping before a portrait in the hall. "AH! SIR JOSHUA, OF COURSE?"

Lodge Keeper's Wife (bridling). "SIR JOSHUA, INDEED! THERE AIN'T NO JOSHUAS IN THE FAM'LY! THAT'S 'IS PRESENT LORDSHIP'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER, THE FOURTH HEARL O' FITZ-BATTLEAXE!"

FAME.

["The following special cable message appears in to-day's issue of the London edition of the *Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News*, a paper said to be conducted in the interests of the Boer Government:—"AUSTIN's poem caused much amusement."—*Daily Graphic*, February 6.]

January 11.—Have surpassed myself. No more verses to flowers and such feeble things. "*Arma virumque cano*." That shall be my style for the future. This poem certainly does look uncommonly well in the largest type in the *Times*. SWINBURNE and the others don't get their poor efforts printed like that. Remember that RUDYARD KIPLING once had some verses published in the same type.

Eheu! Hélas! so he did. But nobody could understand them. Now I use, and, by using, glorify, ordinary words such as "addle their pates." What would my predecessor, A. T., have thought of that? But then he did not sound a clarion blast to rouse the patriotism of his country. I will be fortiter, no longer suaviter, in modo. Shall give up cultivating snowdrops. The onion is a nobler and stronger bulb.

January 15.—Immense enthusiasm at the Alhambra where my poem is recited. Not the Alhambra in Spain. The other one. This is indeed fame. A. T. never had anything recited at the Alhambra. Come to that, SWINBURNE and the others never had such luck either. Not even ERIC MACKAY! Won't

they all be green with envy? And won't the enemies of England tremble? Don't talk of a strong navy. What England wants is a strong laureate. And she's got him! By Jove! Time I brought in some Latin. Almost forgot it. Indispensable to my prose style.

Nolumus pugnare,
Sed, O Jingo, si facimus,
Habemus homines, habemus laureatum,
Habemus atque pecuniam.

These lines are not intended to be scanned, but to be sung. Perhaps they will do for the Empire. Ah, noble name! London Empire suggests British Empire. *Civis Britannicus sum, ego laureatus*. Have dug up all my Dutch bulbs. Shall cultivate only roses, shamrocks, and thistles.

February 1.—Don't seem to read much about that poem in the newspapers. But at least it has checked the boldness of England's enemies. They are silenced. HOMER himself could have done no more. As for DANTE or SHAKESPEARE—However, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*." Roses are all very well, but shamrocks and thistles will make a poor show. Shall cover all available space with geraniums of the brightest scarlet, the military colour.

February 14.—Someone has sent me a cutting from the London edition of the *Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News* of last week, evidently as a valentine. At last I shall know the result of my poem. Of course the Boers are disheartened, hopeless, crushed. I and the Alhambra have done that. Begin to feel some pity for them, as for a snail smashed beneath my foot. But they are, poetically at least, England's enemies, and I am her Laureate. Miserable men! Let them perish in the ignominy to which I have deservedly consigned them. Now I will read this cutting. It says "AUSTIN's poem caused much amusement." What! They laughed? Oh heavens! *O dii immortales!* *O ye gods!* Perhaps others have laughed at it. Even my ungrateful countrymen! Even the frequenters of the music halls! Even, worst of all, SWINBURNE and the others! Begin to think I will never write any more patriotic poems. Only they do look so nice in that large type in the *Times*. For the present in seclusion I will cultivate the bashful violet, "*sub tegmine fagi*," or *quercus*, or *ulmi*, or anything else that will hide my confusion and my blushes.

"BIRDIE."

WHAT does little Birdie say
In her nest at break of day?
"Five thousand pounds he's had to pay,
The Gaiety will be more gay."

'ARRY AN' OOM PAUL.

First 'Arry.—I sy, i that chap KRUGER comes over, you 'll give 'im a welcome, eh?

Second 'Arry.—Course I will! As a true Britton I should 'old out my fin to 'im and sy, "Ol' man! give us your 'and!" ("Your Rand" was 'Arry's meanin'.)

FROM H-LY TO S-XT-N.

[Mr. HEALY has written to Mr. SEXTON asking him to take the Leadership of the Irish Party, and he (TIM H.) will efface himself or retire.]

I do not feel quite merry myself,
So preach to you a text on;
See here! I'll help to bury myself
If you will be Chief Sexton.

HAD ENOUGH OF BEING "HECKLED."—An unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate being recommended a northern voyage for change of air, refused to land in Iceland because he had been informed he should there come across the original Heckla.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE WOUNDED GALLANT TO THE WILFUL
PEDESTRIAN.

THE rain has never ceased to fall
On roof and tree with weirdful wash;
For "gamps and gaiters" there's a call,
For waterproof and mackintosh.
Your little *brodequin's* fain to hide
Its shape within the grim golosh,
Those armour-plated hoofs beside
That on the sodden gravel squash.

I've done my best; I've pointed out
The folly of this tearful trip,
And shown how it must end in rout,
Defeated by this doleful drip.
And yet your friend *must* have his tramp
Through weary wastes of woeful wet,
Unmindful of the twinge of Cramp,
Or Rheumatism's sharp regret.

There may be reason for this craze
Of plodding 'neath a weeping sky!
There may be hope within the haze
That hides a sun of by-and-by!
I ask'd you not to go—you went.
With broken limb I bear the smart.
Should you redeem the love you lent,
You will not cause a broken heart.

If draggled, colourless to see,
Back from this ramble you return,
I will all self-denying be,
Perchance your gratitude to earn.
I could not without bitter pain
Forswear the portrait that I drew;
So, till you've made yourself again,
I vow I will not look at you!

THE TURN OF THE "TIED."—The revolt
of the publicans against the brewers. A new
version of the old Queen's Theatre drama.

"NANSEN."

(Old Chorus to "I would I were with Nancy,"
adapted.)

I WOULD I were with NANSEN,
I do! I do!
On the frozen shore
For a minute or more
I'd like to be with NANSEN!
At the Pole!
On the whole
I'm glad I'm not with NANSEN!

THE BEST ARBITRATOR FOR THE VENEZUELA QUESTION.—MR. W. G. GRACE, the champion cricketer. He knows the duties of an umpire, and is sure to make "a boundary hit."

NEW NAME FOR HIM.—*Done-Raven.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.—Quite a crowd of new Members to take oath and seat on this our opening day. Some are fruits of General Election. Might have come up in July last, but for various reasons deferred the ceremony. Honest MICHAEL DAVITT was in Australia when two Irish constituencies competed for honour of his hand.

"Reminds me," said JAMES BRYCE, "of the seven cities struggling for honour of being the birthplace of him whom ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS once alluded to as 'our old friend HOMER.'"

Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patria certat, Homere, tua."

Pretty to see the Bashful BARTLEY blushing his way towards the table. If he had his own will, would like quietly to slip in before House meets, kiss the book, and sign the Roll when no one was looking. It was this insurmountable shyness that kept him back from joining throng sworn-in in July. Came down more than once with intention of getting the ordeal over. But something ever intervened—the twittering of a sparrow, the roll of a cab wheel, the July sunlight flickering across lettering on collar of policeman by Members' entrance. Small things unaccountable to ordinary adamantine natures.

"BARTLEY," as Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES sometimes says, with a tremor in his voice, "is altogether misplaced. He ought to have come up as a cowslip, or looked from afar on a turbulent world through the blue eyes of a violet."

To-day he long hovered on outskirts of group pressing forward to take oath. They wanted to make room for him as an old Member. He shrank further and further under friendly shadow of gallery. Only for prompt action on part of Private HANBURY, who arrested his fleeting footstep, he would have gone back to Victoria Street and deposited himself in the Penny Savings Bank.

Very different the bearing and carriage of WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, M.A. Coming in at bye-election, he was introduced in due form by CARSON, Q.C., and WALBOND, both men of inches. Historian of Eighteenth Century towered above them as the Century itself o'ertops its younger brethren. Lofty stature, like reading and writing, comes by nature. What entranced the House was the the lithe, graceful,

forward movement, the light poising of his credentials between forefinger and thumb, the smile that beamed alike upon the just and the unjust, the mien as deferential to the messenger behind the Speaker's chair as to its august occupant.

SARK much affected. "Glad," he said, mopping his eyes, "to have lived to see this day. Do you remember what CHARLES DICKENS wrote of another 'very gentlemanly man,' who lived in the neighbourhood of Bleak House? 'He was not like youth; he was not like age; he was not like anything in the world but a model of Deportment.' LECKY comes here with the weight of reputation established outside which broke down JOHN STUART MILL, and has killed some other great men. That is bad enough. But the author of *The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* will have to live up to his first walk down the floor of the House. He'll find that the hardest task of all."

Business done.—Address moved.

Thursday.—Troublous times just now for our TINY TIM. As everyone knows, our TIM's natural impulse, like that of his prototype in the *Christmas Carol*, is to utter and live up to the pious exclamation, "God bless us everyone."

"Somehow," it is written in the *Christmas Carol*, "Tiny Tim gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard."

Exigencies of hour compel our TIM to sit alone, usually at corner seat of third bench below gangway. His benevolent aspirations, his universal blessing, have not precisely the effect that might be expected. Not to put too fine a point upon it, his relations with his compatriots are a little strained. JOHN DILLON does not love JOHN REDMOND; JOHN REDMOND, his heart bleeding with sympathy for Ireland, would like to punch JOHN DILLON's head. They are united in detestation of TINY TIM. Thus he sits apart and thinks strange, sad things.

For a while yesterday his heart glowed within him. DILLON had moved an amendment to Address, censuring Government for omitting Home Rule Bill from modest list of measures announced in Queen's Speech. Home Rule, as the world knows, is the desire of the heart of every true Irishman. For it patriots have given up everything, to go and live in London, joining what is modestly described as its best club. Personal differences have unhappily arisen. TIM deplores them with almost passionate regret.

"Why cannot we," he



Some LECKY-daisical attitudes!

said, only this afternoon, "dwell together in unity, bearing and forbearing?"

When he saw JOHN REDMOND rise to second JOHN DILLON's amendment his heart swelled within him. Tears dimmed his spectacles; a gasp of grateful emotion was audible, even across the House. Here was the seed he had planted growing up in the stoniest of places. For Ireland's sake, JOHN REDMOND was ready to sink personal considerations, and play second fiddle to JOHN DILLON. Even whilst TIM was wiping his glasses, as a preliminary to mastering his emotion, JOHN REDMOND shattered all his pleased hopes. DILLON, he said in harsh voice, had by a manœuvre dislodged him from his place of precedence. He had intended to move a Home Rule Amendment, and so show Ireland who was her true friend. DILLON had craftily got in ahead of him, and not only forestalled his amendment, but threatened to burke his speech.

Only one way to avoid latter sacrifice. He would second amendment, and so reel off speech. First, however, he would, like the Baboo, expose JOHN DILLON's *cui bono* in all its hideous nakedness. This he did, and incidentally went on to show how peaceful, prosperous, and contented Ireland would be if its home government were entrusted to him and his loved colleagues.

TINY TIM's depression at this turn of affairs equalled only by the generous exultation with which he had observed what he had thought was the burning of private feuds on the altar of the country. Now he sat thoughtful, isolated in his corner seat, "thinking the strangest things you ever heard." The House was, however, privileged to hear them. The sight of PRINCE ARTHUR on his legs discoursing about Ireland ever makes TIM articulate. Still more exhilarating is the spectacle of DON JOSÉ, quiet, strong, master of himself and his subject. To-night, whilst these two spoke, TIM dropped a running and occasionally embarrassing commentary. Once PRINCE ARTHUR had launched into lofty passage descriptive of benefits conferred by Parliament on Ireland.

"We give to the Irish race living within our jurisdiction every privilege we ask for ourselves. We give them not merely their share, but more than their share—"

Here the voice of TINY TIM shrilly piped, "Of coercion." "—of representation in this House," PRINCE ARTHUR proceeded, preferring to conclude his own sentence. But TIM was in first, and would have upset the equanimity and spoiled the speech of a less practised debater.

Some comfort found in these little explosions. Ever remains the abiding sorrow of seeing Ireland suffer whilst patriots pull each other's hair.



HARDLY DE-CHORUS!

"If the Boers of the Transvaal had raised the 68th Psalm in celebration of their victory, I, for one, would have been ready to join in the chorus (*sic!*)."—Mr. Leonard Courtney, Feb. 13.

used to work together in happy Birmingham. Glad enough of my advice in those days. Would have been better off if he had sought it in these. It doesn't require man of my professional eminence and experience to perceive the fatal flaw underlying his despatching that dose of Home Rule for Transvaal. Suppose a London doctor were, uninvited, to send to one of my patients at Edgbaston a phial of medicine marked 'To be taken internally.' Would he swallow it? Certainly not. He'd reply, 'You be blowed. You're not my doctor.' Transvaal case and DON JOSÉ's Home Rule panacea on all fours with this. Natural consequences have followed. DON JOSÉ a clever man; but he will see he would do well when making new friends not to ignore his old counsellors."

Business done.—Much talk round Address.

"They have their quarrel," says TIM sadly, "and England has our estate."

Business done.—First division in new Parliament. Home Rule Amendment negatived by 276 votes against 160.

Friday.—Still twanging Irish harp when not beating the Transvaal drum. To-night both on. COURTNEY volunteered little vocal music by way of change. "If the Transvaal Boers," he said, "had raised the sixty-eighth Psalm in celebration of their victory, I, for one, would have been ready to join in the chorus."

Not usually a chorus attached to a Psalm, but that a detail. Selab.

When KRÜGER comes over, he and COURTNEY should give us a stave. If JOUBERT accompanies the President, make it a trio.

Not sure that KRÜGER's coming. DON JOSÉ got his back up by undertaking to govern Transvaal as well as the Cabinet. "In earlier life," says Sir WALTER FOSTER, Bart., M.D., "DON JOSÉ and I

used to work together in happy Birmingham. Glad enough of my advice in those days. Would have been better off if he had sought it in these. It doesn't require man of my professional eminence and experience to perceive the fatal flaw underlying his despatching that dose of Home Rule for Transvaal. Suppose a London doctor were, uninvited, to send to one of my patients at Edgbaston a phial of medicine marked 'To be taken internally.' Would he swallow it? Certainly not. He'd reply, 'You be blowed. You're not my doctor.' Transvaal case and DON JOSÉ's Home Rule panacea on all fours with this. Natural consequences have followed. DON JOSÉ a clever man; but he will see he would do well when making new friends not to ignore his old counsellors."

Business done.—Much talk round Address.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(A Vision of the Near Future.)

THE proceedings at yesterday's congregation were of an unusually protracted nature, as nearly all the lady M.A.'s now in residence addressed the Senate at some length. Miss BELLE, of Girton, suggested that a change should be made in the colour of the university hoods. Fur, she remarked, was altogether unsuitable and unfashionable in the summer months, and white silk by no means suited everyone. She would suggest that entire freedom should be given to graduates—or, at least, to lady-graduates—to select the colours and materials that would harmonise best with their dresses. It was ultimately decided that a Syndicate should obtain patterns from Messrs. LIBERTY, and report to the Senate on the subject.

Miss HOMESPUN brought forward a "grace" for the appointment of an University Professor of Needlework, at a salary of £1000. It has been urged, she said, that the result of the higher education of women was to unfit them for domestic duties. In order to refute

this, it would be an excellent plan to endow a Professorship for teaching this most useful accomplishment. She was aware that the post would be an onerous one, and she therefore proposed to occupy it herself. The grace, however, was "non-placed" by 345 votes to 1.

One of the Fellows of Girton called the attention of the Senate to a gross neglect of its duty on the part of one of the Proctors. An undergraduate of her college had caused great disturbance by holding extremely rowdy "Cocoas" in her room; and when rebuked for her misconduct, had called the speaker "an old cat." She had referred the matter to the Proctor, requesting him to fine the delinquent heavily; but he had taken absolutely no notice of her letter. The reason of this misplaced leniency she had just discovered; the Proctor, she blushed to say, was engaged to the young lady in question. (*Cries of "Shame!" and great uproar.*)

The Proctor explained that, together with all his colleagues, he wished to resign his office. His work had been difficult enough before, but now that ladies had become members of the University, it was impossible to perform it. To have to deal with crowds

of abominable girls ("Oh!"), who only giggled when he asked their name and college, was absolutely maddening. (*Derisive cheers.*)

The Senior Dean of Newnham pointed out that all the best buildings in the University were, quite unjustly, allotted to the men. This anomaly must be removed. She would allow the Trinity men to remain undisturbed for the present. (*Applause from Dr. BUTLER.*) But Newnham must have a worthier abode than its present one. On the whole, she thought that Clare College would suit them very nicely. She, therefore, proposed that the Newnham students should be transferred to Clare, and that the Clare men should live in Newnham for the future.

The Tutor of Clare remarked that the Dean of Newnham might try to evict him and his College as soon as they pleased. He would only add that they had a fire-engine of considerable power, and— (*Uproar.*)

As it was nearly tea-time, the Senate shortly afterwards adjourned.

WHERE WRIGHT WAS NOT MIGHT.—In the trial of the Haggerston Election Petition.

THE QUICK-STEP OF THE LAW IN THE COMING BY-AND-BY.

["The Counsel of the Plaintiff was about to tell his Lordship the history of the case, when the Judge said he was familiar with the whole of it."

Daily Paper.]

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Usual accessories. Judge on the Bench. Barristers facing him. Solicitors in the Well, seated next Litigants. Jury in their box, and Witnesses in waiting.

Leader for the Plaintiff. And now, my Lord, if your Lordship pleases, I will give you a brief history—

Judge (interrupting). No, thanks. I know all about it.

Leader for the Plaintiff. Well, I will proceed to examine my client, who has already been sworn.

Judge. Thanks. Quite unnecessary. I will examine him myself. *[Does so.]*

Leader for the Plaintiff. I will now proceed to call other witnesses.

Judge (interrupting). Better leave them to me. I will dispose of them in next to no time. *[Does so.]*

Leader for the Defendant. And now, my Lord, I will open the case for—

Judge. Quite unnecessary. I know all you propose to say.

Leader for the Defendant. Then I will call my witnesses.

Judge. I shall follow the practice I have established on the other side, and look after them myself. *[Does so.]*

Leader for the Defendant. With your Lordship's permission, I will sum up the case in defence of my client.

Judge. Thanks, no. I can do that for you.

Leader for the Plaintiff. And I for my client, if your Lordship pleases, will—



SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

"OH YES, I KNOW I MUST EAT IF I WANT TO GROW HEALTHY, AND BIG, AND STRONG. NOW I SUPPOSE YOU WERE ABLE TO LEAVE OFF EATING LONG AGO, AUNT PHILLIDA!"

Judge (interrupting). Sum up the whole case? Thanks, no. I can do it for you as easily as for your learned friend. *[Does so.]*

Foreman of the Jury. And now, my Lord, are we to give our verdict?

Judge. Well, you can if you like; but I really think you had better leave it to me, as I know much more about it than you do.

Foreman of the Jury. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. That's right. Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages fifty pounds, and costs.

Leaders (protesting). Really, really, my Lord, we are not accustomed to—

Judge (interrupting). But I am! Call the next case.

[Hurried business, and quick Curtain.]

NONE BUT THE SLAVE DESERVES THE FARE.—At the meeting of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, Mr. FORBES, the chairman, complained that prosperous tradesmen used workmen's trains and paid only one penny instead of twice or thrice as much. Of course, these well-to-do merchants ought to be "punched" at the barriers, and the *bonâ fide* working men stamped M. D. R. or Men Deserving Relief.

A REALLY WONDERFUL PIG.—The Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states that *Monsieur Cochon*, a highly intelligent pig in the *Mardi gras* cavalcade, "had a quizzical expression on its snout as it looked down on the crowd from the *charcuterie* car." Of course, *Monsieur Cochon* must have turned up his nose at the spectators in order to get any expression out of it.

"GLORIOUS, BY JINGO!"

SCENE—The Metropolis of a Mighty Empire. Enter First and Second Citizen.

First Citizen. Glorious news, isn't it?

Second Citizen. Magnificent! Never heard anything to equal it in my life!

First Cit. Going to have the biggest fleet ever seen—costing millions!

Second Cit. Yes; and an army that will go anywhere, and do anything—costing so much more.

First Cit. And the volunteers to have as much cash as they like!

Second Cit. And the militia and yeomanry to have more than they care for!

First Cit. Why, we shall make the whole world envy us with our new forts, and new guns, and new coaling-stations!

Second Cit. Yes; we shall put ourselves outside competition!

First Cit. And absolutely negative criticism!

Second Cit. Fire guns all day costing about £200 a discharge! *First Cit.* And send out any number of squadrons under full steam at so much per ton for coals!

Second Cit. Fortunately, we are going to have a big surplus!

First Cit. Not that that will go very far! No, we must just absorb it with a view to increased expenditure!

Second Cit. Quite so. What I say is confound the expense!

First Cit. To which I respond, down with the Income Tax!

Second Cit. What if we have to pay tenpence in the pound?

First Cit. Or even—if it comes to that—even two hundred and forty.

Second Cit. So rule Britannia!

First Cit. And there's no dearer place than home!

[They stimulate one another with a forced cheer, and exeunt recklessly.]

PROBABLE.—On his way to the pole Dr. NANSEN may have come across the traces of other expeditions.

QUEER QUERIES.

RABBITIC.—What is the best way of putting a muzzle on a very athletic and rather bad-tempered bull-dog? I have tried to do it while he was (apparently) fast asleep, and narrowly escaped from the apartment with my life. Chloroform is of no use, as the brute will not allow it to be placed anywhere near his nose, and a strong solution of it inserted in the garden syringe and squirted over him through a window only makes him savage. Shall be glad of any hints—also to know cost of a journey to PASTEUR'S establishment in Paris.—LOVER OF DOGS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Owing to some small domestic misunderstandings, my wife has obtained (1) a protection order against me, (2) a judicial separation, (3) maintenance at two pounds a week, (4) and custody of a favourite parrot. I feel doubtful whether under the new Act I have the right to go on living in my own house. Will somebody kindly explain the Act, and also tell me how I am to give two pounds a week out of an income of thirty shillings?—ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

ADVICE GRATIS.—A house-agent has let my furnished house for me, and now has the assurance to claim a commission! Am I bound to pay this monstrous demand? I am glad and proud to say that I have not signed any agreement to pay it. The man says he has taken a great deal of trouble over the letting, and no doubt he has. But having signed nothing, surely I am not legally liable?—GENEROUS SOUL.

MORE HISTORICAL DOUBTS.—We have a beastly history lesson twice a week, and I want to know, please, who was "the Electric SOPHIA," and why was she called by that name? I asked my master, who only laughed, and said he "supposed it was because she had a magnetic personality," but I don't know what on earth he meant. She comes in every lesson, and all the form laughs at me when I mention her. So please let me know about her soon.

JONES MINIMUS.

MOTTO FOR AN IMPECUNIOUS FOOTBALL CLUB.—"More kicks than halfpence."



“NURSE BRUIN.”

‘WHAT A SPIRIT HE HAS! DEAR LITTLE CHAP! INTERFERE WITH HIM, INDEED; NOT WHILE HIS OLD NANA IS HERE.’



A RESULT OF THE OPEN SEASON.

Biker (to his hunting friend), "I SAY, OLD CHAP, THAT NAG OF YOURS LOOKS RATHER DEFLATED—LET ME LEND YOU MY PUMP."

PUNCH'S PLEA FOR THE WHITE-PLUMED HERONS.

(An Appeal to all English Ladies with Pitiful Hearts.)

"BUTCHERED to make a Roman holiday,
That roused hard anger in indignant metre
Butchered to make a lady's bonnet gay!—
Sounds that much sweeter?"

Little white heron, with the shoulder plume
Which stirs the milliner's remorseless passion,
You guess not how your finery seals your doom
At beck of Fashion.

The little egret's nuptial plumes are sought
Above all other feathers by EVE's daughter,
And hence the heronry with woe is fraught,
A scene of slaughter.

Poor, pretty, bridal-plumed, nest-loyal birds,
At breeding-time alone you grow gregarious.
The hunter comes, and scenes too sad for words
Grieve e'en the hilarious.

The mothers hovering near their helpless brood,
Are shot in hundreds; 'tis such easy killing!
The plumelets are plucked out, since they are good
For many a shilling.

The young birds starve, whilst, festering in white heaps,
Their displumed parents lie in scores about them.
When men say at the thought their chill blood creeps,
Will ladies doubt them?

Male thralls of Mammon do the murderous deed,
But if the slaves of Mode could feel compassion,
Young herons need not starve, nor old ones bleed.
To—follow Fashion!

The heronries are fast destroyed, 'tis said,
The pretty egrets fast exterminated.
It seems a pity! Betwixt Mode and Trade
Are the birds fated?

Nay, lovely woman, prithee just say "Nay"
In mere humanity and love of beauty!
Punch loves the sex, and to his pets would pray,
"Dears—do your duty!"

CAREFUL REVISION.—In Chicago, the Board of Education has adopted a "revised version" of the Bible. Some of the Psalms of David wanted, they thought, cutting; so they cut them. They've cut "*A little bit here, and a little bit there.*" "*Here a bit, and there a bit, and everywhere a bit,*" as the old song has it. But, when editing and revising the Bible, why not omit the two versions of the Decalogue? That omission would suit a vast number of worthy people.

NEW MOTTO FOR THE MUSSULMAN.—There is no good in the European Concert, and the Sultan's its profit!

CANNING'S COUPLET REMODELLED.
In matters of contest the charm of the Dutch
Is forgiving a little, and asking not much.

THE MILLINER MUSE.

(A Recipe.)

Cut prose, just like mohair or silk, into snippets,
And end them with tags, like boot-laces;
Bespangle with tropes, like glass-beads on girls' "tippets,"
To please the new Muses and Graces:
Finish off with smart tassels,—called commonly rhymes,—
For antiphonetical tinkling;
And, with shoddy that sparkles and nonsense that chimes,
You'll be hailed a new bard in a twinkling.

PATRIOTIC TOAST.

British Tar sings:—

BRITANNIA still sea-rule enjoys,
Despite rude Ger-ma-ny!
Here's to her Flying Squadron, boys!
And may it never—fly!

THE CURSE OF CHEAPNESS.—These are terribly subversive times! What price *anything*?—or anybody? "Penny Poets" were bad enough, though *they* have sometimes been quoted as low as "tuppenny-half-penny," to be sure. But now some radical revolutionary advertisers a "Shilling Peerage"! This is the most daring attack upon the House of Lords we have yet heard of. The next novelty we suppose will be "Sixpenny Sovereigns" or "Farthing Crowns."

"Taking the Sh(r)ine out of Him."

"[I suppose I must begin what I have to say by laying a chaplet . . . on the opulent shrine of the Colonial Secretary."—*Vide Lord Rosebery's Speech in House of Lords, February 11.*]

*The Right Hon. J-s-ph
Ch-mb-rl-n loq.:—*

ALTHOUGH I'm a thundering kind of a chap I agree not with "canonisation":

Were I only a saint I'd be not worth a rap

In this cycle of civilisation. That's why I don't care for that metaphor rare—

No, I can't like that "opulent shrine" a bit.

But cut out the "r" and you'll find me "all there,"

For I think I can "opulent shine" a bit!

"UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE." (*Extract from letter written by Undergraduate Member of Literary Society to learned friend.*)—I hear that I am going to be asked by the committee to read an essay on "Keats." Can you tell me . . . what are "Keats"? Yours ever, SAMMY.

NOT TO BE TOO RIGG-OROUSLY TAKEN.—Of course (*à propos* of some recent letters in the *Times*), the reverend gentleman is not a "Vessel of Wrath," but, being a vessel, his detractors might say of him, in nautical fashion, that "he is rather a queer Rigg."



HE HAD SUCCEEDED.

A. "OH, I SAY, THAT SKETCH YOU DID OF ME IN THE *DAILY NEATOR* MADE ME LOOK THE SORT OF CONCEITED ASS ONE WOULD LIKE TO KICK!"

B. "YOU THINK SO? AND I WAS AFRAID I HAD QUITE FAILED TO CATCH THE CHARACTER!"

HAPPY PAIR.

"[A marriage was 'solemnised,' by special licence, before Sheriff BROWN, but the 'happy pair' had a long wait in the Sheriff Court until his lordship disposed of a 'criminal case'!]" —*The Aberdeen Daily Free Press.*

EBRU, fugaces! Now Hymen's kept waiting,
The conjugal knot can't be tied.

"Antic the law" must, by dint of debating,
A criminal case first decide.

L'Envoi.

How queer a commencement!
Yet, "happy pair," pause,

And ponder the terrible thought:—

Some day before J(une), in a different cause,

Again you may wait for the Court!

A TEETOTALER'S SPIRIT.—During recent breach-of-promise trial, plaintiff, a barmaid, examined by member of legal, not drinking, Bar, said that defendant "never drank spirits at all." "Then," asked the Judge, "what did he drink?" "Scotch whisky," promptly answered Barmaid. So this is good news for teetotalers. "Scotch whisky is not reckoned among spirits." But isn't it rather a cruel revelation to the whisky drinker?

THE POET LAUREATE'S LINES.—"Alf Measures."

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

A HOLIDAY HORROR

I AM about to narrate one of the most afflicting tragedies that have ever come to my knowledge, a tragedy that is in very truth a tragedy, for it moves pity and terror, purges the emotions by them—and that I have always understood to be the genuine mark of a tragedy. It happened during the last Christmas holidays, but a very natural desire on the part of those concerned that their reputations might not suffer, kept the story from their intimates and from the world. It was revealed to me under a pledge of profound secrecy. As, however, no good purpose can be served by keeping this pledge, I have no scruples whatever about breaking it. Indeed, I have always been of the opinion that such pledges were exacted merely in order that they might be promptly broken. If, for instance, a secret is revealed to me in an ordinary commonplace way with no special attempt to enhance mystery by binding me to a complete silence, I go on my way and forget all about it the next minute. But if on the other hand I am bound to silence by strange oaths, if I am assured that the character of orphans, or the peace of mind of widows depends upon my observing secrecy—why then the load becomes too heavy to be borne, my shoulders resent the unaccustomed weight, and I go about groaning until I can obtain ease by sharing it with others. This I shall now do.

WHEN REGGIE BARKWORTH came home for his Christmas holidays, he was received in the parental mansion in London with the usual demonstrations of chastened joy. REGGIE is at present serving his country on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, qualifying for the Admiral's uniform, with which the imagination of his fond mother has already invested him. He is a boy of high spirits, full of mischief and pranks as a boy should be, and the question of entertaining him, keeping him occupied, and diverting his energies from monkey-tricks, assumes a considerable importance in an otherwise quiet household. I need not go through the list of all the pantomimes, entertainments, and amusements, to which REGGIE was consigned in the charge of his various relatives, each of whom was told off in turn

for a spell of Reggie-duty. Sometimes, however, the stock of guardians ran dry for the moment, and REGGIE had to be sent off alone, or in the company of any shipmates whom he might have gathered round him. On an occasion of this sort, he sallied forth one fatal day, with four others like unto himself, and visited a certain Hall of Amusement. He had received the usual injunctions as to the punctuality of his home-coming, and a reasonable amount of money, strictly apportioned to his needs, had been allotted to him. In due time these five budding sailors invaded the Hall. After feasting on many marvels, listening to songs, observing dances in a properly critical spirit, and gazing with breathless interest at spangled acrobats, they found themselves in a recess dedicated to the performances of an army of industrious fleas, in charge of a skilled and voluble educator. The entertainment was in full swing, but the spectators were not very numerous, and the youngsters were therefore able to obtain front places at the table on which the tricks were proceeding.

"THIS here," said the educator, a melancholy man, seemingly overweighted with his responsibilities: "this here in the front is *Caradoc*, the champion flea of the world. I ketched him young, off of a ducal establishment in the Midlands, and spent a year learnin' him all his accomplishments. He is a flea of very determined character, strictly honnerble in all his dealin's; but he has a warm heart, and shows remarkable affection. *Caradoc*"—this to the flea—"do not champ your bit so; I can't have you a pawin' the ground like this; beyave yourself like an aristocrat, and be quiet till I tell you to move. Ladies and gentlemen, *Caradoc* will now draw the state coach four times round the arena. Then, raisin' himself on his hind legs, he will bow three times, salutin' the company. On the box of the coach you will observe *Charleyman* and *Wellington*, two fleas specially selected for their knowledge of 'osses and power of drivin' safe through a crowd of traffic. The flea inside the coach, sittin' in state, is the *Queen of the Sandwich Islands*. She is a lazy flea, but very stiff about etiquette; will have the other fleas a bowin' down before her, and never turnin' their backs. Now, *Caradoc*, you can start. Let the ladies and gentlemen see your fine action. Look

here, my young fellow"—this was to REGGIE—"don't you come a pushin' like that, or you'll upset that 'ere bottle, and there's a matter of five 'undred fleas in that bottle, all in strict training, and kep' from their natural food, so as to make 'em savage. Good gracious! do be careful. There, didn't I tell you—"

THE expected had taken place. REGGIE and his companions, in their anxiety to observe the evolutions of *Caradoc, Charley-mang, Wellington*, and the *Queen of the Sandwich Islands*, had advanced too closely to the table, and with a careless sweep of his arm REGGIE had upset the bottle, the top of which, I may state, was only covered with a card. Five hundred hungry, savage fleas, all in strict training, saw their chance of liberty, and most of them profited by it. Never has there been such a hopping, such a scattering right and left of agonized spectators. "There," said the educator, as he surveyed the ruin of his hopes, "you've done it this time, my boy. Them five 'undred fleas are half-eddicated. Many's the day I spent over them, but it's all wasted now, and I'm in the Bankruptcy Court. Why, I refused a thousand pound for that there bottle of fleas only last week."

By this time the bottle had been restored to its upright position and securely covered, but it held only a very small proportion of its original contents. The rest had vanished like a beautiful dream. REGGIE, a boy of a kindly disposition, was overwhelmed with grief at the result of his thoughtlessness. "Look here," he said, "I've only got a shilling, but if that's any use to you you shall have it." "A shillin'" said the educator in a tone of scorn, "what's a shillin'? But there, I'll take it on account, and you can pay me the other nine-'undred-and-ninety-nine pounds, nineteen shillin's by instalments. I dessay I can ketch some more as time goes on. If I do, I'll credit you with them." The bargain was struck, and REGGIE went home.

OF course the matter did not end here. On the following day REGGIE returned to the *Britannia* swollen to twice his natural size. The room he had occupied at home was fumigated, but to no avail. It was occupied last week by a beautiful young lady who had come to stay for a dance. Her shrieks during the night were heartrending, and her appearance the next day so painful that she had to be wrapped in cotton-wool and sent back in the charge of a nurse to the country vicarage which is her home. From the *Britannia* come rumours of a restless spirit on the part of the cadets which is causing serious anxiety to the authorities. London is at this moment unconsciously under the domination of several hundreds of fleas, just sufficiently educated to know their own terrible powers, but not to restrain them within the limits of propriety and good-feeling. I can see only one remedy, that the County Council should issue a muzzling order for fleas.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGES OPEN TO WOMEN OF ALL DEGREES.—Let us make a selection. There's Magdalen, Oxford, likewise Cambridge. At the former, a girl undergraduate may become a "Demy" if she doesn't object to swearing, and is not of opinion that the "Demy" won't become *her*. There's Clare College—pretty name Clare. Likewise, there's St. Catherine's. Lady Bachelors to remain celibates, and the M.A.'s to wear the quiof of St. Catherine. At the college the study of music would largely engage the attention of the students, and once every term there would be a "Catt's Concert" in Hall. The Game of Pass for the corners would be a favourite one with the undergraduate girls.



PHIL. MA.
96.

First Newspaper Boy. "HULLO, BILL! Who's 'E'?"

Second Newspaper Boy. "I SUPPOSE 'E'S THE NORTH POLE AS 'AS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED!"

L.S.D.

Chancellor of the Exchequer to John Bull:—

I BEG to remark, dear respected J. B.,
If you wish to retain your command of the
sea,
You must give me command of your L.S.D.

John Bull to the Chancellor of the
Exchequer:—

I shan't make a fuss o'er pounds, shillings, and
pence,
If you give me defence without waste or
pretence.
Let's have a strong Navy, and—hang the
expense!
The L.S.D. I want is my Land's Safe
Defence!

Drawing the Line.

(Written after reading the views of Baron Von
Marshall concerning "Our Railways," &c., in
the *Transvaal*.)

To MONROE Doctrine JOHN BULL may be
schooled,

But, spite of all that German Baron's jaw,
He'll show the Teuton he is not yet ruled
By "MARSHALL" Law!"

THE BARE FACT.—The recent great rise in
Consols "may be ascribed," the *Times* ob-
served, "in great measure to the existence of
a bear account, called into being by the possi-
bilities of disturbance opened up by events in
various parts of the world." Then it's mainly
on the "Russian Bear account" that Consols
have gone up.



WHAT OUR TENOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Fair Accompanist (cheerfully). "NOW YOU GO ON, AND NEVER MIND ME! I'LL CATCH YOU UP BY-AND-BY!"

PUNCH TO THE NEW PRESIDENT.

["I thank you, good Sir JOHN!"—*Second Part King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Sc. 1.*]

"SIR JOHN, I am thy *Punchius*, and thy friend!"

And this comes, greeting.
I've watched thy splendid course from end to end.

The years, swift fleeting,
Lent each a new, bright honour to a name
All England's proud of.

Worthy aspirants to artistic fame
There is good crowd of;

But our Sir JOHN is greatest of them all,
By head and shoulders.

That LEIGHTON's mantle on Sir JOHN should fall
Glads all beholders.

To fifty years of well-fulfilled renown,
And popularity,

This seems the well-earned guerdon and fit crown.

The widest charity
Holds not *all* Presidents in Art supreme,
As in urbanity.

But MILLAIS' Art is young ambition's dream;
His strong-soul'd sanity,
And breezy *bonhomie*, make such a blend
As all virility

Yearns to. Consummate artist, cheery friend,
'Tis no servility

To bow before such manhood and such power,

Such fine, frank royalty,
Of nature high, and genius in full flower,
In loving loyalty.

From P. R. B. to P. R. A.! That tale
Is worth the telling;
But one who has done everything—save fail—

In all excelling,
Will fill Art's highest ceremonial seat
With lordship easy.

His speech, than LEIGHTON's less serenely sweet,

But bright and breezy,
Wins with its wholesome frankness. May it long—

And clearer ever—
Sound at that banquet-board where great and strong,

Noble and clever,
Meet under Art's high hospitable dome.

Most pleasant duty
For those who, though they roam, own
England Home

And bow to Beauty!
He whose remains WREN's wondrous fane
now covers

Highest would rank you,
And cry, with GOWER, and *Punch*, and all
Art's lovers,

"Sir JOHN, I thank you!"

THE SONG OF THE SULTAN.

["The Turk never changes."—*Prince Lobanoff.*]

BISMILLAH! All the Giaour race

Are mutable as mist.
They know not the set Sphinxian face,
Or the firm clenched fist.

Infidel hogs, false, faithless dogs,
From Moscow to Berlin,
They're shifting as Serbonian bogs.

Unsettled even in sin.
The opprobrium of the so-called "Powers"
Is mu-ta-bil-i-ty;

But I'm not like the accursed Giaours;
You'll find no change in me!

Sons of burnt fathers, that is how
I get the pull of them;

I of the imperturbable brow,
And the unruffled phlegm.

I ravish, slay—it is my way—
I always did, and will;

But then as slaughterer I can stay,
I kill—and kill—and kill!

They know not their own minds a mite,
They cannot long agree;

But murder is my sole delight;
You'll find no change in me!

They grunt and groan, I sit alone,
And slaughter on—by proxy.

Of mercy they make maudlin moan,
And Christian orthodoxy.

But as they are of many minds,
And I remain of one,

I give them promises, mere blinds,
And still keep up the fun.

I still play off Prince LOBANOFF
Against Lord SALS-BU-REE,

At all their shifting schemes I scoff;
They'll find no change in me!

That Russian Prince makes England wince,
And SALSIBUREE, no doubt,

Makes a wry face, as at a quince,
At Russia's cynic flout.

But Russia really knows me best,
I do not change, *she* does.

'Tis changeless East 'gainst changeful West,
I wade in blood—they buzz!

I like that LOBANOFF; although
Were he but at my knee,

I'd have his head off, at a blow;
He'd find no change in me!

A REAL UNION OF HEARTS.—Mr. LECKY, M.P., and Mr. PLUNKETT, M.P., on the question of mercy, which should not be distrained.



“MONEY NO OBJECT!”

VULCAN. “THIS’LL RUN INTO MONEY MA-AM!”

BRITANNIA. “NEVER MIND ABOUT *THAT* AS LONG AS I CONTINUE TO RULE THE WAVES!!”

KERR VOULEZ-VOUS CHEZ TERRY?

THE present lessee of TERRY'S Theatre is fortunate in his latest production, *Jedbury Junior*. Brightly written is the dialogue, well sketched the characters, and clear the farcical plot of *Jedbury Junior*, written by MADELEINE LUCETTE RILEY. Mr. KERR is excellent in



"The Medium," or
Telephonic Butler.

it, giving all the lightheartedness and pathos to the character of young *Jedbury* that it requires; and this is equally true of Miss MAUDE MILLETT as the heroine *Dora*. There are two novelties in the piece; one a character played by Mr. G. E. BELLAMY, who makes a decided hit by appearing throughout the piece without having a single word to say except just before the fall of the curtain, when he blurts out "Hooray!" and then, like "the brief candle," is "heard no more." The success of *The Silence of Dean Mailland* is as nothing to that of Mr. Bellamy *Gibb*. The other novelty is the obsequious but honestly devoted butler, *Whimper*, an old family servant, who acts as the medium of communication between Mr. and Mrs. *Jedbury* (the father and mother of the hero, well represented by Mr. BEAUCHAMP and Miss EMILY CROSS), who have quarrelled, and who only address one another through the butler, using him as if he were a telephone. In this part of *Whimper*, Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR deserves all praise; it is a careful study of a quite possible, though, of course, eccentric character, and it is redeemed from absurdity by the little touch of genuine sentiment which the old servant exhibits when he has to, in effect, turn *Jedbury Junior* out of *Jedbury Senior's* house. Mr. J. L. MACKAY, as *Major Hedway*, is in perfect keeping with his artistic make-up. Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR tones himself down to *Tom Bellaby*, and renders valuable assistance. Is it an oversight on the part of the author that *Bellaby* comes in hot haste, and with the utmost earnestness, to borrow a fiver of his friend, but forgets all about it after the first two minutes of conversation, and goes off without ever recurring to the subject? Miss EVA MOORE is charming as *Nelly Jedbury*, and Mr. BEECHER hard as nails in the character of Mr. Simpson, the thieving manager of *Jedbury & Co.'s* "Bombay House," whose method of fraud is so crude and simple as to afford every ground of hope for his going through life, in a highly satisfactory manner, as a stupid forger and absolutely transparent swindler.

Mr. L. POWER's *Job* is, in every way, a clever and original performance. The "confidential valet," who will ultimately grow into a family butler of the *Whimper* sort, is a very old friend in farce and comedy, and is a character that, if brought into a piece, has to be very carefully treated by the dramatist, and with still greater care by the actor. DICKENS hit off the essentially stagey aspect of such a character when he made Mr. Lenville describe the kind of part that *Nicholas Nickleby* had to write for him. The comic confidential servant, and the irascible old father, always ready to "cut off his heir with a shilling," are old friends, but possible bores. When we see either of them on the stage we say "connu!" But in this play, though the stern, stony-hearted, but subsequently relenting father, belongs to the old school of irascible parents, yet the sympathetic butler and the friendly valet are ancient friends in new aspects, and the authoress is to be congratulated on the exponents of these two parts. *Jedbury Junior* has in it plenty of the right material for the achievement of popularity, and Mr. KERR ought to do well with it for some time to come.



Motto for the latest edition of *Master Silence*, "*Facta non verba*."

PARADOXICAL.

(By a Prussian.)

KBUPP's hundred-tonners topped the run,
We thought, but WILHELM's wiser;
They're beaten by the Ten-ton gun,—
According to our KAISER.

EVERYTHING'S IN A NAME.—A man named BLIGHT has just been sent to prison for defrauding the Board of Agriculture.

TO BEATRICE.

ON FEBRUARY THE TWENTY-NINTH.

FAIR BEATRICE,—*this* is not your name, I know
(I couldn't print it, sweet one, in a journal),

But that 'tis you whom I address below,
Perhaps you'll learn from evidence internal.

Read, then, between the lines—'tis now a year [matters;
Since last I rhymed to you on sundry
You lived then in a diff'rent hemisphere—
A distance which attachment rather shatters.

You're back again, our letters cross no more! [playmate";
I'm now promoted to be "friend and
Of times that I've "proposed" I've kept no score,
But as a minimum I think I'd name eight!

Well, now 'tis Leap Year, surely 'tis your turn
To take a hand at this exhausting pastime;
That you should beat my score I do not yearn—
You'd win at once! Try, then, the first and last time!

Look in your calendar—next Saturday
You'll see 's the twenty-ninth—'twill not be reckoned
Again for eight years; don't, then, wait, I pray!
Your question can be popped in half a second!

COSIER COTS.

[Mr. ERNEST HART in *The Queen* makes various revolutionary proposals on "how to go to bed."]

TIME for bed. Glad I've followed HART's hints. Quite look forward to my comfortable room. Also to getting there—having provided oil-stoves in all passages and staircases. What's the good—as HART says—of being warm in your bedroom, if you are to catch cold on the way?

Find I have to put out the oil-stoves as I pass (as servants have retired long ago). Rather a nuisance, this. One won't expire for quite two minutes. What a draughty corner it's in, too! Don't believe the beast is out yet. Maker assured me these patent centuplex kerosine stoves never smelt of oil. Wish maker could smell them now. Chilled.

Bedroom, anyhow, looking cosy. That idea of the "bookshelf, with a few favourite authors close to bedside," admirable. And HART quite right in calling nightgown the "clothing of the primeval savage," and recommending pyjamas.

Have got the "two levers, one for controlling fire, other for controlling light." In bed. Jolly light from the electric lamp, Hullo! What's it doing? Must really "control" it—seems going out. . . . All right now. Take down *Guy Mannering*—hang the bedstead. HART says old bed is a "ridiculous contrivance." This one seems to be trying to chuck me out on to floor every minute. Perhaps it's the "movable head-board." . . . Out of bed. Have controlled head-board. In again. . . . Odd—seem to have been reading for an hour. How time does slip away when you're really enjoying yourself! It's one o'clock in the morning. Must finish this chapter. Ah! Next chapter is the exciting one—two more. What's that curious scraping noise outside? Or is it downstairs? Can it be burglars?

My pyjama suit just the thing, Mr. HART says, for "night alarms." Nuisance to have to get up, though. Why can't there be a third lever, to control burglars? Put nose out of door—by Jove, how cold it is! That dratted oil-stove still smouldering—and smelling!

Noise seems to have stopped. Still, can't go to sleep just yet. Take down *Pickwick*. . . . Not as funny as I used to think it. . . . Two o'clock! . . . After all, isn't use of a bedroom to go to sleep in? Lie down; what a bore that one can't have electric light half off; room in darkness, except for gas-stove. Suddenly remember to have heard that gas-stove left burning in bedroom sure to suffocate one! But if I turn it out, where's the use of having it? Wish Mr. HART were here to advise. No, on the whole, glad he isn't. Turn off gas—rather heroic of me. Have, of course, discarded "the mass of blankets and sheets" which Mr. HART condemns. Not "tucked in" at all, either; how can I be, as that sort of thing seems to constitute "huge set of swaddling clothes, such as only savages now employ even for children?" The light eider-down, however, lets in fearful lot of draught. . . . Up again, shivering. Three o'clock! Turn on gas in stove again. Lever won't work, or gas won't light. Hang HART!

4 A.M. Just got a lot of good old-fashioned blankets and sheets from next room. Fearfully chilled, but have some prospect of a few hours' decently warm sleep.



PROSPECTS OF THE LEAP YEAR CLUB.

["A 'Leap Year Club' has been formed by a number of young ladies."—*Daily Graphic*.]

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—For *mauvaise plaisanterie* commend me to a Man in Authority. I need say no more. You know the cruel practical, too practical, joke played upon me last week, when all the names of those who *benefit* Commerce and Art, and therefore the General Public, were ruthlessly excised by a Hand but too well acquainted with the scissors, and *asterisks* were substituted for their honoured appellations. Again, I say, *cherchons l'homme!* under such circumstances, and when found, make a note of him. He is found, he is noted, and he will be yet more noted. Meantime, let his pitiable trick recoil on his own head. I hereby initiate an entirely new Missing Word Competition, viz., I offer a prize—my poems, *Twitterings of a Tom-Tit*, with autograph—to the ready-witted person of either sex who shall correctly fill in the spaces made by the literary censor (*plus Muscovite qu'un Russe*), and send the result to *Him!* I was about to tell you of a lovely *confection* of milk-tea lace and dust-bin *crêpon*, which I have just seen at Madame —, but, no, I will not even breathe her name in ink. Let her die like CHATTERTON, unknown to fame, and the product of her genius perish with her; both struck down by the bolt of Him who Must be Obeyed! I have no heart to write more, but here is a new dish of my own creation. I call it *Kari au Rédacteur impayable*. Stew a calf's brain in melted butter seasoned with garlic, pimento, and allspice. Then add a tablespoonful of curry powder, which should be bought not a hundred yards from the upper end of Bunker's Hill Square. Stir over a quick fire, then add a tumbler of brandy, ditto of Welsh whiskey, some areca nut and sliced capscums. This is an excellent night-cup. Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

P.S. I am sending a letter to The Man, marked not "private," but "public"! Only wait!

A ROUND-ELAY OF DISTRESS.

["Mr. ROUND, M.P., the famous Eton and Oxford cricketer, has had his arm broken by collision with a bicyclist in Kensington Palace Gardens."]

This cricketer, for skill renown'd,
'Gainst any pace would take his stand;
But ROUND has, to his sorrow, found
That cycling fast is underhand.

SUMMARY OF THE NEW MAINTENANCE ACT.—"All for Her."

WHAT MR. H—Y PERHAPS EXPECTED.

MY DEAR TIM,—With tears of joy gushing from my overladen eyeballs, I hasten to accept your generous offer of the Chairmanship of the National Party. It will afford me the greatest satisfaction to be able not only to pour some soothing whiskey into our somewhat troubled waters, but also to heap up unlimited burning peat on your proverbially thin scalp. Turning to-day to a merry-thoughtful newspaper, with which I know you are connected, I find myself described (1) as an unmitigated rogue; (2) as a thief; (3) as a lickspittle adherent of Dublin Castle; (4) as a law-abiding landlord; and (5) as a political GUY FAWKES, anxious to blow up Committee Room No. 15. In each of these well-turned jests, dear TIM, I recognise your masterful way of saying what you didn't mean. 'Tis the old story of firing blank cartridges from behind a hedge, to amuse the "bhoys"—the best, most loyal, and most devoted of followers. Do you remember, TIM, that character drawn by either LEVER or LOVER: the literary man, who'd praise somebody to-day in one paper, so that he might abuse himself to-morrow in another? Faith! You might have served for the model. You're as brimful of fun as was *Handy Andy*. Good luck to you, my boy! May we have roaring times together! *Cead mille failte!*

Ever yours, affectionately,

T. S.

Cockawhoop Criticism.

WHEN Art-criticism's cocky, spleenful, rude, and mulish, It may think it's PENNELL-wise, but it is found foolish. Donkeys bray, but clever sketchers really ought to know That—as Mr. MORLEY mentions—lions do not crow! Nay, a reasonable rooster, or a game-cock brave, Would scarce care to cockadoodle on a great man's grave.

COMPARATIVE MERITS.—What collection of books is better than a Free Library?—Why, certainly, the *Frere* Library, that once belonged to JOHN TUDOR FRERE, and which has been recently disposed of and dispersed by MESSRS. SOTHERBY & Co.

MANAGERIAL PROVERB AS TO OPERATING DOVES.—You may go in for the "billion" of the doves as much as you like, but it is quite another thing to rely upon their making a *coup*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 17.—Since Mr. CALDWELL retired from the calico-printing business and took to Imperial politics he has suffered some surprises and survived many disappointments.

Never did fortune treat him so scurvily as to-night. Had remained through long and varied sitting prepared to discourse on woes and wrongs of crofters. There was preliminary misadventure, since WEIR had rushed in first and put down amendment to Address. He would move it; but House knew member for Mid-Lanark was to second it, and would gladly suffer Ross and Cromarty since it led up to such delight. A long



BY SPECIAL LICENCE.

T-by, the Dog that Can't and Won't be Muzzled.

sitting, full of inconsiderable speeches about immaterial things. The case of the dynamite prisoners restated by JOHN REDMOND; ATHERLEY-JONES on Venezuela; WEDDERBURN on Chitral. Each came on in turn; talked of at length; shovelled out of the way: midnight at hand before Crofter's Amendment was reached.

With assistance of *pince-nez* and tragic tones WEIR floundered through succession of incoherent remarks. Then CALDWELL rose; began to reel off speech with smoothness and rapidity of the engines calico-printing in the paternal establishment in far off Milton-on-Campsie. Before forty yards had been neatly finished there was a hitch in the machinery. Thought at first it was a pebble from the indignant Dee protestant against its neighbourhood being desecrated by a calico-printing industry. Turned out to be all due to PRINCE ARTHUR. He had been in his place through night; had made several speeches; kept watchful eye over varied course of business. Now, at sight of CALDWELL with bundle of notes suggestive of small bale of calico ready for the printer, he incontinently fled.

CALDWELL gasped for breath; rubbed his eyes; regarded with startled gaze the empty seat. Was it possible the Leader of the House, having in near view prospect of discourse from him, should have left? No doubt about fact. Prince ARTHUR had gone, appreciably reducing number of audience. The LORD ADVOCATE moved into his place, with evident intention of replying. Too much this for human nature, howsoever trained in adversity. Mastering his emotion, CALDWELL lifted up his voice, and denounced the guiltily absent Minister who, he added, in sorrow rather than in anger, had "apparently deputed the task of reply to a junior member of the Government." House so affected that everyone glad when midnight struck a note of sympathy, and a veil dropped over painful scene.

"And they will have it," said SARK as we wended our melancholy way homeward, "that the Scotch people have no sense of humour. Is there any other of the three nations capable of the practical joke of supplying the House of Commons with opportunity of hearing in succession JAMES GALLOWAY WEIR and JEMMY CALDWELL? The humour, I admit, is subtle. Prolongation of its flashing is prone to depression. But there it is; superb in its way, quite unique. All that is required for perfect success is capacity of appreciation on the part of the audience."

Business done.—Still talking round the Address.

Tuesday.—JEMMY LOWTHER, saddling and bridling his old roadster "Protection," trotted up and down the yard just now. JEMMY rides well; has as good a seat on horseback as he had on judicial bench when he presided in wig and gown at Jockey Club inquiry.

"Seems to me," said JOHN MOWBRAY, one of the few Members of the present House who knew JEMMY in days of (Parliamentary) sin, "a great pity J. L. cannot take his seat in the House as he appeared on that memorable occasion. There are times when, contemplating the decadence of a country given up to Free Trade, his face takes on

a look of awesome gravity. But the wig and gown are adjuncts of inestimable value. JEMMY, so arrayed, seated at the corner of the front bench below the Gangway in full view of Irish Members, would have distinctly salutary effect. Of course it cannot be: must make the best of him as he is."

Performance of to-night not inspiring. House already in this, its earliest, lustiest infancy, oppressed by deadly weight of Ministerial majority exceeding three fifties. Irish Members subdivided till there seems nothing left but TIM HEALY. Scotch Members all gone to pieces; cannot be brought up to the scratch, even though CALDWELL and WEIR, claymore and *pince-nez* in hand, essay to lead them on. Welsh Members have re-elected OSBORNE MORGAN as Chairman of their Parliamentary organisation. That looks blood-thirsty. But to-night's uprising on Education Question proved a *fiasco*. English Liberals chiefly anxious to arrange dinner pairs. Of the freelances, even CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES beginning to look wistfully towards Greenwich Hospital. Been making furtive inquiries from JOKIM as to terms of board and lodgings for an old salt who has lost an arm and found a voice in the service of his country.

"Quite a hypothetical case, you know," he said to JOKIM, fastening a hook in his buttonhole ("As if it were a newly-developed orchid," JOKIM said, when telling the story). "But suppose there was a case of a man who had sailed on many seas, including Norfolk Broads; had boarded more ships than lie at this moment in the Pool of London; had attempted to teach MUNDELLA navigation when he was President of the Board of Trade; had seen himself passed over when allowance of Ministerial grog was served round; and when approaching middle age found himself stranded in shoal water in a dull House of Commons—suppose, I say, there was such a case, would he be put up comfortably, of course at country's expense, at Greenwich, there to spend his last watch meditating on party ingratitude?"

In such circumstances, at ten o'clock at night, when dolorous Debate on Address flickering out, JEMMY took his melancholy trot. Wasn't allowed even to put up hurdle in form of amendment. Managed to give one kick out at the MARKISS, who, amongst other things, has been saying that in France, where Protection reigns in extremest force, agriculture is worse off than in England. "A more unfounded statement never made by mortal man," exclaimed JEMMY.

"I might have put it shorter than that," he said, as he got down and led the old horse limping back to its loose box in the BENTINCK stables. "Might, indeed, have got it all in three words, including an article. But they're so particular here."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Thursday.—RITCHIE brought in Light Railways Bill; first consignment a million sterling drawn from Imperial Treasury to be



THE "CHRISTIAN BROTHERS!"
Messrs. D-I-I-n and H-I-y.

distributed among agricultural parishes. All the county Members rose up and called RITCHIE blessed. BRUCE dissembled his love, remembering that when last year he brought in similar measure it was kicked down stairs. As for SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, he smiledardonically when he heard RITCHIE describe how the million was to be dispensed in gifts or in loans.

"My million, dear TOBY, or at least one of my many millions. Do you remember how, during the Gordon Riots, the mob

streamed down to the 'Maypole Inn' at Chigwell, tied *John Willet*, the landlord, in a chair, whence he could, more or less comfortably, certainly with full command of the situation, watch the rascals helping themselves to all the good things he had stored up through a life of long industry? I don't mean to liken Her Majesty's Ministers to a riotous, looting mob, still less would I suggest that between myself and the landlord of the 'Maypole Inn' is there any resemblance, personal or otherwise. Nevertheless, as I sit here watching *RITCHIE* hand out a million for Light Railways; *JOKIM* preparing to spend many millions on strengthening the Navy; expecting soon to have *GORST*, who dearly loves a parson, forking out more millions for the parsons' schools, I am able to enter into the feelings of *John Willet* with keener appreciation and fuller sympathy than when, in my mind's eye, I first saw him bound in the chair of his once snug bar-parlour. All my millions, *TOBY*. Hoards for which I toiled, rich webs I spun.

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves;
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
 Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."

"Well, you know what happened to *BATHYLLUS*," I said, moved at his honest emotion.

"Yes; but his discomfiture was sudden and swift. We'll probably have to wait six years before the *BATHYLLUS-BALFOUR* family are brought to book; and where shall we all be then?"

Business done.—Quite a lot. Ministers bringing in Bills with both hands.

Friday.—*STANLEY LEIGHTON*, The Man from Shropshire, in fine form to-night. Rushed in in usual abrupt, excited fashion, crying not "My Lord! My Lord!" but "Mr. SPEAKER!" Question was, grant for Welsh Museum. Difficulty is Wales has no town which all are content to regard as their capital.

"Very well," said The Man from Shropshire, his logical mind piercing film of doubt and difficulty; "you have no capital in Wales. Then take *Shrōwsbury*."

Members not indisposed to accept this solution of difficulty. First wanted to know where *Shrōwsbury* is. Whisper went round that *LEIGHTON* meant *Shrewsbury*; the other pronunciation specimen of the fine ancient Britain tongue he had lauded. Crowning recommendation of *Shrōwsbury* is that someone, at some time, had there been hanged, drawn, and quartered. What more could anyone want in way of recommendation of locality for museum?



A SHAKSPERIAN ILLUSTRATION.

Julius Caesar (Lord *S-l-sb-ry*) suspiciously, to *Anthony* (*B-lf-r*). "Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. Yon *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.... Would he were fatter!"

The Man from Shropshire sat down triumphant. Seemed to be all settled, when *GORST* explained that he had no money available for scheme. So something else will have to be done with *Shrōwsbury*.

Business done.—None; but much talk.

A COOL AND COLLECTED CALENDAR.

(Suggested by the Calm Conduct of an Unemotional People.)

Monday.—Morning papers announce misunderstanding with U.S.A. General astonishment. Evening journals indignant. Every Londoner in a condition of wild excitement.

Tuesday.—Morning papers devote leaders to "the serious news from U.S.A." Reports from the provinces of greatly increased recruiting. Evening journals call for national support. Entire British race (those beyond the sea by wire) express their intention of rallying round the dear old flag.

Wednesday.—Morning papers print a telegram "made in Germany." Misunderstanding with U.S.A. entirely forgotten in the amazement caused by the latest outrage. Evening journals suggest armament *en masse*. Proposal received with delirious delight by Britons inhabiting both hemispheres.

Thursday.—Morning papers enlarge on the International Insult. Cockneys and provincials vie with one another in examples of self-sacrifice. The army should be recruited with the entire population up to the age of eighty. Evening journals propose increased expenditure on the Navy. The inhabitants of Great Britain demand, with one voice, twenty shillings in the pound for income-tax.

Friday.—Morning papers give accounts of cruel sufferings of an alien people. Latest international insult entirely overlooked in

the clamour for immediate mediation. Evening journals review foreign policy of the Government. Universal demand for the despatch of a couple of armies and all the fleet on "special service."

Saturday.—Morning papers narrate terrible accident abroad. Everything forgotten in the zeal for collecting subscriptions. Evening journals give "latest details." Any amount of charitable chatter before all concerned go home to enjoy the morrow's rest.

Judicious Mixture.

[Earl *GREY* is to succeed Dr. *JIM* as Administrator of the South African Chartered Company's territory.]

THE introduction of a little *Grey* will tone down the rather Black Look of South African Affairs.

WHEN JUDGES THEMSELVES ARE TRIED.—During the hearing of an election petition which promises to be still hale and hearty at the beginning of the next century.

SPORT MOST APPROPRIATE TO THE LOCALITY.—Shooting pigeons at Monte Carlo.

A BOERISH PROVERB.—When the Johannesburgers are in the Wit-lander's out.

A SHORT "VALE."—ARTON, art off?

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE BILLIARDIST EN FAMILLE.

I'LL give you twenty! There! you make
 A rather lucky fifteen break,
 And now miss cue for want of chalk.
 I follow on. You clearly see
 That unexpected kiss robb'd me,
 And sent you into baulk.

You've got the points you asked, and yet
 My calculations you upset
 By getting up to put me down.
 I don't complain, I don't rebel
 If at the sport of "*Blanche Chapelle*"
 You seek to win renown.

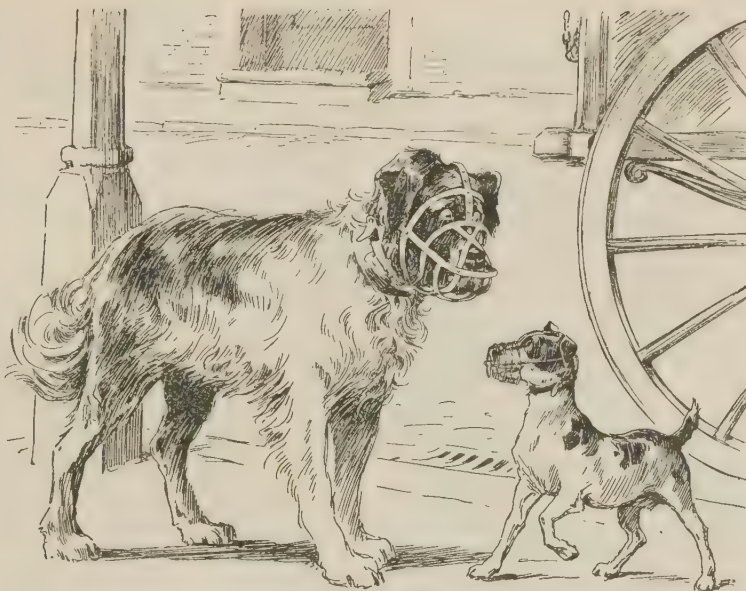
Ha! ha! I have you! Quick! the rest!
 That was a stroke! the prettiest
 Of hazards, giving me a chance.
 And there again with certain pride
 I demonstrate the power of side,
 And *macé* as in France.

You're right! The middle pockets draw.
 See, you're a gainer by the flaw!
 Under the cushion red should be.
 That's what I call a master-shot!
 I've broken down when on the spot!
 What? ninety-six to fifty-three?

No fluke? Then I apologise.
 You've won the game. A great surprise.
 You're warmer, dear, than any blister.
 I'm very rude? Your temper smother!
 I can't be Someone Else's brother,
 Nor you, alack! that Someone's sister!

A NEW FRENCH EXERCISE.

THEY say (*on dit*) that we shall have an income-tax (tax on incomes) in France. The Government desires the tax. Does the people desire the tax? The people does not desire it. The people remain, but the Governments do not remain. By whom was this piece of paper brought to my house? The piece of paper was brought by the policeman (*gendarme*). See! It contains many questions. It appears that if I fail to answer the questions they will send me to prison. It is a veritable tyranny that they establish! Beautiful France is no longer a democratic country. Still, it's necessary that we should all obey the laws. Take, my son, some ink (*de l'encre*), some pens, some paper, and write down what (that which) I dictate to you. Have you told them that the profits of my occupation of *charcutier* are none at all? Then send the paper back to the wretched Government. What? Has the policeman called again?



SPRING BOW-WOWS.

Leander. "WHY, DOCK MY STUMP, IF IT AIN'T 'ERO! I SHOULD NEVER 'AVE KNOWN YER, WITH THAT 'ERE MUZZLE ON!"

Yes, the policeman has called again, and has brought with him the gaoler, the prison chaplain, and the examining magistrate. The honour of such a visit is too unexpected. You may tell the gaoler, the prison chaplain, and the examining magistrate that I am suffering from illness. The examining magistrate is desolated to hear it. They have actually entered my room! My wife, my mother-in-law, my grandfather, the cousin of my wife's sister, and my six children, have burst into tears. How (he is) polite this magistrate (is)! Say then (*donec*) I am not obliged to go to prison, or to pay? No, because parents with six children are exempt from the tax. Are all laws bad? No, there are some laws which are bad, and other laws which are good. The law about large families and the income-tax is a good law. Though I do not pay the tax, my neighbours (*voisins*) will have to pay it. Beautiful France is a more democratic country than I thought (it).

TITTLEBAT TOMKINS.

IF Mr. BUCHANAN and Miss JAY had produced their play of *The Shopwalker* about forty years ago, with ROBSON in it, and had entitled it *Tittlebat Titmouse*, adding that it was adapted from WARREN'S *Ten Thousand a Year*, it might have achieved success, had it not been anticipated by PEAKE'S drama of *Ten Thousand a*



His Last Act, "Knee Suitor," &c.

without any particularly redeeming feature in the way of dialogue. It has a long scene or two that could be cut down with advantage; but,—and this is the saving clause,—it is capitally acted by everybody in the cast.

For example, no one could be better than Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH as the virtuous and rather 'aughty young lover, with little to do, and not much of any value to say; and who, other than Mr. WARDEN, could better represent the not absolutely colourless, because bilious-looking, but always aristocratic Earl? Miss VICTOR, admirable as *Widow Brag Tomkins*, makes a brick or two out of the meagre amount of straw which falls to her share. Mr. DAVID JAMES, representing a lawyer's villainous clerk, of Scotch extraction, has the best of the game; and Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, after he has made a good start in the earlier

part of the first Act, has, for the remainder of the piece, up-hill work, about the result of which he must have felt rather uncomfortable during rehearsals. However, being manager, actor, and *Shopwalker* he has presumably selected this play as "one of the best," if not the best in his *répertoire*, unless he has a surprise for us up his sleeve. Miss NINA BOUCICAULT is delightful, even in this sketchy part of *Mabel*; but 'tis a pathetic sight to witness the struggles of Miss MAY PALFREY, vainly attempting to interest an audience in the authors' story of her overwhelming woes. Mr. VOLPÉ, as *Hubbard, Father Hubbard*, not *Mother* of that ilk, is as good as he can be; and to say this of him in such a part is high praise. In the bill it is described as "a new and original comedy," which are epithets generally difficult to verify of anything dramatic nowadays, and in this instance absolutely impossible.

SONG FOR BARON POLLOCK.

(Some way after Sir Charles Sedley.)

AIR—"Phyllis is my only Joy."

WILLIS does me much annoy,
Doggedest of all Q C.'s,
Clients who his skill employ
He can never fail to please.
If with a frown,
I set him down,
WILLIS, smiling,
JELF be-riling,
Pops up perkier than before!

Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing puts him in a fix;
Yet I try to make him mind;
I am up to all his tricks;
Which though I see
Yet baffle me.
He affronting,
I low grunting,—
Election cases are a bore!

"NOM D'UNE PIPE!"

"Quoth Jack Tar, 'Blow me tight, here's a sip of my sort;
Without 'paying the piper,' a pipe full of port!"

DESPITE the forensic skill of Mr. A. G. STEEL—perhaps "batter" known as a batter than a barrister—the proprietors of a "pipe of port," which had been shipped from Oporto, and which on arrival at Liverpool was "found practically empty," were unsuccessful in obtaining damages against the shipowners. For there was no "satisfactory explanation or evidence" forthcoming as to the cause of the mysterious disappearance of the "old tawny." Evidently some "sucking Nelson" on the "port watch" was at the cask during the voyage, or else the "pipe" evaporated—smoked *itself* out, in fact.

STRANGE FACT.—Sir FRANCIS EVANS, who has just been returned for Southampton as a Separatist, is Chairman of the Union Company.



TURK THE SUBLIME!

Sultan (loq.). "Now, Mr. Bull, you have been Miss Egypt's Guardian long enough, so I invite you to consider whether the time has not now arrived for her return to the arms of her loving Uncle."

Henry Vernon. Done.



Huntsman (seeking a beaten fox). "NOW THEN, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF HIM?"

Cockney Sportsman (immensely pleased with himself). "WELL, RATHER! WHY, I'VE JUST DRIVEN HIM INTO THIS DRAIN FOR YOU!"

WHEN BAR MEETS BAR.

(Entirely New and Original Suggestion for a Farce to be produced at a Matinée.)

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Judge presiding. Witness in the Box. Counsel examining and cross-examining.

First Counsel. I did not quite catch that last answer.

Witness. I said I drank three pots of beer. (Laughter.) Yes, I drank three or four. (Roars.)

First Counsel. And not for the first time, I'll be bound. (Renewed laughter.)

Second Counsel. I must really complain of my friend's conduct. I am surprised at his levity.

First Counsel. I will not be insulted! You are surprised at everything. We all know you.

Second Counsel. I am honoured—for it is more than anyone will say of you.

First Counsel. My Lord, I really must appeal to your Lordship. This is not the first time that my friend has grossly affronted me.

Second Counsel. I claim the protection of the Bench also. It is simply unbearable. My friend loses no opportunity of holding me up to contempt.

Judge. I have known you both for many years, and I am sure you are each of you incapable of harbouring anything other than harmonious feelings towards one another.

Witness. You seem to be forgetting me. (Laughter.) I shouldn't mention it, only I promised to take my old woman for a walk this afternoon. (Roars.)

Judge. You said you had taken four pots of beer?

Witness. So would you if you had the chance. (Laughter.)

Judge. It is fortunate then that I was here—in another place. (Loud laughter.)

Witness. That's a matter of opinion. I prefer the "Pig and Whistle," myself. (Screams.)

First Counsel. You make a pig of yourself while you wet your whistle. (Yells.)

Judge (rising). This seems an appropriate moment for adjourning until to-morrow.

[Curtain falls—for a time—upon the costs.]

THE REAL EASTERN QUESTION.

(By a Prosaic Sufferer from the Season.)

WHAT WILLIAM WATSON calls "The Purple East,"—

And why—I know not; but in simple prose
Its wind, that's neither good for man or beast,
Brings that particular colour—to my nose!
If the great bard will pardon the suggestion,
How to avoid it is my Eastern Question.
And he would do wide good, depend upon it,
If he will teach us that in one more sonnet.
Here's "winter lingering in the lap of spring";
And of the purple east to go and sing
Is most superfluous in a patriot muse
When Britons generally have got the blues.
How can one listen to Armenia's woes
When the east wind is weakening one's poor nose?
And that, however bards may chant or chirple,
Is the sole way in which the east seems purple!

"OH! WOULD I WERE A BARD."—Sir EDWIN ARNOLD has gone to the Canary Isles. No doubt he will sing more like a bird than ever on his return.

JIM AND JILLS.

["About 130 letters . . . awaited Dr. JAMESON. . . many of them containing offers of marriage."—"Westminster Gazette," Feb. 27.]

THEY all run after Dr. JIM,
And yet they can't all marry him,

One Dr. JIM;
The tall, the short, the stout, the slim,
The oldish maidens, somewhat grim,
(Poor Dr. JIM!)

The young ones, sweet and neat and trim,
The youthful widows, slyly prim,

(Eh, Dr. JIM?)
Soft eyes, which tears make sometimes dim,
Sweet lips, to charm the seraphim,

(Oh! Dr. JIM!)

It is perhaps a passing whim,
Like ripple lost on river's brim,

For Dr. JIM;
They cannot tear him limb from limb,
That each may have a piece of him,

Their Dr. JIM.

Better than Leather.

["The London police-constables have by a large majority preferred to receive a money allowance in lieu of the boots hitherto supplied to them."]

SAGACIOUS Bobby, on the tramp,
(Whatever be the style of weather,)
You've learnt on beats of direful damp
There's something that outrivals leather.
For you no boots of doubtful form,
But that which will brave any storm;
It compensates for mud and splash,
And makes no errand bootless—cash!

THE SENSATION OF THE MOMENT.

(A Story wafted from Berlin.)

WHAT was the matter? No one could give the reason. It was astonishing, and caused a feeling of uneasiness that could not be overcome. The CHANCELLOR shook his head. So did the PREMIER. Then the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS confided his apprehension to the MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. The chiefs of the Army were in dire distress and regretted the absence of their comrades in the Navy. Even the sentries walking outside the portals of the palace were apprehensive. What did it all mean? That was the question asked in whispers in the editors' rooms and repeated in the class-rooms of the academies. The students forgot to fight their duels, the professors to study philosophy. The entire population gave up their beer. Then the doctors woke up. There would be certainly work for them if the strain continued. The public were unaccustomed to the situation.

It was then the correspondent of a foreign newspaper thought it time to ask for further and better particulars.

He soon found a crowd surrounding the study of the Inscrutable One. They were listening eagerly, and keenly on the watch. "What is it all about?" asked the representative of the Press.

Then came the reply which explained everything.

"The KAISER has kept quiet without doing anything startling for the last five minutes!"

MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.



No. I.—THE J-M-S-N-RH-D-S COMBINATION.

ON THE CARPET (TURKISH).

(To the Editor of Punch.)

DEAR SIR,—As I have nothing very much to do just now, and have some note-paper on the desk before me, it has occurred to me to make you a proposal. As you know, I have been writing letters broadcast. I prefer stamps to post-cards, and in this respect differ from that "unspeakable" but right hon. gentleman Mr. GLADSTONE. I differ from him in other respects, but that is a matter of detail.

Now, it has occurred to me that many of your cartoons and articles are very unsatisfactory—from my point of view. The result is that your admirable paper has no sale in my country. You may suggest that the cause of this failure in circulation is attributable to the fact that it is not allowed to cross the frontier. Very likely you are right, so I beg you to "regularise" the situation. This could be easily done. All I would ask is that you should vacate your chair, and allow me to take your place. Then I should be able to do something for you. It would be simplicity itself, especially on your side. You see from this suggestion that I am a bit of a wag myself.

But let us be serious and business-like. I make the concrete proposal that I should become your Editor.

Pray accept my distinguished consideration, and believe me (if you can) to be

Your greatly maligned model,

THE SULTAN.

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

No. XIV.—By "Hansom Jack."

["Gentleman Joe's invitation to his brethren to be present at the cabmen's *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's is nothing if not thorough. Not 'fellow-cabbies' merely, but 'their wives and babies' also, are invited to celebrate *Gentleman Joe's* first birthday."]—*Daily News*.]

GENTLEMAN JOE is—a gentleman! Yes, and I reckon and guess, though we ain't toffs or bankers, There's more o' that sort to be found, if they're sought, amongst wot I may call London's "Gentleman Rankers."

Grammar and gab don't make gents on a cab any more than they do in a ball-room or pulpit; [day 'e 'll 'ave a rare full pit. But *Gentleman Joe* is a gent, and I'll bet that upon 'is first birth-

I know some dirty pertaters, I do, who disgrace a cab-rank as they would church or chapel. [Mother Eve picked that apple.

Guess the Old Serpent 'as 'ad 'is fair pick, 'igh and low, ever since We've got our JABEZ BALFOURSES and PIGGOTS, our fiddlers and diddlers, our crawlers and caddes.

But wot price outsiders, wherever their pitch, under scarlet and epplets, or drab capes and badges?

Lent's on, a slack time, but the weather is prime, and the winter's bin wonderful open and easy,

No fog and no snow, not worth mentioning,—no, but east-winds always make me feel snappy and sneezy;

And similarly with my betters, I s'pore; leastways fares about now run most orkud and nippy;

They shuts down the glass, and they shuts up their pockets, and tells me, 'most 'arsh, to shut up, and look slippy.

The pennorth o' voilets tied on to my whip, as the first sign o' spring all-a-blowing-a-growing,

Don't melt 'em a mossel. Wot price button 'olers when in your left ear a nor'-easter's a-blowing?

Nobs with numb fingers don't drop on odd tanners when fumblin' with thick fur-topped gloves in a pocket.

"Rayther long shillin'!" said insinivating-like, don't nail 'em now; they are off like a rocket!

On togs and on temper our climate will tell. JUMPY JIM, a four-wheeler of thirty-year service—

'Ardly anyone knows the full cut of 'is 'ib, any more than they do that 'is right name is JARVIS—

Looks just a big pile of assorted Ole Clo', ready packed for the rag-man and buyer of lumber. [and wrops without number.

All you see is the top of a mulberry nose 'twixt a shiny sou'-wester

"Spring, Spring, bæ-yutiful Spring!" pipes JUMPY, 'is voice like a feller saw-rasping;

"Wish rhymy mugs could try spring on my box with old Jenny a-whoeeze like 'er marster a-garsping.

Potry's like parsons, all flowery-ware, and no square solid facks as a cove can freeze on to.

Me go see *Gentleman Joe*? Twig these togs! There *wos* gentlemen, onst; I dunno where they're gone to.

"You're fond of the flowery in gab or in garden-stuff, sing-song and patter, or smart button-oler.

Flower's won't feed yer, JACK. Give me good cabbage. It's all iky sniff wiv smart slops and brown bowler,

So trot to yer Prince o' Wyles *mattynay*, JACK, and see snide ARTHUR ROBERTS a-doin' the dandy, [bacey and brandy."

I'd rather tuck my old duds on a settle, and do a nice skulk over Ah, poor old JUMPY, 'e's gone a bit balmy with troubles and tipling.

'E's arf off 'is crumpet, [like 'is style you can lump it.

And if you remonsterate friendly like, snubs you, and sez if you don't "Rum's my religion and bacey's my Bible," 'e sneers, "and they don't ask no pew rents at my church.

Sacks and dry stor is old JEM's Sunday-best, and in them no one wants 'im at low church or 'igh church.

"Druv a old mivvy to chapel larst Sunday, two mile and ten yard, and she tipped me—a shillin'! [degryded old willin,

Arsked 'er for just two 'd' more, for a tot o' rum 'ot, and she sez, 'You You dirty old drunkard, 'ow dare you? On Sunday, too, when we should all go to church.' If I do mum,

I sez, most respekful, you'll find me a seat nigh to you, I've no doubt; but then, who will drive you, mum?

"She sniffed and flounced in, leaving me all-a-shiver houtside. Now old JUMPY is jest a mite dingy;

But she, in 'er warm silks and furs, on the Sabbath, must treat a poor sinner, like me, mean and stingy,

And fly in a tantrum acos I were thusty and chilled. Now, I arsk yer, wot sort of a sperit

Wos she in for wurshup? If that's Sunday-best-go-to-meetin', I'll stick to my pub—and prefer it!"

Wot could I say? "Fellow-cabbies" sometimes is not *Gentleman Joes*, but a tidy ways off it. [tried, with a good deal o' profit.

Still, ARTHUR's plan, class to class, man to man, might be oftener *Swish!* There, by Jove, go my voilets a flying! Picked up by a grub of a gal too, Flash JENNY!

She's pinning them into 'er shabby old shawl, with a smile! Well, all right, I don't grudge 'er that penny!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A COWARD CYCLIST TO HIS COMPANION
IN ELOPEMENT.

My nimble steed gives gallant stride,
Your Safety's fresh and oiled :
For love and liberty we ride,
With courage never foiled ;
Within my pocket lies the brief,
Episcopally sealed,
That makes our hope, a firm belief
In Paradise revealed.

Mark ! how we scud along the track
With unabated dash !
What matter if the night be black ?—
It shows the lantern's flash !
What matter if the wind be cold ?—
It only warms my heart.
See ! By that milestone we are told
We have a ten-mile start !

Your father is a grave J. P.,
And rules with iron sway ;
Your uncle is a grim C. C.—
They shall not stop our way !
They may not catch the fleetest pair
That ever "bikes" bestrode,
I'd like to know the man who'd dare
Dispute our right of road !

Ha ! Ha ! The wheels are whirling
round !
The goal's no longer far !
Ha ! Ha ! The end will soon be found !
I laugh like *Lochinvar* !
What ho ? A locomotor's sound !
Your father's latest fad ?
Together we must not be found.
Farewell to you and dad !

Too bad ! 'Tis sad !
Did you say "cad" ?
Well, still I must to treadles trust.
Farewell to you and dad !

BY THE BEACH.

I.

OUR winter season at Little Puddleton (perfect southern climate) is in full swing. The JONESSES are down from Balham, the SMITHS from Tooting, the other SMITHS from Bayswater, and the ROBINSONS from Walham Green. The SMITHS know the other SMITHS, and the JONESSES, too : in fact, young SMITH is said to be rather gone on the eldest JONES girl, and the two have been noticed more than once in the moonlight (lovely moonlight nights here, not a bit cold), whispering sweet nothings on the pier. The JONESSES are a numerous family. When fresh visitors arrive at Little Puddleton, the first thing they do is to try to count them. Estimates vary, and old friends have been known to quarrel over their results, but on one point all agree—it is a perfect marvel how all those children can be packed away at night into those poky little lodgings.

Ma JONES is a large, worried-looking lady, who is always forgetting something. Generally it is the dinner. On these occasions there is a rush to the confectioner's, and the family dine immoderately on puffs and pastry. After that come the bilious attacks, and ADA, the eldest, spends the night administering pills.

Pa JONES, for the most part, takes matters quietly. At times, however, and without any apparent cause, he bursts into a spasm of excitement ; and ever and anon, when you least expect it, his agonised voice is heard—"GEORGE ! GEORGE ! Do not climb on that bathing-machine, Sir ! I've seen so many bad accidents happen !—HARRY ! HARRY ! Come down from that breakwater ! That's



Johnny (who has to face a bad Monday, to Manager at Messrs. R-thsch-l'd's). "AH ! I—WANT TO—AH !—SEE YOU ABOUT AN OVERDRAFT."

Manager. "HOW MUCH DO YOU REQUIRE ?"

Johnny. "AH !—HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT ?"

just the way people get drowned, you block-head !"

Young SMITH, ADA's young man, is a very beautiful creature. He wears a blue serge suit with brass buttons, a yachting hat, and a telescope. On very calm days he sometimes takes a shilling sail in *The Sunbeam* : on other occasions he paces the pier, or looks through his glass at a herring-boat and asks the coastguard what he makes of her. If no sail be in sight he turns his telescope upon the Parade and criticises the girls. "Taut little craft, that, by Jove ! beating up for the shelter, but don't much like the look of the hulk lumbering in her wake. Phew ! sancy little barque scudding down there ! Half a mind to run alongside and board her. And that's her consort, flying the blue blouse ! A regular clipper, bejove !"

ADA thinks him not only very beautiful but astoundingly clever. She admires him immensely ; not, however, so much as he admires himself. He has proved a perfect gold mine to the beach photographer : he has been taken over and over again : sighting a sail through the telescope ; with the telescope under his arm ; with the telescope extended ; with the telescope shut up ; with the telescope standing in the foreground ; with the telescope lying at his side—in short, with the telescope in every pose into which the beach photographer could persuade it.

And once, to ADA's great delight, young SMITH invited her to be taken with him. It was quite an event on the beach, and all Little Puddleton crowded round to see. They made a charming group ; the photographer himself said so, and who should know so

well as he ? ADA is standing with her back against *The Sunbeam* ; young SMITH is bending over and explaining the uses of the telescope which he holds out for her inspection. ADA's head is thrown back as she looks at her lover : her lips are parted in a happy smile, and she listens to the words of wisdom with wonder and interest. Altogether a beautiful picture. "He looks so noble !" thinks ADA ; and the photographer hands it round amongst the spectators as a triumph of his art. "It oughter 'ave a frime, Mister," says he. "A pink piper mount don't do it no justice, yer see." "A frame let it have," replies young SMITH, with a lordly wave of the hand. The crowd applaud. "Ah !" cried the photographer, "them's the sort for me ! Gimme a free 'and like that and I'll show yer what Hart kin do !"

It is very beautiful. ADA agrees with the photographer, and even young SMITH admits that it is not half bad, by Jove ! "You'd better keep it," he adds, in an off-hand way, as if it were a mere nothing. "May I ?" says ADA, blushing with delight. "May I really have it ?" ADA is radiant all that day ; she cherishes the tin-type in her bosom, and I fancy you would be pretty safe in making a bet that when she retires to rest at night she dreams with it under her pillow.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE AT BRIGHTON BY ITS TWO REPRESENTATIVE NOBLEMEN.—The Chain Peer, in full armour, and the West Peer, in his best west coat, were, of course, among the first to welcome H.R.H. to Brighton.



WHAT OUR POET (THE NEWLY-MARRIED ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"I'VE JUST RECEIVED THE PROOFS OF MY COLLECTED POEMS, DEAREST. SIT DOWN IN THE ARMCHAIR, AND MAKE YOURSELF THOROUGHLY COMFORTABLE, AND I'LL READ THEM TO YOU."

"OH! THAT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL, DARLING! ONLY, YOU SIT IN THE ARMCHAIR, AND I'LL SIT ON THIS LITTLE WOODEN STOOL WITHOUT A BACK TO IT—LEST I SHOULD SUDDENLY FEEL SLEEPY, YOU KNOW."

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

OLD SERVANTS.

IF I ever start a hobby—and a hobby-less old age would seem to offer a melancholy prospect—I think I shall set up as a collector of old servants. Old servants—the genuine variety, I mean—are rare, and rarity is in the collector's eyes the highest recommendation. In the feverish hurry of modern existence there is apparently no room for the servant who is not merely old in years, but old also in regard to the period of service during which he has been attached to one family. Here and there, for the most part in quiet country places, specimens are still to be found. They are easily recognisable. The skilled collector cannot be deceived as to a Chippendale table, a piece of old Leeds pottery, or a Stradivarius violin. Similarly, I shall lay my hands unerringly on the old servant wherever I find him, and shall employ all the diabolical cunning and persistency of enthusiasts in the effort to gain possession of my specimen and add him (or her) to my album or my gallery.

I AM occasionally privileged to hear from a lady of my acquaintance about her maid, a real old servant if ever there was one. Far back in the mists of a remote antiquity are concealed the beginnings of her service. Originally, I incline to believe, she was a nurse-maid. She then passed into the housemaid's department, continued as a parlour-maid, and then married. After a short spell of married happiness her husband died, and she returned to her ancient service, under the name of Mrs. WATSON, in the capacity of lady's maid. Ten years passed and she married again, her second husband being a Pole named BOBRINSKY. He, too, went the way of all Poles, and she returned again—this time, as it appears, for good and all—and now remains in unquestioned authority in the establishment of her old mistress. For some reason the second marriage is ignored; and although she has every right to be called Mrs. BOBRINSKY, she is never addressed as anything but Mrs. WATSON, or WATSON for short.

"WATSON," writes my friend, "is a great stand-by and help in the house, and is sewing and cutting out and planning to her heart's content. I wish you could have heard her remarks this morning about BOBRINSKY's funeral, and undertakers in general. I must try

and remember some of them for you. Time, 8.30 A.M. Scene, my bedroom. I am in bed, taking breakfast. WATSON is seated at the bottom of the bed taking hers. We have it together, so that she can wield the tea-pot and help generally; and you will quite understand that, in order to show a proper respect, she takes hers on the most uncomfortable seat and in the most uncomfortable way ingenuity can devise. I happened to be reading something out of the morning paper about a funeral.

"WATSON, interrupting, 'Lor! I wouldn't 'ave married a undertaker for all you could 'a' given me. No, not if 'is 'air was 'ung with di'monds, I wouldn't. I've 'ad enough of 'em; first when the little un went, and the silly bit of poetry printed on the memorial card, pore little dear, about setting on 'is father's knee no more, and 'im over seven and never 'ad set on 'is father's knee since 'e was three.' 'But who wrote the verses, WATSON?' I ventured to remark. WATSON: 'Why, of course, the undertaker, 'e 'ad 'em done by some cheap poet. There's lots of 'em always ready for a ob and they was all the same for all the children in our district, so stupid, but BOBRINSKY bein' a foreigner and knowin' no better, 'e rather liked them, and 'im and me 'ad a few words over it. But no more of them verses for me, said I, and when BOBRINSKY went, I told 'em, just a Plain—as plain as could be!'

"THEY said they should advise feathers as more respectful, and would only rise it up to thirty shillings more, but I told 'em I wouldn't 'ave a feather, not one, as I knoo BOBRINSKY would 'ate them ploods a noddin' over 'is 'ead. A plain urse and one, said I, is all I want. But all the same it came in eleven pound six, and my brother, 'e got ELLEN, 'is wife done for six pound ten. That shows you 'ow they'll take a single woman in. I 'ad nobody to 'elp me about it all, but my brother 'e made a bargain about ELLEN, and got 'er done at trade price, bein' in trade 'isself, you see, penny ices and periodicals, but still pays 'is way. 'She was a great trouble to my brother, was ELLEN, and a good job too when she went, which of course she was paralyzed in 'er chair; and used to gibber at 'im when 'e asked 'er a question. But them undertakers, lor', I 'ave a 'orror of 'em—a swindling lot!'" If any more examples of Mrs. WATSON's wisdom should happen to come in my way I will not fail to make them known to my readers, and on the general subject of old servants there may be much more to be said on another occasion.



TWO OF A TRADE.

FIRST HEADSMAN (*exhibiting his "Parliamentary Guillotine" invention*). "WELL—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"
SECOND HEADSMAN (*meditatively*). "UM—YES—I CAN CONCEIVE A SITUATION WHEN IT MIGHT BE EXTREMELY USEFUL!"



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

INTERESTING RESULT ATTAINED, WITH AID OF RÖNTGEN RAYS, BY A FIRST-FLOOR LODGER WHEN PHOTOGRAPHING HIS SITTING-ROOM DOOR.

AT SCHOOL.

["The German EMPEROR is having a telephone put up between Berlin, Potsdam, and Ploen, so that he and the EMPRESS will be able to talk to their sons when they are away from them at school."—*Sunday Times*.]

SCENE—Ploen. Professor and young princes reading VIRGIL, "*Æneid*," Book V., line 47.

Crown-Prince (construing). . . "bones of my divine father—" [Telephone.]

Emperor. Well, boys, what are you doing this morning?

Crown-Prince. Going to do the boat-race. Rare sport!

Emperor. Boat-race, indeed! I won't have any of your nonsense. You know perfectly well that it doesn't come off till March 28. By the way, I must not forget that telegram to the Oxford crew if they win; and I won't have you going to boat-races when you should be at your studies. Do you hear me?

Crown-Prince. All right, Sir. But it's the boat-race in VIRGIL, don't you know. Trojan regatta and sports in Sicily—

[EMPEROR retires from telephone. Construing proceeds. Presently bell rings again.]

Emperor. Are you there?

Crown-Prince. "Salve, sancte parens, iterum!"

Emperor. Himmel, I will not endure these impertinences. If your professors cannot check your flippancy, I will have them all proceeded against forthwith for *lèse-majesté*. Acquaint them with my resolve.

Crown-Prince. It's all right, Sir. Comes in the text, line 80. Look it out for yourself and you'll see.

Emperor. Oh, very well. That's different, but don't let it occur again. I was going to say that to-day, being the anniversary of the battle of Donnerwetterenburg, you would do well to address a patriotic speech to local recruits. If no recruits, raise a regiment instantly.

Crown-Prince. Right you are. I know. *Regis voluntas suprema lex*, and all that sort of thing. Getting on nicely with my Latin, you see. [Lesson proceeds for a few minutes. Telephone bell.

Empress. Are you there, *etel* FRITZ? Did you take your proper dose of tonic after breakfast this morning?

Second Prince. Oh yes, rather! Three doses. (*Aside, to Professor and Crown-Prince.*) Bother that telephone.

Empress. Are you sure that you have on your extra warm woollen underclothing?

Second Prince. Should think I had, and two pairs of socks!

Empress. Good boy!

[More VIRGIL. Most exciting part of race interrupted by telephone.]

Emperor. I forgot to say that I wish you, when addressing the recruits, to wear your uniform as Honorary Colonel of the Royal and Imperial Corps of Express District Bicycle-Messengers.

Crown-Prince. I won't forget. But I really must have some new uniforms soon. The people here know all mine by heart now.

Emperor. I will at once design you half a dozen or so myself. By the way, don't forget to say something about the Navy. We must have a German Navy three times as powerful as the combined fleets of—

Professor (reading aloud from text). "Quamquam o! sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti!"

Crown-Prince. Very well, I'll remember. But we really must get on with the VIRGIL now. Just got to a good part.

Emperor. Your love of study is gratifying to me; but do not forget that I expect you to also include swimming, fencing, bicycling, boxing, football and cricket, skating and tennis, rowing, yachting, hockey and chess in your daily curriculum.

Crown-Prince. Oh, do shut up! (*Leaves telephone.*) I say, Professor, look here! This telephone's a beastly nuisance, don't you know. What do you say, FRITZ, eh? I vote we go and cut the wire!

[Unanimous adjournment for that purpose.]

CUCKOO!

["The cuckoo has been distinctly heard in the neighbourhood of Hatfield."—*Daily Press*.]

In the neighbourhood of Hatfield now the cuckoo has been heard, Which establishes a record for this very early bird:

Yet the sceptics are declaring that the statement is absurd,
And a "cuckoo"!

Once we thought the bird o' freedom—that's the eagle swift of flight—
With his talons and his beak against the lion wished to fight;
But 'twas found to be another fowl, yeleft the *Jingo Kite*,
Or the "cuckoo."

If a ruler is as restless as the blatant Kaiser BILL,
With his telegrams and twaddle, with his painting-brush and quill,
Wiser folks can only smile and say, "Poor thing, it can't keep still.
Silly cuckoo!"

Now, behold, the bard official twangs his lute both loud and long,
But the instrument is crack'd, or else the strings have gone all wrong:
For 'tis positive that ev'ryone would rather hear the song
Of a cuckoo.

When the bobby on his beat in wintry night 'mid storm and hail
Halts and turns his searching bull's-eye light below the area rail,
It is NOT to brave the burglar, but to get a glass of ale
From the *cook-oo*.

In the Arctic Expedition NANSEN bold, with trusty band,
By discovering the Pole has glory shed upon his land;
And the voice he heard the very first—"from telegrams to hand"—
Was the cuckoo!

THE COMPLEAT ANGOT-LEE.—Two sheriffs, who raided St. John's Market, the Liverpooldian Billingsgate, in order to effect a "distress" upon a certain fish-wife, had a very warm reception at the hands of the *marchande de marée*. The debtor, or rather debtress, seems to have been what the *Liverpool Courier*, with breezy originality, calls "the pet of the market, like *Charité*, the *Offenbachian* heroine in *La fille de Madame Angot*!" (We always had a vague idea that this opera was from LECOCQ's pen, and that *Clairette* was heroine thereof.) Anyway, the lady in question was "ably supported," her fellow-tradeswomen rising up in arms for her against the invading sheriffs who—"telle était la mère Angot"—would have met with an untimely fate had it not been for the arrival of a posse of police to the rescue. A Hibernian spectator of the fray is said to have remarked, "Avick! shure an' it reminds me of an eviction!"

WHAT SIR A. MACKENZIE OMITTED TO SAY IN HIS REMARKS ON "MUSICAL PITCH."—That "this was a sort of pitch which you could touch, and yet could come out with clean hands."

CLASSIC COMMINGLING.—Dr. "JIM" is *Leander* and *Hero* rolled into one.



PARLIAMENTARY CYCLISTS.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNUCOPIA.

(Conducted by Auntie Chickabiddy.)

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

Class 3.



Class 1.



Class 2.

BUNTING BUBBLES.
(Aged 6.)Prize.—The Poet Laureate's *England's Darling*.CORA BENANGEL.
(Aged 13.)Prize.—ADAM SMITH'S *Political Economy*.DORA DIMPLE.
(Aged 9.)Prize.—YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*.

DEAR DARLINGS,—The above are the portraits of your little friends who have been clever enough to carry off the prizes in the three classes devoted to English Composition. I give their essays below so that you may see for yourselves that CORA, DORA, and BUNTING have fairly won the diplomas which accompany the valuable books. The judges were the Dowager Countess of SNUFFINGTON, Lady THEOPHRASTA CHARLEMAGNE-TUBBS, and the Hon. Mrs. CAMELSUMP. Ask Papa, Mamma, or governess to show you these ladies' names in *Burke's* or *Walford's Peerage*; either work you will learn to love and appreciate when you are older. I have not been out lately on account of a severe cold, so you cannot expect much news, but this must interest you. My beautiful Kamtchatka pussy, *Buz-Wuz*, has made me a present of five lovely wee-wee kittens. I am going to sell them to my friends for the small sum of £2 a-piece in order that I may help a poor lady, who does not wish her name to be known. So if any of your relatives would like them they should write at once, for I want the poor lady to go to the South of France as soon as possible. Charity begins at home, but often ends abroad. My doctor says that I ought to seek the bright sun and fair flowers of the Riviera, so, perhaps I, too, may have to tear myself away from dear, dismal England. But I shall be back, if I do make the journey, in time to arrange your Easter Fancy-dress Dances, invitation cards for which can now be had, price half-a-guinea each. As the number of guests must be limited, it would be as well to apply at once for the cards. The refreshments will include tea, coffee, lemonade, sandwiches, cake, oranges, apples, and, perhaps, ices, and I hope to engage the Green Bohemian Band. The Grand Duchess of GRÜNTERSHEIM (look up this country in the map) has graciously promised to be present. So we must look forward to a gay and select meeting.

Always, darlings, Your true friend,

AUNTIE CHICKABIDDY.

P.S. Here are the successful essays:—

CLASS I.

Subject: The Rise and Fall of Napoleon the Great.

DEAR AUNTIE,—NAPOLEON was a bad man, but he crossed the Alps by the use of vinegar. He fought everybody, including the King of ENGLAND and the Emperor of RUSSIA. It was on his famous retreat from St. Petersburg that he skated over the Danube on the ice. Afterwards he lost the battle of Sedan, and died in the Isle of Elba, of a broken heart. He invented boots like his rivals, the Duke of WELLINGTON and Colonel BLUCHER. I hope this will win the prize.

Yours, most affectionately,

CORA.

CLASS II.

Subject: Vegetarianism.

DEAREST AUNTIE,—The cow is a vegetarian, and so was NEBUCHADNEZZAR (I didn't spell this word myself), and so are my rabbits and CHARLEY'S guinea pigs. So is grandma, who likes sparrow-grass, and always chews the cud. If a lion was one, he would eat vegetable marrow-bones. Our pony loves apples and sugar. So do I.

Your loving

DORA.

CLASS III.

Subject: Babies.

DARLING AUNTIE,—I used to like babies when I was one. Now I don't. They cry all day.

Your own little

BUNTING.

UNCONFIRMED REPORT.—That President CLEVELAND was, on the anniversary of WASHINGTON's birthday, presented by his countrymen with a facsimile of little GEORGE'S axe. *Oliver Twist's* "ax" is more in GROVER'S line.

PROTEST BY A PRECISIAN.

(After reading an Article on "Amateur Sport." Cup and League Football.)

O SPORTIVE Muse,
We can't refuse, [to twist;
For you our English tongue
But we do squirm
At that vile term,
A "semi-finalist"!
It is too bad!
The stalwart lad [mate round,"
Left in "the ante-penulti-

We're game to praise,
Although *that* phrase
Hath a pedantic sound.
But "semi-finalist"! Alas!
That "well of English unde-
filed"!
Such bastard lingo who can
pass
And not feel rile?

A PROBLEM.

WHY is a traveller by the L. C. and D. Railway, who cannot afford first-class fare, and who refuses to travel third, likely to do the journey from Victoria to Ramsgate by the Granville Express in less than a seven thousandth part of the two hours usually occupied?—Solution: Because, starting from Victoria, he arrives at Ramsgate in a second.

TO VALETUDINARIANS. ADVICE FOR MARCH 10.

Go to Bow Street if ailing in health or in limb,
For you'll find *Surgeon BRIDGE* there, and eke *Doctor JIM*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 24.—A pleased smile illumined PRINCE ARTHUR'S countenance to-night when Private HANBURY was brought up to the triangle and received three dozen. DON JOSE smiled responsive. "Most useful fellow," said PRINCE ARTHUR; "does his work capitally in Downing Street; says nothing with becoming grace on the Treasury Bench; and now, when you and I might expect to be hauled up with embarrassing reminiscences of what we said and did when a much milder gag than ours was proposed by Mr. G. in order to carry his Home-Rule Bill, HANBURY is dragged out, takes his punishment, and we escape."

A good deal in this.

"Remembering, and it seems but yesterday, all that was said and done in Session of 1893, in denunciation of time-closure invoked temporarily in face of avowed obstruction, after prolonged endeavour to make way under ordinary sail, it takes away one's breath to hear PRINCE ARTHUR blandly propose a severer form of gag, not applicable to a Bill in exceptional circumstances, but automatically choking discussion on the Estimates, not for one Session but for all time."

Thus SARK, his honest face flashed with surprise, his tender bosom heaving with emotion. But SARK is comparatively young; superlatively honest; a sort of Parliamentary *ingenu*. To older Parliamentary Hands the situation is charmingly interesting. They have seen many things on the same lines. No place in the world where conversions are more rapid and complete than in the House of Commons. The Right Hon. Member for Tarshish rides out one day a Coercionist. His horse stumbles; he remounts a Home Ruler, and gallops over everything in his new career. Or the other way about; or the same thing on half a dozen leading questions of the day. If the individual is prominent, spiteful things are said; speeches delivered in his earlier mood are resurrected; he is pelted with passages. But not in modern times has the somersault, taken by a whole Treasury Bench and the bulk of a great Party, been so sudden, or done within the bounds of so narrow a stretch of carpet.

Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, faithful among the faithless found, will have none of the business. No Parliamentary *Benedick* he. When PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSE said they would die rather than consent to the gag, they did not believe they would live to force it on to the House of Commons. Cap'en TOMMY, with them in 1893 when they walked the strait path, parts from them in 1896, when they go astray. The CAP'EN is, after all, almost human, and his voice falters, his eye is clouded with unwonted moisture as it falls on the figure of his apostate friend, now seated on Treasury Bench. Memories of early happy days soften the indignant rigour of his regard. He remembers how, a Parliamentary infant, he sat on the knee of Private HANBURY, was suckled on the Estimates, weaned upon motions for the reduction of Ministers' salaries. And now his nurse, his mentor, just for a handful of silver, just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, has joined the brigand band he taught the lying TOMMY to shy stones at. The only comfort the deserted, desolate human wreck has is in the reflection that if some of Private HANBURY'S earliest efforts had succeeded he would now be drawing only half his Ministerial salary.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR brings in the gag; lays it on the

table; asks House to open its mouth and shut its eyes and see what he and Don José will give it.

Tuesday.—When, just before midnight, after seven hours' debate on and round the gagging resolutions, VICARY GIBBS was observed



"OVER THE BORDER WITH MORLEY."

Sir W-ll-m explains the mysteries of "cess and stent."

rising to his feet, a shudder ran through hitherto languid House. Old Members recalled how, on a famous night in July in the Session of 1893, VICARY'S hand set a light to the smouldering fires of resentment, causing them to blaze forth with uncontrollable force, unparalleled ferocity. New Members had read all about it. Here was (but for a minor detail) a repetition of the causes that led up to the famous free fight which earned for Colonel SAUNDERSON favourable mention in the despatches. The gag, more severe and more systematic than that whose operation was the signal for the historic scuffle, was again proposed.

The minor detail, of course, is that the very men who, in the Home-Rule Session, indignantly denounced, resolutely resisted, the iniquitous attempt to tamper with freedom of debate, to-day occupy the Treasury Bench. That, of course, has little bearing on the incident of the moment. However it be with them, to a man of VICARY'S independence, Trojan and Tyrian are the same. Not for him to affirm that that in PRINCE ARTHUR'S but a choleric word which in Mr. G. was flat blasphemy. He will do the right thing whate'er befall.

Members momentarily withdrawing their gaze from the prematurely brindled hair of the still young advocate of freedom of speech, looked round for HAYES FISHER. Was he ready to play again his patriotic part? When, on that fateful night, LOGAN, sauntering past the Front Opposition bench, seated himself partly on CARSON, Q. C., and partly on the bench, HAYES FISHER, safe in entrenchment on the bench behind, punched him on the nape of the neck. Real merit is always modest. When called to account HAYES FISHER, whilst blushing admitting his intrepid action, insisted upon assigning the whole initiative of the row to Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. G. is far removed from the scene to-night, restful by the blue water that laps the shore at Cannes. If HAYES FISHER means business, and, in obedience to instinct of a noble nature, insists on apporportioning elsewhere the meed of praise, he must pick out some one else.

But HAYES FISHER is not here. As for VICARY, he is nearly three years older, and has evidently done with war and its alarms. His helm is now a hive for bees. They buzz reproach round the head of PRINCE ARTHUR, inasmuch as he "has put a very heavy strain on faithful and loyal followers." But it is a mild reproof, grandmotherly compared with the fierce trumpet-tones of defiance that rang through the same Chamber on the same provocation three years ago. Colonel SAUNDERSON having, when VICARY rose, grasped the street-door key, without which, since his experience of that July night, he never approaches Parliamentary debate, let it drop again in the recesses of his pocket. It will not be wanted to-night to cool abraised cheeks, smitten in hand-to-hand fight in resistance of that unholy, un-English institution, the gag.

Business done.—Gagging Resolution discussed.

Thursday.—Nothing so pleasing during course of debate on our Procedure than readiness of the new Members to come forward and settle knotty points. Subject full of intricacies. Oldest Parliamentary Hands (with exception, of course, of the CAP'EN) occasionally flooded by it. Once to-night, just when PRINCE ARTHUR seemed to be entering port with his precious cargo in prime condition, shipwreck was imminent. Something like hopeless muddle ensued; bewildered Members clamoured feebly for adjournment, that being, apparently, the only safe thing. Through the storm the new Members sat serene and confident, radiant with joyous consciousness of that ability which is prior to knowledge. If there is one thing in the world they really know nothing about, it is the bearings of Parliamentary procedure. Therefore they can discuss it.

DRAGE did, with effect accidentally marred by presence of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Him he turned out of Derby at General Election. Rolled him out of borough like an empty beer-barrel. Emerging to-night from No. 1, Cloister, Temple, E.C. ("DRAGE just the man to select a cloister for residence," says SARK), he thought he would tell House more than he knew about Procedure. Just as he was beginning his eye fell upon figure of the SQUIRE. With the fine instinct of new Member as to what exactly suits taste of House, DRAGE, having spare oyster shell in his pocket, thought it would be nice to shy it at the Figure. Nothing House of Commons so thoroughly appreciates as spectacle of new Member, of young-mannish appearance, making his maiden speech, saying something grossly impertinent about the Leader of the Opposition. Pleasure enhanced by knowledge of fact that in an electoral contest of recent date the old Member had been unseated by the new. "A monumental instance of inconsistency throughout his political life," was the reflection that occurred to Mr. DRAGE as he regarded the SQUIRE.

Effect of carefully conned sentence a little disappointing. House growled its discontent. DRAGE surprised; began to wish he was safely back in the Cloister, E.C. Thought he heard Dr. CLARK smile. Turned upon him with cloistered severity. Rebuked him in the name of private Members.

"I made no observation," said Dr. CLARK, justly amazed at his own forbearance.

"Ha!" cried DRAGE, frowning: "it is perhaps as well that the hon. Member did not."

"Now that at least is good," said the appreciative SARK. "It comes nearer to a repartee by the *Hatter* than anything heard out of *Wonderland*."

Applause grew so persistent and promiscuous that the new Member abruptly resumed his seat, having omitted to say what he had risen to propound on the subject of New Procedure Rules.

Business done.—Procedure Rules agreed to, with proviso that Select Committee shall be appointed to determine exactly what we and they mean.

Friday.—Romped through the supplementary estimates. At half-past seven, when last was voted, J. W. LOWTHER, breathless with rapidity of putting successive questions in record time, led out of chair and laid on his back in cool passage.

Seemed as if under new condition of things business of sitting would be wound up in time to go to dinner. But, Supply disposed of, HAVELOCK WILSON hove alongside with his Merchant Seamen Bill. Not much liked in Ministerial circles. But would look bad to throw it out on second reading. So second reading agreed to, on consideration that nothing more shall be heard of Bill until Committee on Manning of Merchant Ships has reported. "Then," said RITCHIE, "we'll see."

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates agreed to. PRINCE ARTHUR says he didn't promise Select Committee to inquire into New Procedure Rule and tell House, which has just passed it, exactly what it meant in so doing. What he did promise was something quite different. "E dunno where we are," said Cap'en TOMMY, scratching the crown of his head with the point of his hook as is his habit in moments of abstraction.



Mr. Leggy, M.P.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE GENEROUS WHIST-PLAYER TO THE
ERUDITE MAIDEN.

We cut for partners. You and I
Were destined to be *vis-à-vis*.
You said the foe we might defy,
You were so glad to fight *with me*!
For grandmamma had shown you all
The scientific skill she knew,
Had taught you how for trumps to call,
And how to score with chances few.
With eager zest the game commenced,
Our adversaries three tricks made.
Now, really, I was not incensed
When you played club instead of
spade;
Nor was I angry when you placed
That fatal king upon my queen.
Of course, I saw the card was faced,
Another deal there should have been.
'Twas scarcely wise the fourth time
round
The ace of diamonds to lead;
But then it often has been found
That theory is worse than deed.
A bumper rubber! Yet your smile
Was not less joyous than before,
"With hearts for trumps, just wait a
while!"
You cried, as we began once more.
'Twas in the middle of the game,
In dire distress, I breathed a wish
That grandmamma, of matchless fame,
Had read a little Cavendish.
'Twas quite by accident I spoke—
My stupid tongue I can't restrain!
So do blame me for your revoke
And let us partners be again!

ROYALTY BICYCLING.

H.R.H. The Prince of WALES has taken
to bicycling. After the usual spill or two,
which all first-rate riders whether on
horses or wheels must experience, His
Royal Highness is becoming such an ex-
pert that a change of title is seriously
contemplated. If the alteration can be
made without harm to the British Consti-
tution (an excellent one enjoyed by the
enjoys), then H.R.H. will be known as
"The Prince of Wheels."

DR. FISHER, Suffragan Bishop of South-
ampton, is evidently exceptionally and
deservedly popular. According to the
Westminster, "he has enormous influence
with jockeys in Yorkshire" and "at
Newmarket." "FISHER" is an appro-
priate name for a Bishop, as "*Piscator
hominum*"; and it is so proved by his
already having caught the jockeys, and
all "on his own hook." May he follow
in the footsteps of the great Bishop
FISHER; only, may he never "lose his
head," as that good ecclesiastic did,—ex-
cept for conscience sake.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS SUPER-
SEDED BY THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.—The
examiners will simply have to use the
latest photographic apparatus to see if a
candidate has any brains or not. Of
course, the examination will be *in camera*.

SHAKESPEARE AND "THE NEW PHOTO-
GRAPHY."—"Sit you down. . . . I set you
up a glass where you may see the inmost
part of you."—*Hamlet*, Act III., Sc. 4.

OPENING SCENE OF NEW NAUTICAL
ARCTIC DRAMA.—"Curtain rises, North
Pole discovered."

MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.



NO. II.—TRUMPS—KING OF HEARTS OF OAK.

PROPOSED REGULATIONS FOR HYDE PARK.

(Compiled to please the *Wheeling Minority*.)

1. The gates shall be open from daybreak to sun-
down, for the benefit of the cyclists.
2. Carriages drawn by, and riders mounted on,
horses will be only admitted at convenient hours,
for the benefit of the cyclists.
3. Volunteer corps will not be allowed to take up
positions, for the benefit of the cyclists.
4. Public meetings will not be held in the custo-
mary spots, for the benefit of the cyclists.
5. Flower-beds will be removed and the sites
levelled, for the benefit of the cyclists.
6. Military bands will be discontinued, for the
benefit of the cyclists.
7. Schools will not be permitted to take exercise
in processions of twos and twos, for the benefit of
the cyclists.
- 8 and last. The park shall be closed in the face of
the general public, for the benefit of the cyclists.

Mem. by a Man.

(After reading Lord Wolseley's Speech.)

DESPITE New Woman nonsense, crass, immense,
If still the Briton is to rule the brine,
'Tis very clear our "First Line of Defence"
Must still be *mascu-line*!

HAPPY AND IMPERIAL AFTER-THOUGHT.—"By some
most unaccountable oversight I omitted to send my
customary congratulations to the Shooan Chief on his
recent victory. May I ask you, my dear and most
excellent Mr. P-nch, to make known publicly how
much I regret this strange but absolutely uninten-
tional omission? Yours, W-LL-M (IMPERATOR)."

LATEST CRICKET.—What were the English Team
in Australia "out for"? They were out for—a
holiday.

THE RICHEST TRIAL GOING.—The St. George's
Election Petition is said to have cost four guineas a
minute. *Si non e vero e BENN trovato*.

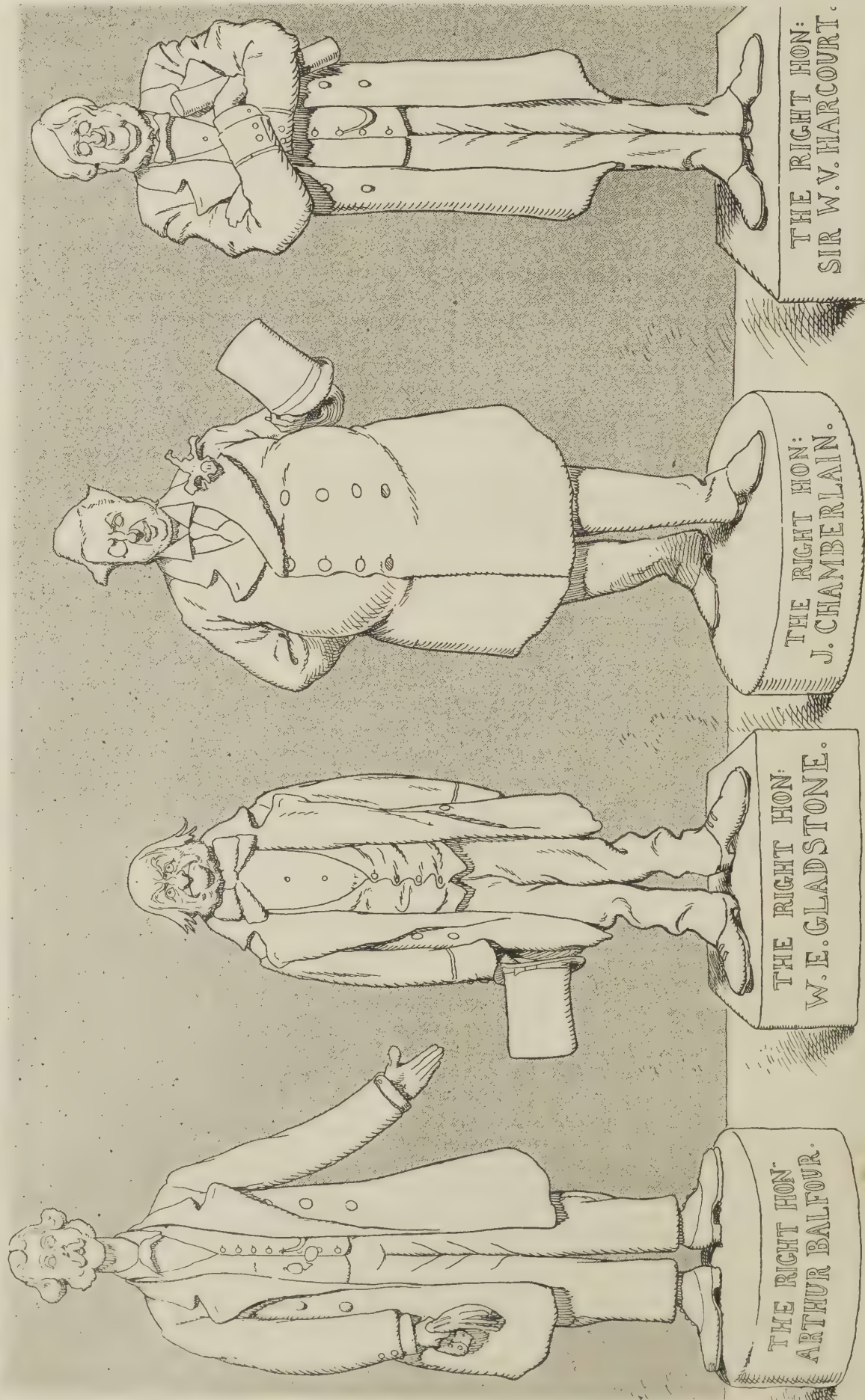
THE CHAUNT OF THE BODLEY HEAD.

(After *Præd.*)

I THINK what modern mortals crave,
With feverish endeavour,
Is work erotically brave,
Satanically clever:
I think no book should now be long,
And therefore I determine
That paradox must mark the song,
And epigram the sermon.
I think the business of the wise
Is with old rules to quarrel,
Defiant of the decencies,
Oblivious of the moral;
The rule of Art the Autocrat
No ethic impulse troubles,—
While priest says this, and pedant that,
Art—blows mephitic bubbles.
I think they should be brightly blown,
Though full of poisonous vapour,
Sin's iridescent sheen alone
Outshines dull Virtue's taper.
Old Honesty temptation flies,
And bids the devil behind him;
But we log-roll the Sire of Lies,
And Beardsleysesquely bind him.
I think to grub like ghouls in graves
For gruesome allegories,
Creative talent while it saves,
Gives vogue to vapid stories.
Old-fashioned critics carp and fume,
Neurotic nonsense banning;
But while the bookstalls give us room,
Fresh bogies pay for planning.
I think the DICKENSES and HOODS,
Their stories and their verses,
Too cheerful far for modern moods,
Which run on crimes and curses,
I think Modernity must frown
On *Nell*, or *We Are Seven*;
For nothing now will take the town
That smacks of home or heaven.
I think Love's like a problem-play
Where Pan and POOLE are blended;
Or like a foul November day,
Whose fog in sludge is ended.
Good fun in coster, cad, or rough,
In slums and "fourpenny dosses";
But, bound in marriage bonds, stale stuff,
Which natural instinct crosses.
I think that sex, old he and she,
Want some new common measure,
That love, like union, should be free,
Its only object pleasure.
One man one wife might well content
The drudge, the saint, the friar,
Were wedlock more a sacrament
And woman less a liar.
I think that Wit should woo St. Giles,
And not St. George, or Stephen.
That Rahab and her subtle wiles
Make Fancy's truest heaven.
The pink and pure no more delight
Your genius-gifted fellow,
Now genuine Art is black and white,
And Literature all yellow.
The world for geniuses has sighed,
And I, in sheaves, have found them;
I've printed them with margins wide,
And arabesquely bound them.
Some who once worshipped, in remorse
Their idols now seem burning;
But I keep on my even course,
A lane that has no turning.

MOTTO FOR MR. LECKY AND OTHERS.—
They who play at (TOMMY) BOWLES must
expect rubbers.

THE BEST OF SMUGGLED GOODS.—
JAMESON'S spirits.



WHAT PARLIAMENTARY SCULPTURE IS COMING TO!

STATUES FOR THE OUTER LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO HARMONISE IN DIGNITY OF TREATMENT AND ACCURACY OF PORTRAITURE WITH THE NEW EFFIGY OF JOHN BRIGHT.

THE METROPOLITAN STATUES SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

["Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS, replying to Mr. LABOUCHERE as to whether his attention had been called to a statue 'purporting to be of the late Mr. JOHN BRIGHT in the Central Lobby, and whether it is to remain there,' said that it was erected under arrangements made with his predecessors. He admitted that there were very varied views as to its artistic merits."]

THIS company has been formed for the purpose of supplying public statues and monuments on the hire system. In consequence of the numerous complaints against existing statues, there is reason to believe that temporary memorials, if obtainable, would be universally erected. The promoters expect that the company will be immediately appointed Sole Purveyors of Statues to the Houses of Parliament. It is needless to draw attention to the many advantages which would have accrued to the pockets of the subscribers, to the uninterrupted progress of traffic, and to the public comfort and convenience generally—not to mention the cause of Art—if the majority of statues and memorials in London had been obtained on this system, and had been subsequently removed. The apparently permanent erections and statues in various recent exhibitions have shown that the use of real bronze or marble is an old-fashioned and exploded fallacy.



Guaranteed Portrait Department.—On payment of ten per cent. extra on the hiring terms, a certificate of correct resemblance, signed by the executors of the person represented, will be supplied with the statue.

Circulating Statuary Department.—Statues lent out in the same manner as books from Messrs. MUDIE'S. For terms of subscription, apply to the Secretary. Statues cannot be changed more frequently than once a week.

Memorials Department.—Larger erections, containing several statues or groups, supplied at the shortest notice. A large selection of horses, griffins, and other animals. The hitherto disregarded anatomy and action of these fabulous monsters will be carefully attended to.

Fountains Department.—The new patent fountains, with imitation jets of water, will be a special feature. This new invention obviates the wetting of passers-by, the fear of which has hitherto prevented the use of a large jet, and has necessitated a meagre squirt or dribble of water, of mean and ridiculous appearance. The new jets, of a patent metallic compound, gleam in the sunlight, and are varied at intervals in rise and fall by an arrangement of springs in the fountain. They are at present manufactured in Germany by the *Wissenschaftliche Kunstgesellschaft*, the Scientific Art Company, of Berlin. Real water for drinking purposes, rarely required, can, if wished, be supplied from a tap.

Secondhand Department.—A large number of returned statues, misfits, and other slightly damaged stock, will be offered for sale at immense reductions. Suitable for provincial towns, tea-gardens, newly-erected villa residences, &c., &c. Warranted to stand the weather if properly varnished once a year. Great reduction on taking a quantity.

Preliminary Notice of Sale.—A job lot of real bronze and marble statues, removed from Westminster, Trafalgar Square, the City, &c., will shortly be offered at ridiculously low prices. Also an aluminium angel (tarnished), and a griffin. Both with very spirited action. Suitable for exportation to Central Africa.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

(As they ought to be Reported.)

KING PREMPEH and Suite are making a lengthened stay at Elmina Castle.

Ex-Prime Minister RAINILAIRIVONY is expected at Geryville, Algeria, from Madagascar.

ABABI PASHA continues to enjoy the salubrious climate of Ceylon.

Dr. LEANDER JAMESON, Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY, the Hon. H. F. WHITE, the Hon. R. WHITE, Mr. C. P. FOLEY, and friends, have arrived in town, after a short tour in the Transvaal.

Major LOTHAIRE has been summoned to Léopoldville, Congo Free State, on urgent personal business.

The King of BURMAH and family are still on a visit to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY HAS NOW REACHED A MOST PROSPEROUS PERIOD.—It is enjoying its Millaisium.

HOME! DULL HOME!

(Up-to-date Version of a very Out-of-date Song.)

["We English are learning how to live, and even to take our pleasures less sadly. . . . Another decade or so may see us a pleasure-loving nation. Yes, we are on the up-grade! The younger generation of husbands and wives will not live 'to keep house.' . . . The feminine glory of domesticity is dying, if not already dead."—"Concerning Dress" in the *Westminster Budget*."]

'Mid Rinks and Ice Palaces now let us
ream!
Be it ever so risky it's better than
home.
A spell as of lead seems to deaden us
there,
Let's mix in the world and cavort
everywhere.
Home! home! dull, dull home!
A slow place is home! A slow place
is home!

To learn how to live we must quit the
fireside,
The up-grade of life is on Fashion's
full tide.
Your stay-at-home dowdy is now out
of date,
To keep up to time, you must bike
and must skate.
Home! home! dull, dull home!
Be it ever so stylish, a slow place is
home!

"Keep house," in a suburb? What prison were that!
No, no, we'll hang out on a smart West-End flat.
Sky-scraper, perchance, but with that we'll make shift,
For we're raised in the world by the aid of a lift.
Home! home! Who cares for home!
Be it ever so lofty, a flat may be home!

The sweet domesticities women now flout,
The Darby and Joan style of thing is played out.
"The social pulse quickens," as everyone feels,
And the world, like our women, now goes upon wheels.
Home? home? Man's not a gnome,
To dwell in a dull hole because it's called home!

The unselfish stay-at-home girl has no chance;
She must tennis and flirt, she must bike, skate, and dance.
In tammy and jupe, or in rational dress,
She must flourish around if she'd score a success.
Home? home? Abroad she must roam,
Or be doomed all her days to that dull place called home!

If married and mother she yet plays her part;
With six charming children she still must look "smart."
For, judging by facts, what Society likes
Is a maid who is bold, and a matron who bikes.
Home? home? Froth, flash, and foam,
Our women now crave, and they're scarce found at home!

A prisoner at home, woman grizzles in pain—
"Oh! give me my knickers and cycle again;
The high-collared JOHNNIES who come at my call,
Give me them, with the fizz of mind dearer than all!"
Home? home? Dull, dull home!
Till a woman turns sixty a slow place is home!

BILLIARDS UP-TO-DATE.—A match—7500 up—is being played at Manchester between Mrs. RICHARDS and J. MACK. This is the first time, says the *Liverpool Daily Post*, that a lady player has appeared in public. But there is no reason why the fair sex should not succeed in this new sphere of action. For ladies are not lacking in cue-riosity, and thoroughly understand the art of "nursing." The Lady Professional Billiard Player is in training to lead troops, as she at least will never faint at the sound of a cannon!

WELL PROTECTED.—Both Houses of Parliament are provided with an inexhaustible stock of great bores, small bores, and old-fashioned smooth bores. With their aid either Chamber can be cleared in less than three minutes.

WHY is the Primrose League particularly interested in President KRÜGER's visit?—Because he is Premier of a Pretorian Parliament.



JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. VI.

Dealing with his Adventures at Olympia.

THE dialogical form is now become an indispensable *factotum* in periodical literature, and so, like a *brebis de Panurge*, I shall follow the fashion occasionally,—though with rather more obedience to a literary elegant style of phraseology than my predecessors in *Punch* have thought worth to practise. Time: the other morning. Scene: the breakfast-table at Porticobello House, Ladbroke Grove. Myself and other select boarders engaged in masticating fowl eggs with their concomitant bacon, while intelligently discussing topical subjects (for we carry out the poetical recipe of “Plain thinking and high living”).

Miss Jessimina (at the table-head). The papers seem eloquent in laudation of the Sporting and Military Show at Olympia. How I should like to go if I had anyone to take me!

Mr. Wylie (stingily). And I would be enraptured at so tip-top an opportunity, but for circumstance of being stonily broken.

[Helps himself to the surviving fowl egg.]

Mr. Cossetter (in sepulchral tone). Alack! that doctorial prescriptions do nill for me such nocturnal jinks; otherwise—

[He treats himself to a digestible pill.]

Myself (taking a leap into the darkness and deadly breaches). Since other gentlemen are not more obsequious in gallantry, I hereby tender myself for honour of accompanyist and *vade mecum*.

Miss Jess. (lowering the silken curtains of her almond-like orbs). Oh, really, PRINCE! So very unexpected! I must obtain the expert opinion of my Mamma.

Mistress MANKLETOW did approve the jaunt on condition of our being saddled by a select lady boarder of the name of SPINK as a *tertium quid* to play at propriety; at which I was internally disgusted, fearing she would play the old gooseberry with our *tête-à-tête*.

Having arrived at Olympia, we perambulated the bazaar prior to the commencement of the shows, and here (after parting with rs. 8½ for three seats on the balcony) I did bleed more freely still, for Miss JESSIMINA expressed a passionate longing to possess my profile, snipped out of paper by the scissors of a Silhouette, for which I mulcted one shilling sterling.

And, after all, although it proved the *alter ego* and speaking likeness of my embossed Bombay cap and golden spectacles, she found the fault that it rendered my complexion of a too excessive murksomeness; not reflecting (with feminine imperceptivity) that, the material being black as a Stygian, this criticism applied to the portraiture of all alike!

Farther on I presented her and the female gooseberry with a pocket-handkerchief a-piece, interwoven by a mechanism with their baptismal appellation (another rupee!).

Then we arrived at a cage containing an automatic Devil revealing the future for a penny in the slit, and Miss JESSIMINA worked the oracle with a coin advanced by myself, and the demon, after flashing his optics and consulting sundry playing-cards, did presently produce a small paper which she opened eagerly.

Miss Jess. (after perusal). Only fancy! It says I’m “to marry a dark man, and go for a long journey, and be very rich.” What ridiculous nonsense! do you not think so, PRINCE?

Myself (with a tender sauciness). Poet SHAKESPEARE asserts there are more things in Heaven and earth than the Horatian philosophy. I am not a superstitious—and yet this mechanical demon may have seen correctly through the brick wall of Futurity. Have you not a worshipful adorer who might be described as dark, and to whose native land it is a long journey?

Miss Jess. (with the complexion of a tomato). It’s time we took our seats for the performance. And you are not to be a silly!

It is notorious that the English female vocabulary contains no more caressing and flattering epithet than this of “a silly,” so that I repaired to my seat immoderately encouraged by such gracious appreciation. Of the show, I can testify that it was truly magnificent, though the introductory portion was somewhat spoilt by the too great prevalence of the bicycle, which is daily increasing its ubiquity, nor do I see the rationality of engaging a *sais* in topped boots to attend upon each machine, under the transparent pretentiousness of its belonging to the equine genus, since it can never become the similitude of a horse in mettlesome vivacity.

My companions marvelled greatly at the severe curvature of the extremities of the cycle-track, which were shaped like the interior of a huge bowl, and while I was demonstrating to them how, from scientific considerations and owing to the centrifugal forces of gravitation, it was not possible for any rider to become a loser of his equilibrium—lo and behold! two of the competitors made the *facilis descensus*, and were intermingled in the weltering hotchpot of a calamity.

But on being disentangled they did limp away, and it is allowable to hope that they suffered no serious dismantling of their vital organs. Still, I cannot approve of these bicycle contentions, which are veritable provocative flights at the providential features.

It is *nem. con.* and undeniable that it was a wise move to transfer the race for the Derby Ribbon from the remoteness of Newmarket Downs to a spot where it can be competed *de die in diem* and under a cover. And I was overjoyed to perceive Hon’ble Sir HENRY IRVING, who was pointed out to me, returned from United States of New York, and driving a small open vehicle in company of *Charley’s Aunt* and a youth attired as a mariner. But the pity of it, Horatio! that he had selected a steed of such snailish propensity as only to be budged by the pricks of a parasol! Moreover, I venture to hint that it was *infra dig.* for so respectable a Thespian to chase *Charley’s Aunt* around the circumference of the velodrome, and the spectacle of such incongruous sprightliness may detriment his fame as a tragic.

The concluding entertainment was a military battle with the Chitralis; and how to express the swelling of my heart with the martial sentiment of courage at beholding the warriors on the march, and taking tender farewells of their ladyloves and fiancées, who were *Niobe* all tears on the shoulders of their nearest relations!

And pride further expanded my bosom to witness the construction of an impromptu bridge in a storm of snow across the bottomless pit of an abyss, and the gallantry with which British troops volleyed and

thundered to the dismay of their barbarian adversaries!

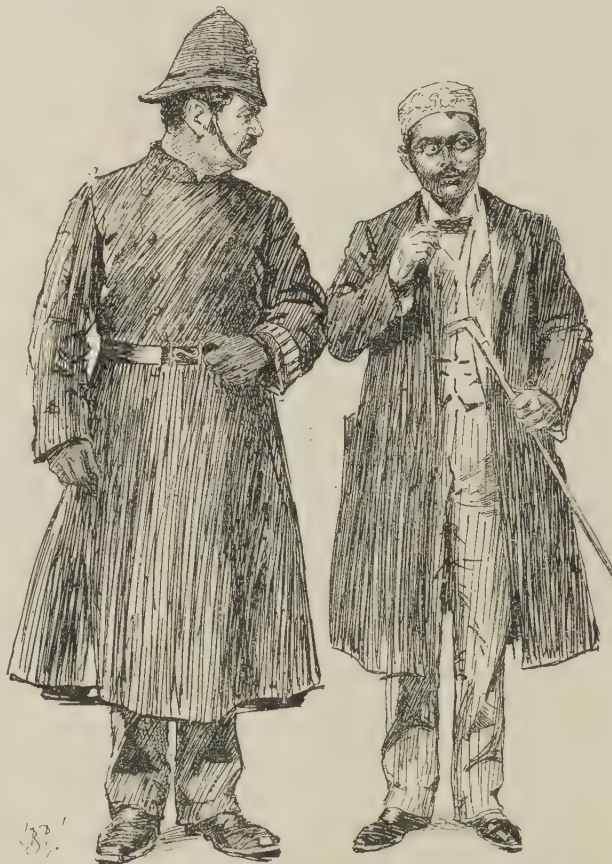
Such exhibitions do greatly assist in promoting patriotism, and implant the courageous impulse in many an unwarlike breast, as I can vouch from personal experience.

After the termination I conducted my *protégées* to the Palmarium, where we sat under a shrub imbibing lemon crushes, brought by a neat-handed Phyllis in the uniform of a housemaid intermixed with a hospital nurse. Here occurred a most discomposing *contretemps*, for presently Miss JESSIMINA uttered the complaint that two strangers were regarding herself and Miss SPINK with the brazen eyes of a sheep, and even making personal comments on my nationality, which rendered me like toad under a harrow with burning indignation.

At length, being utterly beside myself with rage, I summoned one of the Phyllises and requested her to take steps to abate the nuisance, being met with a smiling “*Nolo Episcopari*.” So, entreating my companions not to give way to panic and leave their cause in my hands, I went in search of a policeman.

Unfortunately some time flew before I could find one at liberty to understand my crucial position, nor could I obtain from him a legal opinion as to whether I could administer a cuff or a slap in the ear to my insulters without incurring risk of retaliation in kind.

And, on returning to the spot with a large, stout constable, I had



“With a large, stout constable.”

the mortification to discover that the two impolite strangers had departed, and that Misses MANKLETOW and SPINK were similarly imperceptible.

However, after prolonged search and mental anxiety, I returned alone, and was rewarded by finding my fair friends arrived in safety; and hearing that the two strangers had explained, in the gentlemanly terms of an apology, that they had mistaken them for acquaintances.

Consequently I am thankful that I did not execute my design of assault and battery, more especially as I am the happy receiver of many handsome compliments on all sides upon the tactfulness and *savoir faire* with which I extricated myself from my shocking fix.

At which my countenance beams with the shiny resplendency of self-satisfaction.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MORE ABOUT OLD SERVANTS.

I LEFT off last week having said but little on the general character of old and faithful servants—the epithets in this connection are practically synonymous. Feudalism as a vital force has vanished from the land, but in the relation of an old servant to the family he has served something of feudalism still lingers, something that enables one to understand the deep devotion of mediæval retainers to their house and the fatherly interest of the lord in his dependants. It is curious how, as the years go by, the ancient butler or body-servant assimilates the characteristics of the master he admires; imitates, let us say, his little bursts of temper, his manner of bearing himself, his walk, the fashion of his ties, and his way of wearing his hat, and offers to a different circle a reproduction, as close as circumstances will permit, of the general air of his beloved master. One venerable servitor of this kind it was my lot to know, and I shall never forget the old man's grief and vexation when his master, who had long worn his collars turned down, was suddenly converted to the stick-up variety. It was as though the face of the world had been completely changed, so difficult did he find it to accommodate himself to his master's new appearance.

"Of course," he observed, "Mr. B. looks well in that kind of collar—he'd look well in anything; but there was a something about the old ones which I can't get in this new lot. It isn't for me to make a remark, but there, Sir, don't you think them turn-downs gave him a more noble look, 'aughtier as you may say, and more of the master. I'm certain it's not so easy to respect a stick-up." "JACKSON," I retorted, "I'm willing to stake my fortune you'll be in stick-ups yourself before a month is past." "Me, Sir? Never!" But in a fortnight the old fellow was in stick-ups, and went about his work as if he had never worn any other kind. He used to be very severe, I remember, with the younger members of the family, and used to hurl at them curious and terrible compound oaths which he had contrived, so he said, to manufacture during his foreign wanderings in attendance upon his master. "Sakrabilliapolakadonia, Master FREDDY, will you stop making that noise outside your father's libery door," or "Jessessamanessy, Master DICK, if I ketch you stealing another of your father's cambric handkerchers you and me will have to part; there's no two words about that." These are two of the awful phrases I have heard him use. The youngsters, I am sorry to say, used to laugh at him, and take a fiendish delight in irritating him almost beyond endurance.

THE old servant, however, is to be known not merely by his venerable and awe-inspiring appearance. That, of course, is one mark, but it is not invariably found. The most certain indications are, first, an absolute devotion to his master and mistress; second, a fatherly interest in the younger members of the family; and third, a claim, which is never contested, to be consulted in all family arrangements, and to have his views treated with deferential respect. The devotion does not exclude criticism, the fatherly interest often entails disapproval of pranks to which boys and girls all the world over are prone. But as against the rest of the world the family is, in the eyes of the old servant, composed of immaculate paragons, and woe betide the rash outsider who ventures to hint a fault in any one of them. And the boys and girls, though they may grow up and pass out into the world and become in their turn fathers and mothers, are, to the old servant, children to the end of the chapter, children who have to be protected against themselves, and whose wayward dispositions must always involve them in scrapes, out of which only an old servant's



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A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

loyal ingenuity can extricate them. And how cheerfully the old fellow's face glows, how warm is his faithful welcome when the captain returns from India, or the daughter of the house comes back for a time to the parental nest with a new little fledgeling in her arms. Old servants and dogs—these are the only classes in which you find unquestioning faith and an attachment, rooted deep down in their very being, which nothing can alter or destroy.

As I write there arrives a further communication relative to Mrs. WATSON, of whose table-talk I gave a specimen last week. Here is another:—

"We 'ad a garden, BOBRINSKY and me, size of a pocket-'anky-chif, at Tottenham, where my brother 'e used to come of a Sunday mornin' with a pennywuth o' mixed seeds in 'is pockets, all sorts; and after cleanin' the boots for me, which BOBRINSKY bein' a Pole and proud never would do, but my brother o' course 'ad been a dragoon and learnt to be 'andy, 'e used to plant them seeds all over the place, and sich a crush when they all begun a comin' up, and no room for 'em—it was 'ere am I and where are you—but my brother 'e said when some of 'em died down the others would be a springin' up, and we should always 'ave a show that way and 'e'd chance it; but not knowin' the proper seasons for plantin' there was a rare muddle, and the little 'un 'e kep' tearin' of 'em up to see where the roots was. Still it was pretty cheery, and BOBRINSKY 'e rigged up a plank or two, with a nice piece of tarpaulin' over the top, and read 'is noospaper there of a Sunday mornin', and said it rather reminded 'im of Poland. BOBRINSKY, pore fellow, 'e died soon arter we left Tottenham of a ploral noomonia, which is when you 'ave it in both lungs they call it ploral. But there, single noomonia is bad enough I say."

UTAH has just been admitted into the American Union. It surely will be known as the Matrimonial State.



"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME."

"I SEE YOU CHARGE ME ELEVENPENCE FOR YOUR MUTTON, MR. BARTON. WHY IS IT MR. READ IN THE HIGH STREET LETS ME HAVE IT FOR TENPENCE?"

"I'M SURE, M'M, I COULDN'T SAY—UNLESS IT'S HE'S TAKEN A FANCY TO YOU, M'M!"

"CLIENTS FEEL CHEAP TO-DAY."

THE "World's Great Marriage Mart!" Its fate
Shows it a trap for he's;
"Good figures" figured in the bait,—
And also in the fees!

A "better half" it might sometimes
Provide for chaps with pelf;
But always grabbed—chief of its crimes—
The best half for itself.

The "turnover" nine thou., we learned,
Which yearly did increase;
But now its managers are turned
Over to the police!

With Eve in tow, and dupes to bleed,
It swam along quite gaily;
Till the "Old Adam" of its greed
Ended in the Old Bailey.

"THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS," was the heading of an article in the *St. James's Gazette*. "Dear me!" observed an enlightened reader, "what holidays these officials do have! How long has the Board been away?"

MR. SAMUEL STOREY DECLINES A TESTIMONIAL.—He thanks Mr. CALVERT and the Liberal Association, but as to a testimonial, he says, "Not for me; that's quite another Storey!"

THE IRON AGE.

From "The World," June, 1900.

THE first meet of the Out-of-Hand Club last week was a great success, no fewer than sixteen automobile coaches assembling at the Magazine. Lord PENNINGTON's turn-out, as usual, was the object of general admiration; the brass-work of his engine was in perfect order, and he handled the lever with all his accustomed skill. That post of honour, the stoker's seat, was occupied by Lady VERA PLANTAGENET. Sir THOMAS JONES's petroleum-car was also worthy of notice, although some of the critics thought that the odour of the oil was a little excessive. Punctually at three o'clock, to the cheery blast of the steam-whistles, the procession started for Greenwich. Unfortunately Mr. REDDINGTON's accumulators refused to act, so that his electric coach was left standing, and had ultimately to be towed home by a traction-engine. Close to Greenwich, too, another casualty occurred, as Lord COBBLE's car suddenly bolted down-hill. We believe that a few pedestrians were killed, but fortunately no real harm was done.

WE regret to have to record the death, under melancholy circumstances, of the Duke of PUDDLETON. His Grace was extremely anxious to take part in the Division of last Tuesday on the Infants' Suffrage Bill. He drove to the House of Lords in his steam-carriage, and, fearing that he would not arrive in time to vote, he rashly sat upon the safety-valve. He was said by the passers-by to have been travelling fully at the rate of a mile a minute when the boiler exploded. We hear that such fragments of his Grace as were afterwards collected are to be interred to-morrow.

To those ladies of weak nerves who are unable to ride a bicycle, and find the ordinary automobile machine too skittish, we may confidently recommend Messrs. DOBB's new miniature steam-rollers, each of which is warranted quiet to ride and drive. Several of these dainty engines, tastefully painted in art colours, have lately been seen in the Park.

A COMPLAINT comes from the Household Cavalry that it is extremely difficult to ride their new bicycle-chargers in the regulation top-boots. Hitherto their protests have met with no attention at the hands of the War Office, and we suppose that the usual red-tape difficulties will be urged against any change. Yet the War Office can be radical enough on occasion. It is actually proposed to repaint in a darker colour the famous white machines of the Scots Greys, on the plea that the present hue would be too conspicuous on the battle-field!

WE omitted to mention at the time the last meet of the Petchley, which took place some weeks ago. The scent was exceedingly well laid, the paper being sufficiently thick to prevent any check all through the run. Amongst the first to reach home was that well-known rider Miss BUSTER, who was mounted on a "Scorcher" racer, which carried her admirably. There is some talk of continuing paper-chasing in the shires all the year round for the future.

LOVERS of natural history will be glad to hear that a specimen of that almost extinct quadruped, the horse, was captured in Devonshire last week. Seven gamekeepers had attempted to shoot it, but fortunately without success. It was taken alive, and removed to the Zoological gardens. Doubtless its presence there will attract crowds of visitors during the next few weeks.



2

SWAIN Sc

“WELL MATCHED.”

OOM PAUL (to “Pushful Joe.”)—“LOOK HERE! PUSH-STROKE BARRED YOU KNOW!!”

'FOR THE CROWN'; OR, MICHAEL AND HIS BAD ANGEL.

MES. PAT CAMPBELL, Miss EMERY, Mr. DALTON, Mr. IAN and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, appear triumphantly in case *For the Crown*



"A WRIGGLER TWISTER!"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the new Serpentine Squirm.

at Lyceum. The scenic artists Brother RYAN and Sister HANN have excelled themselves. CRAVEN's picture of Trajan's Arch most picturesque. Admirable is equestrian statue of Warrior King of Widdin, erected to celebrate a battle and a Widdin on the same day, modelled by Mr. LUCCHESI (an' sure the figure does look aisy on his horse), which leaves all previous stage statues far behind, including our old friend the Statue of the Commandatore in *Don Giovanni*.

The worst of a stage statue is that so much is expected of it. If it doesn't descend, or nod, or show itself to be "something striking," the audience is apt to be disappointed. Fortunately in *For the Crown*, the interest felt in the fate of *Constantine-Forbes-Brancomir-Robertson* and of *Mrs. Patrick-Militza-Campbell* is so absorbing that the statue hasn't a chance against them. True that FORBES ROBERTSON does place his face, profile-wise, against the pedestal, as if giving the statue "a bit of his cheek," but as the statue, though very much "up in the stirrups," remains unmoved, the public interest in the effigy soon dies out.

Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL, who was a lost angel to FORBES ROBERTSON and ENRY HAUTHOR JONES as *Michael's* Angel in the short-lived clerical drama, now reappears as a warning angel, not, however, to *Michael* (his full title is *Prince Michael Brancomir*), but to *Constantine* his son. In this piece the good angel is Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL, and the bad angel, Miss EMERY. After a most trying scene, splendidly acted by Messrs. DALTON and ROBERTSON, *Constantine* slays his father *Michael*, who has been trying to "save his beaconn," which *Constantine-Robertson* immediately kindles, and in a second, before you can say knife, all the fat is in the fire!

Stephen, the Warrior-King-Bishop, an amiable representative of the Church Militant, is impressively rendered by Mr. IAN ROBERTSON.

Princess Bazilide—rather an unfortunate name to pronounce, since it sounds as if any actor, who has to speak of or to her, was



Lady Winifred-Emery-Macbeth, Junior (to her husband). "Fancy! To be a king! to have your hair cut!! and to wear a nice new royal dressing-gown!!! Infirm of purpose! How can you hesitate?"

suffering from a severe "cold id de dose," and was trying his best to say "Vaseline"—is played with all the "Emery powder" that

Miss WINIFRED can put into the character. Miss *Emery-Bazilide* is this "*Michael's*" Bad Angel, and is intended to be a fascinating *Lady Macbeth Junior*. Would it not add to the attraction, if, on three days of the week, Mrs. PAT were to play *Bazilide* and Miss EMERY *Militza*, and on the other three *vice versa*, and toss up for parts at *matinées*? These two women never meet, and consequently never have a great scene to themselves.

Mr. MACKINTOSH, disguised as a minstrel, with an instrument which he can't play, and without a song, is, musically, disappointing: but he is all there as a "secret agent of the Sultan," and perhaps might just now find diplomatic employment between St. Petersburg and Constantinople. CARL ARMBRUSTER's music is in keeping with the general excellence that marks the entire production. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE's original French play may be poetically brilliant, but that it is so cannot be gathered from Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON's version of it. Had COPPÉE and DAVIDSON been dramatists, they would have given a grand scene to the two heroines. Not too late now. However, "leave well alone" is a good rule, and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON may rest content with its success.

UBBI ET ORBI.—Mr. Punch begs to inform everyone everywhere that no number of his immortal publication will again bear date "Saturday, February 29," until the year 1992. Friends at a distance and subscribers yet unborn will please accept this intimation.

INDISPUTABLE.—When a Lord Chancellor quits office he gets the Order of the Woolsack.



Forbes Robertson. "The play wants lightening. Here goes! Ha! ha! a Blaze of Triumph!"

ENGLISH ADAPTATION OF TRANSCAAL.—Cross country.



THINGS ONE WOULD HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"HOW ARE YOU, OLD CHAP? ARE YOU KEEPING STRONG?"

"No; ONLY JUST MANAGING TO KEEP OUT OF MY GRAVE."

"OH, I'M SORRY TO BEAR THAT!"

AN IMPERIAL INTERVIEW.

Brussels, March 4, 1896.

SIR,—Armed with your credentials, I had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the August Personage, whose name it is as well not to mention in view of the perturbed state of Europe. I found him at his Imperial Castle of Panemutter (it is best to be discreet), busily engaged, with a large map of the world before him, in planning, as I imagined, some delightful foreign trips. As I entered his study he was singing, to a not unfamiliar air, the following words:—

"Rule, rule the KAISER,
He rules the earth and waves,
And Teutons ever, ever must be slaves."

"Words and music mine own," he said, with some touch of pride, as he begged me, as he expressed it, "to come to an anchor." I was struck by the August One's attire. On his head he wore an eagled helmet; his coat was, if I mistake not, the full-dress swallow-tail of a British admiral, and his legs displayed the tight red continuations of a hussar, together with a pair of long sea-boots. The August One evidently noticed my surprise at his original costume, for he observed gravely, "I am the impersonification of the Army and the Navy combined. I am, as it were, Mars-Neptune, formidable, awe-striking, not to be contradicted. You see," he added, pointing to the map; "I am, as is my custom, amusing myself with a little game of International Harum-Scorum—my own invention and sufficiently entertaining." I begged the August One to explain. He graciously acceded to my request.

"Here, for instance, is Constantinople. A lot of Powers are knocking at the Porte—joke of my own, registered for my next comic opera. I encourage them to go on knocking, but I also tell him who has the key to be sure and not open the door. One of the Powers knocks louder than the others; instantly, in the twinkle of an eye (*augenblick*), I suggest to a good friend across the Atlantic that this noisy Power is about to poach on his territorial preserves. The good friend takes the bait and threatens the noisy Power, who instantly suspends his knocking, and, before he can begin again, I myself put salt, manufactured solely in Teutonia, on his leonine tail by means of another friend in South Africa. Two Powers, who are allied to

me as chestnut-out-of-the-fire-pickers, become too intimate. Heigh presto! in an instant I frighten one with an apparition of a Great Bear in the Balkan provinces, and I provide the other with terrible war-dancing in Eastern Africa. The Great Bear himself is not inclined to dance just now, but he shall foot the Zardas before I have done with him. For my most conceited neighbour, you know to whom I refer, I prepared a pretty pic-nic among the morasses of Madagascar. I have also, to his ever-to-be-regretted cost, invited him to have high words with the noisy Power about the flesh pots of Egypt. A conceited Iberian monkey has, on more than one occasion, made rude faces at me. It less time than it takes to smoke a Cuban cigar, I have induced my good Transatlantic friend to pull his ears, and I have, for the chattering magpie next door to him, a rod in pickle, which shall be laid on not a thousand leagues from Delagoa Bay. In the far East I stage-managed a very effective drama in which celestial pigtailed got handsomely japanned, and I am busily preparing another wondrously-intricate piece of the same nature. So you see I keep them all employed and myself entertained."

"But then, Sire," I cried, "you must be omnipotent."

"I am," he replied, proudly drawing himself up till the eagle on his helmet knocked some drops off the crystal chandelier. "I shall soon be master of the universe, sun, moon, and stars included."

At this moment an individual in uniform glided into the room, and, with respectful obeisance, presented a note, heavily sealed with red wax, to the August One. He tore it open with a triumphant smile; but, as he read, his countenance changed to an expression of concentrated fury.

"Beasts! brutes! Unmentionable scoundrels!" he cried savagely; and then perceiving me, he crumpled up the missive and flung it full in my face. Clutching the precious document in my right hand, and forgetting to pick up my hat and umbrella, I fled from the palace and rushed to the railway station. The Brussels express was just leaving, and I sank exhausted on the velvet cushions of a first-class carriage. What a terrible journey all on your account. Happily I was not pursued. Not till we had passed the frontier did I remove the letter from my boot and devour its contents. It ran as follows:—

"SIRE,—The Reichstag declines to spend another mark on never-to-be-satisfied naval armaments.—Your devoted, VON M."

Now I understand the August One's wrath, and so I hope do you. Awaiting the ever-beneficial and welcome cheque, I am

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington! An attractive title! Open Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's book, and regard Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE's portrait of the Most Gorgeous herself! A lovely woman truly. Count D'ORSAY was not much of an artist, but he knew a pretty woman when he saw one, and the Baron en-dorsay's the Count's opinion. Poor "Gorgeous" one! This name was fathered on her by Dr. PARR. The earliest portion of her existence was sad; so was the latest. *In medio, gloriosissima!* She belonged to the *Book of Beauty and Keepsake* period. MARGARET POWER had a rough time of it in her father's house, and a still rougher in that of her husband, Mr. FARMER. Then, by the advice of a "kind-hearted, honourable man," MAGGIE FARMER farmed herself out to a protectionist, living for six years "under the protection of Captain JENKINS," oblivious of her Farmer husband. Suddenly appeared on the scene my Lord BLESSINGTON, widower. "When first he saw sweet PEGGY," as the song has it, the Earl desired to possess her: whereupon unselfish JENKINS nobly effaced himself, on consideration of ten thousand pounds paid to him by my Lord BLESSINGTON; but before The Gorgeous MARGARET could obtain a divorce, her husband, the fuddled FARMER, during a drunken orgie, tumbled out of a first-floor window, and ended his evening, and his days, in Middlesex Hospital. Then Noble Earl made PEGGY Countess, and from that time forth till Noble Earl paid debt of nature, leaving £2000 per annum to his widow, the Gorgeous PEGGY was Gorgeous indeed! Not a genius but was lionised by her. She must have laughed in her sleeve (where is her real diary in Pepsysian cipher?) at all the geniuses, with the exception of Count D'ORSAY, with whom she subsequently lived; and in death they were not divided, as their stone sarcophagi stand side by side, having been designed and so placed by D'ORSAY himself; the one for Gorgeous PEGGY, who died in 1849, and the other for the Count, who became a "Count Out" in 1852. In the very full cast of *Dramatis personæ* the characters of Lord BYRON and the Countess GUICCIOLI are the most interesting. In any society, be it were it may, there is always a bore, and the representative of this genus in this company is WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Whether he writes or speaks he is tedious. What a scene in *Vanity Fair* it all is! What showy puppets are the Most Gorgeous Lady and the Brilliantly French Polished Count! As a study of this artificial period Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's *Gorgeous Lady Blessington*, in two volumes, from DOWNEY & Co.'s, is highly recommended by

THE BARON.



THE MUZZLING REGULATIONS.

ANOTHER CULPRIT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.—Nothing could exceed the solicitude with which JOKIM, expounding his naval scheme, contemplated the probable feelings of foreign Powers when they learn how the British Fleet is to be strengthened. "You really mustn't," he said, glancing across the silver streak, "compare this trifling amount of twenty-two millions spent on our Navy, with the francs, or marks, or roubles, or lire you lavish on your puny fleets. Just think of your armies. Britannia has no army worth speaking of; no towers along her steep; her march is o'er the mountain wave, her home is on the deep. So of course we must make ourselves at home there. Nothing farther from our thoughts or intention than threatening you. In fact, if you look at it in the proper light, you will see that this expenditure and this labour are incurred solely for your benefit. Think how much more valuable we are made to any friends of ours! That's the proper way to look at it."

House much pleased at this way of putting things; hope same point of view will be accepted at Berlin and other places where England is loved. Seventeen millions-and-a-half is the amount of additional expenditure involved in scheme. A tidy sum, which House faced with equanimity. HICKS-BEACH has behaved nobly. As JOKIM phrased it, "the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will generously put aside the surplus of this year to meet the expenditure under the Naval Works Bill, which will amount to five millions-and-a-half."

That something like generosity. Possibly no any failure in the supply of lava, but the cold country but England possesses a citizen who stream of facts has been too much for it!



"WHO SAID ATROCITY (-MONGERS)!"

A Study of a Volcano recently extinct, not from

would act in so princely a manner; and so quietly too. SARK tells me he hears HICKS-BEACH wanted to act anonymously in the matter.

"Put it down from 'A friend,'" he said to JOKIM, when volunteering the little sum.

JOKIM, not to be outdone in generosity, declined.

"No, HICKS-BEACH," he said; "a man who would put his hand in his pocket, take out somebody else's five millions-and-a-half, and lay it on the altar of his country, deserves to have his name publicly mentioned; and I shall do it."

So HICKS-BEACH had to sit there blushing whilst the House rang with applause at his unparalleled generosity. Only the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD unresponsive.

"Yes," he said, with something more nearly approaching a sneer than is accustomed to find expression on his benevolent countenance, "they've got the men, they've got the ships, and they've got our money, too."

Business done.—New Naval Scheme explained. Colossal generosity of a right hon. Member.

Tuesday.—ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, like other forms of adversity, has his uses. In the last Parliament there were Members who affected belief that he was in the secret pay of EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON. Certainly he did much to improve and establish the reputation of those eminent statesmen. Whenever the course of events, whether in connection with Foreign Office or Colonial Office, tended to make matters embarrassing for Ministers from Party point of view, up jumped SILOMIO, dashed in with ridiculous question which gave the Minister concerned opportunity of tripping him up, whacking him about the head, and,

amid the cheers and laughter occasioned by incident, walking off reinstated.

To-night EDWARD GREY placed under renewed obligations from same quarter. SAM SMITH submitted case of Armenia in one of those forceful,



The Latest Surprise from the Transvaal.

pregnant, stirring speeches which are all too brief for appetite of delighted House. EDWARD GREY about to follow when SILOMIO took the floor. Evidently in best form; his noble nature stirred to deepest depths by aspersions upon the gentle Turk. It was true that, against his will, in anguished suppression of his instincts, Turk had butchered a few Armenians, including women and children. But it was all the fault of SAM SMITH. With terrible voice, with fat forefinger ominously shaken in his direction, SILOMIO denounced the blameless SAMUEL and "his co-atrocity-mongers," as directly responsible for any little misunderstanding that may have arisen between the Turks and their Christian fellow-subjects, resulting in bayoneting, burning alive, dismembering, and other extreme controversial proceedings. After this blatant performance—suggestive in tone and manner, as SARK says, of the Walk-up, Walk-up Gentleman in front of the fair caravan just before the show begins—came EDWARD GREY with his quiet manner, his high tone, his studiously fair-mindedness. To him succeeded GEORGE CURZON in far away the best speech he has yet made in the House. A difficult position for the spokesman of Foreign Office met with a courage, frankness and dexterity that charmed the gathering audience.

"Nothing, my dear TOBY," said Prince ARTHUR, looking down from the pyramidal heights of his thirty-eight years, "has for a long time given me keener pleasure than listening to these two speeches. Endurance of the strength and fame of the House of Commons rests not with the old Parliamentary Hands, but with the *jeune école*. As long as we have young men like EDWARD GREY and GEORGE CURZON coming forward, so long will the Mother House of Parliament maintain her high reputation."

Curious to find PRINCE ARTHUR quite naturally assuming these patriarchal airs. By-and-by we shall have him adopting Mr. G.'s pet phrase, and talking solemnly about having arrived "at my time of life."

Business done.—Government admit they can do nothing to help Armenia. "Very well," says the House, cheerfully; "go on doing it."

Thursday.—Dr. TANNER is becoming disappointed with the new SPEAKER. He looks so bland, has such pleasant voice, such courteous manner. Seems as if you could do anything with him. TANNER discovers that, as he puts it, the leg is on the other boot. No chance for a sportive member. Only yesterday TANNER, attempting to raise point of order when House had been cleared for division, had every advantage taken of him. Happened to be sitting under gallery above Gangway when opportunity presented itself. Sprang to his feet to address Chair. That he knew was out of order. Supposing when debate in progress a Member were to join in it without rising from

his seat or taking off his hat, he would forthwith be haled forth and cast into lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat. On the contrary, if, House being cleared for a division, a Member having something to say courteously rises, bows to the SPEAKER, and opens his mouth, he is borne down with angry cries of "Order! Order!" According to fundamental principle of British Constitution, a Member in such circumstances must remain seated, press his hat over his brows, and cry aloud, "Mr. SPEAKER!"

TANNER wouldn't have minded that, only, unfortunately, hadn't got a hat handy. Mr. G. once, in similar circumstances, accepted loan of FARRER HERSHELL's hat—an accidental service which ultimately landed the then Member for Durham on the Woolsack. TANNER having no Lord Chancellorships to give away, no one would lend him a hat. Before he could "convey" one, opportunity fled. When, later, he attempted to recapture it, bellowing "No!" when SPEAKER said "The Ayes have it," SPEAKER ignored his existence, and declared motion carried.

These things happened yesterday. "I'll be even with him yet," said this relic of the Old Guard. So just on the stroke of midnight, after long debate on Shipbuilding Vote, TANNER rose. If he spoke for three minutes would carry debate over to another sitting. PRINCE ARTHUR, swift as hawk on hapless pigeon, pounced.

"I beg to move," he said, "that the question be now put."

"Gag! Gag!" roared TANNER in fury.

Then the SPEAKER, in provokingly quiet manner, observed, that if this sort of thing went on he would have to call the attention of House to his conduct. "And this is a so-called free country!" said TANNER, stamping out to the Division Lobby.

Business done.—House got into Committee on Shipbuilding Vote.

Friday.—SUTHERLAND, K.C.M.G., back, after six weeks in the alternating sunshine and snow of Riviera. "Hope you haven't been overworking yourself," I said, regarding with anxious solicitude his pensive countenance.

"No," said the Chairman of the P. & O., with hands deep in his pockets, and a far-away look in his eyes. "But you see, a big concern like ours requires constant care and absolute self-devotion on the part of those who manage its affairs. One must have his eye everywhere. Bombay, Calcutta, Yokohama, and the Australian ports loom large on our list. But the Chairman must also keep in personal touch with smaller ports, such as Rome, Florence, Cannes, and Monte Carlo."

Business done.—Well, we pretty equally divided the sitting between a local Belfast Bill and discussion of new scheme of Naval Defence. The Belfast Corporation Bill, as more important, had



"It had been said that such ideas as he held were prehistoric doctrines. Well, he would rather have the doctrine of a prehistoric statesman than the ravings of an up-to-date Jingo. (Laughter.) What was the good of a man if he had to walk about in heavy armour all his life. (Laughter.)"—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, March 6.

precedence. When dinner hour approached, and most Members, worn out with squabble in back streets of Derry, had gone off to dinner, took up the Navy Votes.

LIMERICK "TWIST" FOR NEW YORK "STRAIGHT CUT."—On the very day that Lord DUNRAVEN was expelled from the New York Yacht Club, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Limerick.

PARNASSUS PRESERVED

(From the *Machinations of Parker Smith*).

To "edit" our new Laureate
BALFOUR at once refuses;
Since no department of the State
Is managed by the Muses.
Poesy's triumph is immense!
How could it be immenser?
Although incapable of sense
She doth not need a censor!
She's free to shirk that arduous task
Beauty to blend with high sense;
And is not called upon to ask
For a poetic licence.

Mem. for Football Prophets.

THERE is many a slip
'Twixt the Cup and the "tip."

VICE VERSÂ.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS is not in complete possession of his own voice, though he has that of the Academy, unanimously, for the Presidency. Meeting him the other day, a sympathising friend observed, "My dear Sir JOHN, if you have the Academy dinner this year you'll require a deputy to speak for you." "I can get a lot of people to 'speak for me,' bless 'em!" replied the President. "You see," he continued, "it isn't a deputy I require: what I want is, as a coxter would huskily call it, 'a vice.'"

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.—Why should not the sails of Lord DUNRAVEN's new yacht, *Cari-ad*, be utilised by eminent pill makers?



Doctor (meeting village dame, after calling on her husband). "YOUR HUSBAND'S VERY LOW!"
Wife. "OH, MR. BLANDFORD, SIR! OH, HE'S ALLERS BEEN MOST RESPECTABLE!"

RUS IN URBE.

(A *Cockney Rhapsody*.)

As I stroll through Piccadilly,
Scent of blossoms borne from Scilly
Greet me. Jonquil, rose, and lily,
Violet and daffydownilly.
Oh the feeling sweet and thrilly
That these blossoms flounced and frilly

From soft plains and headlands hilly
Bring my breast in Piccadilly!
It subdues me willy-nilly,
Though such sentiment seems silly,
And a bunch, dear, buys your WILLY,
To dispatch, by post, to MILLY,
Dwelling, far from Piccadilly,
In moist lowlands, rushed and rilly,
Blossomy as Penzance or Scilly.
Sweets to the sweet! "Poor Silly-BILLY!"

You may say, in accents trilly.
When the postman in the stilly
Eve, from distant Piccadilly,
Bears this box of rose and lily,
Violet and daffodilly,
To the rural maiden, MILLY,
From her urban lover,
WILLY.

P.S.

Dry as toke and skilly,
Is this arid Piccadilly,
Notwithstanding rose and lily,
All the beauteous blooms of Scilly,
Rst of that flower of flowers—
MILLY.
So, at least, thinks
"SILLY BILLY."

A CHIEL NOTE-TAKER.—A canny Scot suggests that, in view of the many unprotected children running about the crowded high road of Kilburn, the place should be re-named Kill-bairn. Stick to your BURNS, douce mon!

A WORD AGAINST GUSH,

AND FOR "THE OLD GANG."

(Not by Alg-rn-n Ch-rl-s Sw-nb-rne.)

THE Queen of the Sea said one morning:
"The mightiest of statesmen on earth
Are themes for the lute-thrummer's scorning,
And matters for minstrel's mirth.
With bothers and pother
I'm having a bad time;
To school me, and rule me
I'll try the lords of rhyme.

"Their verses pipe praise of my story,
My power is the theme of their choice.
The wrath of my waves is their glory,
Sea-storms, they declare, are my voice.
They fear it who hear it.
(Though poets have told me
They sicken, sore-stricken
When they are on the sea.)

"As lords of my fate and my keepers,
In charge of my shores and my ships,
I'll try these sweet chirpers and cheepers,
Who love me so much—with their lips.
They're haters of traitors,
False friends or foes desried.
They'll shatter and scatter
My foemen far and wide.

"There's ALGERNON, rapid in rancour;
There's WILLIAM, who girds at Turk guile;
There's ALFRED—on him I may anchor;
There's LEWIS, on whom the Rads smile.
They deem them, or dream them,
Greater than the great dead;
They're sunken, and drunken,
In patriot wrath, blood-red.

"I'll try their afflatus in action!
WEG's gone, and his place is not known;
While faction is squabbling with faction,
Like dogs who contend for a bone.
They care not, they spare not,
When at each other's throats;
They muster, and bluster,
"Blind ranks and bellowing votes."

"The poets are now my sole peerage!
They will not come shuffling their mobs;
Of singers it seems the small-beer-age,
But—bardlings won't perpetrate jobs.
The sobbing and throbbing
Of lyres my State may save;
They sneer not, and jeer not
At Britons rule the Wave!"

* * * * *
Alas! the Bards split into parties,
As bitter as bitter could be.
Yelled ALGERNON, "Hireling! True Art is
To sing—upon shore—of the Sea!
In justice, my trust is;
If foeman nearer creep,
Fierce curses—in verses—
Will drive them to the deep!"

Wailed WILLIAM: "Our past was right royal,
But duty no longer we heed.
Dashed ABDUL laughs at us, disloyal,
We sacrifice glory to greed.
No nation holds station
More low than England now.
Oh, Britain, gold-bitten,
CAIN's brand is on thy brow!"

Moaned ALFRED: "Oh, rhyme without reason!
Our England is calm, not asleep.
To rail at her thus is high treason,
Her bastions of brine she will keep.

The wages of ages
Of commerce she has kept.
Fame fails them, shame veils them,
Who dare suggest she—slept!"

"Nay," LEWIS retorted, "we know it,
This brag about power and fame,
You call yourself patriot and poet?
The glory you hymn is our shame!
Doom darker and starker
Is standing at our gate;
Those Tories our glories
Will shadow,—sure as fate!"

* * * * *
The QUEEN muttered: "Ah! much I mis-
doubt me!
E'en Bards are not all on one side.
I'd best bind my armour about me,
And look to my statesmen for guide.
These singers are slingers
Of mud, like party bands.
Lute twanglers are wranglers,
And fight, with grubby hands!

"If ALGY meets ALF at my gateway,
They pause and shy stones by the gate.
If WILLIAM sees EDWIN, why straightway
Each other they slangwhang and slate.
My story, my glory,
They sing, but, oh, dear me!
Power rose not, and grows not,
By—gush about the Sea!"

A NAVAL QUESTION.—Mr. ROBESPIERRE TAPERIT writes from the Jacobin Club, Seven Dials, to inquire whether Mr. GOSCHEN ought not, like CHARLES THE FIRST, to be impeached for endeavouring to levy ship money?



LADIES NOT ADMITTED.

"VERY SORRY, MISS MINERVA, BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT AWARE THAT THIS IS A MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENT.

[“The lady students of the Universities have received a cruel series of rebuffs within the last few days. On Tuesday week the Congregation of the University of Oxford refused to admit them to the B.A. degree. On Tuesday last it followed up this blow by rejecting all the resolutions proposed as alternatives. Yesterday the Cambridge Senate inflicted the unkindest cut of all by practically imitating the ungallant example of Oxford.”

Times, March 13, 1896.]



Sympathetic Passer-by. "BUT IF HE'S BADLY HURT, WHY DOESN'T HE GO TO THE HOSPITAL?"
British Workman. "WOT! IN 'IS DINNER-TIME!!"

ARRY ON BLUES AND BLUESTOCKINGS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Ooray for old Hoxford! She's give the bluestockings wot for! Miss Minerva is chucked, and no muffins! That Peri wot wert at the door Of TOMMY MOORE'S Parrydis, CHARLIE,—a pome I'd to mug as a kid,— Must 'ave felt pooty much like the lydies to whom the B.A. is forbid.
 Quite right and serootnoodleous, CHARLIE! Wot next, and wot next, and wot next? I tell you, old man, it's fair monstrous, the way we get worried and vext,
 Us men as is men and not mollies, by Woman's Rights 'umbug and slop;
 And it's yum-yum to find there's still Dons as can twirl Mrs. PARTINGTON's mop.
 I'm not Hoxford or Cambridge, wus luck!—'cept, of course, at this time of the year, When I've got my small bit on the Boat Race, as Hoxford will land me, no fear.
 She's pulled me through proper some seasons, and so I still back the Dark Blue,
 And I'm happy to see there's no chance of her running a feminine crew.
 Dark Blue don't mean bluestocking, CHARLIE, and lor, there's some comfort, old chap; We're a deal too much petticoat-governed, a rule as means treacle and pap.
 A nice bit of frock is all right, while she plays second fiddle all through,
 But not as a Batchlor of Arts, or the stroke of a 'Varsity crew.
 Fact is, women are sneaking our rights, hunder cover of claiming their own;
 And it's time as us men put our foot down, afore the she-sarpunt's full grown.
 A good manly crusher, dear CHARLIE, whilst woman is hunder our 'eel,
 Will save us a dollop of trouble, as no doubt the 'Varsities feel.

Keep 'em out, my dear boy, keep 'em out! They've bin creeping and creeping for years.

No, it ain't as I'm down on the donahs as donahs;—I love 'em, the dears! But as cricketers, footballers, doctors, M.P.'s, and the dickens knows wot, Likewise B.A.'s and that, I agree with the Dons that it's all tommy-rot.

A man as is really a man, mate, and not a mere molly in bags, Knows that women was *made* to knock under, in spite of them Radical rags.
 While us men set the pace, my dear CHARLIE, no doubt we can romp in in front;
 But if shemales git sprinting away, on their own, *we* mayn't be in the 'unt.

And that's wot they're arter, my pippin, as won't do at no price at all.
 They may mug up, and pass, and all that, but *they mustn't shove men to the wall!*
 Lor', life's a 'ard row, as it is, and our easies is wonderful few;
 But we must 'ave the pull in the pace, and we must 'ave first cut at the screw.

BETSY BOSHEM, B.A.! There's a picture! Minerva is drawn with a owl;
 Does she think that a 'Varsity Don is a similar species of fowl,
 As big and as bleared in the goggles, as blind to the true time o' day?
 No, no, sling your hook, Miss Bluestocking, and cart your old poultry away!

"Wot do *you* know of Hoxford, or Cambridge, of college or knowledge, young fool?
 The cheap sporting pypers your books, and the streets and the "public" your school;
 Your B.A. degree Braggart Ass, your exams. in back-slang and the hods!
 Yah! Stick to your gutter snipe patter, and don't touch the girls or the gods!"

So snaps snarly old SNIPE of our club. Was a schoolmaster once, so 'tis said;
 But 'is duds are as seedy as *Guy Fox*, 'is nose end's remarkable red.
 But if I say one word agin women, or progress, 'e always chips in,
 And gives me wot for 'ot and 'ot,—till I stand 'im a rum or a gin.

Poor old himage, 'e 'as got a tongue on 'im, rough as a old reaping 'ook.
 'E mayn't 'ave a brown in 'is pouch, but 'e 'as there a greasy old book.
 By some Latin line-faker named 'ORRIS, on wick 'e will browse by the hour,
 With a tot of rum 'ot and a pipe, 'appy,—ah! as a bee in a bower.

But talk agin larning or lydies, and don't the old donkey wyke up,
 And go for yer like a old lion, or leastways my tarrier pup!
 For there's more snap than roar in old SNIPE. Well, I worrit 'im awful some-times,
 But a lotion, a pipe, and a screw always makes 'im forgit arf my crimes.

'E brags of some blooming Greek donah called SARFO, or some sech a name,
 And swears as the 'Varsity Partingtons won't, in the end, win the game;
 For knowledge can't be, like Dutch rivers, diverted by dykes and by dams,
 Or kep to one sex by tradition, or cramped up by courses and crams.

Still, nevertheless, notwithstanding, I'm glad as that B.A. degree
 Isn't copped by the bluestockings yet, wick is all bloomin' fiddledee.
 As the women are welting on now, no one knows wot next fort they will carry;
 But Hoxford, no doubt, will feel 'appy to 'ave the approval of
 'ARRY.



THE JOYS OF SCANDAL-BEARING.

"I SAY, BOUNDERSON—YOU KNOW THAT RATHER RUMMY STORY YOU TOLD ME ABOUT LITTLE SCHRECK, THE VIOLINIST, AND THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ST. AMBERGRIS? WELL, I MET JOE CADBY ON WEDNESDAY, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK? HE'S GOT THE WHOLE YARN FROM BEGINNING TO END, FIDDLESTICK AND ALL!"

"OF COURSE HE HAS. I KNEW THAT."

"THEN, WHY THE DIKENS DID YOU MAKE ME SWEAR ON MY OATH NOT TO BREATHE A WORD OF IT TO ANY LIVING SOUL, ESPECIALLY NOT TO JOE CADBY?"

"BECAUSE I WANTED TO HAVE THE FUN OF TELLING HIM ALL ABOUT IT MYSELF, YOU JUGGINS! WHY, I TOLD HIM THE VERY NEXT DAY!"

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Don't be shocked, but I have been Bohemianised! Shall I dare to confess it? I have been in front at a Music Hall!! After all, *Ce n'est que le premier faux pas qui coûte!* The way it came about was in this wise. LORD ARTHUR RANTIPOLE, who is on the best terms with all the theatrical and musical people, begged my dear friend Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS (*née DE WILKINS*) to accept a private box, which had been placed at his disposal by the manager of the Eldorado Theatre of Varieties, and she very kindly asked me to join her party. At first I demurred, knowing that papa is so very particular, but the curiosity which we all inherit from the Grand Old Gardener's wife overcame my scruples, and now I not only do not regret the escapade but long to repeat it, feeling quite *boulevardière* and *outré Manche*. LORD ARTHUR and a young poet, MR. SWINBURNE JENKINS, who has written a play, which the cruel LORD CHAMBERLAIN refuses to license, accompanied us. I was rather surprised that MR. JENKINS should have condescended to visit the Eldorado, but, throwing back his raven *chevelure*, he assured me that the most brilliant gems often coruscated in the most tenebrous caverns. "He's alluding to his father's coal pits," said LORD ARTHUR; "why the Eldorado is the most delightful den of wickedness in Europe." I really began to think myself a female DANIEL when his lordship alluded to dens, for he is such a fashionable *lion* himself. Not young, but so *distingué*, a *chevalier* whom it would be impossible to mistake for a waiter in his *habit de soir* even without the tasteful silk waistcoat, which a Great Personage has commanded to be *à la mode*. He is one of the most affable

of noblemen, and the stately manner in which he pressed me to accept a glass of soda-water mingled with *eau de vie* would have done honour to a Doge of Venice on his nuptials with the Adriatic. LORD ARTHUR has what is called a speaking countenance. A flash from his steel-grey eyes made the lacquey who supplied our refreshment tremble when he was found wanting in no less a sum than threepence in the change of half-a-sovereign. I recognised the alcohol in an instant. It is one which is only to be procured not a hundred miles from 3002, Milk Avenue, E.C., and the soda-water had all the sparkle of that supplied to the Royal Family by the best Manufacturer in Great Britain. (You see, darling, that I can still circumvent a malicious and ungrateful Editor.) But *revenons à nos agneaux*. The Eldorado is like a Moorish dream, a revival of the glories of Granada, when the crescent bade defiance to that Castile which is now only famed for an exceedingly emollient soap. The canary silk hangings of our box could not have cost less than three guineas a yard, and the great crimson velvet curtain which hung behind the footlights would cut up into court dresses for Arch-duchesses. Everywhere the lustrous eyes of Electra look down upon the lavish display of gold and crystal which ornament this temple of harmonious luxury. How LORD ARTHUR could call it a den passes my poor comprehension. But then to those reared in feudal palaces a *recherché* villa at Clapham would be but a mean domicile. All the gentlemen in the audience were smoking. I confess I liked to see this dissipation. It made the expedition ever so much more *risqué*, especially when naughty Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS insisted upon taking some whiffs from MR. JENKINS's cigar at the back of the box. LORD ARTHUR, who is a confirmed quiz, said if Mrs. P.-N. puffed too much she would ruin her complexion. *Quel drôle n'est ce pas?* The entertainment on the stage came upon me with the agreeable shock of one's first attempt at swallowing an oyster. It was so strange and yet so delicious. The ballets appeared to me to be worthy of the Court of SARDANAPALUS, and I could not help clapping my hands vigorously when Mlle. MOLLET, the *première danseuse*, executed a series of bounds, which a chamois could scarcely have equalled. I noted that this exquisite Terpsichorean reveller wore a necklace of pearls, which, if not Roman, would certainly have ransomed RICHARD CŒUR DE LION twice over. LORD ARTHUR tells me that it is no uncommon thing for the highest members of the aristocracy to pay tribute in kind to the talents of *les belles des coulisses*, and that some of them have to hire policemen to escort them to and from the theatre. Well, such is the just reward of fame! A vocalist, who sang in a language which I did not understand—LORD ARTHUR said it was called Yiddish—convulsed the house with his drolleries, but I preferred a lady who balanced ninepins on the tip of her somewhat up-tilted nose. Everybody got up and cheered when a singer, dressed as a Field-marshal—such a leonine man, not unlike LORD W-L-S-L-Y—warbled a splendid patriotic ditty with this stirring refrain:—

"For battle I am all arrayed, Of Germany I'm not afraid,
I do not care for life or limb; For I can fight like Doctor JIM."

MR. SWINBURNE JENKINS said that "limb" and "JIM" did not rhyme, but the people did not enter into this question of poetic license. They only roared the chorus. The closing item of the programme was a number of *tableaux vivants*. I can only draw a veil over the performers. Heaven knows they wanted it badly enough. LORD ARTHUR said the effect was "most fetching," and even MR. JENKINS praised some of the *poses* as being "ineffably Greek." My hostess was rather indignant with LORD ARTHUR when she asked him "How would you like to see me as *Diana*?" and he answered, "Very much; so long as I wasn't cast for *Actæon*." No one but an Eton and Oxford man could make such classic repartee. But something astonished me more than the living pictures. As we were leaving the place we passed a refreshment alcove where some noisy people were drinking together. One man gave vent to his hilarity in a very familiar tone. I turned to look and there, filling a lady's glass with champagne, was PAPA, *le père noble* of our domestic circle! No wonder that I clutched MR. JENKINS's arm with such unmaidenly fervour that I felt him wince under the pressure, and was it not natural that on arrival *chez moi* I should pass the night suffering with *migraine*? My misguided parent does not know that I saw him, and I have only one *rayon de soleil*—he didn't see me. Meantime I am fasting for my sins, and can highly recommend this *potage maigre*. Stew half-a-dozen sticks of maccaroni in a pint of water, add two sprigs of finely chopped parsley, the rinds of two lemons, a sliced shalot, and pepper and salt to taste. Simmer slowly.

Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

OLD SONG REDRESSED, FOR THE BENEFIT OF BARON POLLOCK AND MR. JUSTICE BRUCE.—"Oh, Willis, we have missed you."

NEW PRONUNCIATION OF THE ABYSSINIAN EMPEROR'S NAME.—MANY-LICK.

UNDENIABLE COURT PLASTER.—The front of Buckingham Palace.

BY THE BEACH.

II.

THE TRELAWNEY BROWNES have arrived. They made their appearance this morning. They were on the Parade for an hour or two, three of them, two girls and a man. Young SMITH's glass was glued to them for five and twenty minutes. "Clippers, bejove! Clippers!" he murmured, as he followed them up and down. "Ah!" he said to ADA, "there's style for you, if you like! That's what the French people call *ayclar*, you know."

Young SMITH rather prides himself on his French accent. Last summer he went over to Boulogne for a day, and for a month or two afterwards (when he happened to think of it) he had almost forgotten his English. "Ah!" he continued, still studying the new-comers through his glass. "What an *air distangy*! Those frocks hail from WORTH's or the Luvver, or I'm a Dutchman, ADA!"

ADA's eye followed the direction of the telescope, and the smile died on her lips. Was it jealousy? Presentiment? The shadow of coming events? Poor little ADA! Beside these "clippers" she looked a mere nobody, and she was conscious of it.

Young SMITH is a wonderful judge of character. At the very first glance he decided that the new comers had "style," and before the morning was out he overheard the following conversation, which confirmed his judgment.

"The Colonel won't be down for another week, ALGY," said Miss TRELAWNEY BROWNE.

"Really?" drawled her brother.

"No; he is detained in town by Parliament."

"Awful bothaw."

Young SMITH pricked up his ears. Colonels, even common Colonels, were a cut above him; but Colonels who sat in Parliament! Phiou!

"You had a letter from Sir GEORGE this morning?" asked the second Miss TRELAWNEY BROWNE.

"Ya-as. The Ba'net wants me to go north for the last of the hunting, you know."

Young SMITH's eyes dilated. Baronets and hunting! It was not every day that young SMITH listened to talk like this. Before tea-time all Little Puddleton knew what he had heard. "They seem nice sort of people these TRELAWNEY BROWNES," he said; "well connected, and all that sort of thing. I heard young BROWNE say that some Baronet had asked him to go hunting."

Young SMITH has an elder sister, and her name is MADGE. Young SMITH does not think much of her—"not one of my sort, you know;" but HARRY JONES, ADA's fifth and favourite brother, reckons her divine. There is nothing HARRY wouldn't do for MADGE. He has called his cutter after her; he blacked a boy's eye because he said she squinted; and, when he is in funds, he brings her packets of fruit-tablets from the penny-in-the-slot machine. The other day HARRY caught sight of ADA's photograph. ADA was frightened, for HARRY is a great tease, and she thought she would never hear the end of it. But HARRY was intensely interested. He wanted to know how much it cost. ADA couldn't tell him. He supposed it could be done cheaper without a frame? And ADA thought yes, certainly it could.

A few minutes afterwards HARRY was down on the beach in consultation with the photographer. The regular charge was sixpence each—a shilling for a group of two. Would that include a frame? No, only a pink paper mount. A frame was fourpence extra. HARRY's face fell. He would give the world to be taken with MADGE SMITH, but he had



WHAT BAIT ARE YER USIN', BILLIE?"
"WHAT ARE YER TRYIN' TER CATCH—MICE?"

"CHEESE."

only fivepence-halfpenny. It was no use asking Pa for anything, he was such an old screw; and ADA? ADA had half-a-crown in her purse, but she was not allowed to change it. Could the photographer possibly do it for less? HARRY hated bargaining; but, hang it! what was a fellow to do? Well, yes, to oblige the gentleman, the photographer thought he might take the two for ninepence. Fivepence-halfpenny from ninepence, that left fourpence-halfpenny—no, threepence, wasn't it? HARRY could never tackle arithmetic, and, when there was a fraction, he always felt uncertain. He thanked the photographer, and said he would think of it. Half the day he spent devising schemes to raise the residue. He volunteered to rig out JOHNNY's boat for threepence, and to mend the little Robinson-boy's cycle-horse for a halfpenny. His offers were declined with suspicion. Paltry as the sum was, there seemed no possibility of

getting it, and HARRY sat about all the afternoon, biting his nails, and frowning. He was, in fact, quite metamorphosed. Pa JONES did not once have to tell him how many bad accidents he had seen, and Ma JONES began to fear he was developing influenza. The whole household was altered. Not one raid did HARRY make into the nursery; not one doll did he Jack-the-Ripper; not once did he pull the twins by the hair, nor smack little TODDLES's head. ADA alone had an inkling of his ailment, and offered her sympathy; but HARRY would none of it. He sat apart in melodramatic silence, brooding over his wrongs, and cursing the fate that left him to struggle through life on such a limited income.

"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."—Appropriate address to a miser residing at the Antipodes.



OPPORTUNISM.

Mrs. Verdant Green (who is parting with her German Governess). "OH, BUT, FRÄULEIN, YOU WOULD NEVER DO FOR THE ST. ALBYNS; THEY'RE ROMAN CATHOLICS, YOU KNOW; AND YOU GAVE ME TO UNDERSTAND, WHEN YOU CAME TO US, THAT YOU WERE OF AN OLD LUTHERAN FAMILY."

Proud Daughter of an Ancient Race. "ACH, VORKIF ME, MATAM, FOR LETTING YOU SINK I VAS A BRODESTANT! I VAS REALLY A ROMAN GASSOLIC ALL ZE TIME; LIKE MY NOBLE ANCESTORS IN ZE MITTLE AITCHES, ZE COUNTS VON MEYER-OPPENHEIM ZU HIRSCH-GOLDSMID-ROSENBERG, WHO FOUGHT IN ZE GRUSATES!"

THE SUNDAY PLEASURE-SPEAKER'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled by a Thoughtful Man in the Street.)

Question. I may take it that you are satisfied with the Division in the House of Commons concerning the Sunday opening of museums in the Metropolis?

Answer. Certainly; the more especially as it is the first time that such an event can be recorded.

Q. And the fact that the majority of the House are Conservatives adds to the triumph?

A. Quite so, as the Opposition are generally accepted as the only supporters of progress.

Q. If the London museums come to be opened as proposed, what will be the probable result?

A. That for several weeks those places of instruction, if not amusement, will be crowded on the day added to the list.

Q. And afterwards?

A. Then, judging from provincial precedents, the novelty will wear off, and the number of Sunday visitors will fall to the level of the average week-day attendance, or even lower.

Q. Will the Old Masters have a beneficial effect on the average artisan?

A. It is to be hoped so, although sceptics and scoffers may urge that the Old Masters have not done much to improve the taste of persons moving in a more exalted sphere of Society.

Q. Have not Free Libraries been a sweet boon to the working-man?

A. That is a matter open to doubt; at least, so say many influential ratepayers.

Q. But will not the picture galleries—Old Masters apart—keep the artisans on a Sunday out of the public-houses?

A. Not if they are only opened from two to six, when the taverns are out of competition.

Q. Then the licensed victualler has no cause for apprehension?

A. On the contrary, he should be able to discover cause for satisfaction in a movement that may possibly increase his profits.

Q. Make your meaning plainer.

A. I consider that the licensed victualler will find, when at six o'clock the galleries close and the taverns open, that many of the picture-inspecting crowd will seek his now legally hospitable establishment clamorous for suitable refreshment.

A SOMERSET SONNET.

OF a Zunday marn, as I do zit out door
'Gin parch, I do arften zee what volks mid carl

A garden-bed, zim zo, but middlin' smarl,
By which wold Missus zet a deal o' store.
You never ha'n't a-zin its like avore.
Wi' roses red an' white, an' shart an' tarl,
An' stocks an' poppies, daffydils, an' arl,
Zo bright as any rainbow 'tes for sure.
I beänt a-tarkin' 'bout our garden gay,
What vor'd a man be makin' rhymes upon it?
An' tidden garden-flow'rs I do mean no way—
But arl they flow'rs to Missus' Zunday bonnet!
Well there must stop—schoolmeäster he do zay

'Tes varteen lines do go to make a zonet.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE CRITICAL COUSIN TO THE LADY FOOTBALLER.

I CONFESS I'm surprised, cousin KATE,
At the sport that you've chosen to play—
But your reasons I don't under-rate,
For, of course, with a will there's a way.
And your will I have known for so long,
And your way's irresistible might,
So whether folks say it is wrong
Doesn't matter, so long as you're right.

You're a picture, when dressed for the fray
In your jersey of delicate green,
While your smart knickerbockers display
The trim shape of—you know what I mean.
Your ruddy gold locks are tight curl'd
In a knot 'neath your gay tassell'd cap;
You're the prettiest boy in the world!
I shall certainly call you "old chap!"

Your kicking is—well, quite A 1,
And you move with a great deal of ease;
But why does a feminine run
Involve such a knocking of knees?
You dribble with marvellous zest,
Yet never give chance of a fall;
But, it strikes me, you're just like the rest,
A little bit scared by the ball.

'Tis a spirited sight, I admit.
What! a goal from your tip-tilted toe!
A hit, KATE, a palpable hit!
There was no one to stop it you know.
There—I've often indulged in the game
That I learnt at the best of all schools;
But I'm blest if this football's the same!
When you've done, dear, do teach me your rules!



THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR (*the head of the Firm*). "LOOK HERE, UNBERTO, ALL WE CAN SAY IS, IF YOU DROP ANY MORE IN 'ABYSSINIANS,' WE MAY HAVE TO DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP."

'A REUNION OF ARTS.'

At the Savoy Theatre Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and W. S. GILBERT, recently re-united, have produced a new opera, entitled *The Grand Duke*. "The long and the short of it" is exemplified in the two Acts: the second being not nearly so long as the first. It is of the old Savoy popular pattern, but a good deal of "cutting out" is



still essential. About a third of the first Act and an eighth of the second, including the "Roulette song and chorus," might be omitted with advantage. Also for the conductor to catch at the slightest possible indication of a wish to encore is a mistake. "When in doubt, play trumps"—but don't give an encore.

The GILBERT and the SULLIVAN
Once more are hand in hand,
With BARRINGTON, Miss BRAND-
RAM too,

The last of former band.
Consented have Sir S. and G.
A point or two to strain,
And D'OYLY CARTE, with gladsome
heart,

Cries, "Here we are again!
No matter what has gone before,
I only ask for just one more!"

And so a two-act opera,
Unequal acts, they wrote;
Sir ARTHUR did the tuney tunes,
With GILBERT for his "pote."
CHARLES HARRIS puts it on the
stage,

FRANK CELLIER beats the time,
Not much of reason I engage
Is here, but lots of rhyme!
Though what about it all may
be,
Is, I admit, a mysteree.

At 8.15 begins the show,
With chorus, girls and men;
Fun kept alive by BARRINGTON;
Piece ends 11.10.

PASSMORE, when seen, is comical;
Miss PERRY's voice earns praise;
Madame von PALMAY should
recall

Savoyard Palmy days.
It pleases and it puzzles,—but
One thing is clear,—it must be
cut.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ABOUT the time violets begin to peep forth in sheltered woods, *Burdett's Official Intelligence of the Stock Exchange* also comes out. It is in its fifteenth year, and if disclosure were made of the particular infants' food on which it has thrived, it would make the fortune of the nutriment. Sixty years ago MACAULAY, reviewing Dr. NARES' *History of Burleigh and his Times*, summed up the merits of the book by the remark that "it consists of about two thousand closely printed quarto pages, occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois." No public weighing machine being within convenient distance of my Baronite's humble residence, he cannot fully follow MACAULAY's method of criticism. But in the matter of pages and their size, BURDETT beats NARES. Two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven is the number of pages of the *Official Intelligence*, each crammed with information. Amongst new matter, it contains an article on the operation of the Sinking Fund, of peculiar interest just now. In it will be found the germ of the idea Mr. GOSCHEN has adopted for meeting the added expenditure on Naval Works.

By an undesigned coincidence Mr. FROWDE has simultaneously issued from the Oxford University Press the *Prayer Book and Hymns Ancient and Modern*, beautifully printed on India paper, daintily bound, and held together in a morocco case. In bulk each measures 1½ inch by a shade over two. Yet so marvellous is the print, so delicate the workmanship, that they are easily read. With Mr. BURDETT's massive tome under his arm and Mr. FROWDE's masterpiece in his waistcoat pocket, a man may go through life with the happy consciousness of possessing the largest and the smallest book of modern days.

"To those who desire good company," writes one of the assistant readers, "I can heartily recommend *Green-room Recollections*, by ARTHUR W. ABECKETT (ARROWSMITH'S). The little book is a model of what such books should be; genially discursive, bright, unpretentious, and abounding in good stories admirably told. From his well-stored memory the author produces a series of amusing recollections dealing with the profession. CHARLES KEANE, BUCKSTONE, FECHTER, FRANK MARSHALL, PADDY GREEN of EVANS'S, PALGRAVE SIMPSON—all these and many others has Mr. ABECKETT seen and known, and of all of them he has some good story to tell. If I must select where all are good, I take as my favourite the account (on p. 218) of how the author and his brother, then very small boys, assisted a Polytechnic lecturer with pea-shooters while he was conducting his audience through Rome. To receive a succession of peas full in his face while he discoursed on the city of the CÆSARS must have been a terrible trial to a staid lecturer. Nothing, too, could be better than the story of 'Oonah,' produced at the Haymarket by EDMUND FALCONER. 'It began at seven o'clock sharp, and was still being played at one o'clock the following morning.'"

What induced a skilled teller of romances, such as, undoubtedly, is MAX PEMBERTON, to waste his own and his reader's time in writing such stuff as *A Gentleman's Gentleman*? The idea is Thackerayan, and what he would have made of it it is not difficult for the admirers of *Barry Lyndon* to imagine. But this story, though it has all the advantages that large print, good margin, and the being contained in one handy-sized volume, can give it, is disappointing and wearisome.

A Stroke in Time saves Eight.

"Time is money." We're frequently paying
Through the nose for this apothegm old.
But at Oxford they have a new saying,
'Tis that Cambridge will find time is GOLD.

BURNS ON BILLS.

It is reported that Mr. JOHN BURNS objects to bill posting on the London County Council hoardings. Probably this is the first time that the ratepayers were informed that the L. C. C. hoarded anything, as the bills posted by them never contain saving clauses, but generally refer to increased expenditure, and, in fact, refer to *postulata*, or more money to be required presently.

GOT HIS LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR.—Major-General G. C. BIRD, C.B., has been appointed to a First-class District in India. His administration is expected to be note-worthy.

THE NICK OF (PAS)TIME.—Sir HENRY MEPHISTOPHELES COLVILLE, K.C.M.G.—Knight Commander of the Mummer Guards.

THE BITTER CRY OF MR. WILLIAM CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.—Pure beer!

ROTATORY KNIFE (AND FORK) MACHINES.—Pullman Dining Cars.



James T. Farrell fec.

Benevolent Old Gentleman. "NOW THEN, LITTLE BOY. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BULLYING THAT LITTLE GIRL? DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S VERY CRUEL?"

Rude Little Boy. "GARN! WOT'S THE TROUBLE? SHE'S MY SWEETHEART!"

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

"THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE."

THIS book, by Mr. STEPHEN CRANE, has been praised in the most extravagant manner by all sorts of critics. I have no wish to detract from such credit as may attach to Mr. CRANE for having taken a subject outside of the ordinary ruck of subjects, and for having treated it in an unconventional manner. I venture, however, to suggest that the book does fall short—very far short—of the high level to which most of the critics assign it, and that it falls short for very obvious reasons, which cannot fail to suggest themselves to anyone who reads it with a desire to estimate it impartially according to those standards which are generally accepted amongst students of literature.

THE book professes to be the story of a youth

enrolled in one of the Northern regiments during the American Civil War. I said "story," but, as a matter of fact, there is no story in the usual acceptance of the word. The youth—he is scarcely ever called anything but "the youth," the expression occurring with dismal iteration on every page—the youth, as I say, appears vaguely as in a cloud, he commits dialogue and perpetrates a chaotic series of self-analysis, he flies from the battle-field, returns to it, analyses himself over and over again, is understood to behave heroically, and finally vanishes back into a thick mist of impressionism. Of story, in truth, there is absolutely nothing; not a single character is clearly defined, scarcely an incident is described in such a way as to force upon the reader (upon one reader, at any rate,) that over-mastering sense of its necessary truth which is the mark of really great fiction.

In the second edition of *The Red Badge of Courage* are to be found excerpts from some of the Press notices which hailed the first edition. In one I read that "Mr. STEPHEN CRANE's picture of the effect of actual fighting on a raw regiment is simply unapproached in intimate knowledge and sustained imaginative strength. . . . This extraordinary book will appeal strongly to the insatiable desire to know the psychology of war—how the sights and sounds, the terrible details of the drama of battle, affect the senses and the soul of man." "The reader," says another, "sees the battle not from afar, but from the inside." "This, we feel instinctively, is something like the reality of war." These are samples of the eulogies which have been liberally showered upon *The Red Badge of Courage*.

It will have been noticed that the common note struck by the reviewer is the masterly analysis of the reality of war. This is curious, for it turns out that Mr. CRANE is a young man of the age of 24, who, being an American, has presumably no personal knowledge whatever of the emotions he undertakes to describe. And it may further be assumed that nine out of ten of his critics are in a similar case. These, therefore, who are ignorant of war and its emotions testify to the absolute reality of war—pictures, painted by one who has himself never been near a battle. I am conscious of the retort that may be made, and I am prepared to admit at once that I myself have never fought through a battle or been near one; nor have I ever occupied the position of referee at a football match. All I say is, that this very confused and disjointed account of warfare does not impress me as being anything like what the real thing ought to be; and I may go further, and add that, written, as it is, by a young American of 24, it cannot possibly possess the quality of "intimate knowledge" with which it has been almost universally credited by those who have reviewed it.

I HAVE read many stories of war, some imaginative, some written by men who had borne a share in the fighting. I have spoken to many men who have fought—modest, manly fellows, for the most part, and by no means inclined to exaggerate either their own heroism or that of their companions. And, putting aside all the tawdry nonsense of romancers, who give you merely the tinsel glitter of war, I much doubt if "the youth" whose heart-searchings are described in *The Red Badge of Courage* is at all a common type. The mass of men may not be brave to desperation; but they are braver, I take it, than this poor, sickly, sentimental, hysterical fool, who is constantly engaged in probing his own sensations when he ought to be loading and firing his rifle. The great battles of the world have all been fought by common men, and common men in the mass are brave and not cowardly. MICHAEL HARDY, who is commemorated in Sir EVELYN WOOD's book on the Crimea, was a common man; the heroes of the 14th Regiment of the French army who perished almost to a man at Eylau, were common men; so were the sergeant and his men to whose memory Sir FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE has dedicated *The Red Thread of Honour*, one of the noblest and most stirring battle-poems in our language. And for myself, I prefer the heroes of *The Red Thread of Honour* to the miserable creature who is dimly revealed to us in *The Red Badge of Courage*.

I HAVE said nothing of the literary and grammatical style of the book. Here are two examples.

"Buried in the smoke of many rifles, his anger was directed not so much against the men whom he knew were rushing towards him, as against the swirling battle-phantoms which were choking him."

"A lad whose face had borne an expression of exalted courage, the majesty of he who dares give his life, was, at an instant, smitten abject." On the whole, I cannot in the least agree with the reviewer who declares that, "as a work of art, *The Red Badge of Courage* deserves high praise. As a moral lesson that mankind still needs, the praise it deserves is higher still."

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

SOME weeks ago I asked JONES what he would recommend as an investment. "Well," he said, "if you want something perfectly safe to pay not quite three per cent—" "My dear fellow!" I exclaimed. "But," he continued, "if you want something profitable, just a spec. you know, keep your eye on 'em, and sell out as soon as they rise, why not try that Debenture Corporation? If you'll sit still a minute, I'll read you the full title." Then he took an old prospectus from a drawer, and began, "The Imperial and Colonial Pioneer Land, Finance and Exploration and Amalgamated and Consolidated Gold, Diamond and Miscellaneous Mines and Agricultural, Sheep and Cattle Breeding and Ostreich Farming Estates of West Africa and South Australia Mortgage Debenture Corporation, Limited." I waited patiently till he had finished, and then I drew a deep breath and recovered. "You would recommend," I said, "some shares in the—in that—how on earth can anyone remember all that name?" "Oh," he said, "we don't bother about the full title, we call 'em Imps." So I bought some Imps.

Then my trouble began, for JONES had told me to keep an eye on the quotations in the papers every day, and sell out as soon as the shares rose. That is what I have been doing, and my eyesight is failing, for every newspaper prints every day, in a different place and in the smallest type, the quotations, which vary every hour by sixteenths or by thirty seconds. And the evening newspapers, which are the most exciting, since their quotations are the prices of the actual day, must of course set up and print these tiny

FANCY PORTRAITS.



[The Duke of CAMBRIDGE "can settle the whole matter in a graceful and dignified manner by declining in advance the £1800 a year."—*Times*, March 12.]

Cassius Mummus R. HON. ARTHUR B. L. F. R.
Scipio Minor (*Dux Nobilis*) H. R. H. D. KE OF C-MBER-DGE,
Cassius Mummus, HAIL, NOBLE CHIEF! HERE FROM MY HANDS
RECEIVE

THE GIFTS THE GODS PROVIDE!

Scipio ("in a graceful and dignified manner"). I THANK THE GODS!
BUT FOR A SOLDIER TIRED OF WAR'S ALARMS
THERE'S NO REWARD, SAVE VIRTUE! ALL THE REST
IS DROSS! I'LL NONE OF IT! YET FOR YOUR COURTESY
I THANK YOU.—"*The Roman Warrior*," Act Last.

figures in such a hurry, that the part of most interest to me is often smudged and illegible. But, worst of all, every newspaper, morning or evening, has a different abbreviation of the company's title. Of course, in a line half an inch long they cannot print it in full. So in one I find "Imp. Col. Land Fin. Exp. Deb. Corp."; in another, "I. C. Deb. Corp. of W. Afr. S. Aust."; in a third, "Pioneer Mort. Deb. Corp."; in a fourth, "Imperials"; in a fifth, "Mines Estates Deb. Corp."; in a sixth, "W. Afr. S. Aust. Mort. Deb. Corp."; in a seventh, "W. A. S. A. Land Fin. Exp. Corp.," and so on. I can never remember under which initial letter I shall find it in the alphabetical arrangement; I believe that several of the papers try a new abbreviation daily, and I am sure that I shall become blind or mad if I continue this search much longer. I wish I had bought Consols, the title of which never varies, and need never be abbreviated.

What are those shares now? Here's a paper. Has a new abbreviation been discovered? Yes. Here they are: "Am. G. D. M. Mines W. A. S. A. Corp." They have gone down $\frac{3}{4}$ since I bought them. But I shall sell them tomorrow.

A DIFFICULTY.

How shall I turn a rhyme for you?
The songs have all long since been sung.
Beneath the sun there's nothing new,
How shall I turn a rhyme for you?
Forestalled these many ages through
By poet's pen and lover's tongue,
How shall I turn a rhyme for you?
The songs have all long since been sung.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 9.—Spectacle of good man struggling with adversity ever touches the well-regulated heart. Presented just now when WEDDERBURN essayed to load truck of proposed Light Railways with his speech, and run it over main line. Unfortunately for him this particular level crossing is guarded by a signal-box represented by SPEAKER'S Chair. Question before House was that Light Railways Bill, having been read second time, should be referred to Grand Committee on Trade. WEDDERBURN, as he winsomely mentioned, had prepared speech on second reading. Had several times attempted to catch the train on this particular journey; had always missed it. "And then," he said, with wail in voice, recalling memories of Glencoe, "the Closure was moved."

But everything comes to the man who waits, even for a lift by Light Railway. Subject up again now. Fortunately WEDDERBURN had in his pocket notes of second-reading speech. Would work them up into the truck forthwith. Perhaps if he hadn't uttered his lament over earlier misadventure he might have got in a few more spadesful before he was pulled up. But so pleased with this fresh opportunity, couldn't help chuckling over it. Signalman in box on sharp look out. WEDDERBURN not reached second page of treasured notes before SPEAKER down on him with reminder that merits of Bill been fully discussed on second reading. Sole question now as to which Committee the Bill should be referred.

Only one chance of using up treasured speech. If Bill went to Grand Committee all was lost; if referred to Committee of whole House speech might be worked off, if not at one burst, then in cheerful spurts on succeeding amendments. Such a happy thought this! WEDDERBURN could not refrain sharing with the House joy of its possession.

"The reason why," he said, "I wish to keep this measure in the House is because I have not been allowed the opportunity of speak-

ing in debate on the second reading." Whereat frivolous Members opposite burst into hilarious laughter, amid which WEDDERBURN wondering, sat down.

Mr. WEIR much touched at countryman's calamity. "If," he whispered, "you'll lend me your speech, I'll put it in the form of questions for you. At the rate of three or four a day they will carry you over Easter. Nothing easier. Take out a passage; put before it Query—'Is the right hon. gentleman aware; stick note of interrogation at the end; and there you are.'"

Light Railways Bill safely shunted into Grand Committee Yard; House got into Committee on the Navy Estimates. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE uncompromisingly opposed increase; quoted, in support of argument, fate of the First NAPOLEON, and example of the Early Christians. This last fell a little flat, for, as CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES shrewdly observed, SAGE much more nearly resembles a late Pagan than an Early Christian.

Business done.—Voted the Men for the Navy.

Tuesday.—"*Et tu BARTLEY?*" GERALD BALFOUR murmured, looking with sad eyes below the Gangway.

Little been heard of the Blameless One since New Ministry formed, and he and CAPTAIN TOMMY left on the leeshore. The CAPTAIN stands by his old quarters, on second bench above Gangway. Has even appropriated corner seat once filled by Private HANBURY, now joined the officers' mess. But the Blameless BARTLEY to-day blushes below the Gangway in quarters where tea-room cabals are got up, Round Robins signed, and similar hints given to esteemed Leaders that they would have been wiser had they made other distribution of offices.

Business before the House, a private Bill promoted by Belfast Corporation. Under existing arrangements, 70,000 out of population of 250,000 have no voice in management of municipal affairs. Men in possession want to make things permanently snug on same basis. JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, waving Orange flag in face of Nationalist Members opposite, declares that Belfast is prosperous because it is

Protestant. Any attempt to remove bann from Catholic citizens would be immediately followed by decadence of the shipbuilding trade and limpness in the linen market. When B. B. rose from quarter in which BALLYKILBEG beats the Protestant drum, it was taken as a matter of course he would follow on same lines. In last Parliament, when he sat above Gangway, wanting to know when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD was going to bring in his Local Veto Bill, any spare moments not devoted to consideration of that entrancing topic were given to banging Irish Nationalist Members about the head. House now had its breath temporarily taken away by hearing the Blameless B., in the familiar gruff voice and uncompromising manner, denounce the Belfast business as "unfair, unjust, un-English." "It seems to me, Sir," said B. B., "a monstrous thing that we should talk so much about justice to Ireland, and permit this outrageous anomaly in Belfast to continue."

COURTNEY had said much same thing half an hour earlier. Awkward things from that quarter not unfamiliar on Treasury Bench. But

with Blameless, Blushing, Bashful BARTLEY "kicking out ahead and afore" things looked strange, fully accounting for reduction of Ministerial majority to 55.

"Curious effect air below the Gangway has upon the most blameless men," said GERALD, continuing his cogitation. "Must have it sampled, carefully analysed, and see what we can do to counteract evil properties."

Business done.—Motion for opening National Museums and Art Galleries in London on Sundays carried.

Thursday.—Pretty to see what surging passion of personal desire DON JOSÉ creates in breast of Irish Members. They can neither live with him nor without him. To-night when Committee of Supply had for hours lain under gas-lit roof a sluggish pool, DON JOSÉ stepped down and grievously stirred it. Tumult broke forth with volcanic suddenness and energy. All about Ashanti. That clear-sighted, high-souled statesman, WILLIE REDMOND, regards the whole business of the Expedition as "iniquitous." JOHN

"I'm Bountiful, Bashful Bartley!"

DILLON, not to be outdone by spokesman from other camp of United Ireland, condemned it as "inglorious and degrading." "Wicked and unnecessary" was Dr. CLARE's commentary, as he rushed in breathless, fearful that all the hard language would be used up.

This touched DON JOSÉ on tender spot. Pardonably proud of manner in which he has conducted this little war; to have it spoken of in these terms more than person even of his ordinary equability of temper could stand.

"'Twas ever thus," said PRINCE ARTHUR, soothingly. "SCIPIO AFRICANUS had his PETILII, you remember. If CLARK and WILLIE REDMOND had been in the flesh when SCIPIO came back to Rome, bringing his laurels from Zama, they would have moved to reduce the vote on account of the expedition by the equivalent to £100,000, bewailing the exceedingly rude treatment of HANNIBAL."

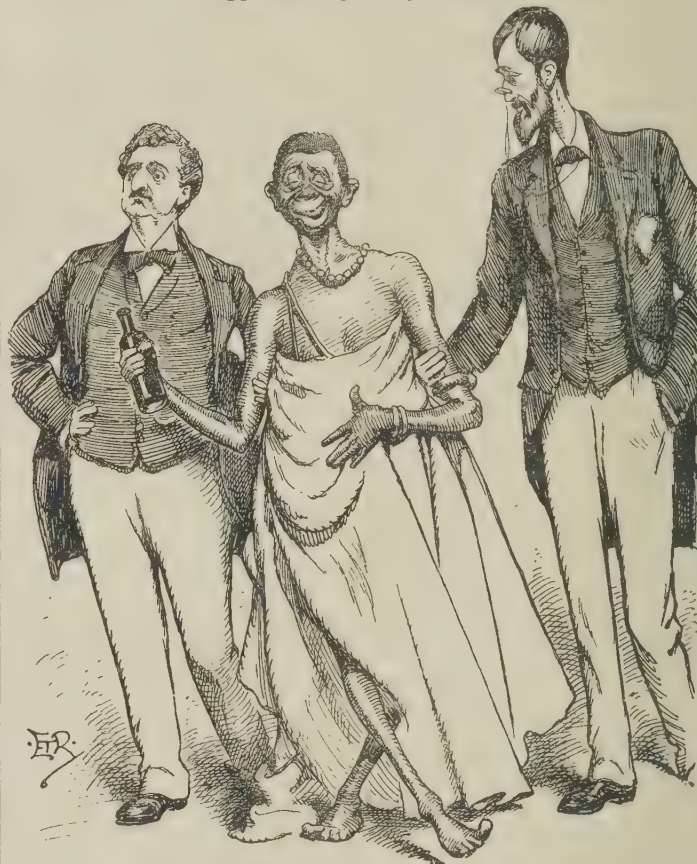
DON JOSÉ AFRICANUS appeared at table with ominous calmness of demeanour. Got on pretty well till DALZIEL interrupted. "As the hon. Member," he retorted, "has not read the Blue Books, he is probably going to join in the debate."

Gentlemen below Gangway howled with anguished indignation, PRINCE ARTHUR looked uneasily at clock; midnight approaching; must get vote; all going on nicely, and now the fat in the fire, fizzling up all round, turning to ashes hope of quietly snatching vote in that moment of exhaustion to which twenty minutes earlier Committee closely approached.

After this continuous storm, the Closure and TIM HEALY. TIM been in comparative retirement through sitting. Scented the battle from afar; drawn by irresistible chain. For some moments of wild delight, he stood shouting back contumely and scorn at gentlemen opposite, who wanted to go to division. DON JOSÉ having, with assistance of Closure, obtained vote in which he was interested, went off home. Hereupon grief of friends opposite broke out in fresh place, more than ever uncontrollable. House sat all night. In any

pause in conversation was heard the voice of WILLIE REDMOND crying aloud, "Where's CHAMBERLAIN?" and no answer came forth from the secretive Night.

Business done.—Supplementary Army Estimates voted.!



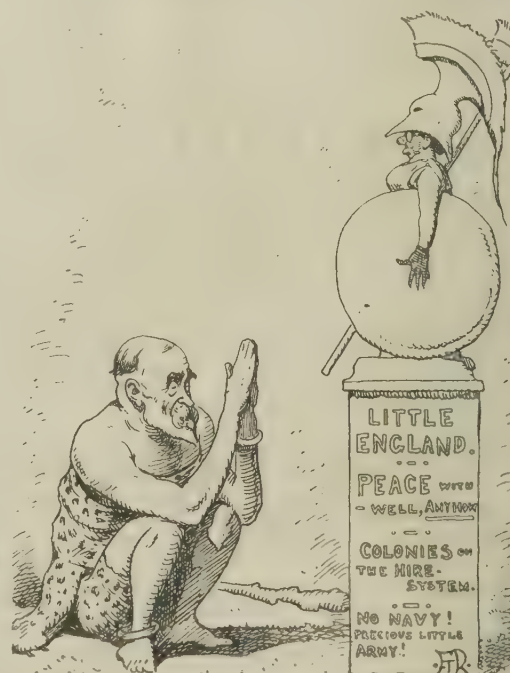
EVICTED FROM A-SHANTY!

King Premph. "J'illy nice f'lers Re'mond an' Dill'n t' shtan' up fer a f'ler when he can' shtan' up fer 'imself! We won' go 'ome till mor—(hie)."
(And they didn't! House rose at 5.15 A.M.!)

Friday.—The REVERBERATING COLOMB back again. Like his distant relation, the Colonne Vendôme, has been laid low by adversity. Set up again at last General Election; here he is to-night, shouting at the top of his voice for a full hour by Westminster clock. "Doesn't want much," as the 'bus conductor observed of the old lady who said she "wanted the Bank of England." Sir JOHN will be satisfied if Financial Secretary will lay on table for information of himself and the world generally, full particulars, now jealously guarded in pigeon holes of War Office, of the general scheme of National Defence.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK, one of few survivors of the speech, thinks not. The COLOMB having made its speech offers to withdraw its amendment. House insists on negating it.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Army Estimates.



"A LATE PAGAN" BEFORE HIS ALTAR

Mr. L-b-ch-re, as seen by Cap'n Tommy Bowles.

SAGA OF THE SACACIOUS NORSEGAAL.

SEE in the paper that there is a movement for getting Scandinavian female servants over to England. They are said to be plentiful, and strictly honest, and to regard £12 a year as untold wealth.

Have ordered one. A Viqueen, fresh from the fiords. Thought she would understand German. She doesn't—at least not *my* German. Wife tries her with French. She grins amiably. This is rather serious. Forgot all about the language difficulty.

Get Scandinavian Dictionary. Try her with simple sentences. "Do you come from Sweden?" Curious, she seems offended at the question. Why? It appears she is a Norsewoman, and Norse and Swedes don't love each other. How childish! Possibly a reference to IBSEN will mollify her. "Do you know Herr (do they call them "Herrs" in Norway?) IBSEN, *mein fräulein*?" Says she's never heard of him. Such is fame!

Best point about her is, that she is undeniably strong. May not be true or tender, but, anyhow, strong. Moves our grand piano with one hand. Quite a "feat off the fiord," this.

As cook, our hardy Norsewoman slightly primitive. Has a passion for caraway seeds. Wife



THE NAVAL PREPARATIONS.

SUGGESTED CORPS OF SUBMARINE CAVALRY (ROYAL MOUNTED SUBMARINES), NOT INCLUDED IN THIS YEAR'S ESTIMATES.

objects. She says "caraway seeds used in *every* dish in Norway." That decides me—shall *not* take a tour among the fiords this year, as I was thinking of doing. Even the North Cape would be spoiled by a diet of caraway.

Our Gretchen (query—is "Gretchen" the correct Norse word?) becomes gloomy. Evidently pines for home; naturally, perhaps, as Norway the home of pines! Wife interrogates her. She complains of an absence of avalanches in London. Sorry we can't oblige her with *these*. Also, it seems, England is "not cold enough for her." But she hasn't seen our summer yet. Then she would like a few reindeer about the place, and considers a cab a very poor substitute for a carriage.

To comfort her, I try a tip. She at once warmly shakes hands with me! Appears to be the custom of her country. Extraordinary and a little embarrassing.

She is off to Hull! Not even a princely fortune (£12 a year) will induce her to stay in a city which never has an avalanche or an aurora. Our Northern light has gone out!

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
—"Potter Exhibition prize awarded to Mr. R. NEVILLE FLUX." We've often heard of "By flux of time," but his future compositions will be by "Flux of tune."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A BRIDEGROOM AT MONTE CARLO TO HIS BRIDE.

I AM lounging at ease 'neath a tropical palm
That looks up at a tropical sky,
While the water below has a tropical calm
And the breeze gives a tropical sigh.
There's a tropical sun to illumine the green,
There are flowers of tropical hue,
There are tropical folk to embellish the scene,
There's a tropical look about you.

We all of us speak with compassionate smile
Of the land of perpetual fog,
Where continued existence is scarce worth the while
Of a well-bred and well-to-do dog.
It is only when safe in this thrice happy spot
That one dreams of the Isles of the Blest,
That one pities the ever exiguous lot
Of the many, who work without rest.

Here's your cloak! there are clouds, and the air's not so clear.
Yes, in England we'd say, "There'll be snow."
Such a thing in this country could never appear;

It's a tropical climate, you know.
You call it the *mistral*? It's awfully chill,
And, by Jupiter! here comes the wet
Down in buckets! No waterproofs? Never mind. Still
We can get warm again at roulette!

You've a system? Bravo! If I follow your play,
Then by doubling we must win a *coup*!
That's nineteen times running your luck's gone astray!
So has mine, and I haven't a *sou*!

What, you've still got a "Nap"? There's our number! It's not?
What, you chang'd? Then the bank we can't break.
Though the tropical gentry are certainly hot,
Yet no woman here *could* love a rake!

MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.



NO. III.—THE KNAVE OF CLUBS AND SHILLELAGHS.

D-LL-N.

H-LY.

ECHOES FROM BERLIN.

"HAVE you carefully packed up that silver cup and despatched it to Cowes?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you looked out a showy decoration for the acceptance of the Negus?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you had a copy of the engraving of my famous picture framed in diamonds for the KHEDIVE?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you selected a diplomatic suit (cocked hat, sword, breeches and all) for the use of President KRÜGER?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you forwarded my plan for the Paris Exhibition of 1900 to President FAURE?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you mailed my scheme for a new constitution of the U.S.A. to President CLEVELAND?" "Yes, your Majesty."

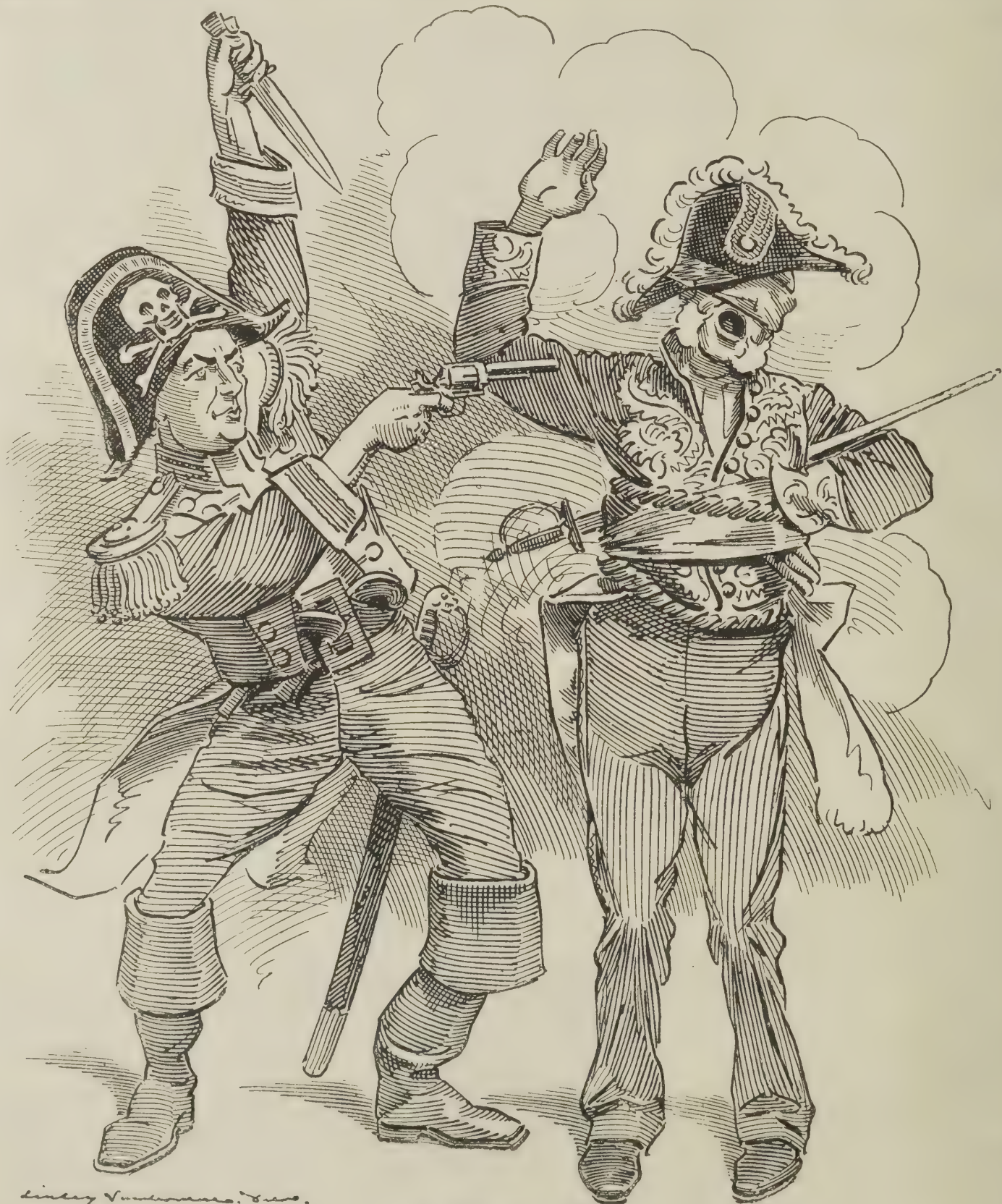
"Have you posted my pamphlet, 'How to Ride a High Horse,' to the Emperor of Austria, on the occasion of his becoming my brother officer in the British cavalry?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you handed my last sermon to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Emperor of Abyssinia, General Booth, and the Pope?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you sent my memorandum, 'On the Extraction of the Yolks of Eggs by Suction,' to the most venerable of my revered relatives?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Then, after you have filled up a telegram of congratulation to the winner of the Boat-race, leaving the name blank, you can go to dinner." "Yes, your Majesty."

SUGGESTED MOTTOES FOR THE GREEN PARK CLUB.—*Vir non semper viret, and Virtus semper viridis.*



CHARLES THE BOLD.

["What he wanted was personal responsibility. If an expert said we had enough ammunition, and it was proved we had not, he ought to be tried by court-martial and shot."—Report of Lord Charles Beresford's Speech, *Times*, March 20, 1896.]

Charles. "SHOULD AN EXPERT OF POSITION,
SWEAR ENOUGH OF AMMUNITION
WE HAVE GOT,
AND WE'VE NOT,

Chorus.

"AND WE'VE NOT?"

Charles (solo). "HE'LL BE TRIED BY A COMMISSION,
AND, UPON HIS OWN ADMISSION,
WHICH THEY'VE GOT,
HE'LL BE SHOT,

Chorus.

"MUST BE SHOT!"

CHARLEY AND THE NAVY.

["An archangel could not work under the present system.... He *wanted* to make what was now a sham into a reality."

Lord Charles Beresford on Naval Defence.]

AIR:—"Nelson and the Navy."

I SAY, my bold hearties! here's one who ne'er shirks.

He'll give it our foemen—with gravy.
And what with the Frenchies, the Yanks,
and the Turks,

Old England *has* need of a Navy.
Lord CHARLEY has got a determinate view
To keep up our national glory.

We want lots o' ships, lots o' guns, and men,
too;

Yes, CHARLEY, my lad, that's the story!
To England and honesty true he has been.

Though he's better at fight than at parley.
Let's be loyal to country, and true to the

QUEEN;

And drink to the Navy and CHARLEY!

He knows the right orders are free cash—and care,

And by heart he has perfectly got 'em.
They have wasted our wealth upon ships as won't wear,

And some have gone smack to the bottom.
It isn't so much that our taxes has growed,

Though enough of that tack we have tasted.
We want a good fleet, and expenses be blowed!

But so much of what's spent now is wasted!

Can't follow their figures, I give ye my word,

As the landlubbers tot 'em and twist 'em.
But what strikes a plain sailorman as absurd,

As Lord CHARLEY says, is—the System!

In course for our ships and our guns we must pay, [kick 'em!

But if big-wigs will squander, why,
Give us value for money, in BERESFORD'S way,
Then show us our foes and we'll lick 'em!

They chatter and patter, and squabble and shift,

And don't know their minds half-a-minute.
If officers quarrel and let the ship drift,

She'll sink, or the dickens is in it.

If Ministers, stuffed with their figures, like geese,

Know no more of the *facts* than this paper,
They'll land us in war whilst they're crying out peace!

And smash is the end o' that caper.

The Adm'rality bosses, who handle our cash,
Do seem to get worsen and worsen;

A chap who's now stingy, now spendthrift and rash,

Is not the right party for purser.
It seems to me, somehow, they're mostly asleep,

And when they are waking they're snarley.
That's not the right way for to hold or to keep

Our rule of the waves, is it, CHARLEY?

If we're not up to date, but a moment too late, [crookery.

We'll get smashed, like a basket o' We are game to fight odds if prepared for our fate,

But muddling and bragging mean mockery.
Those dashed "Little Englanders" give me the spleen,

But let patriots be cautious and steady.
Pass the word, and we'll fight for country and Queen,

But, as CHARLEY says, do let's be ready!
Here's BERESFORD'S health! He's the Navy's best friend,

As true as the keel to the kelson,



Fig. 174.
95.

A BI-METALLISTIC DISCUSSION.

Jim. "WHAT'S THIS 'ERE 'BI-METALLISM,' BILL?"

Bill (of superior intelligence). "WELL, YER SEE, JIM, IT'S HEITHER A LICENS'D WHITLERS' OR A TEETOTAL DODGE. THE WAGES 'LL BE PAID IN SILVER, AND NO MORE COPPERS. SO YOU CAN'T GET NO ARF-PINT NOR HANYTHINK UNDER A SIXPENCE OR A THIRP'NY. THEN YOU HEITHER LEAVES IT ALONE, AND TAKES TO WATER LIKE A DUCK, OR YOU RUNS UP A SCORE."

Jim. "AH! BUT IF THERE AIN'T NO MORE COPPERS, 'OW ABOUT THE 'BUSSES AND THE HUNDERGROUND RULEWAY?"

Bill (profoundly). "AH!"

[Left sitting.]

But a system what's rotten will baulk in the end

An archangel, or even a Nelson.
If his money's well spent, BULL will "part" with a smile,

For ships, men, forts, harbours, and cannon;
And then he won't bother at threats from the Nile, [Shannon.

Though backed by black scowls from the

Then for England let's join, spite of partisan spleen,

And Parliament splutter and parley;
Let's fill a joint bumper to Country and Queen,

And drink to the Navy and CHARLEY!

ALFRED AMONG THE IMMORTALS.

(The Poet Laureate is on view at Madame Tussaud's.)

LET them jibe, let them jeer,
Let them snigger and sneer
At my dramas, my lays, and my odes!
Others know my true worth—
Mid the Great Ones of earth
They have shrined me at Madame
TUSSAUD'S!

LEATHER-LUNGED PATRIOTISM. — While "LABBY," M.P., is invoking "congenial souls," his constituents are providing suitable boots for the Soudan Expedition.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. VII.

How Mr. Jabberjee risked a Sprat to capture something very like a Whale.

I AM this week to narrate an unprecedented stroke of bad luck occurring to the present writer. The incipience of the affair was the addressing of a humble petition to the indulgent ear of Hon'ble *Punch*, calling attention to the great copiousness of my literary output, and the ardent longing I experienced to behold the colour of money on account. On which, by returning post, my parched soul was reinvigorated by the refreshing draught of a *draft* (if I may be permitted the rather facetious *jeu de mots*) payable to my order.

So uplifted by pride at finding the insignificant crumbs I had cast upon the journalistic waters return to me after numerous days in the improved form of loaves and fishes, I wended my footsteps to the bank on which my cheque was drafted, and requested the bankers behind the counter to honour it with the root of all evil, which they did with obsequious alacrity.

After closely inspecting the notes to satisfy myself that I had not been imposed upon by meretricious counterfeits, I emerged with a beaming and joyful countenance, stowing the needful away carefully in an interior pocket, and, on descending the bank step, was accosted by a polite, agreeable stranger, who, begging my pardon with profusion, inquired whether he had not had the honour of voyaging from India with me in the—the—for his life he could not recall the name of the ship—he should forget his own name presently!

"Indeed," I answered him, "I cannot remember having the felicity of an encounter with you upon the *Kaisar-i-Hind*."

The Stranger: "To be sure; that *was* the name! A truly magnificent vessel! I forget names—but faces, never! And yours I remember from the striking resemblance to my dear friend, the Maharajah of Phulkarriabad—you know him?—a very elegant young, handsome chap. A splendid *Shikharri*! I was often on the verge of asking if you were related; but being then but a second-class passenger, and under an impecunious cloud, did not dare to take the liberty. Now, being on the bed of clover owing to decease of wealthy uncle, I can address you without the mortifying fear of misconstruction."

So, in return, I, without absolutely claiming consanguinity with the Maharajah (of whom, indeed, I had never heard), did inform him that I, too, was munching the slice of luck, having just drawn the princely instalment of a salary for jots and tittles contributed to periodical *Punch*. Whereat he warmly congratulated me, expressing high appreciation of my articles and abilities, but exclaiming at the miserable paucity of my *honorarium*, saying he was thick as a thief with the Editor, and would leave no stone unturned to procure me a greater adequacy of remuneration for writings that were dirt cheap at a Jew's eye.

And presently he invited me to accompany him to a respectable sort of tavern, and solicited the honour of my having a "peg" at his expense; to which I, perceiving him to be a good-natured, simple fellow, inflated by sudden prosperity, consented, accepting, contrary to my normal habitude, his offer of a brandy panee, or an old Tom.

While we were discoursing of India (concerning which I found that, like most globular trotters, he had not been long enough in the country to be accurately informed), enters a third party, who, it so happened, was an early acquaintance of my companion, though

separated by the old long sign of a longinquity. What followed I shall render in a dialogue form.

The Third Party: Why, TOMKINS, you have a prosperous appearance, TOMKINS. When last met, you suffered from the impecuniosity of a churched mouse. Have you made your fortune, TOMKINS?

Mr. Tomkins. I am too easy a goer, and there are too many rogues in the world, that I should ever make my own fortune, JOHNSON! Happily for me, an opulent and ancient avuncular relative has lately departed to reside with the morning stars, and left me wealth outside the dream of an avaricious!

Mr. Johnson (*enviously*). God bless my soul! Some folks have the good luck. (*To me, whispering.*) A poor ninny-hammer sort of chap, he will soon throw it away on drakes and ducks! (*Aloud, to Mr. TOMKINS.*) Splendid! I congratulate you sincerely.

Mr. T. (*in a tone of dolesomeness*). The heart knoweth where the shoe pinches it, JOHNSON. My lot is not a rose-bed. For my antique and eccentric relative must needs insert a testamentary condition commanding me to forfeit the inheritance, unless, within three calendar months from his last obsequies, I shall have distributed

ten thousand pounds amongst young deserving foreigners. To-morrow time is up, and I have still a thousand pounds to give away! But how to discover genuine young deserving foreigners in so short a space? Truly, I go in fear of losing the whole!

Mr. J. Let me act as your *buddi* in this and distribute the remaining thousand.

Mr. T. From what I remember of you as a youth, I cannot wholly rely on your discretion. Rather would I place my confidence in this gentleman.

[*Indicating myself, who turned orange with pleasure.*]

Mr. J. Indeed? And how know you that he may not adhere to the entire thousand?

Mr. T. And if he does, it is no matter, if he is a genuine deserving. I can give the whole to him if I am so minded, and he need not give away a penny of it unless inclined.

[*At which I was fit to dance with delight.*]

Mr. J. I deny that you possess the power, seeing that he is a British subject, and as such cannot be styled a "foreigner."

Mr. T. There you have mooted a knotty point indeed. Alas, that we have no forensic big-wig here to decide it!

Myself (*modestly*). As a native poor student of English law, I venture to think that, by dint of my legal attainments, I shall be enabled to crack the Gordian nut. I am distinctly of opinion that an individual born of dusky parents in a tropical climate is a foreigner, in the eye of British prejudice, and within the meaning of the testator. [*And here I maintained my assertion by a logomachy of such brilliancy and erudition that I completely convinced the minds of both auditors.*]

Mr. J. (*grumblingly, to Mr. TOMKINS*). Assuming he is correct, why favour him more than me?

Mr. T. Because instinct informs me that a gentleman with such a face as his—however dusky—may be trusted, and with the untold gold!

Mr. J. (*jealously*). And I am not to be trusted! If you were to hand me your *portemonnaie* now, full of notes and gold, and let me walk into the street with it, do you doubt that I should return? Speak, TOMKINS!

Mr. T. Assuredly not; but so, too, would this gentleman. (*To me, as Mr. JOHNSON sneered a doubt.*) Here, you Sir, take this *portemonnaie* out into the street for five minutes or so, I trust to your honour to return it intact. (*After I had emerged triumphantly from this severe ordeal of my bonâ fide.*) Aha, JOHNSON! am I the judge of men or not?

Mr. J. (*still seeking, as I could see, to undermine me in his friend's favour*). Pish! Who would steal a paltry £50 and lose £1000? If I had so much to give away, I should wish to be sure that the party I



"Was accosted by a polite, agreeable stranger."

was about to endow had corresponding confidence in me. Now, though I have always considered you as a dull, I know you to be strictly honest, and would trust you with all I possess. In proof of which, take these two golden sovereigns and few shillings outside. Stay away as long as you desire. You will return, I know you well!

Myself (penetrating this shallow artifice, and hoisting the engine-driver on his own petard). Who would not risk a paltry £2 to gain £1000? Oh, a magnificent confidence, truly!

Mr. J. (to me). Have you the ordinary manly pluck to act likewise? If you are expecting him to trust you with the pot of money, he has a right to expect to be trusted in return. That is logic!

Mr. T. (mildly). No, JOHNSON, you are too hasty, JOHNSON. The cases are different. I can understand the gentleman's very natural hesitation. I do not ask him to show his confidence in me—enough that I feel I can trust him. If he doubts my honesty, I shall think no worse of him; whichever way I decide eventually.

[Here, terrified lest by hesitation I had wounded him at his quick, and lest, after all, he should decide to entrust the thousand pounds to Mr. JOHNSON, I hastily produced all the specie and bullion I had upon me, including a valuable large golden chronometer and chain of best English make, and besought him to go into the outer air for a while with them, which, after repeated refusals, he at last consented to do, leaving Myself and Mr. JOHNSON to wait.]

Mr. J. (after tedious lapse of ten minutes). Strange! I expected him back before this. But he is an absent-minded, chuckle-headed chap. Very likely he is staring at a down-fallen horse and has forgotten this affair. I had better go in search of him. What? you will come, too. Capital! Then if you go to the right, and I to the left, we cannot miss him!

But, alack! we did; and, in a short time, both Mist'ers were invisible to the nude eye, nor have I heard from them since. Certain of my fellow-boarders, on hearing the matter, declared that I had been diddled by a bamboozle-trick; but it is egregiously absurd that my pui'sance in knowledge of the world should have been so much at fault; and, moreover, why should one who had succeeded to vast riches seek to rob me of my paltry possessions? It is much more probable that they are still diligently seeking for me, having omitted, owing to hurry of moment, to ascertain my name and address; and I hereby request Mr. TOMKINS, on reading this, to forward the thousand pounds (or so much thereof as in his munificent generosity he may deem sufficient) to me at Portico-bello House, Ladbroke Grove, W., or care of his friend, the Editor of *Punch*, by whom it will (I am sure) be honourably handed over intact.

Nor need Mr. TOMKINS fear my reproaches for his dilatoriness, for there is a somewhat musty proverb that "Procrastination is preferable to Neverness."

CUCKOO!

(After Shakspeare.)

WHEN twigs are bare and noses blue,
And the far hills with snow still white;
A cuckoo-passion fires the few
Who to the morning papers write.
The cuckoo, then—'tis fiddle-de-dee!
They've heard, they vow, chirp o'er the lea,
Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—Oh, word of fear
Unpleasing to an honest ear!

Amateur naturalists have jaws
That neither truth nor honour looks.
They do not heed discretion's laws;
They care for cuckoos, not for clocks.
The cuckoo-song in Feb-ru-a-ree,
They swear they hear. Ah, me! Ah, me!

Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—I greatly fear,
Your naturalist hath a false ear!

HONOURS EASY.—Last week the Conservatives acknowledged their debt to Captain MIDDLETON, "the controlling spirit of their organisation" during the past eleven years, by presenting him with a little cheque for £10,000. We believe it is also proposed to change the name of MIDDLETON into "Captain Middleman."

SONG AND CHORUS (very slightly altered from the original, to be sung by Baron POLLOCK and Mr. JUSTICE BRUCE, when the *Tower Hamlets Election Case* shall be over).—"Oh, WILLIS, we shall miss you!"



NEW DEFINITION.

"BUT TELL ME, ALICE. IS HE—WELL, IS HE QUITE A GENTLEMAN?"
Alice (after a pause). "WELL, HE'S NICE-LOOKING, AND HE'S GOT HIS HANDKERCHIEF UP HIS CUFF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER'S *Verses Wise or Otherwise* (CASSELL) are certainly all good. Many are reminiscent of PRAED'S light touch. The dainty little volume is rich in poetic fancy, winged in skilful verse.

I suppose the Unfinished Novel "catches on," or the kind of story represented by NETTA SYRETT'S *Nobody's Fault*, which may be described as belonging to the "So-far-as-it-goes" class, would not be published. The characters awaken your interest; so does the tale, "so-far-as-it-goes," for the story is well written, and the leading *dramatis personæ* well imagined. But the story, not a long one in a single volume, is "endless." It is a *cul-de-sac* with an enticing entrance. You turn back again to see if you've missed any opening, any hint of a way out of it, but you find none. And the moral of it? "You takes your choice." The methodless method of thus writing a story seems to me to save a lot of trouble and much patient thought. You start a story. *Happy Thought*—someone who does something; who meets somebody; who does something else; who gets into difficulties—and then? How to get her out of them? *Another Happy Thought*,—Oh, bother! Don't try to get her out of them. Leave her there. The story's good "so-far-as-it-goes," and if you want more for your money you can't have it. You've got a third of a three-volume novel and you pay a third of a three-volume price. Quite fair. "If," says the wily author, "I see how to finish the adventures of my heroine (THACKERAY used to "carry over" his figures to his next account) satisfactorily, that is, either kill her (or cure her, then I will write you another volume, or, maybe, *The Story of Bridget*, in two volumes. But that will be another story." Hoping that NETTA SYRETT will do this, I strongly recommend the careful perusal of her present book, *Nobody's Fault*, which, as a specimen of "The So-far-as-it-goes" and of "The Altogether," I venture to consider well worth reading.

THE BARON.

"FOR THE NEXT OCCUPIER."—Last Friday's *Gazette* announced that the QUEEN has approved of the retention of the title of "honourable" by Sir DAVID TENNANT on his retirement from the Cape House Speakership. It is to be hoped that in the future the Cape House will find as good a Tennant.



A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF EVE.

Mamma (to Molly, who has scratched and bitten her French Nurse, and who won't be sorry for her behaviour). "OH, MOLLY, DON'T YOU KNOW WHO IT IS PUTS SUCH WICKED THOUGHTS INTO YOUR HEAD?"

Molly. "AH, YES, THE SCRATCHING! BUT TO BITE FÉLICIE WAS QUITE MY OWN IDEA!"

A FEW PICTURES.

HAPPY man be his dole who is the fortunate possessor of even a few of the specimens of Barbizonian art now exhibiting at the Grafton Galleries. Do not omit a considerable pause before No. 127 and No. 125, by MARIS; note especially 125, showing an old woman coming away from the sea, homeward, across the sand in a sea-weed gatherer's cart. She has probably been collecting wreck-rubbish, odds and ends, on the rocks. The title might well have been "*A Picker-up of Unconsidered Trifles*;" or "*A Marine Widow with her Sea-weeds*." No. 61, MILLET's "*Angelus*,"

is of world-wide renown. No. 95, MICHEL's "*Windmill*." More wind is expected. The artist evidently knew how to "raise the wind" when he drew this. No. 13. Is this an Irish cabin, with mother and son at a meal of "potatoes and point"? A touching subject, finely painted by JOSEF ISRAELS. They are both hungry, but the question arises, which is to commence? The ancient dame or the hungry boy?

No. 112. HERR DIAZ has had a happy day in Epping Forest, and gives a charming reminiscence of the event.

The great attraction, to a majority of landscape-lovers, will be COROT's work; almost

all his pictures represent that peculiar hazy atmosphere which makes the foliage of a French-grey tint. The much-travelled observer will have noticed this atmospheric effect on the line between Calais and Paris. The idea conveyed is either that there is no sun to speak of in this part of France, or that the artist invariably selected a dull day for his work. COROT is the brilliant painter of a "*Dull Day*" in France. The exhibition is well worth several visits.

A QUARTER-DAY BALLAD OF SPRING.

You sing a song of life renewed,
Of buds that promise leaves,
Of lawns with daffodils bestrewed,
Of swallows 'neath the eaves,
Of tiny blades that shall be corn,
Of flowers wrapt in scent,
You hail the welcome April morn,
And I the quarter's rent.

You tell of how your feelings thrill
When touched by Springtide spell,
And speak of tender hearts that fill
Like buckets at a well.

You ask me if my troth was true?
If all my love is spent?
Both vows and bills I will renew
When I have paid the rent!

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC QUESTIONS. — The success of *Tribby* and the *Prisoner of Zenda* has set actors novel-reading, has inspired novelists to write their novels with a view to reproduction on the stage, and is likely to turn playwrights into a sort of newspaper boys eagerly waiting for novels to be given out to them to dramatise. And where do the public come in? Is the public to read the novel first and then see the play, or *vice versa*? And isn't it a six to four chance that those who have read the story will not want to see the play? Also, in the end, will not the practice, should it become general, be injurious alike to novelist, dramatist, and actor? and wearisome to the public?

SAVED!

The view from Richmond Terrace, owing to the rejection of Petersham and Ham Lands and Footpaths Bill on March 12.)

THE view from Richmond Hill is saved,
Out Petersham and Ham way;
Those open fields shall ne'er be paved,
Nor scored with lines of tramway.

Her landscape London ill could spare;
For chimney-pots to barter
The famous stretch of prospect fair
Seen from the Star and Garter!

The House of Commons now may use
Its name with new intention;
Our commons all too rare we'd lose
But for its intervention.

University Intelligence.

EARL OF BERKELEY couldn't be excused from "pernoctation" on the ground of ill-health. That his lordship must "pernoct" or give it up, was decided by 79 votes to 63.

On another subject, "The Warden of All Souls deprecated alarm." Delightfully soothing title, "The Warden of All Souls," and how gratifying to know that he "deprecated alarm." But what a tremendous responsibility!!

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A NEW DINING ASSOCIATION.—The Swallow Club.

ETON INTELLIGENCE. — Sovereign-tipping uncles are now known as "quid-nunks."



IN THE DESERT!

SHADE OF GENERAL GORDON (to JOHN BULL), "REMEMBER!"



PROOF POSITIVE.

Podson (lately returned from abroad). "WELL, I HEAR YOU 'VE BEEN HAVING A CAPITAL SEASON, THRUSTER."

Thruster. "OH, RIPPIN'! WHY, I 'VE HAD BOTH COLLAR-BONES BROKEN, LEFT WRIST SPRAINED, AND HAVEN'T GOT A SOUND HORSE LEFT IN MY STRING!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

SOME INDIRECT EFFECTS OF THE BOAT-RACE.

THE direct effects of the great contest between the two universities are of course well known. It draws the country parsons to London in shoals; it opens the flood-gates of reminiscence in countless elderly gentlemen, and induces them to relate marvellous stories of prowess and endurance in bygone years; it covers Putney with dark and light blue bunting; it decorates the whips of cabmen, bus-drivers, and butcher-boys; it arrays unconscious dogs in the rival favours, and ranges them in hostile camps; and it causes sixteen healthy young men to affront the wind and rain of March, in clothing which can only be described as just adequate for decency, and totally inadequate for anything else. There are other effects, those, for instance, which the ups and downs of practice exercise on the impressionable minds of the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, and on the variegated and descriptive vocabulary of the assiduous journalists who compile reports in the sporting papers. It is only during Boat-race time that "the clock of Putney Church chimes high noon," or that a crew's endurance becomes so extraordinary, that at the end of twenty-one minutes of hard rowing, "their breath would not have flickered a candle."

BUT the effects that I wish chiefly to refer to are those which are caused in the family circles of the members of the crews. It is not too much to say that, as the day of the race approaches, some sixteen quiet establishments scattered up and down the country become convulsed with excitement and anxiety. The minds of fathers and mothers are torn with conflicting emotions. Pride in the achievement of the beloved son struggles with a painful solicitude as to his power of enduring the stress and struggle of the race, and the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life* are devoured every day by the unaccustomed eyes of mothers intent on discovering the weight of their darlings and their chances of success on the fateful day. As an example, I may describe a terrible scene which took place only the other day in (let us say) a Surrey home.

PAPA, a man used to stratagems and wiles, got into the breakfast-room a quarter-of-an-hour before the usual time in order to read the account of the previous day's practice in the *Sportsman* at his leisure. He found that excellent paper in the hands of the butler, who was reading it out to an eager audience of servants. Papa dis-

missed them with some asperity, and sat down to the paper. Just as he had done so, mamma came in. She is ordinarily a lady of the most regular and methodical habits, scarcely ever varying by a minute the moment of her morning appearance. On this occasion, however, she was at least ten minutes before her usual time. The fact was, that she, too, was bent upon the *Sportsman*, and had come down in high hopes of anticipating papa. Seeing, however, that she was too late, she made an unimportant remark about the weather, and sat down to endure with as much resignation as she could command until her lord and master should have exhausted the aquatic news. She was too proud to ask him to read it out to her; besides, to have a paper read to you can never give anything like the same satisfaction as reading it yourself. So the minutes sped by, the breakfast was brought in, and papa still sat reading, while mamma waited to step into his shoes.

A LATE son (sons are always late at breakfast) as he approached the breakfast-room, heard his mother's voice declaiming, in tones of unwonted anger, and marvelled as he heard. He entered, and his mother saluted him with these memorable words: "ARTHUR," she said, "I have been waiting half an hour for the *Sportsman*, and I can't wait any longer. You are young and strong. Take the paper away from your selfish father by force, and give it to me. Why, he won't even tell whether HARRY's weight has gone up or down." Papa's silence was perhaps excusable, for mamma had announced her intention, if the boy's weight dropped another pound, of fetching him away from Putney at once. HARRY's weight had dropped, but, by a curious chance, that part of the *Sportsman* which recorded it was found to have been torn out when it arrived at length in mamma's hands.

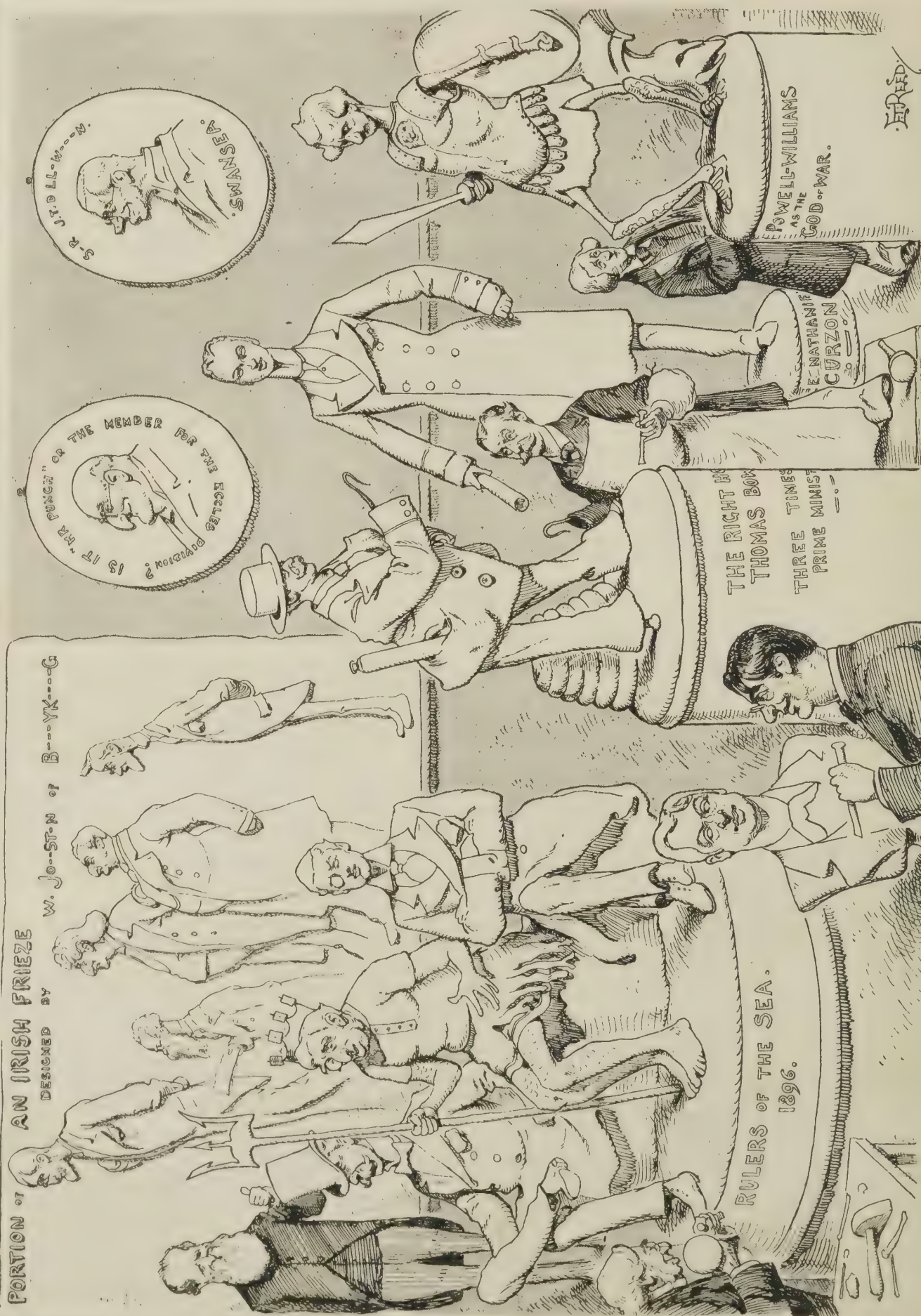
A FIRM of tailors has sent me a letter containing one of the longest and most unfinished sentences I have ever come across. Here it is:—

"DEAR SIR,—We respectfully beg to say, that having been further recommended by our Patrons, who, finding our System of Business, as most fair to the advantage of our Clients, of which the principles are, by not making one Customer pay for another, and by not maintaining an enormous (and superfluous) show and establishment at the cost of our Patrons, and personally supervising and making of every garment, all of which being made on the premises, and our prices not being based on the credit system, the combined principles of which by strictly adhering to, we have succeeded in proving with every satisfaction, that it is quite possible to continue supplying the very finest quality of Goods and of most exquisite Cut and workmanship as per Price List enclosed."

PORTION OF AN IRISH FRIEZE

১৯৩৫

W. J. - ST. N. of B. - YK - G



A PARLIAMENTARY SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE.

WHY NOT ESTABLISH A STUDIO AT WESTMINSTER, WHERE HON. MEMBERS MAY, AFTER A FEW LESSONS, CREATE STATUES OF THEMSELVES, OR, BY ARRANGEMENT, OF OTHER MEMBERS, FOR SUBSEQUENT USE IN THE PRECINCTS OF THE HOUSE.

THE COMING RACE.

(A Note in Advance from a Prophet sure of being on the spot.)

WHAT new thing can be said of the University Boat Race? If the sun is reported to be shining brightly, the birds singing, the leaves budding from the trees, the description will be lacking in novelty. On the other hand, if a paragraph be given to an account of the fog and the rain, the mist and the mud, again a precedent will have been followed, and nothing more. In like manner, what does it matter whether the crowd be large or small? Nothing could be easier than to describe the dresses of the ladies in the sunshine, or their umbrellas in the wet.

Once more, the race itself. Well, either the Dark or the Light must win the toss for stations. And the challengers must appear before the challenged, floating in the neighbourhood of Putney Bridge. And then, whether it be rain or shine, there is sure to be a "hush of expectation." The Jerseys having been collected, the sixteen will be found waiting, after the warning "Are you ready?" for the signal giving them leave to go. And when the start is made, why, the first few strokes will be reported with the minutest detail. After a minute or two Oxford or Cambridge will forge ahead. A little later a broader view will be taken of the rowing. Only a distinct "spurt" will merit and obtain special notice. But the number of strokes to the minute will be recorded. Now the Dark Blues will be pulling 38, now they will have slowed down to 35, now they will have strained every

FANCY PORTRAIT.



MR. B-RNY B-RN-TO

(As "Ancient Pistol")—

"I SPEAK OF AFRICA, AND GOLDEN JOYS!"
Henry the Fourth, Second Part, Act V., Scene 3.

effort to pass the 40. And the record of Cambridge will be equally interesting. As a matter of course, the steering once and again will go wrong. But this is not to be unexpected now that "the water" is abandoned at Westminster. How can a cox know his way about if he is taken over the course on a steam-launch only a few days before the race? It stands to reason that he has no chance with those to the manner (or rather river) born.

The familiar landmarks will emerge from their obscurity. The Doves and the Elms and Hammersmith Bridge. Chiswick Eyot, too, and the iron sheds of Thornecroft, of torpedo-catcher fame. Then will come Barnes Bridge and the finish.

And will not there be complaints anent the umpire's launch and the unsatisfactory progress of either of the 'Varsity steamers, or, perchance, the boat reserved for the Fourth Estate? And then the other conventionalities—the niggers, the loafers, the perambulating purveyors of cheap refreshments. All will have a line or two. The same old story told again, year after year.

There it is in brief. Rather more than the outline, and only one thing necessary to make the whole complete—the name of the winner. Will it be Oxford or Cambridge? Oxbridge or Camford? But this cannot be told just at present, owing to the exigencies of publication. So why write more? Echo obligingly, sympathisingly, and sensibly answers "why?"

INFORMATION WANTED.—We read that the Russian Emperor has "decorated the Negus." Is this the same thing as "crowning the flowing bowl"?—IGNORAMUS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 16.—Peers not going to sit tamely by whilst other House is treated to statement on leading question of the hour. ROSEBERRY will see to that. When House met to-day he, with tears in his voice, lamented absence of the MARKISS. Had not only expected him to be in his place, but looked for him to rise and make statement about Soudan, at least as full as Commoner people in another place were indulged withal. MARKISS came in later, with air of guilt not dispelled by affectation of indifference. When House about to adjourn he explained that he had said nothing because he was asked nothing. Pretty to see him demurely fold his hands over his broad bosom, archly look across table towards ROSEBERRY, make dainty courtesy of mock grace, and hum

"Nobody axed me, Sir, she said."

ROSEBERRY, not to be put off with these blandishments. "Thought," he sternly said, "the FOREIGN SECRETARY would deem your Lordships not unworthy of a statement similar to that made by the UNDER SECRETARY in the other House." Again MARKISS pleaded that he had not been asked. As ROSEBERRY coldly refrained from putting definitive question invited, nothing was said.

JAMES of Hereford (late of Bury) brought in Water Bill. SARK met GRAND CROSS after House rose. Always athirst for information, SARK asked what he thought of it. "You're a great authority on water, you know," he added, insinuatingly.

"If you mean," said GRAND CROSS, looking at him suspiciously, "that when I was Home Secretary I brought in a London Water Bill, you're right. If my proposal had been adopted, London would have had an investment nearly as good as that my late esteemed friend Lord BEACONSFIELD made for the State in the matter of the Suez Canal. But there are always people who know better than the most highly gifted. As for JAMES's Bill, I am too annoyed to have followed it closely. You will remember that my memory is kept green in the House of Commons by reason of my having on a memorable occasion said I 'thought I heard an hon. Member smile.' A poor thing, but mine own. It has remained unapproached all these

years. And now here's a paltry Poet Laureate attempting to compete with my masterpiece;" and GRAND CROSS read out, in voice trembling with scorn, the Poet Laureate's deathless verse suggested for monument of the Postman Post:—

"O lark-like poet! Carol on,
Lost in dim light, an unseen trill."

"An unseen trill, forsooth!" cried GRAND CROSS. "This ALFRID-AUSTIG is just the kind of fellow to talk of an unheard smile, and pass the idea off as original. But I'd have him know I heard a man smile years before he didn't see a trill."

Business done.—Statement in Commons presaging fresh invasion of Soudan. House thereupon appropriately proceeded to consider Army Estimator, voting a trifle under six millions before you could say "Dongola!"

Tuesday.—HICKS-BEACH not kind of man to give himself up to riotous enjoyment. Temperature rather freezing than sultry. But to-night had high old time. Never imagined that bi-metallism covered possibilities of such human joy. Man from WHITELEY's brought on resolution affirming principle of bi-metallism. As everyone knows, PRINCE ARTHUR has no philosophic doubts on this question. Believes thoroughly in bi-metallism. So does CHAPLIN.

"Pass a law establishing bi-metallism," says that eminent economist, "and you will have what I may call bi-farming—that is to say, two blades of corn will grow in every field where hitherto only one has popped up an undersold head."

In such circumstances bi-metallists might well look hopeful. Even if CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER did not (if the phrase may in this connection be used without disrespect) go bald-headed in support of principle, he at least must treat subject with deference.

HICKS-BEACH began in soothing tone with kindly manner. That only his artfulness. As soon as he had cleared the ground and firmly planted his feet thereon, he seized bi-metallism by the throat, flung it to the ground, kicked and pummelled it till every three-penny-bit in its pouch must have been twisted up. For adherents of the true faith this was bad enough. What lent pathos to the scene was to watch PRINCE ARTHUR and HARRY CHAPLIN seated on Treasury Bench whence HICKS-BEACH had risen to promulgate rank heresy. The very helplessness of their situation added to its misery.

PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE rides many more stone than CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. Had he thrown himself upon him from behind, PRINCE ARTHUR might have taken him by the heels. Together they could have carried him out, dropped him over the terrace into the silver Themis. But that procedure would have been open to misunderstanding. There was nothing to do but to sit there silent, PRINCE ARTHUR drooping like an unwatered lily, CHAPLIN furiously writing letters to himself making mincemeat of HICKS-BACH and his arguments.

Worst of all, bitterest drop in the brimming cup, was to see SQUIRE OF MALWOOD on bench opposite, literally brimming over with delight at beholding bi-metallism fatally wounded in the house of a friend.

Business done.—Bi-metallism's—at least for the rest of the century.

Thursday.—DON JOSÉ AFRICANUS not in his place just now when son AUSTEN made his maiden Ministerial speech. That a pity, since it was a success in more ways than one. In addition to the paternal eye-glass, AUSTEN inherits the pleasant voice, the lucidity, and the keenness to see a debating point, which distinguish the personage he occasionally refers to as "my right hon. relative." Pleasant to see the friendly interest taken in the event "We all like AUSTEN," not less in the Liberal camp than in the new country into which he has dutifully followed his father. An encouraging cheer greeted his appearance at the table to reply for the Admiralty to miscellaneous criticism on Naval Works Bill. Still louder applause approved the task when completed. A high position for so young a Member. Not only is it filled with ability, but the honour is borne with modesty. House of Commons, most fastidious audience in the world, likes to think that "AUSTEN will do."

In absence of DON JOSÉ, HELDER, of Whitehaven, unconsciously, unintentionally, but effectively filled the place of fond, appreciative father. No relative of AUSTEN's, right honourable or otherwise. Nothing to do with him, the Admiralty, or the Naval Works Bill. Sat as remote as possible from Treasury Bench; far below Gangway; almost under shadow of gallery. But being there, his plump hands folded over portly

paunch, his face beaming with sublimation of domestic content, one couldn't help, somehow, associating him with the youth at the table, launched on a Ministerial career, or fail to recognise in his attitude and expression a sort of vicarious fatherhood to all that is deserving.

SARK tells me that in the early days of Mr. GULLY's Speakership, a time not free from anxiety, his greatest comfort, his most effective encouragement, came from this good man. In private life, he is head of firm of solicitors, with assuringly sonorous title. When Mr. GULLY, not dreaming of the Speaker's Chair, went circuit, Messrs. BROCKBANK, HELDER & Co. sent him briefs. When he came to the Chair, and seemed to need a little encouragement, it was the practice of the senior member of BROCKBANKS, casually as it were, to stroll down the House, his white waistcoat gleaming with benevolence. As he passed the Speaker's Chair, he nodded in confidential way to his old client, as who should say, "Cheer up, old man. The Court's with you. If it fails, there's BROCKBANK, HELDER & Co. behind." In moments of exceptional difficulty, he even winked as he strolled past the Chair.

Not having these early professional relations with the CIVIL LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, he does not go that length. But as he sits there, looking straight before him with kindly, fatherly smile, the subtle influence of his presence suffuses the neighbourhood, and, stealing across the Gangway, gently, but effectively, sustains the unconscious *débutant*. *Business done.*—Quite a lot.

Friday.—Ministers supported to-night by rattling majority in resolve to dare again the dangers of the sad Sudan. DON JOSÉ's speech settled the matter. MORLEY, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, DILKE and others picture prospect in lurid colours. They recall experience of last expedition; count up its cost; show the utter emptiness of its gain. House uneasy; COURTNEY speaks and votes against his political friends; talk of further revolt in Ministerial camp. Then DON JOSÉ steps to front, and puts the whole matter right. Pooh-poohs apprehension. No danger, and if any money-cost, Egypt will bear it. All that is intended is, Egyptian troops will go for-

ward from Wady Halfa as far as Akasheh, a railway following them to make things comfortable. If they find no Dervishes about, may even steal on to Dongola. If Dervishes in dangerous force, will come back by first train.



Cook's Agent in Egypt. "How ar will you go, Gentlemen?"
Joey. "Oh, as far as ever we can go for the money—until it gets too hot for us!"

At this picture of glorious war House gave sigh of relief; crowded into division lobby, pouring through at other end in mad race for early morning cabs. *Business done.*—New Sudan war approved by 288 votes against 145.

"DRAWING" PICTURES.

APART from the excellent "second edition" of the grand ballet, *Faust*, from the SCHÄFFERS, from *La Danse*, and from the songs of the riquante Mlle. JUNIORI, the "Cinematographe pictures" are sufficient of themselves to attract all London to the entertainment now being given to exceptionally crowded houses at the Empire. The lifelike representation of such scenes as the arrival of the train, "the plungers," the gardener with the hose, and Monsieur, Madame et Bébé at breakfast, is simply marvellous. The final one of Monsieur TREWEY himself doing the serpentine trick with a piece of white riband, though perhaps the most difficult of all to reproduce, appears to be simplicity itself in comparison with the "arrival of the train" and "the bathing scene." Is it not within the range of practicability to reproduce effects in the House of Commons, or "Mr. G." being received at a railway station? Only the exact portraiture of the lineaments of well-known public characters is required to add fresh interest, from time to time, to one of the most remarkable exhibitions that ever delighted the public. Theatrical managers might possibly be averse to scenes from their plays being thus represented; and yet, if considered as advertisement, they might not, for a consideration, object. In time, when the invention is perfected, the living and moving pictures will, no doubt, be presented on a still larger scale, features will be more distinct, and the quivering effect will entirely disappear. That is in the not very distant future; but at present these "TREWEY-To-Nature Pictures" are, and will long continue to be, a principal attraction at the Empire. But cannot somebody invent a short word—a kind of telegraphic equivalent—for "Cinematographe"? A nautical series might have been called "Treway Bluey." Why not the "Cité" or "Cinny pictures"?

New Lamps for Old.

"THIS smells too strongly of the lamp!"
Men said when, by the midnight moon,
Wit toiled in Grub Street garrets damp.
Now when fine ladies fiction vamp,
And problem-playwrights slop and scamp,
It smells too strongly of—lampoon!

A SLOW THOROUGHFARE BELYING ITS NAME IN A MATTER OF WIDENING.—Fleet Street.



UNANSWERABLE.

Young Hopeful. "SHAMEFULLY IGNORANT! OF COURSE I'M IGNORANT, FATHER. BUT THEN, WHY DID YOU SEND ME TO A PUBLIC SCHOOL? I ALWAYS LOOK UPON A FELLOW WHO'S LEARNT ANYTHING AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL AS A SELF-EDUCATED MAN!"

SOMETHING LIKE A BANK HOLIDAY.

(Fragment from the Prophetic Account of a Pessimist Reporter.)

"WHAT is the matter with you, my man?"

The volunteer was too tired to speak. He fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. He had been on his feet for about sixteen hours. He had marched through mud and ploughed land, and over stony roads, and was thoroughly done up. So the doctor turned to the second patient, who had been carried into his consulting-room.

"You look weary, my good woman?"

"So would you be," was the angry reply, "if you had passed through all I have. Up at five in the morning, then shake, shake, shake for six hours at a stretch—in the railway. Then an hour's dawdle in a place we did not know; and then shake, shake, shake for another long spell home again."

"You went by the excursion?"

"Can't you see we did? But don't stand dawdling there, but do your best to save the lives of the children."

The doctor passed a number more in the same plight, and then came to a person of greater intelligence than the rest.

"And you, too, want my assistance?"

"Well, yes. You see, I believed that if I could get a perfect change from my hard work in the office for one whole day I should be set up until midsummer. But I am afraid, like everyone else, I have overdone it."

"Extremes meet—in the doctor's consulting-room," observed the medical man, drily. "If you overdo everything—soldiering, touring, walking—what can you expect? Nature is nature, and objects to tricks. But you may as well tell me the cause of all this."

Then said the strongest of the sufferers, "Please, we have been enjoying the Bank holiday."

"Thought as much," muttered the medico. "St. Lubbock may be the patron of the great middle class, but he is equally the benefactor of the disciples of Esculapius!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

THE JOYS OF A BOAT-RACE.

In the *Badminton Magazine* for this present month of April I note specially an article, by Mr. C. M. PITMAN, bearing the above title. It is a spirited and graphic piece of writing, and I heartily congratulate this gallant young oarsman on his first contribution to monthly literature. Great Heaven! how the months slip away and leave no sign. It seems but yesterday that Mr. PITMAN was stroking the Oxford eight as a freshman recently imported from Eton. How brilliantly he took them along, with how cool a head and with what excellent judgment did he stall off the spurts in the rival crew until he finally brought his merry men safely past the "Ship" at Mortlake, winners by nearly three lengths. All that seems to me, pondering these matters, to have happened but yesterday; yet four years have sped upon their way, and three times more since then did Mr. PITMAN row in a victorious crew. Now he, too, has gone down (as they say both at Oxford and at Cambridge); the quads of his college know him no more, and probably, since oarsmen tend to the law, he is acquiring an intimate knowledge of procedure, of statements of claim and of defence, of interrogatories, and of the rule in *Shelley's Case*, in musty chambers either of the Temple or of Lincoln's Inn. In the dim future I behold him, a grave and reverend Judge of the Supreme Court, presiding with reminiscent dignity and increased weight at a boat-race dinner.

MR. PITMAN describes no particular race. He gives an account of the symptoms that afflict the mind of an oarsman engaged in a race. Vivid to an almost painful degree is his description of the nervous and disjointed conversation of a crew at their last meal before the race, of the aimless questions, the irrelevant answers, and the general assumption of an airy unconcern (it deceives nobody) that mark every member of the crew. This is the state of mind known to University athletes as "needle." Those who have been through a similar experience will be the first to testify to the accuracy of the picture.

It is at such a time that men decide that there is no pleasure in rowing, and that no power on earth shall ever induce them to take a seat in a boat again. Everything seems to have gone wrong; the world seems to be in a conspiracy against them. What does the crowd mean by smiling and talking and chaffing? How dare men and women gather with casual carelessness to witness the terrible struggle that is about to take place—a struggle so important to those who take part in it that they cannot tear their thoughts away from it for a single moment? These are some of the questions that chase one another through an oarsman's mind. And there are others. Will he be able to last out the whole course? Is it not possible that he may collapse utterly when half way over the course, and offer a shocking spectacle to the assembled thousands? What if he should catch a crab, or if his oar should break, or if the coxswain should steer them crashing into a pleasure-boat, or if some one should put his foot through the frail skin of the racing boat, and cause her to sink? And so in a sort of dream he dons his shorts, his zephyr and his shoes, helps to carry the boat down to the water, and mechanically takes his accustomed place. Almost before he realises what has happened, the crew are at the stake-boat, the umpire has fired his pistol, and the race has started.

No needle afflicts him now: dismal thoughts and nervousness have vanished as if by the touch of a magician's wand, and all his powers, bodily and mental, are concentrated on his work. Last? Why, he feels he could last till the crack of doom. How it inspires a man to have the other crew alongside, to know they are worthy opponents, but yet mortal, men not to be daunted by a single spurt, or broken up by one or two rolls, but liable notwithstanding to lose their winds and to fall behind. How the boat springs to each stroke; Jupiter! what a fearful roll that was; how thin and distant sound the eldritch shrieks of the coxswain; No. 5 in the other crew has got his slide stuck—splendid!—how curious that pale man on a moored steamer looked in a green tie. Oh, oh, stroke is quickening—yes, the crew pick it up with him—glorious!—but I can follow the race no farther, for as I write a needle pierces me, and I feel as nervous as though I saw the whole stress and struggle raging before my eyes.

AND the memories of delightful friendships, of toil endured together, of victories gloriously celebrated, of defeats manfully endured, of the little troubles that diversified the monotony of training, the nicknames of each member of the crew, their little foibles, their sturdy, honest disbelief in their rivals, their gallant and unquenchable belief in themselves—all these are to the man who has rowed in a race a possession for ever. Of this no length of years can rob him; and as he meets his old companions, and fights his old races over again, he will declare to himself that if he had his life to live once more he would be a rowing man rather than anything else. That is the conclusion to which Mr. PITMAN's article has brought me. Those who wish to know what it means to race should read it for themselves.



HERCULES AND THE HYDRANT.

"Tom Brown."

[Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C., author of the inimitable *Tom Brown's School-days*, died on Sunday, March 22, 1896.]

AIR—"John Brown."

MAN's delight and boyhood's friend,
Is your life-course at an end?

Troops of boys join Mr. Punch in deep
regret, "TOM BROWN."

With more or less of truth,

Age has written about youth,

But no man has measured boyhood better
yet, "TOM BROWN."

We remember well the joy

We derived from that "Old Boy,"

Large of heart, and full of simple honest
pluck, "TOM BROWN,"

Whose tale of fun and fist,

Had a charm none could resist;

Who in boyhood to peruse it had the
luck, "TOM BROWN."

As a student of boys' ways,

And of glad scholastic days,

You finished easy first, whoe'er came
next, "TOM BROWN."

All was honour, courage, health,

In your youthful Commonwealth,

By shirk, and sneak, and sucker all un-
vext, "TOM BROWN."

'Tis a picture waking pride,

That of school-life's sunny side,

And all England loves your typic English
lad, "TOM BROWN,"

And for many and many a year,

To "Our Boys" you will be dear,

Whilst grown men will read your story,
and feel glad, "TOM BROWN"!

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVER.

Edwin. "What colours shall you wear at
the boat-race, Miss Angelina?"

Angelina (uncertain as to Edwin's Univer-
sity). "Need you ask? True blue, of course!"

Edwin (who received his education at
Durham University, enthusiastically clasp-
ing Angelina in his arms). "Darling! I
felt certain that you would heap coals of fire
on my head for asking such a question."

[But, as a matter of fact, he heaped the
coals on hers when the time came for set-
tlements, being a large pit proprietor.]

The Bare Idea.

MR. GLEDSTONE, of Streatham, says England
won't beat

The Scotch till, at football, they play with
bare feet!

Fancy champion cups won, not strength,
pluck and skill by,

But by every footballer becoming a "Trilby"!
Ah! poor Mrs. GRUNDY! The notion must
shock her.

(N.B. A new name for this game: "The
no-Socker"!)

NOTE ON NOTES.—At the Opera Comique.
Some charming music in Professor VILLIERS
STANFORD's opera, libretto by Mr. G. H.
JESSOP. Specially note "When I was
Young," capitably sung and acted by Mr.
JOSEPH O'MARA, and the duet which he has
with Mr. STEPHENS as a "heavy" of the
British Army.

NOMEN FELIX.—Why any objection to the
appointment of Dr. RICHARD BRAYN as Medi-
cal Superintendent of Broadmoor Criminal
Lunatic Asylum? BRAYN, if powerful and
acting rightly, is exactly what is wanting at
such a place.



First Genius to Second Genius. "WHY ON EARTH DO YOU DO YOUR HAIR IN THAT
ABSURD FASHION, SMITH?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE GOLFING NOVICE TO THE FAIR EXPERT.

I HAVE done, as you wished, dearest heart,
And have driven a ball from the "tee."
How I "sliced" and I "pulled" at the start!

And my "topping" was awful to see!

Then the "globe" I repeatedly missed,

And I "fozled" my "iron's approach."

While the way I mismanaged my wrist

Brought the tears to the eyes of my "coach."

When I brought off a "putt" how they

chaffed!

And called it a "gobble" or "steal."

And how they unfeelingly laughed

When I had with a "stymie" to deal!

True, a club is a creature of grace,

But a strange anatomical whole,

For combined with its "head," "neck," and

"face," ["sole"]!

Are its "heel," and its "toe," and its

Many "rubs of the green" were my lot
(Thus I wounded a goose and a boy),
And o'er "bunkers" and "hazards" my

shot
Was, alas! not a thing full of joy!
Then "bad lies" often hindered the "run,"
And the "niblick" was called in request.
But e'en science is balanced by fun,
So I went on with ignorant zest!

What a "divot" I cut from the grass
When I made an attempt with a "spoon"!
Oh, I felt such a thorough-paced ass
As it rose like a verdant balloon!
Yet I got round the links, love, at last—
I won't trouble you now with the score—
But to golfing I mean to hold fast,
And in "singles" we'll often cry "Fore!"

CAUSE WITHOUT EFFECT.—An action re-
sulting in a farthing's damages.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. VIII.

How Mr. Jabberjee delivered an Oration at a Ladies' Debating Club.

MISS SPINK (whom I have mentioned *supra* as a feminine inmate of Porticobello House) is *in additum* a member of a Debating Female Society, which assembles once a week in various private Westbourne Grove parlours, for argumentative intercourse.

So, she expressing an anxious desire that I should attend one of these conclaves, I consented, on ascertaining that I should be afforded the opportunity of parading the gab with which I have been gifted in an extemporised allocution.

On the appointed evening I directed my steps, under the guidance of the said Miss SPINK, to a certain imposing stucco residence hard by, wherein were an assortment of female women conversing with vivacious garrulity, in a delicious atmosphere of tea, coffee, and buttered bread.

After having partaken freely of these comestibles, we made the adjournment to a luxuriously upholstered parlour, circled with plush-seated chairs and adorned with countless mirrors, and there we began to beg the question at issue, to-wit, "*To what extent has Ibsen (if any) contributed towards the Cause of Female Emancipation?*" which was opened by a weedy, tall male gentleman, with a lofty and a shining forehead, and round, owlsh spectacle-glasses. He read a very voluminous paper, from which I learnt that IBSEN was the writer of innumerable new-fangled dramas of very problematical intentions, exposing the hollow conventionalisms of all established social usages, especially in the matrimonial department.

When he had ceased there was a universal and unanimous silence, due to uncontrollable female bashfulness, for the duration of several minutes, until the chairwoman exhorted someone to have the courage of her opinions. And the ice being once fractured, one Amurath succeeded another in disjointed commentaries, plucking crows in the teeth of the assertions of the Hon'ble Opener and of their precursors, and resumed their seats with abrupt precipitancy, stating that they had no further remarks to make.

Then ensued another interim of golden "Silence and slow Time," as Poet KEATS says, which was as if to become Sempiternity, had not I, rushing in where the angels were in fear of slipping up, caught the Speaker in the eye, and tipped the wink of my *cacœthes loquendi*.

To prevent disappointment, I shall report my harangue with verbose accuracy.

Myself (assuming a perpendicular attitude, inserting one hand among my vest buttons, and waving the other with a graceful affability).

"HON'BLE MISS CHAIRWOMAN, MADAMS, MISSES, AND HON'BLE MISTER OPENER, the humble individual now palpitating on his limbs before you is a denizen from a land whose benighted, ignorant inhabitants are accustomed to treat the females of their species as small fry and fiddle faddle. Yes, Madams and Misses, in India the woman is forbidden to eat except in the severest solitude, and after her lord and master has surfeited his pangs of hunger; she may not make the briefest outdoor excursion without permission, and then solely in a covered *palkee*, or the hermetically sealed interior of a blinded carriage. (*Cries of 'Shame.'*) In the Zenana, she is restricted to the occupation of puerile gossipings, or listening to apocryphal fairy tales of so scandalising an impropriety that I shrink to pollute my ears by the repetition even of the tit-bits. (*Subdued groans.*)

"Such being the case, you can imagine the astonishment and gratification I have experienced here this evening at the intelligence and forwardness manifested by so many effeminate intellects. (*A flattered rustle and prolonged smirking.*)

"The late respectable Dr. BEN JOHNSON, gifted author of *Boswell's Biography* (applause), once rather humorously remarked, on witnessing a nautch performed by canine quadrupeds, that—although their choreographical abilities were of but a mediocre nature—the wonderment was that they should be capable at all to execute such a hind-legged feat and *tour de force*.

"Similarly, it is to me a gaping marvel that womanish tongues should hold forth upon subjects which are naturally far outside the radius of their comprehensions.



"A weedy, tall male gentleman."

"The subject for our discursiveness to-night is, "*To what extent has Ibsen contributed to the Cause (if any) of Female Emancipation?*" and being a total ignoramus up to date of the sheer existence of said hon'ble gentleman, I shall abstain from scratching my head over so Sphinxian a conundrum, and confine myself to knuckling to the obiter diction of sundry lady speakers.

"There was a stout full-blown matron, with grey curl-shavings and a bonnet and plumage, who declaimed her opinionated conviction that it was degrading and *infra dig.* for any woman to be treated as a doll. (*Hear, hear.*) Well, I would hatch the questionable egg of a doubt whether any rationalistic masculine could regard the speaker herself in a dollish aspect, and will assure her that in my fatherland every cultivated native gentleman would approach her with the cold shoulder of apprehensive respectfulness. (*The bonneted matron becomes ruddier than the cherry with complacency, and fans herself vigorously.*)

"Next I shall deal with the tall, meagre female near the fire-hearth, in abbreviated hair and a nose-pinch, who set up the claim that her sex were in all essentials the equals, if not the superiors, of man. Now, without any gairish of words, I will proceed baldly to enumerate various important physical differentiations which— (*Intervention by Hon'ble Chairwoman, reminding me that these were not in dispute.*) I bow to correction, and kiss the rod by summing up the gist of my argument, viz., that it is nonsensical idiocy to suppose that a woman can be the equivalent of a man either in intellectual gripe, in bodily robustness, or in physical courage. Of the last, I shall afford an unanswerable proof from my own person. It is notorious, *urbi et orbi*, that every feminine person will flee in panickstricken dismay from the approach of the smallest mouse.

"I am a Bengali, and, as such, profusely endowed with the fugacious instinct, and yet, shall I quake in appalling consternation if a mouse is to invade my vicinity?

"Certainly I shall not; and why? Because, though not racially a temerarious, I nevertheless appertain to the masculine sex, and consequently my heart is not capable of contracting at the mere aspect of a rodent. This is not to blow the triumphant trumpet of sexual superiority, but to prove a simple undenied fact by dint of an *a fortiori*.

"Having pulverised my pinched-nose predecessor, I pass on to a speaker of a very very opposite personality—the well-proportioned, beauteous maiden with azure starry eyes, gilded hair, and teeth like the seeds of a pomegranate (oh, *si sic omnes!*), who vaunted, in the musical accents of a cuckoo, her right to work out her own life, independently of masculine companionship or assistance, and declared that the saccharine element of courtship and connubiality was but the exploded mask of man's tyrannical selfishness.

"Had such shocking sentiments been aired by some of the other lady orators in this room, I must facetiously have recalled them to a certain fabular fox which criticised the unattainable grapes as too immature to merit mastication; but the particular speaker cannot justly be said to be on all fours with such an animal. Understand, please, I am no prejudiced, narrow-minded chap. I would freely and generously permit plainfaced, antiquated, unmarried madams and misses to undertake the manufacture of their own careers *ad nauseam*; but when I behold a maiden of such excessive pulchritude— (*Second intervention by Hon'ble Chairwoman, desiring me to abstain from personal references.*) I assure the Hon'ble Miss CHAIRWOMAN that I was not alluding to herself, but since she has spoken in my wheel with such severity, I will conclude with my peroration on the subject for debate, namely, the theatrical dramas of Hon'ble IBSEN. When, Madams and Misses, I make the odious comparison of these works, with which I am completely unacquainted, to the productions of Poet SHAKESPEARE, where I may boast the familiarity that is a breeder of contempt, I find that, in *Hamlet's* own words, it is the 'Criterion of a Satire,' and I shall assert the unalterable *a priori* of my belief that the melodious Swan of Stony Stratford, whether judged by his longitude, his versical blankness, or the profundity of his attainments in Chronology, Theology, Phrenology, Palmistry, Metallurgy, Zoography, Nosology, Chiropody, or the Musical Glasses, has outnumbered every subsequent contemporary and succumbed them all!"

With this, I sat down, leaving my audience as *sotto voce* as fishes with admiration and amazement at the facundity of my eloquence,

and should indubitably have been the recipient of innumerable felicitations but for the fact that Miss SPINK, suddenly experiencing sensations of insalubriousness, requested me, without delay, to conduct her from the assemblage.

I would willingly make a repetition of my visit and rhetorical triumphs, only Miss SPINK informs me that she has recently terminated her membership with the above society.

ALL ROUND HER HAT.

(Very New Version of an old "Vitechapei" Ballad, discovered in the Pit of an East-End Theatre.) AIR—"All round my Hat."



Chorus:—

ALL round her hat she wears all Covent Garding,
All round her hat, wich it is a precious way,
If anyone should axe her the reason why she wears it,
She'd tell him—well a somethink as I'd rayther not say.

'Twas going to my place in the pit that I did meet her,

Oh! I thought she was a monster ba-loon dropped down from the sky.

And I never see a tile more neater nor completer,
As had primroses and poppies piled wot coters call "up-igh."

Oh, the donah she was tall, and her hat was of that kind, too,
And cruel was the way it did hintercept my eye

From a twiggung of the play, as in course I was inclined to,
But I couldn't dodge that market-cart of hat, not any way.

For three mortal hours I dodged, and squirmed, and started,
For three long mortal hours, as in course I had to stay.

Bad luck to the chap, most merlicious and black-hearted,
As invented lydies' hats like a blessed stack of hay.

There is some young women as is so precious bumptious,
They want four times as much free room as that for wot they pay.

I sez "Can't see a bit o' that play, as I am told is scrumptious,
Along o' that confounded hat a-bobbin' in my way."

Oh, she guv me such a rattlesnake look out of her eyes, I started!
She sez, sez she, "I ain't no statue, and hats is wore this way!"

I was awful sorry that my two bob for a seat in that pit I'd parted;
And while these haystack-hats is wore, not another half-dollar I'll pay!

Chorus:—

All round my hat I wears a green willow,

All round my hat, in a weeping sort o' way,

And if anyone should axe me the reason why I wears it,

'Tis cos o' that Tower o' Babel Hat as bilked me of that play!

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Since my escapade at the Eldorado Theatre of Varieties I have lived the existence of a nun. Quite otherwise has been the conduct of Papa. Every night does he sally forth to his club, and returns like a genuine Member of Parliament in the small, wee hours. "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait," I overheard him exclaim yesterday morning, as he hurled his very tight, varnished boots at the wall opposite to his bedroom door. I know nothing of the capabilities of *jeunesse*, but I am well aware that *vieillesse* knocked about half a yard of paper off the opposition to his strength.

These reflections on my sire are chiefly caused by his extraordinary behaviour on the anniversary of St. Patrick's day. Long as I have known my parent, and he is a man to be remembered, I have never seen him so pertinaciously pregnant with perverseness. He came down to breakfast decorated with an enormous bunch of herbs, which I at first imagined to be parsley—*sans monocle je suis aveugle*—then clover, and finally discovered was a root of shamrock. "This is a great day indeed, me darlint," he exclaimed, as he tossed off his *café au lait* (this self-combined mixture is the invention of an ingenious foreigner, whose advertisement you will find on the sixth page of the *Tea-Toppers Gazette*).

Still preserving that romantic brogue, which is concomitant, and necessary to the production of such plays as *Arrah-na-pogue*, *The Colleen Bawn*, and, in these latter days, to a musical stew called *Shamus O'Brien*, he invited me to accompany him to an aristocratic assembly at Londonderry House, "where, bedad, my girl, you'll find the foinest gurls in all London doin' their mighty best for the distressed country." It is, perhaps, needless to say, *mamie*, that I overlooked his disfiguration of speech, and made ready to go

with him to the noble mansion in question. The *mise en scène* was as perfect as the union of hearts. A duchess made no more scruple of exhibiting her homespuns than did a Nationalist lady of urging the unrivalled quality of her linen. "Begorra!" cried my dad, still in his shamrock disguise, "this a great day for Ould Oireland!"

For my part, I was busily employed, with ready pencil noting the exquisite *coiffures* which so constantly prevented my view of the stalls. Picture, ETHELINDA, a broad hat of black velvet relieved by *cerise plumes*, which would effectually block the view of any stage in Christendom; imagine a sweet retiring *chapeau de paille* drooping as the weeping willow, from which depended garlands of roses, nasturtiums, jonquils, and azaleas, treasure and keep in mind the freshness of a *toque* formed of hare's ears, with the "brush" of a fox *en évidence*, and the *chic* of a combination of sarsaparilla leaves and strawberries. And the dresses? Darling, they were there, but unseen. The cold, drizzling weather had laid its stern hand on the extraordinary display, which might reasonably have been expected. But *la belle dame sans merci* (how I love KEATS!) had requisitioned every animal from the beaver to the mole, from the bear to the Arctic fox, which fur will, of course, become very reasonable when Dr. NANSEN returns to civilization. I was really quite overcome by the spectacle. Papa was so overjoyed with the reception with which he met that he disappeared, and did not come home till Wednesday afternoon, when I found a pair of skates, marked "National Skating Palace," in his overcoat pocket. He says that he subsequently attended a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society.

Try this "pick-me-up." Rub an ounce of ground ginger on three pounded capsicums, add half-an-ounce of Cayenne pepper, season with pure Cognac (I have the address of the *best* providers), and qualify with a gill of peppermint. Papa declares that he has never been the same man since he consumed this potion, and his experience is vast. Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

THE HYDE PARK THEATRE.

(Advance Sheets of an Article ripe for use in 1898.)

It was scarcely to be supposed that after Mr. RICHARDS, M.P., had received for an answer to his question in March, 1896, anent the legality of dramatic sketches in Hyde Park on the first day of the week, a reply in the affirmative, that matters would be allowed to remain *in statu quo*. As all the world knows, the movement once recognised as lawful became the rage, and extended from the perambulating player of the streets to the regular actor of the recognised West-end house. This being so, one of our interviewers thought it his duty to call upon a representative of the theatres to ascertain the views of the profession upon a matter of so much importance.

"Personally, I have no objection to *al fresco* performances," said the Representative; "although I believe that finer effects may be obtained in the play-house than in the Park."

"Will you kindly make your meaning plainer?"

"Well, you see light and shade can be more distinctly marked in an enclosure than in the open air. The actor under cover has the benefit of the electric light, which can be turned on or off; in the open he must rely solely on the sun in the day and on the moon by night."

"But in a realistic drama, would not a shower of natural rain be of considerable advantage?"

"Certainly, if it could be timed so as to fall at the proper cue; but in our changeable climate such an arrangement is difficult of accomplishment."

"And what sort of an entertainment should be provided for the Park promenaders?"

"It depends upon the hour. When the taverns are closed light comedy and burlesques would probably be the most popular fare. When 6 P.M. was reached, and BUNG resumed his business, then tragedy might be attempted."

"Then you consider tragedy thirst-producing?"

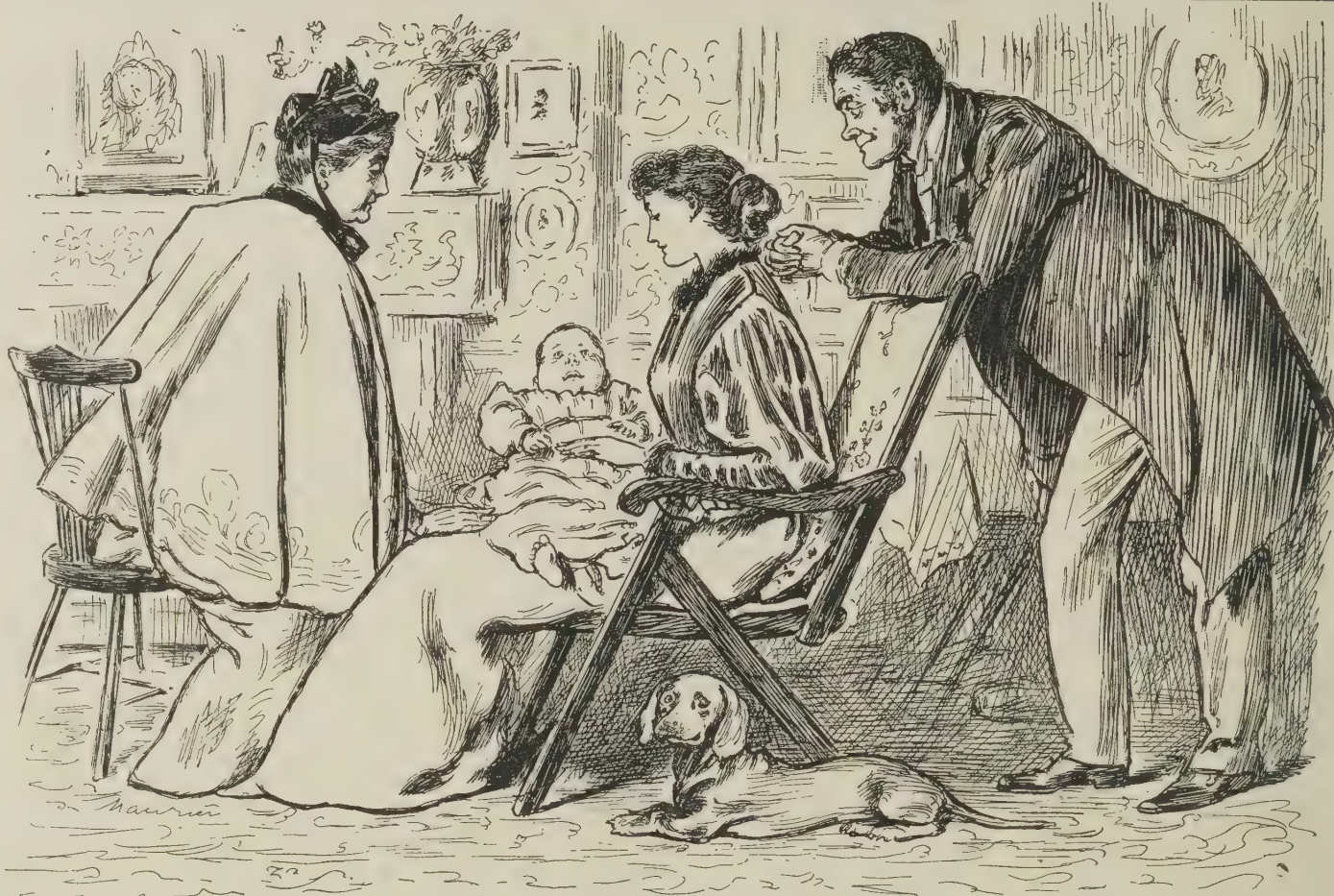
"I believe that is a fact resting upon reliable statistics," returned the Representative.

"One more question," said the Interviewer. "How do you think the Park can be supplied from—?"

"From our own boards?" put in the Representative. "Why, that is easy enough—you see the theatres are closed on Sunday." And this reply made our Interviewer believe that there was something wrong somewhere in the arrangements of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.



THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.



A JOB'S COMFORTER.

Proud Father. "YES, HE'S GOT HIS MOTHER'S EYES AND HIS MOTHER'S MOUTH; BUT I'M AFRAID HE'S TAKEN MY WORST FEATURE!"
Grandmamma (on the Mother's side). "YFS; AND UNFORTUNATELY HE'S PUT IT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FACE!"

EXTRACT FROM A SPINSTER'S DIARY.

Sunday, March 29, 1896.—I have been in great anxiety all day, but I have caught the train. I was afraid of being just too late, but I am safe in my first-class carriage bound for the north. The guard has promised that I shall be undisturbed until my arrival. He seemed surprised that I had no luggage, and I dare say fancied that my journey was more or less connected with a visit to Gretna Green. I am quite sure that I look quite a young thing, although, as a matter of fact, I am of full age, and consequently independent of parents and guardians. I admit as much as that, but my age is my affair, and the affair of no one else. Fortunately, I have some light literature, and consequently can pass the weary hours away. Let me see. Here is the *Prehistoric Review*. Capital article on "The New Woman."

Dear me, I must have been thinking for some little while with my eyes closed, and here are two perfect strangers in official costumes. Too bad of the guard, after the tip I gave him, to permit their admittance. They seem amiable old gentlemen, in spite of their cocked hats, swords, and epaulets.

"I am afraid I must trouble you to fill up this document," says the first, producing the very paper that caused me so much annoyance when I saw its fellow on the mantelpiece in my maiden aunt's drawing-room. "You see the 29th is the day, and it has to be filled up early the next morning, so that the collector may find it ready when called for."

"But," I replied, grasping the terrible situation, "this is not a dwelling-house, and you are not the head of the family!"

"For the purposes of the Act," explained the old gentleman, "everywhere is a dwelling-house; as I am a Scotchman, no doubt I am in some way related to you—as a cousin of some sort—and I am certainly the head of my family, as my younger brother here will tell you."

"Certainly," acquiesced the second old man.

"What do you want of me?" I asked, for I saw that further efforts to escape were useless. "I have done my best to avoid this, but the law has conquered."

"Not at all," answered the senior official, politely; "shall we say forty-five?"

I trembled with indignation. But I thought it best to be sure of my ground.

"Is there any penalty in choosing my own view of the necessity of telling the truth?"

"The nominal penalty is £5. But then you would have to pay the money in vain; for we are instructed, when we find that a false return has been made, to ascertain the truth, and correct it. At Somerset House all the information we require is ready to hand. Shall we say fifty-five?"

"Or fifty-six?" put in the other.

I was about to reply, when I lost all consciousness!

Monday, April 30.—I am so relieved! I had been dreaming! The guard—a very good man indeed, who has had a second half-crown in recognition of his services—called me when we arrived at the terminus. I had fallen asleep over the *Prehistoric Review*. And now for breakfast, and then "home, sweet home" by the next train. I am so pleased. *I have dodged the Census!*

Just returned to my dwelling. Have had all my trouble for nothing! No inquiry about age in the Census paper!

To the "Radical Committee."

(And All whom it may Concern.)

"HOME Rule all Round" seems slightly "in the air"; First you must show—by votes—Home Rule "All Square." And, what seems strange, but true will yet be found, To "square" the voters, you must "bring them round."

SERIOUS REPORT CONFIRMED!—In answer to our inquiries at Scotland Yard we are informed that the report as to there being "divisions in the ranks of the police" is only too well founded.

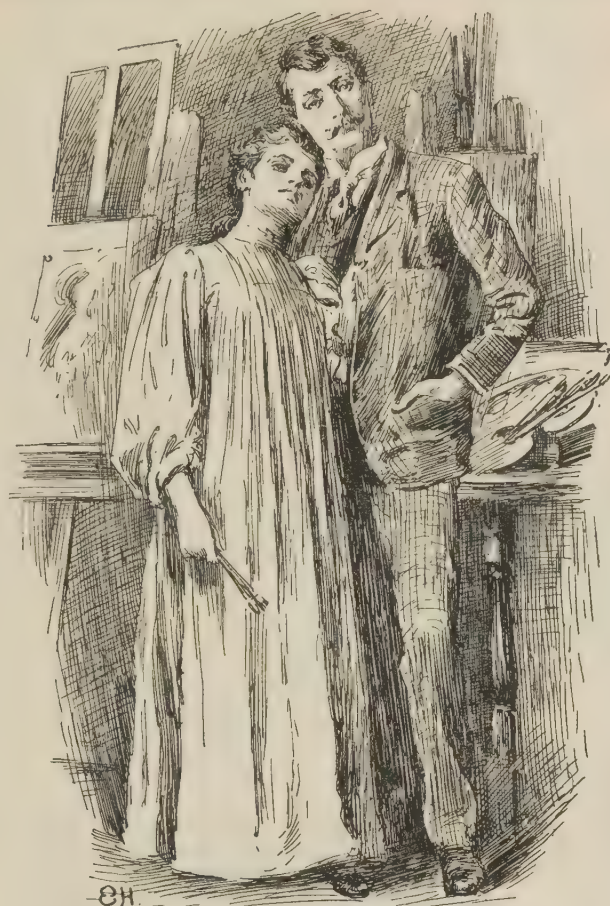
THE CRY OF THE HOLIDAY-LOVING CLERK.—"Easterward Ho!"



LEFT BEHIND!

OLD PARTY. "HERE! HI! STO-O-O O-OP! WHERE DO I COME IN?"

["Considerable annoyance is felt, both at the Palace and at the Porte, that Turkey was not consulted in regard to the expedition."
Reuter's Constantinople Correspondent, March 25.]



LOVE INDEED!

Angelica. "CLAUDE, DARLING, WHEN WE GET RICH, WE'LL BUY EACH OTHER'S PICTURES!"

CABBY OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

NO. XV.—SHILLING CAB-FARES, FROM THE DRIVER'S POINT OF VIEW.

"The London Cabman tried my patience long before his vehicle or his horse tried my nerves. I am free to confess that even now the prejudices that have sprung up in my mind against him, in consequence of his surliness and ill-disguised brutality, are stronger than is my fear of accidents."—*Mr. Albert D. Vandam on "The Delights of a Shilling Cab-fare," in The Sphinx.*

HOIGHTY-TOIGHTY! 'Ow tiffy and toffy 'e is, this 'ere gent with a name that is like a Dutch swear! It wouldn't pertikler "delight" me, I'm thinking, to 'ave 'im inside for a long shilling fare. It would be a long 'un, I'll bet my best 'at, for I'm fly to the stingy, "superior" sort, As are always a 'ugging theirselves on the thought that they're gents, and us chaps, as poor cads, out o' court.

It makes them "swell wisibly," this 'ere hidea, till it seems as their tight-buttoned frock-coats would bust. What rare Great Panjandryums they are, to be sure; or, leastways, would be, if you take 'em on trust. They walks this poor earth like drum-majors or headles, a-shooting their cuffs and a-cuddling their canes, They fancy they're Joves, and if brollies was thunderbolts, wouldn't they blarst us, or bash out our brains?

'Owsomever, I'll keep on my 'air, if I can, though a-reading this article gives me the 'ump. 'E thinks we are all brutal bullies and grumblers. Ah! VANDAM, old man, that's a far bigger jump Than ever you'll see at the Varsity sports. There is Cabbies of all sorts,—and so there is fares. You pick out the surliest Jehus you know, and I'll pick out "gents" as 'll run 'em in pairs.

If you'd try just one week about town on the box of a Hansom or Growler, you'd know the "delights Of a shilling cab-fare" ain't confined to the "fare." Not to mention 'ard weather, cold days and wet nights, Long waits and lumbago, east wind and stiff joints, *we* 'ave got 'uman Nature to fight with as well; And though you may think that confined to us "Jehus," you'll see it crop up now and then in a swell.

You would, swelp me scissors! For surliness, stinginess, ah, and brutality, many a toff Would give BANDY BADGER a bit and a beating. Now BANDY's a brute, and a little bit off; 'Is temper, I own, is as catchy as teazles, 'is manners is bad, and 'is mind on the grab; But don't you emagine that temper and trickiness are to be found only outside a cab!

We ain't 'ot-'ouse flowers, nor yet Parian himages; *I* never yet knowed a Cabby with wings. But long tails and 'oofs ain't our regular wear, neither, Sir. Syrups, and saints, and such 'eavenly things, Might be just a bit out o' place on the box, in a jammed London street, with a Tartar hinside A-proddin' your ribs with a pinted humbreller, and letting 'is swear-words flow frequent and wide.

Hangels with whips is remarkable rare birds; but dittoes in broad-cloth or silk don't run free. Say you are 'ailed by a 'orty haw-hawer, as looks as if 'e 'eld all London in fee; Sniffs at you sidewise, and curses your mare if she shifts half an inch, or gives just the least splash. "Park Lane, and drive like the dayvil!" 'e snaps; and you touch your old 'at and are off at full dash.

Keeps on a-firing at you through the trap all the way with remarks as establish a raw; Calls you a slug, and your 'orse a old crock, and runs lots o' big d's in the slack of 'is jaw; Looks at you out of 'is blue saucer eyes, as if you was a stray lump o' dirt on 'is nose, And chucks you a shilling for two-and-a-arf mile o' ground. You should washup *that* swell, I suppose.

Even us Cabbies are not made of putty, and sometimes, I own, would forfeit the fare To land just one domino on a swell's boko that cocks at my sort with so scornful a hair. Mr. VANDAM talks of thrashing a Cabby, for being "impertinent" to a swell toff, As though 'twas as easy as writing about it, and 'e was cecksure 'ow the scrap would come off.

Well, well; gents are smart with their mawlies sometimes; but it isn't *that* sort as lead Cabby a life; It's the popinjay species, hinsulting and stingy, who, when they're fair tackled, shut up like a knife, Unless there's a bobby close 'andy! A 'iding's a good wholesome lesson to cads, 'igh or low. But when it's a question of fists and best man, it is not *always* hodsds on the fare, dontcherknow.

I once got well licked by a swell, and *deserved it!* That swell is a reglar with me to this day. But don't say poor Cabby is always to blame, for there's facts I could prove as go quite t'other way. "A bob and a cuss, eighteen pence and a grumble" Well, yes, there's too much o' that sort, I dessay; But before you can size up the Cabbies as growl, you 'ave got to take stock of the parties as pay.

Fair's fair, yes, but fare is *not* fair—not sometimes. Abuse, bullying, cheating are not all one side, And it's wonderful 'ow much "brutality" gces now and then with swell garments and hoceans of pride. A gent as is really a gent takes the cake, 'e's the pick o' the basket, if I'm any judge; But it isn't the cash or the cloth makes that sort, and the party as fancies they do fancies fudge.

Mr. V. runs us 'ard. Stillsomever, 'e's right to a pint. There are Cabbies who're bullies and bears. But, ah! let 'im try, for a twelvemonth or so, to rear morals and manners on short shilling fares. Cab-ranks ain't recruited from scholars and gents, nor saints don't drop their trumpets to 'andle a whip. I know "Shilling Cab-fares," p'raps better than him, so I 'ope he'll excuse me for giving the tip.



SHOW SUNDAY.

Vandyke Browne. "PEACE MY DEAR LADY, PEACE AND REFINEMENT, THOSE ARE THE TWO ESSENTIALS IN AN ARTIST'S SURROUNDINGS."
[Enter Master and Miss Browne, Tableau!]

RULE, COLUMBIA!

(New Version of an old, but obsolete, piece of Patriotic "Blowing.")

[M. NICOL TESZLA, the great electrician, in America, thinks it will soon be possible to dispense with telegraph wires, and transmit messages to any place on earth, or even the nearer planets, by the utilisation of "electric waves."]

AIR—"Rule, Britannia."

WHEN Yankeedom, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the Atlantic "wet,"
This was the motto of that land:
"We'll lick creation, yes, you bet!"
Rule Columbia! rule the (electric) waves!
The elements themselves shall be thy slaves!

JOHN BULL, not half so smart as thee,
Rules ocean's waves with trident-flail;
But thou shalt bind the planets free,
And catch wild comets by the tail.
Rule Columbia, rule the (electric) waves!
They're better, far, than mere black Nigger slaves!

Thy MONROE Doctrine wide may reign,
'Tis Heaven's own law, some swear, not thine!
But now thou'lt sway beyond earth's main,
To—wheresoever stars may shine!
Rule, Columbia, rule the (electric) waves!
(Think what a vile (in posts and wires) it saves!

LITERARY SCRAPS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—As the representative of English Literature, allow me to address you. I wish to suggest to you that the novels and plays of to-day are far easier of construction than those written in the earlier years of the century. Nowadays something is left to the imagination. To make my meaning plainer, I will imagine that the careers of EDWIN and ANGELINA have become hopelessly involved. The first is married to someone else, and the second is betrothed to a person she hates. In the days of old the writer would have cleared off the superfluous wife and disposed of the unnecessary fiancé. But in 1896 such a task is superfluous. All that the novelist has to do is to set down something like the following:—

CONCLUSION OF A MODERN NOVEL

"This is my wife," said EDWIN, at length. He was weary of continuing the deception.
"And this is my fiancé," and ANGELINA turned red and white, and trembled.
"It is a great mistake," he murmured; "a great mistake!"
"You are right," she replied, adopting a tone telling of anguish. "You are always right. And you were never so right as now." And then they both looked out of the window.
THE END.

Nothing further is needed. "They both looked out of the window" is quite enough.

The reader can supply the remainder at his or her discretion.

Then take the play. Thirty or forty years ago a "social problem," when introduced, had to be solved. Virtue had to be triumphant and vice vanquished in the final act. But nowadays this sort of ending is quite out of date. Suppose that two men are face to face prepared to fight a duel. The lady of both their loves is on the stage, and so is her guardian. Then the author may give the following:—

END OF A MODERN PLAY.

Henry (fiercely). At last your hour is come! I will not set down my rapier until it has rid the world of a villain and a slave!

Matthew. As you will. I hurl back your defiance! [They fight for a few minutes, and then pause.]

Young Lady (during the pause). How will it conclude?

Guardian. I wonder! [Curtain.]

You will see, by the above examples, that the end of a novel or a play nowadays may be as simple as—well, say a modern reader.

Yours abruptly,

ONE OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

Spanish Castle, Isle of Skye.

CON. BY A CYNIC.—Can the rather noisy "Independent Labour Party" really be the Party which desires to be independent of Labour?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

TOLD in the *Twilight* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) is a title likely to captivate all who expect from it a series of mysterious tales, quaint goblin-like legends, and blood-curdling ghost-stories. Verily, those who indulge in such anticipations are, on taking up ADELIN SERGEANT's book, doomed to disappointment; but after being caught by the first story they probably will be led on to read "just one more," (a good title, by the way, not patented, or otherwise protected,) and not be contented until the last is reached and finished. During this course, the well-informed reader will probably have been struck by the close resemblance which, in many respects, Mr. ORLANDO BATEMAN, the organist in "Lady Ellenor's Romance," bears to *Svengali* of *Trilby* fame. "He was lividly pale, lean, not very tall, with a shock of black hair, and immense black eyes." "He looked so fierce and wild," and "when playing, he threw back the long, black hair that was apt to stray over his white forehead." Isn't this uncommonly like Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as *Svengali*? "I know that most people call him ugly: but they have not seen him at work." And *Lady Ellenor*, like *Trilby*, is *Svengalinised* by the aquiline nosed, glittering eyed musician. However, *Lady Ellenor* isn't a *Trilby*, and the enchanting organist is not a *Svengali*. All ends happily. These stories told in the twilight may be read in broad daylight, or, in fact, at any time, to

FANCY PORTRAIT.



"OLD OOMPAULOPPOMUS" AT HOME.

the delight of the reader and the profit of the authoress and publisher.

DOLLARS AND SENSE;

Or, *The Doom of the Matinée Hat.*

[The Legislature of Ohio have just passed a law forbidding women to wear large hats at theatres.]

It may not in all things be worthy or wise,

Our laws and our modes to Americanise;

But here is a point on which thousands would thank

Our M.P.'s for taking a tip from the Yank.

For where's the male victim who ever hath sat,

Unseeing, behind a hugh "*Matinée hat*,"

Who will not rejoice when our Government collars,

For every such nuisance, a fine of ten dollars?

(N.B. The poor managers' lives will be Hades!

The fine *should* be paid by the selfish fine ladies.)

A man might as well be as blind as a bat,

As sit in the rear of a *Matinée hat*.

And it makes an old theatre-goer to sigh, Oh!

To think that his lot is not cast in Ohio.

BUSINESS BEFORE EVERYTHING.

—Our "Friend in the City" hearing of the advance on Kassala, wishes to know if the property has been properly valued.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.—Good deal of variety about House of Commons. This day last week benches crowded; interest intense; subject, new war in the Soudan. To-night benches moderately filled; no lack of speech-making; a smell of chopped straw through the House; a disposition amongst Borough Members to come down in gaiters and shooting coats; WALTER LONG, all alone on Treasury Bench, humming to himself the plaintive air, "*Go bring the Cattle Home.*"

Bill under discussion a modest measure branded Diseases of Animals Bill. Simply but effectually proposes that all Foreign and Colonial Cattle shall be slaughtered at port of entry. Liberals spy under its muffler the beard of Protection. Criticism not confined to Opposition benches. Several Members rise from Ministerial side and declare they will have none of it. New House has two Men from WHITELEY's; one the Universal Provider sent on from Stockport; the other from Ashton-under-Lyme. It was the representative of the Ashton branch who spoke the other night on bi-metalism. Our Young Man from Stockport turned up to-night, interrupting WALTER LONG's pretty song with protest against this measure. Never since, in almost forgotten play, WILSON BARRETT used to raise two lean arms to Heaven, and cry aloud, "How long? How long?" has there been seen anything so pathetic as the Stockport Man from WHITELEY's lament over this Cattle Bill.

"Sir," he said, dropping a scalding tear almost on the unprotected head of the Minister for Agriculture, reclining on the Treasury Bench, "I regret that, having been elected to oppose Home Rule, I should be asked at this early period of the Session to support what I cannot help calling an English Land League."

Observe how, even in the torrential passion of the moment, this sentence is carefully shaded. If it had not been so early in the Session it wouldn't have been so bad. In July a cup, however bitter its contents, might be drained, which, proffered in March, is fatal. Then there is the apologetic introduction of the scathing reference to an English Land League. "I cannot help calling it" an English

Land League, said Our Stockport Representative, slightly turning aside his head to hide his emotion, a movement which, accidentally altering the course of the falling tear, averted a catastrophe WALTER LONG would have felt more acutely than most men of his age.

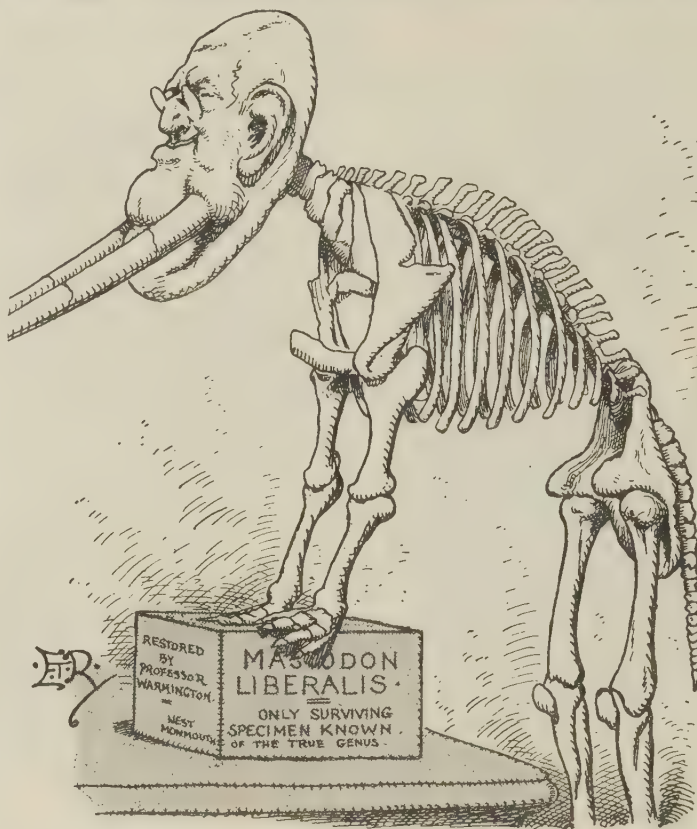
After this desperate attack from the Opposition benches, with answering signs of revolt from besieged camp, a little surprising to find that the malcontents mustered only 95, leaving Ministers in a majority of 149.

Business done.—Diseases of Animals Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—"The longer I live, dear TOBY," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD just now as we strolled through the division lobby on the London Water Bills question, "the more I feel like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted. In the political world I am becoming a sort of mastodon of Liberalism. If, when I finally answer the cry 'Who goes home?' they would promise not to put a statue of me in the central lobby, I wouldn't mind bequeathing my skeleton to the Natural History Museum. With a suitable label, it might prove of interest, and would serve as a lesson, to coming generations. Every day questions crop up which show what chasms have been riven in the political world within the last dozen years. Here, for example, is this proposal of the London County Council to take over the Water System of the Metropolis. Sixteen years ago the question was before a committee of the House of Commons, of which I was Chairman, with DON JOSÉ as faithful henchman. Hard work to hold him in in those days, when there was a Tory fence or ditch to be taken. Perhaps, if he had one passion stronger than another, it was for the unfettered action of municipal authority over all matters affecting the ratepayers. After sixteen years the question comes up again. DON JOSÉ and I walk apart. A fathomless river flows between. I am here still, fighting for the old principles of 1880. DON JOSÉ is on the other bank, eligible quarters laid out as villas for the gentlemen of England, and the London ratepayers will be the poorer by, some say, twenty millions, the lowest estimate putting it down at five.

"This only an episode in a long tragedy, a chapter in an interminable history. JOKIM and HARTINGTON are also on the other side of the river. But that is a matter for small surprise compared with

DON JOSÉ'S somersault. We confront each other at every turn of events. One gets used to it, as beneficent Nature in time blunts all sharp edges. But sometimes, as to-night, the state of things is



Unique Specimen from Natural History Museum.

brought home with peremptory force, and one feels a little lonely treading the old familiar paths."

Business done.—London County Council's proposal to acquire waterworks thrown out by 287 votes against 125.

Wednesday.—Our British life and habits so monotonous in manner, so sombre in colour, variation from the commonplace is ever acceptable. Thus House to-day delighted to see CUTHBERT QUILTER and KENYON-SLANEY rolling in the vat. For more perfect *vraisemblance* QUILTER had donned smock, with big hat and boots, usually worn by brewers' draymen. That nothing should be lacking, had learned off an oath or two. SERGEANT-AT-ARMS drew the line at that. Wasn't certain at first about the vat; but remembered how, in earlier Parliament, petitions on some burning question been brought in in bales, packed below Gangway, so that Members could not see each other across the pile. Suggested that Member addressing House should scramble on top and thence deliver his speech.

If that might be, why shouldn't QUILTER carry out his brilliant idea of packing his petitions in favour of pure beer in a hogshead, label it "QUILTER'S Entire," and get KENYON-SLANEY (who will do anything if promised an opportunity of making a speech) to help him roll it in? So it was done.

SARK tells me that when Mr. G. went out to the opening of the Baltic Canal, QUILTER was one of DON CURRIE's guests. A Copenhagen paper, printing list of the company, mentioned among the nobility and gentry, "Sir CUTHBERT QUIETS," meaning the Member for Sudbury. Sir CUTHBERT by no means Quiets to-day. This his great opportunity, and he rose to it. Began at earliest moment. As soon as vat was trundled into position, leaned his elbow on it, crossed one leg, and began to discourse about the contents. Six hundred yards long was the petition; 26,000 signatures it bore; £70 had been subscribed—what for nobody knows. SPEAKER interfered; couldn't have speech at this juncture.

Sir CUTHBERT stood on another leg, and began again. Everybody had signed the petition, from the bishop on his throne down to—

"Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER, sternly.

Sir CUTHBERT once more changed his position, and continued. Inhabitants of West Suffolk, East Cambridgeshire, and part of the Saffron-Walden division of Essex—

"Order! Order!" cried the SPEAKER. "The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day."

Sir CUTHBERT, not having another leg to stand upon, sat down. The vat rolled out, the smock taken off, he presently reappeared; delivered luminous speech, showing how the Pyramids were built on

pure beer; how Edward the Confessor not only asked for his pint daily, but saw that he got it; and how in the Middle Ages ale-tasters apparently sampled beer through their leather breeches. A luminous, learned, picturesque address. So wrought upon imagination and conviction of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that he promised Committee of ale-tasters to sit upon the question.

Business done.—Sir CUTHBERT QUIETS (of Copenhagen) discourseth on the Purity of Beer.

Friday.—SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE long since removed from thoroughfare whence, after fashion of other lords of the soil, he derived his designation. Lives now at No. 5, Old Palace Yard, where he can keep his eye on House of Lords immediately over the way. Property much improved of late by clearing space near Chapter House, opening up view of Westminster Abbey. When SAGE tired of reflecting on near future of House of Lords, he can walk into another room and muse over glorious history of Established Church. Thus appropriately set between Church and State, he passes the quiet evening of a useful life.

Repose just now rudely threatened. Why, WHITMORE wants to know, should No. 5, Old Palace Yard, remain when houses contiguous pulled down? Improvement already established is great. Throw in No. 5 and the charm is complete.

AKERS-DOUGLAS, questioned on subject, jumps at suggestion. No doubt, he says, removal of No. 5 would greatly add to improvement. The SAGE much interested in embellishment of London. Now's his opportunity of doing something that would conspicuously contribute to it.

SAGE didn't happen to be in his place when conversation took place. Which was a pity, as a word, even a nod of assent, might have settled it right off. But House has no doubt how thing will end.

Business done.—The Dook been thinking over what he read in *Punch* a fortnight back—that passage written ages ago in a forgotten play. The scene, it will be remembered passes between *Cassius Mummus* and *Scipio Minor* (*Dux Nobilis*). *Cassius* (Prince ARTHUR) presses on *Scipio* (the Dook) pension of £1800 a year.

Scipio. I thank the gods!

But for a soldier tired of war's alarms
There's no reward, save virtue! All the rest
Is dress! I'll none of it! Yet for your courtesies
I thank you.

PRINCE ARTHUR, throwing into prose this fine passage from "*The Roman Warrior*," read it to the House. Comes to same thing; Dook won't have the money; but House would have preferred the poetry, especially as there it was, ready made.

Nemesis and the New Woman.

(By an Acrid Anti-Cyclist.)

WOMAN's soft charm, which once all men might feel,
Is now (like traitors) "broken on the wheel."
Nor let this woe from wheel her champion vex
Women on wheels are traitors—to their sex!



"The Irish Question remains a vast and menacing note of interrogation in the middle of the empire."—Lord Rosebery at Huddersfield.

CURZON AND CRISES.

THE mystery of Isis
A wonder to the wise is :
Yet 'tis, though fraught
With marvel, naught,
To—CURZON on a Crisis!

Our clever Mr. CURZON
Is a superior person.
A sage more "poz"
There never was
For bard to turn a verse on.

He told us, in the Autumn,
That Crises,—when we "caught"
'em,—
Were always due
To some Rad crew ;
About no Tory brought 'em.

England was calm and sober,
As a bland air by AUBER,
Since SALISBURY came
Our foes to tame ;—
But that was last October !

We never, never, never
From peace were like to sever
While CECIL great
Controlled the State,
With CURZON, young and clever.

But ere the Springtime, Crises,—
Despite CURZON'S "advices,"—
Were plentiful
With poor JOHN BULL
As hot-cross buns or ices.

The Turk turned cross and
cranky ;
The Dutchman and the Yankee
Raised rows, despite
Sage SALISBURY'S sleight,
And CURZON'S hanky-panky.

The Muscovite and Teuton
Our troubles were not mute on.
To calculate
The cares of State
Might floor Sir ISAAC NEWTON.



AN HONEST PENNY.

"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL DAY?"
"WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR THE GADFLY."
"WHO ABOUT?" "ROBERT BROWNING."
"SUPPOSE YOU 'VE READ A LOT OF HIM?"
"NOT I! BUT I MET HIM ONCE AT AN AFTERNOON TEA."

To make things more chaotic—
(Oh, destiny despotie!)—
The Egyptian Sphinx
Drew into kinks
Our policy Nilotic.

Is CURZON therefore troubled
That he poor Britons bubbled.
Lord! not a mite!
These crises slight
He'd willingly see doubled.

Crises—unto a Tory—
Are means of gain and glory ;
But with your Rad,
If things go bad—
Why, that's another story!

EXTRACTS FROM A NEW GERMAN GRAMMAR.—The preposition *wegen*, "on account of," governs the genitive case. Example:—The ruler made a sheep's-head of himself (*hatte sich einen Schafs-kopf gemacht*) on account of the wire (*wegen des Depeschen*). Little WILLIAM (*der kleiner WILHELM*) is fond of (*liebt*) the drum and trumpet on account of the noise (*wegen des Lärmes*); but he fears (*er fürchtet*) to vex his kind grandmother on account of the slipper (*wegen der Pantoffeln*).

MARS ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.—The Eton contingent mustered strongest at the Public Schools Field Day at Aldershot. Naturally, for are not the boys always expected to be ready for WARRE?

A COMPETITION IN WHICH THE "SPOT" STROKE IS NOT BARRED.—American corn-dealing.

A MONTE CARLO HOTEL BILL.

THE following, as an improvement on the present system of insufficient charges, is respectfully offered to the Hotel Proprietors of the Principality of Monaco. It is hoped that this specimen of an account for one small bedroom for one night will convince those gentleman that the new method is an admirable one, and worthy of immediate adoption.

HÔTEL SPLENDIDE ET DES MINES D'OR.

Note de M. John Robinson, No. 1536.

	F.	C.		F.	C.
Chambre	12	0	Bain de siège	3	0
Service de l'hôtel	2	0	Eau froide	1	50
Service de l'étage	2	0	Eau chaude	2	0
Service de la chambre	2	0	Air tiède, extra sec	5	0
Electricité	2	0	Soleil (la journée, à 27°		
Lumière	2	0	Centigrade)	27	0
Bougies	5	0	Ciel bleu (couleur locale,		
Lit (oreiller compris)	5	0	réservée)	7	0
Chaises (deux, à 3 fcs.)	6	0	Divers	31	25
Miroir	2	0	Café au lait	2	0
Table	2	50	Café	2	0
Fenêtre	4	0	Eau	2	0
Porte (clef comprise)	3	50	Lait	2	0
Plafond	4	0	Divers	47	5
Parquet (tapis compris)	7	50			
Murs (quatre, à 3 fcs.)	12	0			
Divers	24	75			
			Fcs.	230	5

MUSICAL NOTE.—A new version of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S popular song is being prepared for the use of omnibus and tram conductors, under the title of "No, jolly Jenkins!"

TO BE HOPED FOR AFTER THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.—*Otium cum DIGNA.*

THE UNPATRIOTIC TRUSTEE.

(Fragment from a Stock Exchange Romance.)

"So you were the author of that article which stirred up strife between our country and a nation hitherto well disposed towards us?" said his parent, sternly.

"I am not ashamed to admit it," replied the trustee, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking his father straight in the eyes with proud humility.

"And you spread the report that one of the best of our colonies was on the point of revolt?"

"And why not! It was a part of my plan—the outcome of my duty."

"I do not understand your view of right and wrong," continued the old man, sadly. "When you were a child you used to sing 'Rule, Britannia' at your mother's knee."

"You say truly, father. But in those days, as an infant (I was considerably under one-and-twenty), I was unable to be a trustee."

"And has this new dignity entirely changed your nature?"

"No, not entirely. But I feel I must work my utmost for those whose estate is under my special protection."

"Then you stir up strife, and do your best to ruin your nation—to bring your country to the eve of bankruptcy—as a trustee?"

"You put the matter too strongly. I would not absolutely ruin my country. I would, for instance, not cause a repudiation of the National Debt. In fact, such a course as that to which I have referred would be inimical to my interests as a trustee."

"As a trustee! As a trustee!" cried the old man, angrily. "You always speak as a trustee! Why do you always speak as a trustee?"

"Because, father, I am one! I admit that I have been guilty of all of which you have accused me, and I will tell you the reason. Father, I have recently sold out of Consols at 110 on behalf of my *cestui que trust*, and I want to bring down the funds—I frankly admit it—to something under 90 before I reinvest the money. And now, father—as a trustee—can you blame me?"

But the old man could not reply. He was busily engaged in wiping his eyes on a union-jack handkerchief, and weeping bitterly.



WELCOME!

Britannia. "COME IN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! GLAD TO GIVE YOU A DECENT ROOF OVER YOUR HEADS AT LAST!"

[The New National Portrait Gallery was opened to the public on Saturday, April 4, 1896.]

VOICES FROM THE NEW BRITISH VALHALLA.

(Overheard by Mr. Punch in the New National Portrait Gallery on the eve of the Easter Holidays.)

["From these walls to-day, nearly eight centuries of British and allied history look down upon us in the persons of some of their principal characters."—*Daily News*.]

Nell Gwynne. Well, here we are, housed in a palace again, and at home at last!

Goldsmith. In all our London wanderings here and there,

In all our shifts—and we have had our share—
I still had hopes, ere Time's last tocsin rang,
In high palatial walls, like these to hang.
I still had hopes, for pride was ever mine,
Amidst kings, queens, and heroes bright to shine;
Around my frame a holiday group to draw,
And strike a gaping Cockney crowd with awe;
And as great JOHNSON, whom great REYNOLDS drew,
Points to the place whence with regret he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to hang high and have a home at last.
O—

Johnson. Sir, that sufficeth! If Art is long, that is no reason why poetic parody should be prolix. For my own part, I would rather have hung in Fleet Street, in the vicinity of Temple Bar, which I regret to hear the revolutionary iconoclasts of a democratic day have ruthlessly removed from its ancient and time-honoured site. The worse than Whig dogs! 'Tis pity their own empty noddles do not adorn it, as in my time they would doubtless have done.

How rarely reason guides the People's choice,
Rules the Whig hand, or prompts the Tory voice!
How nations sink, by rash reforms oppress'd,
When senates listen to the Mob's request!
Democracy wings each afflictive dart,
Distorteth Nature and degradeth Art!
With fatal heat rebellious rashness glows,
With fatal fluency Rad rhetoric flows.
Impeachment stops not the bold traitor's breath,
And restless rowdyism meets not death.

Elizabeth (briskly). Marry come up! hath mine illustrious successor, VICTORIA, neither headman and block nor rack and thumb-screw, to take order with traitors and spouters of sedition?

Henry VIII. Verily, yes, my daughter, in effigy, or in rust, at the Tower, which is now, as we shall hereafter be, a holiday-show for England's modern ruler—the Easter Monday mob!

Elizabeth (hotly). By mine halidom, I hold it foul scorn—

Charles II. Odds-fish, madam! Illustrious effigies should not excite themselves about the vulgar vagaries of the modern tag-rag-and-bobtail.

Washington (coldly). Your Majesties forget that I have lived since ye died.

George III. Why—why—why, so much the worse, O rival and rebellious George! Short work would they have made with your monstrous Monroe Doctrine, which even a CECIL now seems too much disposed to parley and palter with.

Milton. "George did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty."

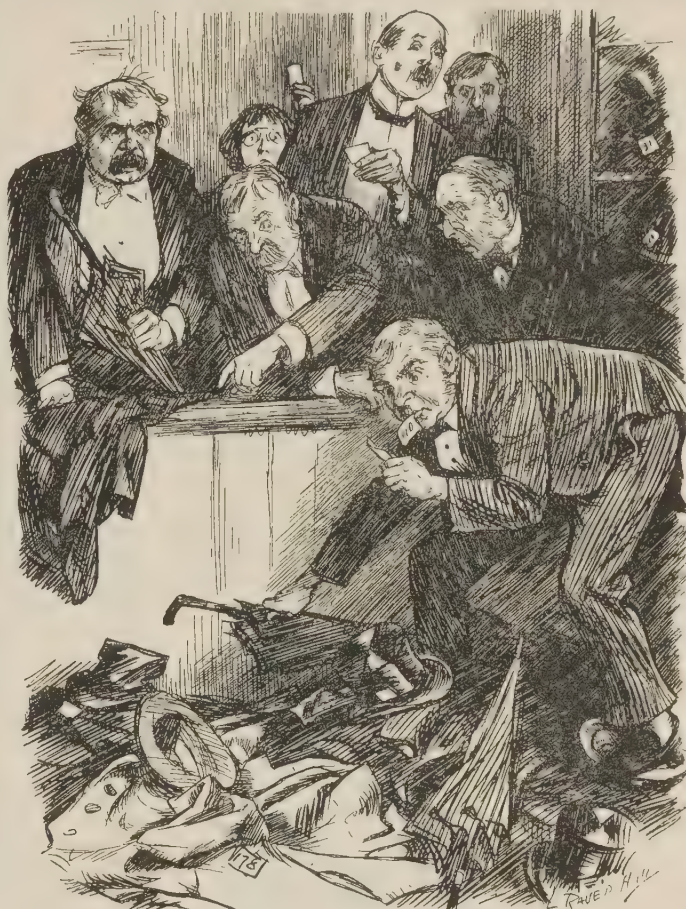
Methinks, however, that "CROMWELL, our chief of men," admitted in effigy, though not—shame on Englishmen!—at Westminster, would have taught the "Unspeakable Turk" a sterner lesson in Armenia than the modern CECIL finds "diplomatic."

Garrick (cheerily). Tilly-vally, Illustrious Ones, how sombre and solemn, how pompous and pragmatical ye all are! At holiday season, too! Verily ye will not, at this rate, add much to the merriment of the Holiday Mob, or of that somewhat sardonic person, the British Workman, but the rather tend, as SAMUEL said of my decease, to "eclipse the gaiety of nations."

Chaucer. "— some men be too curious
In studie, or too melancholius."

But let not this "temple for portreiture" be less lightsome than my earlier "House of Fame."

Byron. Right, my cheery "Well of English," undefiled (though sometimes, perhaps, a trifle thick and obscure). Emperors and kings (like most poets) are dull dogs, as QUEVEDO could tell you, and ALFRED THE LITTLE demonstrate. Whether opening picture galleries and museums, &c., on Sundays will brighten the lives of the sons of toil and seduce them from the venal shrines of the vulgar Bacchus as much as LUBBOCK and others imagine, is a question on which sentimentalists and cynics may take opposite views. But since we are "hung up to make a British holiday," let us not be as dull and cantankerous as modern Parliamentary debates, or the leaden lays of little would-be laureates.



OUR SMOKING CONCERT.

Irate Member. "WELL, I'LL TAKE MY OATH I CAME IN A HAT!"

Gay. Life is a jest, and all things show it
To all—except a Minor Poet!

Beaconsfield. Humph! Gaiety is a dangerous game to play with "Æolian BULL," as chaffy ROSEBERRY is finding to his cost, and even the Rhodian rhetorician of Malwood knows, though he *does* judiciously qualify laborious sparkle with Philistine ponderosity. How say you, Swan?

Shakespeare (with calm cheer). "There are a sort of men whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit."

In Venice, *Gratiano* dubbed them "Sir Oracles." In England, they are known as rigid Sabbatarians. Like *Gratiano*, let us "fish not with this melancholy bait for this fool gudgeon." Here at last we be gathered in a great and worthy home. If we can give somewhat of pleasure to the proletariat, and lend something of brightness and beauty and brain to the proletariat holiday or the Puritanical Sabbath, we may indeed do a work worthy of worthies, e'en though it fall as far short of the hopes of enthusiasts as of the fears of those canting croakers who "sit like their grandsires cut in alabaster," and prophesy perpetually of wickedness and woe.

Omnes (including Mr. Punch). Hear, hear! Let us learn of the greatest of genial sages, nourish modestly all good human hopes, and do unpretentiously our pleasant best.

A STORE OF NEW JESTS.

["The Faithful Men of Jever," a place near the North Sea coast of Germany, are, according to their custom every Spring, sending Prince BISMARCK a hundred and one plovers' eggs for his birthday."—*Standard*.]

PRINCE BISMARCK, addressing our distinguished representative, Count BEN TROVATO, who has forwarded the report to us, and speaking excellent Anglo-German, observed, *à propos* of these Easter Eggs, "Ja, Herr, of deser eggs I lofe der vite, and do durroly abbreeshiate a good yoke. Vancy! ein onderd-und-von good yoke! all vresh and new! No Yomiller Yokes among dem! Dey are a vortune do a Brofeshonal Diner-out!"



She. "BUT WHY WON'T YOU ASK MR. ROBINSON? I'M SURE HE MOVES AMONG QUITE A GOOD SET."

He. "MOVES? YES, HE'S JOLLY WELL GOT TO. THEY WON'T LET HIM STOP!"

OUR PROPERTY LIST.

["A volcano was put up to auction yesterday."
Daily Paper.]

MESSESS. HAMMER AND ROSTRUM beg to call the attention of the nobility and gentry to the following valuable properties, all of which will shortly be disposed of by auction, unless previously sold by private treaty.

(I.) *A Volcanic Island in the Western Pacific.*—This charming plot, consisting of a square acre of rock, 250 miles from the nearest mainland, is celebrated not only for the extensive views which it commands, but for the fact that, owing to the action of a submarine volcano, it is almost certain to disappear entirely within a few years' time. On this account its purchaser would probably let it at a high rent to any of his enemies. It would also be a very advantageous acquisition for a novelist wishing to dispose of his villain in a sensational manner. Cards to view it (unless it should have disappeared in the

meantime) may be obtained from the auctioneers.

(II.) *An Estate in Asia Minor.*—It is needless to give the exact locality; the important feature of this property is that scarcely a day passes without its being subjected to earthquakes of a most violent kind. The hurricanes, too, are considered by experts to be absolutely unrivalled. The estate may be bought outright, or may be rented from February to June, during which period the earthquake season is at its height. We need scarcely point out how desirable a residence this would be for elderly ladies of weak nerves, while it is unanimously agreed that it would be impossible to pass a dull day there. For the seismologist the locality offers special advantages, and it would be an excellent home for amateur architects. They would have the pleasure of designing a new house for themselves at least once a month.

(III.) *Four Acres of valuable Freehold Land in the Middle of the Sahara.*—Com-

plaint is often made of the overgrown character of modern estates. But this property is absolutely perfect in this respect, there is not so much as a blade of grass on the whole of it, the air is beautifully dry, and the thermometer in the shade (if there were any) would seldom rise above 130°. The spot is, therefore, peculiarly suitable for invalids. Lions are very plentiful, and there is the occasional society of certain tribes from the interior, who display quaint and amusing cannibalistic tastes. There is no dwelling place erected at present, but a tent would fully suffice for the occupier, and it could easily be exchanged, if desired, for the interior of a lion. The spot has been viewed, and is strongly recommended by H. RIDER HAGGARD, Esq., and H. M. STANLEY, Esq.

(IV.) *An attractive Iceberg (at present) in the Neighbourhood of Greenland.*—An ideal home for those desiring change of scene, as an iceberg travels many miles in the summer season. Charming variety is also afforded by the fact that its size changes from day to day, and it might even disappear entirely in an abnormally hot summer. All the valuable sporting rights—including whale-fishing and seal-shooting—will pass with the property. The drainage system is perfect, sea-bathing may be had (at the cost of a little dynamite), and the whole estate is lighted by the *Aurora borealis*. The mail system, which is carried out by messages enclosed in sealed bottles, to be ultimately picked up by Esquimaux, is slightly irregular; but it is hoped that a balloon-post may be established before long. Dr. NANSEN would also probably arrange for direct voyages on it to the North Pole for a very moderate fee.

It will be seen that no finer collection of properties than the above has been offered to the public for many years; and we feel confident that those who purchase them will be delighted with their bargains.

NEW POLITICAL SONG.

As sung by Lord Rosebery at Huddersfield.
(See *Daily Chronicle*, March 30.)

AIR—"Oh! Say not woman's heart is bought."

Oh! Say not coronets are bought
With vain and empty treasures!
Oh! Say not peerages are caught
By any doubtful measures!
Though Liberals may loathe a lord,
Let not the world mistake them:
For virtue's guerdon and reward
They've made, and still will make them.

Oh! Say not that a peer's untrue,
That like the bee he changes,
Still seeking flowers sweet and new
His fickle fancy ranges.
Oh no! Such foolish doubts as these
Will make us falter never!
No other Party e'er could please:
He's Liberal for ever!

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL MEM.—It is understood that our Gentle Jacobites, who roar like any sucking-dove for the "Return of the Stuarts," do not include in their platonically treasonable plans the "return" (to the County Council) of the Great Progressive and anti-Water-Company Paladin, and ex-Professor, well known in Parliament and Spring Gardens.

PARADOX FOR PUTNEY.—A Parliamentary Bill is utterly unlike an University Eight, seeing that it is never certain of success until it is passed.

CAPITAL NAME FOR AN ANTI-PROGRESSIVE COUNTY COUNCILLOR.—On-slow.



OUR "OLYMPIC

PARLIAMENTARY AT



GAMES."

AT WESTMINSTER.

FIGURES OF FUN.

[The revenue returns for the financial year 1895-6 show amazing and unexpected results. The total sum actually raised amounted to £109,339,946, as against £101,697,304, so returned for the previous financial year.]

Impecunious Ratepayer loquitur:—

O DEAR, and O dear! What a wonderful year!
This beats DRYDEN'S *Annus Mirabilis*,
And yet here am I with my half-pint o' beer,
Simply penniless, pipeless, and cabbyless!
These be figures of fun! And my funds will
not run

To a cab to my den o'er the water.
I must crawl home and plod half the night
with my pen,
In order to square my "last quarter"!

Seven-six-four-two-six-four-two!!! There's
a nice sum,

To tot up the revenue's swelling!
HICKS-BEACH will be able to make the thing
hum.

Complacently now he'll be dwelling
On HARCOURT'S Death Duties they slated so
much,

But which now redound to their glory.
With such a nice little nest-egg in their
clutch,

By Jove, who would not be a Tory?

Over thirty-six millions for last quarter's
pile!

Oh! HARCOURT, I just wish to heaven you
Would give me the tip how to make fortune
smile

On my twopenny-halfpenny revenue.
Returns? My returns swell the Govern-
ment's till;

I pay, not receive, rates and taxes.
I hope I wish well to my country, but still
It is not my income that waxes.

My income-tax does though! And then I
suppose

Statisticians proclaim my "prosperity,"
As one of the class whose emolument grows.

I wish, how I wish, 'twas a verity!
Each quarter with me is far worse than the
last,

However, I trudge it and drudge it.
Expenditure outruns my earnings so fast,
No surplus e'er crowneth my Budget.

Well, well, I'm a "patriot," though I am
poor,

And so I must keep up my pecker.
But if taxes were less and my takings were
more,

'Twould vastly improve my Exchequer.
I envy both HARCOURT and HICKS-BEACH no
end,

When Surpluses swell in this manner;
Whilst I, for a "bus-fare, must hunt up some
friend,

And—endeavour to borrow a "tanner"!

Colourable.

"THE Education Bill in Black and White;"—
That was the *Daily Chronicle's* capital
"head."

But School Boards saw that Bill in a "Blue"
light,
When that same Bill was "Re(a)d"!

MEM. FOR "MODERATES."—Improvement
Committees sometimes need—improvement.

PARADOXICAL, BUT TRUE.—All Great Powers
have their little weaknesses.

NEW NAME FOR IT (after *Italy's Abyssinian*
reverse).—The Cripple Alliance.



"OI TELL YEZ OI WILL NOT CLANE OUT ME OELL. OI'D LAVE THE JAIL FURRST!"

HER "BEDSIDE MANNA."

["Modern practitioners are too prone to order the attendance of a trained nurse for the slightest illness. . . . Women are complaining of their banishment by doctors from the sick-rooms of their friends."—"Vera" in *Lady's Pictorial*.]

Who dawned on me, a sick-room star,
And shielded me from fret and jar,
When down with bronchial catarrh?
My Nursey!

Who's was the hand that gave me pap,
And smoothed my pillows with a slap,
So captivating in her cap?
My Nursey!

Who, when I'm seedy, linseed bring,
Makes poultices, and broths, and things,
An angel—one, alas, with wings!
My Nursey!

But who is now denounced ke mad
As making worse a business bad,
And being a mere physician's fad?
That Nursey!

Who's said, when maladies are rife,
To take the place of daughter, wife,
And out of patients scare the life?
The Nursey!

To families that cheapness seek
Who seems a doctor's senseless freak
Because she costs two pounds per week?
A Nursey!

Still, of her praises I'll be chanter,
Because when ill I'm sure to want her,
That costly, needless, nice supplanter—
My Nursey!

"FOREIGN RELATIONS" (NOT FRANCE'S).—
"Cousins-German" and "Dutch-Uncles."



DEPLORABLE RESULT OF THE EASTER RECESS.

HON. MEMBERS HAVE BEEN FIRED TO EMULATE THE SPORTING PERFORMANCES OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY. THEIR VIEWS ON CYCLING AND GOLF ARE FOR THE MOST PART UNPARLIAMENTARY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, March 31, 4.50 A.M.—Just going home with the milk. Been at it since House met at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. "The kettle began it," as it is written in *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The kettle in this case represented by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. It was JEMMY LOWTHER who suggested the appellation. When last night PRINCE ARTHUR moved to appropriate Tuesday's sitting for Education Bill, SQUIRE made terrible onslaught on him, accusing him of muddling business of House.

"I have no wish," said JEMMY, with that magnificently judicial air that used to awe the court in the famous Jockey Club arbitration, "to interpose in differences of opinion which partake largely of the nature of those alleged to exist between the kettle and the pot."

Kettle (the SQUIRE) called the pot black; the pot (PRINCE ARTHUR) retorted with great vigour that the SQUIRE was another.

This smart enough while it lasted. Another burst of liveliness when GEORGE CURZON spoke disrespectfully of the CAP'EN. Even accused him of repeating his speeches. Told little story how, finding the CAP'EN had on Orders of the day motion calling attention to Treaty engagements with Turkey, he had turned up *Hansard*, read the old Salt's speech of last year, and, since it was repeated last night, found the task of answering it easy.

"Sir," said the CAP'EN, hailing the SPEAKER in voice of thunder, "I will not be misrepresented, even by a right honourable gentleman of the ability and pretensions of him who sits below me."

"Beautiful!" cried CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, smiling approval. "Tommy is nothing if not nautical. See how, in the House of Commons, he recalls the manner of speech of *Peter Simple's* friend, *Chucks* the boatswain, who, you remember, when he was most aggravated, talked in most frigidly polite terms."

After midnight, and all through the night, dreariness profound. Welsh Members to the fore. But they can't do the thing as the Irish used when JOSEPH GILLIS was still with us. Member for Mid-Cork came back as a bad TANNER proverbially does. Began several speeches; always stopped by SPEAKER; finally ordered to resume his seat; obliged to obey, but not to be debarred from crying out "Ho! ho!" or "Ha! ha!" These remarks occasionally varied by sharp cry of "No!" when someone advanced the affirmative. Kept his eye on the SPEAKER all the time, ready to bolt in case of need. SPEAKER ignored his existence. This unkindest cut of all.

"Nice state of things we're coming to," said TANNER, angrily. "SPEAKER won't even suspend a fellow. Shall chuck this up, and cin the County Council."

Business done.—Naval Works Bill read third time.

Tuesday afternoon.—JOHN OF GORST, time-honoured Cambridge man, brought in Education Bill. Explained clauses in speech that was a model of lucidity. Nothing I fit un-said, and all said in a few minutes over the hour. Speech as adroit in argument as it was finished in style.

"Good gracious!" said SARK, who doesn't often indulge in the weakness of strong language. "Have often heard talk about Tories being the stupid Party. It's a cheap sneer; but really, when I think of how they've wasted their opportunities with JOHN OF GORST, I begin to think there's something in it. Give JOHN his chance, and he'd show



THE POETICAL TEMPERAMENT.

"THERE WERE AT LEAST A THOUSAND BOATS ON THE ROUND POND WHEN I WAS HERE IN THE SUMMER, AUNT SYLVIA, AND NOW THERE ISN'T ONE!"

"HARDLY A THOUSAND, GEOFFREY!"

"OH, WELL! EXAGGERATING, QUITE A THOUSAND, YOU KNOW!"

himself what a few have always recognised in him—one of the deftest, cleverest Parliamentary Hands of the day. But, somehow or other, he's always been shown into a back seat."

There will be good deal of scrambling over Bill on second reading and in Committee, but as JOHN OF GORST walked up the floor bringing it in cheering unanimous and hearty.

Treasury Bench not deceived by this demonstration. Know it was a tribute to the man, not a note of approval of the Bill.

"Yes," said WALTER LONG, "we air a piling of it up. This Education Bill will of itself, with ordinary routine business, keep us going for rest of Session. There is the Irish Land Bill to run with it neck and neck, and my modest little measure ordering the slaughter of seaborne cattle at the ports isn't through Committee yet. All the more reason why we should have a holiday. So

ta-ta!" and the Minister for Agriculture went off humming his favourite refrain—

Go call the cattle home,
But ere they cross our fields,
See that with fatal blow
His axe the butcher wields.

Business done.—Adjourn till Thursday the 9th for Easter holidays.

AN EQUINE PARADOX.—Our police-court reporter wishes to know whether, in view of a man being described as "a horsey-looking gent," it would be equally correct to allude to a lady as a "Mary-looking female"?

"'E WOS WERY GOOD TO ME HE WOS."—Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria says that the SULTAN has never wavered to him in kindness. Clearly a case of *chéri* and *Porte*.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. IX.

How he saw the practice of the University Crews, and what he thought of it.

THE notorious Intercollegian Boat-race of this *anno Domini* will be obsolete and *ex post facto* by the time of publication of the present instalment of jots and tittles, still I am sufficiently presumptive to



think that the cogitations and personal experiences of a cultivated, thoughtful native gentleman on this cœrulean topic may not be found so stale and dry as the remainder of a biscuit.

First I will make a clean bosom with the confession that, though ardently desirous to witness such a Titianic struggle for the *cordons bleus* of old Father Antic the Thames, I was not the actual spectator of the affair, being previously

contracted to escort Miss MANKLETOW (whose wishfulness is equivalent to legislation) to a theatrical matutinal performance which she would in nowise consent to renounce, alleging that she had already seen the Boat-race to the verge of satiety, and that the spectacle was instantaneous and paltry.

However, on acquainting my kind and patronising father, Hon'ble *Punch*, of my disappointment, he did benevolently propose, as a *pis aller* and blind bargain, a voyage in the steam launchboat of the official coachman of one of the crews so that I might ascertain how the trick was done.

And at 10 A.M. on the day of assignation I presented myself at the riparian premises of a certain Boating Society, and, on exhibiting my letter of credit to the Mentor or Corypheus aforesaid, was received *à bras ouverts* and with an urbane offhandedness.

After I had hung fire and cooled my heels on the banks for a while, I was instructed to enter a skiff, which conveyed me and others to a steamship of very meagre dimensions, whereupon, owing to the heel of one of my Japan leather shoes becoming implicated in the wire railing that circumented the deck, I was embarked in a horizontal attitude, and severely deteriorated the tall chimney-pot hat which I had assumed to do credit to the hon'ble periodical I represented (*Nota bene*. Hatmaker's bill for renovating same, rs. two-and-a-half—which those to whom it is of concern will please attend to and refund.)

On recovery of my head-gear and equanimity, I stationed myself in close proximity to the officiating coach for purpose of being on the threshold of inquiries, and proceeded to pop numerous questions to my neighbours. I ascertained, among other things, that the vessels are called "eights," owing to their containing nine passengers; that the ninth is called the "cock," and is a mere supernumerary or understudent, in case any member of the crew should be overcome by sickness during the contest and desire to discontinue.

It appears that the race is of religious and ceremonious origin, for only "good men" are permitted to compete, and none who is a wine drunkard, a gluttonous, or addicted to any form of tobacco. Moreover, they are to observe a strict fast and abstinence for many weeks previous to the ordeal. The most prominent ecclesiastics and Judges of the Supreme Court are usually chosen from this class of individuals, which is a further proof of the sanctimoniousness attached to the competition.

Consequently I was the more surprised at the disrespectful superciliousness of their *Fidus Achates* or dry nurse, who, stretching himself upon his stomach in the prow, did shout counsels of perfection at his reeking pupils.

Such criticisms as I overheard seemed to me of a very puerile and captious description, and some of an approbrious personality, *e.g.*, as when a certain oarman was taunted with being short—as though he were capable of adding the cubic inch to his stature!

Another I heard advised to keep his visual organs in the interior of the boat, though, being ordinary optics and not at all of a vitreous composition, they could not be removable by volition. Again, a third was reproached because of the lateness with which he had made his beginning; but, as it was not asserted that he was inferior to the rest, the tardiness of his initiation was surely rather honourable than disgraceful!

I observed that said trainer did stickle almost prudishly for propriety, being greatly shocked at the levity with which the rowers

were attired, and entreating them to keep their buttons well up, though indeed I could discern none, nor was there much which was humanly possible to be buttoned.

For myself, I must make the humble complaint that the Hon'ble Coach was defective in courteous attention to my inquisitiveness, which he totally ignored. For I could not prevail upon him to explain what thing it was that he directed the oarmen to "wait for," to "spring at from a stretcher," and "catch at the beginning"; nor why they were forbidden to row with their hands, not being quadrumanous, and able to employ their feet in such a manner; nor whether, when he commanded them to "get in at once," he intended them to leap into the waters or to return to the landing-place, nor why they did neither of these things; nor why he should express satisfaction that a certain rower had got rid of a lofty feather, which would indubitably have added to the showiness of his appearance.

Again, hearing him anxiously inquire the time after a stoppage, I was proceeding to explain how gladly I would have given him such information, but for the unavoidable absence of my golden chronometer, owing to the failure of Misters TOMKINS and JOHNSON to restore the same, whereupon he treated me in such a "please-go-away-and-die" sort of style that I subsided with utmost alacrity.

On the return voyage the Collegiate eight was challenged to a spurting match by a scratched crew, which appeared to me to be the superior in velocity, though it seemed it was then too late to make the happy exchange.

When the practice was at an end and the Blues in a state of quiescence, I intimated my desire to harangue them and express my wonderment and admiration at beholding them content to suffer such hardships and perils and faultfinding without expostulation or excuses for their shortcomings, and all for no pecuniary recompense, but the evasive reward of a *nominis umbra*. And I would have reminded them of the extended popularity of their performance, and that it was an unfairness to muzzle the ox that treadeth upon one's corn, appealing to them to stand up for their rights, and refuse to compete except for the honorarium of a *quid pro quo*.

But the official instructor, seeing me about to climb upon the poop, to deliver my oration, entreated me with so much earnestness to desist that I became immediately apophony.

M.P. EMPTY, OR WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(A Hint from the Bench at the service of Possible Candidates for Parliament, to be used in the Future.)

"[The expense of this inquiry is really most burdensome. A contested election is nothing to the expense of an inquiry like this.]"—Mr. Baron Pollock, *March*, 1896.]

ALL was joy. The Newly Elected received congratulations on every side. The months of toil, the years of rhetoric, had brought their reward. No more the doubt of pleasing the majority of the constituents. No more the fear of a false step on the chosen platform. The returning officer had done his work satisfactorily. There had been no mistake about the counting. The return had been made. The roll had been signed. The right-hand of the Speaker had been cordially grasped, and warmly shaken.

It was at this moment that a knock was heard. The sound came from the street door.

"More friends with further pleasant speeches," murmured the Newly Elected. "Well, well, it is delightful to know that my happiness is a source of joy to others."

But, alas! it was no friend who had entered the sanctum of the People's Legislator. He was courteous, but distinctly business-like. In a few moments he made it clear that the object of his visit was to cast a gloom over the happy dream of the hon. gentleman he was professionally interviewing.

"A petition!" exclaimed the Newly Elected. "An inquiry!"

The visitor bowed and silently took his departure. For a moment the People's Legislator was lost in a brown study. Then he came to a determination. He sat down and wrote a short letter. He sealed it with a sigh, and handed it to his better half.

"You are writing to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Has he asked you to a full-dress Parliamentary Dinner?"

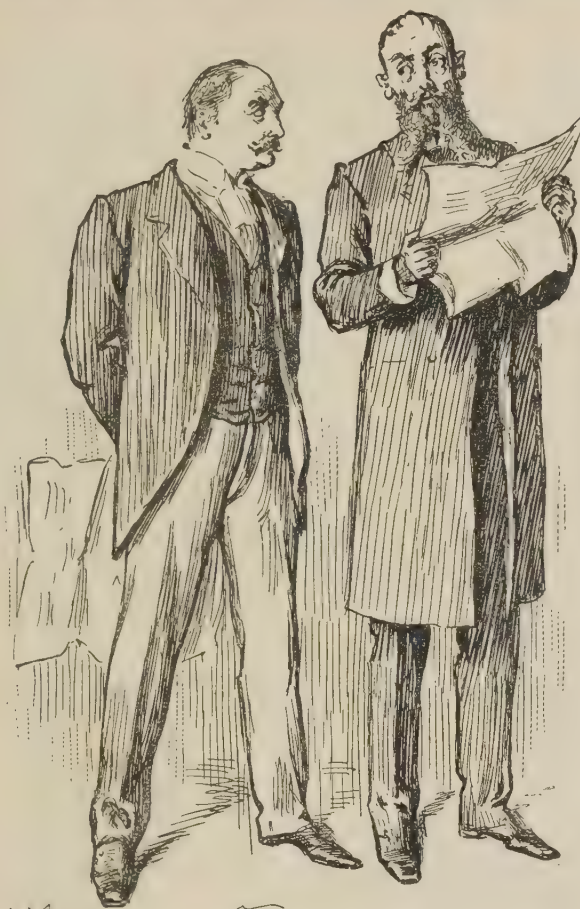
The Newly Elected smiled sadly and shook his head, then he murmured, with a voice broken with emotion, "It is better as it is."

"What is better as it is?" was the question.

Then came the reply.

"That I should retire at once. That I should relinquish my career as a legislator. That I should cease to be the chosen representative of the People. Yes, yes, it is wiser that I should accept the Chiltern Hundreds to save the balance at my bankers than to retain Parliamentary honours at the cost of a conceivable invitation to appear in Portugal Street!"

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A BEER BREWED SOLELY FROM MALT AND HOPS.—Quilter.



THE GREY MARE.

"I WISH I KNEW WHAT MRS. RODNEY BLUEHOSE THINKS OF MY NEW BOOK. I HARDLY LIKE TO ASK HER!"

"ASK MR. RODNEY BLUEHOSE WHAT HE THINKS OF IT."

"POOH! WHO CARES WHAT MR. RODNEY BLUEHOSE THINKS ABOUT ANYTHING!"

"EXACTLY. AND YET, AS I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT HE ALWAYS THINKS JUST WHAT HIS WIFE TELLS HIM TO THINK, AND PASSES IT OFF AS HIS OWN—WELL, THERE YOU ARE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

IN the *New Review* for this month Mr. F. ANSTEY discourses pleasantly on "An Old-fashioned Children's Book," namely, *The Fairchild Family*, written by Mrs. SHERWOOD, and published so long ago as 1818. *The Fairchild Family* consists of a layer of childish scrapes and adventures sandwiched between thick slabs of pious allusions, and spotted, like a currant cake (the simile cannot offend), with texts. Never were parents so prompt as the Fairchild couple to improve the most trivial occasion, and never were children so determined in dragging in the prospect of "hell, the place which burns for ever with fire and brimstone," as a punishment for the very least deviation from the narrow path of correct behaviour.

MR. ANSTEY accounts for the popularity of *The Fairchild Family* on several grounds. He is disposed to think that a great many children have a natural sympathy with priggishness, and that to others it must have afforded unholy joy to hear of the hot water the good children were constantly getting into. Moreover, as he points out, "throughout the book various good things to eat are chronicled with much feeling," and there are plenty of funerals and death-bed scenes, both of which, as is well known, have a curious fascination for childish or uninstructed minds. These reasons may account for something, but I think Mr. ANSTEY gets nearer to the real *causans* of the popularity of *The Fairchild Family* when he says "there are many incidental stories, all moral, but none absolutely uninteresting, and some ingenious and pretty. And finally, the story is really well-written in its old-fashioned way, and has a sincerity and earnestness that would go far to keep many a worse book alive."

THERE you have it. Incidental stories will help to keep almost any book popular amongst children. They enjoy nothing more than being whisked suddenly off the beaten track of their story into an entirely new region peopled with fresh inhabitants. Their little excursion over, they come back with renewed zest to the old familiar region, and the accustomed faces of the main plot. And above all things, good writing, sound, clear, straightforward, and graphic, but never precious or affected, is essential, if boys or girls are really to be interested in a book. They know nothing of the rules of criticism, and probably as little of the laws of grammar and composition, but in their own unconscious way they are the soundest of critics, and an ill-written, ill-constructed book has not the remotest chance of ever being widely popular amongst children.

PRIGGISHNESS in fiction certainly doesn't disgust children. For one thing, I am inclined to think that children never quite reach that pitch of imagination by which adults convince themselves that fictitious characters are actual flesh and blood. Children look upon fiction as a sort of game, and in the main they are content that the author should set up and clothe his own characters, and make them talk and act in whatever way seems best to him, even when that way lies entirely apart from the experience of his little readers. They want to be interested, and, if the author satisfies them in that respect, they accept without a murmur eccentricities which in real life would frighten or repel them. I never read *The History of the Fairchild Family* myself, but I did at a very early age read and enjoy most thoroughly *The Swiss Family Robinson*—those immortal, outrageous, platitudinous prigs. Their priggishness did not in the least appal me; if I was conscious of it (which I doubt) I accepted it as part of the convention laid down by the author, and hurried on breathlessly to discover how these solitary Swiss sufferers by shipwreck would extricate themselves from their innumerable difficulties. And *Sandford and Merton* I read with unbounded zest, principally on account of the incidental stories with which that excellent book is encrusted. I don't think I objected much to Mr. Barlow. He was not in the least like my own tutor of those early days, a breezy, hearty Cambridge man, who first guided my trembling footsteps through the mazes of Latin grammar and taught me not to stumble over vulgar fractions; but if there had to be a tutor in *Sandford and Merton*, Mr. Barlow, I thought, did as well as anybody else for the place; and after all it was the author, and not I, who had made him. I wasn't responsible for him.

ALL attempts to teach children to be good or religious or theologically dogmatic by means of fiction are foredoomed to failure for the reasons I have stated. Fiction being a game to children, it is impossible for them to apply what they read in stories to the serious purpose of their little lives. All the purposeful goodness or religion in a story just glides off their backs: if there is a story they enjoy it, and, as a matter of fact, they don't trouble their heads for a moment with religious discussions or conversations about Heaven and the other place which may have been embroidered into it by the sanguine but deluded author. So with *Gulliver's Travels*. SWIFT'S masterpiece owes its wonderful and extensive popularity as much to the interest that youngsters take in its marvels as to any delight experienced by their elders in its biting satire. Even the Big-endians are accepted as part of the convention, and no boy that I ever heard of troubles to apply the moral to politics—even if he knows what politics mean. It is a fine piece of satire in itself that the gloomy Dean's highest effort in satire should have afforded simple delight to generation after generation of young folk incapable of satire.

I HARDLY know what boys most care to read nowadays. A little fellow of ten, who is now staying with me, is deep in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, having lately finished *Huckleberry Finn*. In a day or two he intends to tackle *Battles of the Nineteenth Century*—a grand book for boys, lately published by Messrs. CASSELL. Do boys still read MARRYAT? Never can I forget the early joys of *Peter Simple* and *Midshipman Easy*, the gloomy but fascinating terrors of *The Dog-Friend*, and the haunting mystery of *The Phantom Ship*. I read them all again, and with a fresh delight, not a year ago. BALLANTYNE, too, was a friend of my boyhood, as HENTY is a friend to the young generation of to-day, which reminds me that every work by Mr. HENTY is on the shelves of the small friend of whom I have spoken. Little boys, I think, are neither prigs nor lovers of priggishness. They like a gallant, breezy heroism, undaunted by dangers, and unscathed in the midst of the thunderbolts of war. About little girls I am not so sure. Quite early in their lives they pass through a preternaturally serious phase, when, weighted with innumerable dolls, they assume the responsibilities and the airs of motherhood, and are apt to rebuke little brothers for naughtiness. Yes, I think little girls are sometimes priglets—darling, but still undeniable, little priglets.

DEFINITION.—"The Present Day," i.e., My Birthday.



"THE ENRAGED HOUSEHOLDER."

(Vide recent Letters in "Times" on Street Noises.)



UNWILLING TO GIVE UP HORSES ALTOGETHER, CAPTAIN PELHAM EFFECTED A COMPROMISE. HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PARK CREATED QUITE A SENSATION.

OWED TO THE MOON.

"O SWEAR not by the moon, the inconstant moon!" said poor love-sick *Juliet*, echoing blindly the anti-lunar prejudices of poets and other lunatics. The moon is now avenged. Mr. CLEMENTS, the great weather-prophet, does swear by the moon. In his earlier attempts at vaticination he was thrown out, owing to "neglecting the moon." Luna took her revenge by "throwing out" his calculations. Now Mr. CLEMENTS has conciliated the moon by "making a study of her"; and she has done for him, what neither the sun or the planets would or could do, namely, enabled him to foretell the weather for long years ahead, "within say eight or ten per cent. of correctness." To be sure slight discrepancies and delay, "due to the overlapping of the corresponding day of the past with the predicted day," may occasionally occur, and upset the practical arrangements based upon moon-guided prognostications. But what of that? If CLEMENTS—and the moon—prophecy that it will be fine to-morrow (when you are going to be married) and it is *not* fine until the next day, owing simply to "surface discrepancies," you needn't blame the Barry Road seer and his familiar satellite for so slight an error as that. It *will* be fine, sooner or later, and if a weather-prophet's prophecy is ultimately fulfilled, why quibble about a "discrepancy" of twelve hours, or even twenty-four? What is eight—or even ten—per cent. of error in such epoch-making estimates as those of Mr. CLEMENTS and the moon?

O, swear not at the moon, the inconstant moon,
Who to our prophet is a blessed boon
For she, and Mr. CLEMENTS linked together,
Will tell you all about forthcoming weather.
She "monthly changes in her circled orb,"
But let the study of her ways absorb
You, as it does the seer of Barry Road,
And a new Ode to Luna will be owed.
For, like a sporting tipster, she, no doubt,
Will prove "upon the spot"—or thereabout.
Just trust to her and Mr. C. together,
And you may always hope for CLEMENT(s) weather

MOTTO FOR DESTITUTE ALIENS.—"Give me neither poverty nor RITCHIES!"

LIGHT IN EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

(Extracted from the Chamberlain Sphinx.)

OUR policy's dark, do you venture to say?
You cannot perceive what we mean?
Well, you must be aware that the new RÖNTGEN ray
Is light—though it cannot be seen!
And so with our plan on the banks of the Nile,
Which is—let us say—our "x ray."
You just wait a bit—you will find it worth while—
The result will be clear as the day.
A tentative thing is our Soudan advance,
But if it should meet with defeat
(At the hands of the Rads, or the Mahdi, or France),
We can then try—a sudden retreat!

FROM AN OLD CONSERVATIVE.—"I see there is a Commons Preservation Society. Why not a Lords Preservation Society? There may be one, for aught I know, but I live away in the country, and conserve myself to myself.

Yours,

BABBLEBROKE OF GREENFIELDS."

QUITE THE APPROPRIATE PLACE.—It is proposed to start "A Smack Boys' Home" at Birchington. Excellent! Gratifying to the shade of "Ingoldsby." But whither shall the smack boys go for their "whackation"?

Paradoxical.

It does, indeed, seem singularly strange
That people pertinaciously prating
Against Board Schools are anxious to arrange
That all schools now should be exempt from "rating."

REMARKABLE DOMESTICITY OF THE "INCANDESCENT LIGHT."—It is very steady. It never goes out.

RACING NOTES.—Demi-semi quavers.



"SAME IDEA ONLY ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT."

First Swell. "HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY, OLD BOY?"

Second Swell. "ONLY MIDDLING. GOT A JOLLY GOOD COLD!"

First Swell. "THAT ALL? DOOSD LUCKY, OLD FELLAH, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A WRETCHED BAD ONE!"

'ARRY ON SPRING-TIME AND SPORT.

DEAR CHARLIE,—The trees is all bobby with buds and a-bustin' out green; Good old Easter is over and gone, and the early Spring fashions is seen. Mother Nature, like most other females, is 'aving a bran-new rig-out, And my winter "Immensikoff" now can with safety be put up the spout.

We ain't 'ad not no winter to speak of; no snow, and no pipes on the bust. The Water Cos. last year *was* flummoxed; but now they feel O.K., I trust. With them plagney Progressives knocked out, and the good old Conservatives in,

Beer and Water are both at their ease, and so likeways are Pulpit and Tin.

Oh, lor! wot a comfort it is to 'ave things right side upwards once more! "Oly calm," as dear DIZZY once called it. I never 'ave felt it before Not like I do now, dear old man; but since ROSEBERRY's gang got the sack, I 'ave been like a bee on a blossom, with 'oly calm all up my back.

Wuth living for, ain't it, old hoyster? I sits at our Union Club,—

Wich combines patriotic True-Blueness with all the delights of a pub,— And I thinks of that Hundred and Fifty as follows dear ARTHUR and JOE,

Till wot with Spring feelings and Scotch, I declare I feel all of a glow.

In the Spring—as some poet remarks—young men's fancies *do* seem on the turn To love and to general lumminess. Sentiment's sloop as I spurn, But somehow the lime-leaves and laylocks, laburnums and purple-topped flags, Stirs somethink within me as means a day off and a new pair o' bags.

My boss 'as no poetry in 'im, wus luck, and my tailor's the same. But Easter comes most *aprypo* to a chap as would keep up the game. Bosses can't do away with Cross Bun Day—thanks be!—and a bit of a spin From Thursday to Tuesday, is yum-yum, old man, just as Spring-time comes in.

I mounted my bike this last 'oliday. Tell you, dear boy, I'm a dab At the Safety by this time. It's proper! A toff as can tool 'is own cab, Or a gent on 'is 'ack ain't no freer nor more independent than me When I fling my leg over the saddle and treadle away tords the sea.

The bike, mate, like cigarette-smoking, is levelling class, ah! and sex. When Princesses pedal, and Hempresses whiff, there are prigs it may vex; But biking and bacca, like love, are permiskus, and don't dror no line; And the Duchess FUMFUDGE on 'er wheel ain't no 'appier than me upon mine.

I know lots o' littery parties now freeze on to cycling like fun. A Society star, as I've met on the Healing Road, out for a run— Mister SAMUEL BONE is 'is name I 'ave 'eard, though I don't *know* the gent— On 'is wheel, with 'is boy at 'is back, is a picture of crimson content.

I once used to meet 'im on 'orseback, a lar Johnny Gilpin, you know, All elbers and knees; but, Jimimer! e's give that the chuck long ago, And now bikes, a reglar fair buster. 'E is "a dead open and shut," As the Yankees remark; and I envy 'is style, and 'is pace, and 'is cut.

With 'is 'appy fat smile, and fine calves, and 'is changes of rippin' rig-out,— As my pocket won't run to, dear boy,—e's as jolly as jam, I've no doubt. If there's one man in London I envy it's 'im I am free for to own; And I'm told 'e's a genius, too; so 'ere's a bully for Mister SAM BONE!

When swell parties like 'im and 'is pals take up biking all galliant and free, Can you wonder the game 'as its charms for a bit o' good metal like Me? I am thinking of writing a book called, *A Bhoy on a Bike*. Once afloat— I am told by a printer I know—it will run like *Three Men in a Boat*.

Ah! more so, I shouldn't arf wonder, for *everyone* bikes in these days, And it's only old fogies and frumps cook their nose at the sport as "a craze." A craze, my dear boy, is a popular game you ain't in, or don't like; And it's that's wy old crocks and fat dowdies are dreadfully down on the bike.

Don't they wish they *was* in it, my pippin, old boys with no bellows or shanks, And mouldy old mivvies too huffy for knickers and pretty-girl pranks?

I'd a race on the road t'other day with a
pooty young thing in serge blue,
And if I was not licked, percisely, I'd ad to do
all as I knew.

It was bellows to mend with the pair on us
when we pulled up at a pub.

Sez I, "Hatty Lanter ain't in it with you,
Miss!" (The name of 'er club

Called after a great Greek girl runner, I'm
told.) "Ah, Milanion," sez she,

"If I adn't been munching some happles at
lunch—well, next time we shall see!"

Wy she called me that name I've no notion.

But if Mrs. Grundy 'ad seen

Us downing that 'ill neck and neck, the old
trot would 'a' simply turned green.

Not womanly? No, but it's girlish, and
bully for girlhood, say I.

They are doing some sports out in Greece, I
am told. Will Greek girls 'ave a shy?

Wy not? If you've been to Olympia, and
seen the she-cyclists at work,—

The GRACES, and GAMBLEYS, and PAIL-
LIARDES,—Great Scott! you must be a
old Turk

To turn on the vinegar-cruet. In spite of all
Partington squeals,

And Grundyish grumbles, the world must
make way for the Woman on Wheels!

So among "Spring's Delights" now with me,
mate, my Safety is one o' the fust.

I am teaching my best girl to pedal. She'll
turn out a scorchier, I trust;

And when she's *ho fay* I shall bring 'er to
see you. My tandem will carry—

Though *she* ain't no light weight—my
KITTY, and yours tollolbobbishly,

ARRY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

UP till now I thought that the patent for writing genuinely stirring romance, such as the gallant Knight of the Brush, Sir JOHN GILBERT, would love to illustrate, had been acquired by Messrs. "Q," HAGGARD, HALL CAINE, ANTHONY HOPE, FRANK BARRETT & Co., Limited, but now I find an opposition firm started by A. E. W. MASON, whose *Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, published by MACMILLAN & Co., is a most fascinating story of this class. Not only is it full of plot and counterplot, not only is its hero as original as any recently invented hero can possibly be, but there is a closely woven thread of details, every one of which is absolutely essential to the artistic design. So in the construction, though there be clouds of dust raised, yet is there no one figure in the *tourbillon* that does not fill its place of set purpose; and in the dialogue, no scrap of conversation without its definite object, nor, in the action, is there a single movement without its proper destination. The motive of the hero is, in one sense, of the noblest kind, inasmuch that it represents the spectacle of the highest form of manly devotion, namely, risking life for the purpose of revenging the death of a friend, and so punishing one who had been to all intents and purposes a cowardly assassin. There is one circumstance, an initial one, which, had the author taken advantage of his own ingenuity, would have intensified the interest throughout in a most remarkable manner. This will remain the Baron's secret, which, as title (*The Baron's Secret*), is it not a good one (?), the present scribe doth "herewith," and "hereby," with all the "neverthelesses," "notwithstandings," and "all-to-the-contraries" possible, register and appropriate to his own particular use. It is an omission which goes near to spoiling the character of



Small Voice from under the Bed. "NO, I WILL NOT COME OUT! I TELL YOU, ONCE AND FOR ALL, BERNESIA, I WILL BE MASTER IN MY OWN HOUSE!"

the brave but ill-fated Julian, who appears for a brief span on this stage and then is heard no more. Yet on Julian's last moments depends the whole sequence of events. Perhaps the curiosity of my readers will be aroused by this innuendo. Be this as it may, if this my hint will increase the number of readers, they will, unless gratitude be extinct, thank me for my strong recommendation as to the excellent entertainment provided for them in *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*.

If H. G. WELLS, whilst writing *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, had only preserved the courage of his original idea, he might have produced a romance out-Haggarding HAGGARD, and relegating Zanoni and the "Vril" people to keep company with Lemuel Gulliver, Ferdinand Count Fathom, and Co., in the shades of the Almost Forgotten Ones. But after going through two-thirds of his uncanny tale, the author, apparently satisfied so far with his undoubted success in producing such grotesque and fantastic effects as could

be only attributed to a training course of heavy suppers and a superficial study of anatomical subjects, resulting in dream-fits of violent indigestion, became frightened by his own monsters, and thought his best course would be to announce to his readers that he had "only been puttendin' all along," and that these awful creatures of his imagination were in reality only intended to represent the stupidity, selfishness, sensuality, and all the lower qualities of animal man; and that, in fact, the whole story, from beginning to end, was a parable, and not the true record supposed to have been made by the uncle of Charles Edward Prendrick, and subsequently published, for the benefit of society and science, by his enterprising nephew. When the author himself shows you "how it's done," there is an end of the mystery, the interest in the tale is dead, and the author in giving himself away causes the reader to regret ever having taken him at his own valuation.

THE BARON.



A DECLARATION INDEED!

"AVEZ-VOUS QUELQUECHOSE À DÉCLARER, MADAME?"

"OH, WEE! JE DECLAR QUE NOOS AVONG PAIRDEW TOO NO BAGGARGE!"

"WHAT WE ARE COMING TO NEXT."

WE understand that, after the Early Closing Bill has been passed, another measure, entitled the Household Regulation Act, will become law. The following is a rough *précis* of its chief clauses:—

(I.) At 5 A.M. in summer, and 5 30 A.M. in winter, the Householder is required to see that all his servants [* in making return, state one or none] have risen from their beds. Shou'd the Inspector of Morals on duty report that the kitchen fire has not been lighted by 6 A.M., he will issue a summons against the Householder.

(II.) By 9 A.M. the Householder must have all breakfast-tables cleared, and the cooking of eggs and bacon, kidneys, bloaters, haddocks, and other dishes, is expressly forbidden after that hour. No daily papers must be received after 8 A.M. Sunday journals are forbidden. Under this clause the Inspector may, for any infringement of the rule, claim a penalty not exceeding £20.

(III.) Partial weekly cleanings are permissible between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., but no general cleaning of the Householder's premises may occur save on the days allowed by this Act, to wit:—January 2, April 1, June 19, and October 17. Should such date (or dates) fall on a Sunday, the previous Saturday will be taken as the official day of observance. The Inspector is authorised to enter the house (or chambers, or flat) on all such occasions. Penalties vary from £1 to £100.

(IV.) Unless the Householder can prove an income exceeding £600 per annum, no late dinner shall be permitted in his establishment. Meat-tea or supper (the bill of fare of which must be supplied on demand to the Inspector) can in no case be permitted after 6.30 P.M. Oysters, turtle soup, and champagne are absolutely denied to persons who are unable to certify to an annual expenditure of £400 or upwards in *indirect* taxation. Hot luncheons (hashes, resurrection pies, minced (cold) meat, and previously cooked vegetables being exempted) are forbidden. Fines for each and every infringement of this regulation may be ascertained by the schedule supplied to all Inspectors, who are authorised, in the execution of their duty, to taste dishes, as occasion may require.

(V.) The Householder must transmit to the Inspector, *without* demand, answers to the following inquiries:—

(a) Who is your wine merchant, and what is your monthly account for liquor supplied? [* This need not include soda and mineral waters, but must comprise bitters, such as peach, orange, and Angostura.]

(b) Give the names of your baker, greengrocer, butcher, grocer, ironmonger, farrier, corndealer, newsagent, stockbroker (if any), medical adviser, tailor or milliner (or both), bootmaker, coach-builder, cycle manufacturer, tobacconist, fishmonger, musical instrument maker, haberdasher, washerwoman, cheesemonger, muffin-man, dairy-keeper, and solicitor.

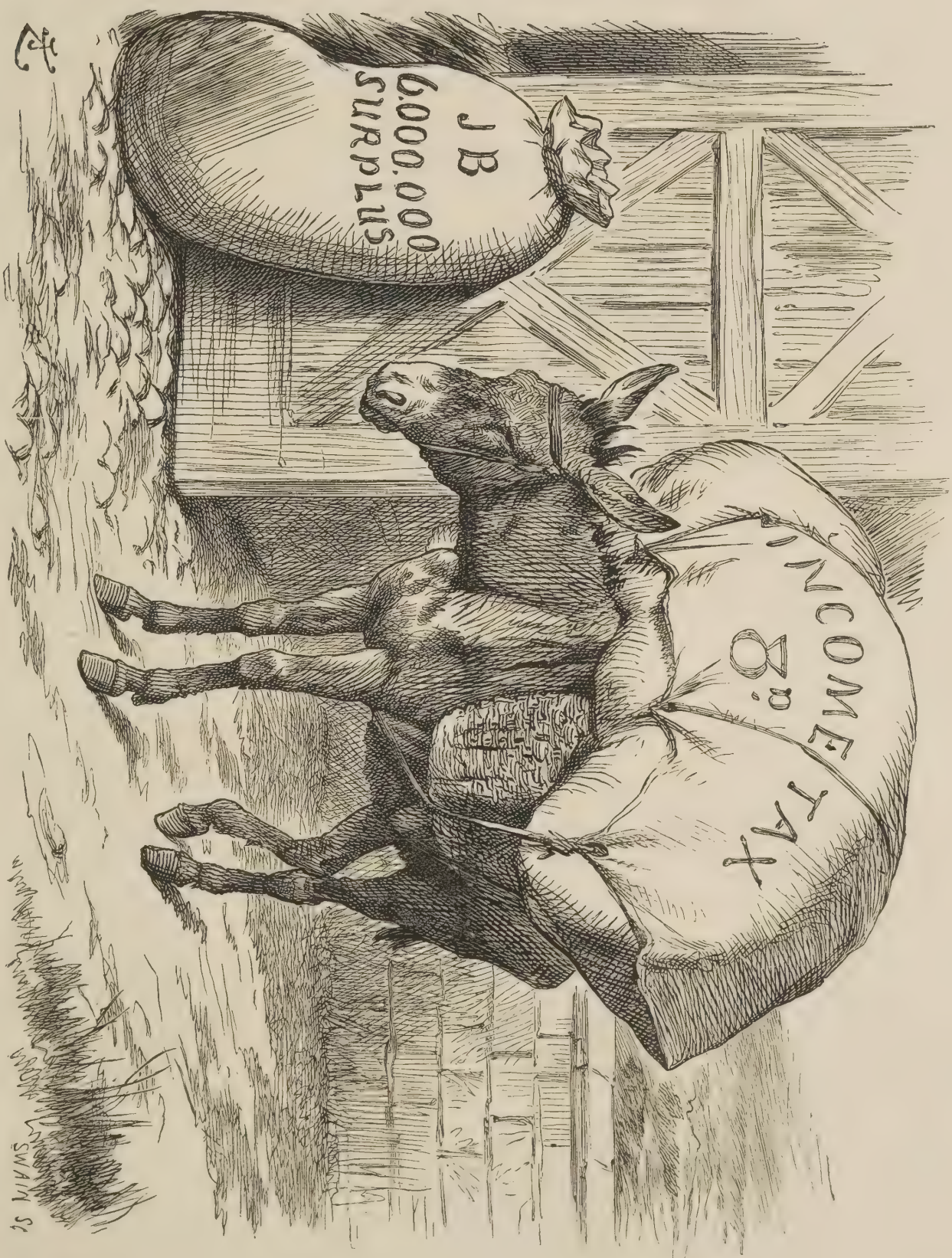
(c) State rent of premises [* if a freeholder, title must be proved], and age of landlord [or landlady, or executors, or trustees].

(d) Furnish marriage certificates of yourself and wife (or husband), father and mother, grandfather and grandmother (paternal and maternal), also certificates of birth, vaccination, and school progress of your children. [* If a bachelor (or spinster) claim stamped exemption (fee £2) under the Non-responsibility clause, Cap. 209.]

(VI.) The Householder is required to verify to the satisfaction of the Inspector the extinction of all lights on his premises by the hour of 10 P.M., grace of fifteen minutes being allowed in cases of visits to places of amusement, for which special permits (issued monthly, and available only on one occasion) will be made by the Inspector on payment of the following fees per head:—Opera 5s., theatre (light) 2s. 6d., ditto (serious) 1s., and music halls 10s. In event of the Householder neglecting to carry out the law with regard to the extinction of lights, he is liable to imprisonment *without* the option of a fine, at the discretion of the Inspector.

PLEASURES, PAINS, AND PENALTIES.—In the *Daily Telegraph* there appeared three separate paragraphs under the heading "Bicycle Accidents." It is to be hoped that, for the benefit of the "Common-Wheel," sufficient material may not be forthcoming to warrant the daily appearance of such a column. Anyway, this will give bicyclists a shake all round.

A VERY WATERY MEASURE.—The Raines Bill, as enforced in the city of New York.



THE PATIENT ASS.

THE INCOME-TAXED ONE MUMMURED, "I DON'T GRUMBLE, BUT—I *SHOULD* LIKE JUST A LITTLE TAKEN OFF."

THAT GAME OF GOLF.—I.

POFFLES said I must learn golf, life was not worth living without golf; my liver was sluggish, according to POFFLES, I was altogether too fat, and, in fact, nothing but a course of golf would cure it.

One fine day, when we had been discussing the matter for the fiftieth time, and I had exhausted my entire stock of arguments against POFFLES's proposal, I feebly remarked that you couldn't play golf without "sticks," and as I hadn't any sticks, that ended the matter once and for all. POFFLES, however, was not to be so easily beaten, and that same afternoon, under some pretence, I was beguiled unexpectedly into the presence of a polite gentleman whose business it was to provide players with the necessary weapons for the prosecution of "the" game. Once inside the shop, POFFLES and his professional friend proceeded, in spite of all remonstrances on my part, to supply me (at my own expense) with an outfit of "clubs," as they called them, to enable me to learn the game at the shortest possible notice.

I really can't remember the names of all the awful instruments I purchased at that shop. They were all so new and nice that, after a time, I was quite interested, swinging the clubs in the most vicious way, to the manifest disturbance of POFFLES, who nearly got his head broken with a thing they called a "patent mid-spoon brassey bulger"! Then I purchased several "irons" and "drivers," two or three "cleeks," and a thing called a "mashie" or "niblick" or something. I did like that "niblick"—it was a real powerful club—it reminded me of a battle-axe, I felt I could "rely" on it all the time.

Well, after a time POFFLES got me away—not without the clubs, which I insisted on taking home to show my wife, MARIA, and we arranged to go down to Ranelagh (POFFLES belongs to Ranelagh) and have a quiet game next day, Saturday. On returning home, I practised in the drawing-room with the clubs, as POFFLES said I must get into the right "swing." That "swing" certainly turned out expensive, as during my practice I not only managed to clear the cabinet of several of MARIA's best wedding presents, but I also scooped a piece out of the carpet with the "niblick," which, to say the least of it, was unfortunate. While I was trying to glue the piece of carpet down again, MARIA came in suddenly and said unpleasant things of a very strong description. I felt very annoyed with MARIA, but then women are always so unreasonable, and MARIA never could sympathise with anything I wanted to do out of the common. When I put it to her in this way she retorted, "If you want to swing sticks about do it 'on the common.'" She thought this sharp. So did I: but I didn't say so. I only observed that it was not my fault if the drawing-room was the only room large enough to "swing" in.

The next day we went down to Ranelagh. POFFLES appeared in a most remarkable costume, which certainly didn't add to his personal appearance. He had a large wide-awake hat of a description adopted by BUFFALO BILL in his great scalp-hunting operations. To this he added a brilliant red coat with brass buttons, a flannel shirt,

SOMETHING JAPANESE.

FLIRTING WITH THEIR FANS.



EH?



OH!!!

knickers, and a pair of stockings with a pattern on them that reminded me of BROCK's fireworks. Then his boots were something to be remembered, and a pair of yellow spats didn't improve them at all. Altogether he seemed to me to be a kind of cross between a Texan cow-boy and a South Sea Pirate. I thought there ought to be something wonderful in POFFLES' play to justify that costume, but subsequent events didn't exactly prove it.

We had lunch first in the room which had been decorated so becomingly in green, to be in keeping, no doubt, with the other "green," and then we made a start. I had so many clubs that POFFLES said I had better have two "caddies" to carry them; I couldn't make up my mind to part with any of them, as I was quite sure I should want them all.

Then, just as we were going to begin, a friend of POFFLES came up, named SLOGUM, and said he would like to join us, so we decided to have a "three-some," as POFFLES called it. After that came the trouble. Of which I will tell you in my next.

OUT OF SCHOOL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The chaps at our place always look upon you as our great friend. We all take you in. At least, one of our fellows buys your paper, in which is all the wit and wisdom of the world, and none of your horrid Greek, Latin, and other "preserved tongues." About me is no "Familiarity which breeds contempt," as SHAKESPEARE (or some one) says. You will be surprised at my knowing that quotation. It comes of trying to floor our holiday task. Such a beastly shame! This is how I have answered the paper, which is headed "General Intelligence."

Here is the first question:—"What kind of books do you like best; give reasons for preference."

Answer. I like school books best. My reason for preferring them to novels is that they instruct me, and my progress is pleasing to my parents and to the credit of my pastors and masters.

That ought to satisfy them. Here's number two. "What would you like to be in after life; give full reasons for your answer."

Answer. After life I should like to be an angel. The full reason for this reply is surely unnecessary. What else could I wish?

Had them there! Here's another:—"A man blows his tea to make it cool, and blows his hands to make them warm—explain this seemingly funny proceeding."

Answer. Because he must blow something. When he has nothing else to blow he blows his nose.

And now for the last I attempted:—"Where do you get your sugar, salt, mustard, and vinegar, and what are they?"

Answer. I get my sugar, salt, mustard, and vinegar from my dear parents, and am told (by them) that they are paid for.

If that doesn't get me a reputation for filial devotion and simple credulity (I have looked those words out in the dictionary), call me a Dutchman!

But do protest against holiday tasks in play-time, there's a good chap. And now I can't write any more rot, as I am off to spend the ten shillings my Uncle CHARLES gave me for necessities at the tuck shop.

Your sincere friend,

SMITH MINOR.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, April 9.—What Corporal HANBURY suffered throughout the watches of this night no tongue can tell. House reopened after Easter Holidays. Civil Service Estimates, as usual, taken, hoping that, in absence of Members still making holiday, a lot might be run through. Only a short year ago Private HANBURY, supported by Cap'en TOMMY, buttressed on other side by the Blameless BARTLEY, had high old time. In accordance with custom he and they made point of being in their place punctually on resumption of sittings. Financial Secretary to Treasury, glancing round scantily filled benches, eyes glistening with hope at prospect of running through pockets-full of votes, changed countenance as his glance fell upon the three privateers opposite on second bench above Gangway.

Knew what was in store from them; never disappointed. Private HANBURY made prodigious speeches on every vote. When discussion thus raised languished, Cap'en TOMMY, nailing his trysails to the jibboom, luffed, bore down, and fired a broadside that filled the House with smoke and the Minister in charge of the vote with mortification. Again sky cleared; conversation drooped; Chairman rose to put question that vote be agreed upon, when the Blameless BARTLEY, blushing like the harvest moon, discovered on his feet wanting to know, you know.

Ah, me! the days that are no more. To-night HANBURY, private no longer, but full corporal, with hope of further promotion, sits alone on Treasury Bench in charge of those very estimates whose passage he used to obstruct. Cap'en TOMMY's hammock empty. Blameless B., one of the gems the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear, blushes elsewhere unseen. Others take their places; ALBERT ROLLIT with his pragmatical postman, who at the General Election didn't care for Trojan or Tyrean, but would vote for the man who promised to knock off an hour from his day's work and nail on a shilling's pay; ARNOLD-FORSTER with his Orange Postmaster, a shining light in Catholic Sligo, who in the intervals of professional



Mr. Hanbury (Financial Secretary to the Treasury) to Mr. Hanbury (the representative of the Post Office in the House of Commons). "Money for the Post Office, dear boy; certainly, always delighted to oblige YOU."

"The Treasury exercised control over Post Office expenditure, and it was therefore an advantage to the Post Office to be directly represented by a Treasury official in that House."—Mr. Hanbury's Speech, April 9.

duty beat the Protestant drum with the office stamp, and publicly prayed for the conversion of the parish priest. His name was SAMPSON, so they cut his hair and translated him to Protestant Ulster. Corporal HANBURY spasmodically passed his hand over his brow as he thought of what only a year ago he would have said on this case. Now he had to defend the DELILAH of the Post Office.

Then there was PICKERSGILL wanting to know why deaf mutes are not utilised as postmasters in rural parishes; OSBORNE MORGAN protesting against official recognition in the *Postal Guide* of Welsh places by Saxon nicknames; HENNIKER-HEATON, hot, as he told a sympathetic Committee, from travel night and day a thousand miles, arriving only just in time to deliver (with extra penny stamp for late fee) his familiar speech.

These and others filled the air with murmur of multitude of words Corporal HANBURY would have uttered had he still been Private.

"Ah, TOBY," he said, when relief came with midnight, "you see the stripes on my arm that proclaim my rank. Happily for the peace of your kind mind you cannot see the stripes that lacerate my heart on a night like this."

Business done.—Post Office Vote worried through.

Friday.—Another night in Committee of Supply. Attendance small and, in accordance with practice in such circumstances, yield of votes large. By ten o'clock all estimates put down for sitting got through. No more work to do. Nothing for it but to go home, which Members reluctantly did. Gentlemen below Gangway, having nothing else to divide upon, took division on motion to adjourn. Ministerial

majority omnipotent here as elsewhere. Motion to adjourn carried by 95 to 29. Eviction forthwith carried out. Passers-by Palace Yard at half-past ten surprised to find JOHN BURNS, LLOYD-GEORGE, Dr. TANNER, DALZIEL, and the Boy ALLEN (not to be confounded with the Man ALLAN) camped out amid the sticks and stones of their furniture in shape of rejected Amendments.

"A pretty state of things we're coming to," said JOHN BURNS, gloomily. "Business all over by ten o'clock; shutters up at half-past. Always been in favour of early-closing movement, but didn't mean to have it apply to the Westminster Stores."

Business done.—Votes in Supply by wholesale.

THE UNWILLING GUEST.

(A Telegraphic Comedy.)

- (1) From J. C., London, to P. K., Pretoria.—Everything arranged. When may we expect you?
- (2) P. K. to J. C.—What is the cost of the journey third class?
- (3) J. C. to P. K.—Never mind cost. Guarantee all expenses, and use of Queen's ship.
- (4) P. K. to J. C.—What about lodgings? Landlady must be moderate and certified respectable. Hymn-singer preferred.
- (5) J. C. to P. K.—You can have Buckingham Palace. C-RTN-Y shall arrange hymns. But do hurry up.
- (6) P. K. to J. C.—Hear that J-M-S-N and friends will be in London. Don't want to meet them.
- (7) J. C. to P. K.—Pledge my word you shall not. This delay is most provoking.
- (8) P. K. to J. C.—Your disagreeable haste has given me the gout.
- (9) J. C. to P. K.—I apologise for over-anxiety. Sorry to hear of your gout. Best advice in London.
- (10) P. K. to J. C.—Prefer my Pretoria doctor. What an excellent speech you made the other night. I read between the lines.
- (11) J. C. to P. K.—Glad you liked speech. Never mind lines; take railway. Please name date of your departure.
- (12) P. K. to J. C.—Don't be impatient. Household matters must be attended to. What is the weather like with you?

(13) J. C. to P. K.—Splendid weather, likely to improve. Anticipate your arrival with pleasure.

(14) P. K. to J. C.—Never anticipate anything. Don't esteem being anticipated.

(15) J. C. to P. K.—Are you coming or are you not?

(16) P. K. to J. C.—Your question implies distrust. If I were to tell you, evidently you would not believe me.

[Curtain abruptly falls, leaving J. C. at one end of the wire tramping on priceless orchids, and P. K. at the other calling for more tobacco and coffee.]

LITERARY.—Mr. THOMAS HARDY, we are told, has written a chatty preface for his *Wessex Tales*. Like all Mr. HARDY writes it will, doubtless, be well worth reading. But, as regards his later novels at least, is not the first syllable (in the title *Wessex Tales*) just a trifle superfluous?

Mrs. Grundy no doubt it must mightily vex To find HARDY's novels run so upon sex. But still more to find that, in halls and in hovels The sex makes so hardy a run on his novels.

THE BARRISTER'S FAVOURITE HYMN.—"Brief life is here our portion."

ORATORICAL AXIOM.—Self-possession is nine points of the "jaw."

and puerile restrictions, for none can expect to compound an omelette without the fracture of eggs.

Upon remarking as above to my young lively friend, he assured me that even a gloved hand was competent to produce facial disfigurement and tap the vital fluid, and offered to demonstrate the truth of his statement if I would be the partaker with him in a glove-box.

But, though doubting the authenticity of his assertions, I thought it prudent to decline the proof of the pudding, and so took a precipitate leave of him with profuse thanks for his unparagoned kindness, and many promises to put on the gloves with him at the first convenient opportunity.

A LITTLE WALK. (From Monte Carlo to Nice.)

THAT is, from La Turbie. Up to La Turbie by train. Not exactly a walk so far. Also rather prosaic. The romance begins at the top, on the famous and beautiful Route de la Corniche. Arrived there, find everyone strolls quite naturally into a restaurant, which might be in Paris, except that it is filled with English and Germans. Probably the romance begins further on. From the terrace look down, in both senses of the word, on the little mass of white buildings, variously described as "the plague spot of the Riviera," mostly in serious English books, and "*Un paradis terrestre*," mostly in frivolous French newspapers. Fine view of the gimmerack Casino, the showy hotels, the tawdry cafés. Can almost see the winners faring sumptuously at the Café des Millionnaires, or the Restaurant des Richissimes, and the losers hastening to the numerous little offices inscribed "*Avances sur Bijoux*." Can almost hear the music (!) outside the café in the Place du Casino, that execrable noise which some strangers may innocently imagine is produced by the Monte Carlo orchestra, celebrated throughout the world. It is not.

After *déjeuner* stroll along the Cornice Road, towards Nice, and meet a German tourist, carrying a grey umbrella. Did anyone ever see a German tourist without a grey umbrella? Ask him about the road. He speaks English excellently. He says, "You go on till you meet a public-house." Thank him, and stroll on, admiring the blue sea and the distant view, till I meet the public-house, which is inscribed "*Café Restaurant. Chambres et Salons Réservés*." No doubt very much *réservés*, since they all seem quite empty. But no. As I approach, two persons come out and walk before me. The lady is plump, though young. As I follow her I estimate that the circumference of her waist is about forty inches. Her dress is not elegant, and she wears a green, soft felt hat. The gentleman also wears a green hat, and he carries a grey umbrella. Possibly they are Germans. "*Wie? Ja! Ach so! Wo? Ja, ja, ja! Ach wunderschön! Ja, ja, ja! So? Ja, ja, ja!*" There is no longer any doubt. They walk on arm in arm, and the man's boots creak at every step.

Cannot possibly walk all the way to Nice behind a man who talks German loudly, who wears a green hat, and whose boots creak incessantly. Could have tolerated the green hat, as it reminds me, in form and colour, of the hat of Noah in my early childhood, but the boots are beyond endurance. Loiter about and let them carry their wearer out of hearing.

By this time there are clouds in the sky and the view is all grey—sea, sky, hills, trees. The only spots of colour are the green hats of the Germans, vanishing in the distance. It will probably rain soon. There is Villefranche just down below. Will step down in a few minutes and catch a train to take me back to Nice in time for dinner. Start down gaily. A peasant recommends a short cut. The usual sort of short cut in the Alpes Maritimes—all jagged stones. The cutting is chiefly of one's boots. To scramble down this takes longer than walking along the road. Try that. Very easy slope. An immense zigzag. Begin to think it will take more than a few minutes to get down to Villefranche. Hurry on a little. First I go half a mile towards Genoa. Then at last the road turns, and I career half a mile towards Marseilles. The only place I never seem to approach is Villefranche. At one time am almost at Beaulieu, at another seem close to Nice. Full speed ahead as much as possible. Arrive at a place where the awful zigzag divides, and forms two zigzags. The only person in sight is a peasant woman sitting on a step. Hope she speaks something besides the Niçois dialect. She does, for she says, though speaking French with difficulty, "*Faut aller à la gauche*," at the same time pointing to the right. "*À droite ou à gauche?*" I ask wildly. "*Oui*," she answers. No time for further talk, so choose the road, less obviously leading in the wrong direction, and on again. Wish I had walked to Nice. Should have been nearly there now. At last see Villefranche station far below. Then speed on towards Italy, back again, another glimpse of station, apparently no nearer, and on towards Spain. On the return journey perceive the train in the distance down below, coming round the bay. Start running, still down zigzags. Ringing of bells, shouts, whistles, scream of a locomotive. Rush breathless into station. "*Le train est parti, monsieur.*"



Impatient Traveller. "ER—HOW LONG WILL THE NEXT TRAIN BE, PORTAH?"

Porter. "HEAW LONG? WHEEL, SIR, AH DUNNO HEAW AH CON SAAY TO HAUF AN INCH. HAPPEN THERE'LL BE FOWWR OR FIVE CO-ACHES AN' A ENGINE OR SOA."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.

(A copy of this hitherto unpublished document has come into the possession of Mr. Punch, who, out of consideration for his readers, has had it literally translated, and now offers it to the admiration of the world.)

MY DEAR HERR PRESIDENT,—Lately returned from a most beautiful and never-to-be-forgotten outflit, wherein I visited scenes by me not to be contemplated without deep-seated feeling, find I a State-paper from my Imperial Kanzler (he is a good fellow, the old HOHENLOHE, but slow, and through a brick-wall he cannot at all see) informing me that once more the young men of Cambridge have a boatrice lost. In foregone years, and in this year too, have I *sogar* deemed it my duty to send to Oxford my heartiest luck-wishes on their successful strugglings after victory. But, pot-thousand again, what does this mean that you seven times after one another into the busbes let yourselves be stuck? Thunder-weather! how can you endure it? My Imperial sympathy stretches itself to you. In my Palace have I a rowing machine put up, and daily every mornings, before I myself sponge in my tub, row I two thousand strokes at two hundred to the minute on the machine. That is more than your miserable thirty-four, not true? So I have overlaid these matters in my Imperial mind filled with goodwill towards you, and I announce to you what I will do. Next year I will imprison all my Editors for *lèse-majesté*, and for the Socialists will I a bloodbath set out. Thus I will be free of nuisances and will come to Cambridge in January with the EMPRESS and the whole family, not forgetting a monthly nurse for whom most comfortable rooms are to be taken in your Boathouse. I will then coach you all every day, and sometimes, surprise-visiting you in the night, I will make you row till Aurora appears over the Gogmagogish Mountains. I will live, together with my suite (500 persons), with your Vice-Kanzler. Daily I will conduct prayers in your University Church where all must attend, and will examine your young men for their mathematical knowledge three times in every week. For the Cambridge free-willers I will be a General and a Father. After this I know Cambridge will win. Your gratitude I accept.

WILHELM R. AND I.

Post-scriptum.—I have a new uniform for the University Crew. The helmets and top-boots that form part of it are colossally beautiful.



INADEQUATE HOSPITALITY.

"WELL, GUY, DID YOU ENJOY THE PARTY?"

"YES, MUMMY; BUT I'M SO HUNGRY. THERE WAS ONLY A NOW AND THEN TEA, YOU KNOW; WITH NO CHAIRS, AND NO GRACE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

AT Easter time as at Christmas and towards the end of July there are feast-days and revellings and high solemn occasions at the various schools in which the youth of England faithfully learns the ingenious arts which, according to Colonel NEWCOME, *emollunt mores nec sinuisse feros*. Easter is the season specially set apart in the school calendar for the holding of athletic sports, and from far and near streams of pleased and prosperous parents flow towards the school cricket-field to behold the efforts of their sons struggling for supremacy with the cricket-ball, over the hurdles, in the jumps, and in the various other competitions appointed for the testing of swiftness, strength, and endurance. Thither, too, come the old boys, some but lately released from the school fetters, others grey-headed and portly, to applaud the prowess of their young successors and to spend an hour or two in converse with old friends. Pleasant gatherings are these of men, parted by time and circumstance and the cares of life, who thus for a brief space renew their happy youth, fight the old fights over again, and tremble once more as they repeat the tale of their peccadilloes, and of the scrapes over which the familiar birch cast its baleful but undetering shadow.

I BRACED myself the other day to climb the Northern height where my own school-days were passed. It was the day of the athletic sports, and a sense of things dimly remembered, seen as through a veil, came over me as I made my way down the lane and neared the old gate. Boys in caps and flannel shorts and stockings were hurrying along. They all seemed absurdly young, and there was about them a boniness (if the word may be pardoned) and kind of angular falling short of full development which has, I suppose, always marked the genus boy. Could it have been that I, too, once hurried as did these eager competitors; was I indeed so young, so bony, so angular, so eager; I who, with sober air and measured step, was pacing down the lane? Surely the boys of my time were older, fuller in build, less prone to rush up behind other boys and slap them violently on their backs, with the certainty that the outrageous

proceeding, far from breeding resentment, would be treated as an excellent joke. A group sped past me; I caught a scrap of their conversation. "So I told him I wouldn't have any of his beastly cheek. These small boys ought to be jolly well spanked." The speaker was not large, but he was evidently larger than some other boy, and that other boy had cheeked him. There was a familiar sound about the words, and something in me seemed to acknowledge that once in the long ago I might possibly have used them myself. No doubt twenty-two years are *grande mortalis ævi spatium*; they bring their hateful and inevitable changes, and the accursed tailor may, perhaps, have spoken the truth when he hinted, a few weeks ago, that he thought he would have to allow an inch or so more round the waist.

OUTSIDE the gate, with a table in front of him, sat an old gentleman at the receipt of custom. "Admission, Sir? Sixpence; programme, threepence. Thank you, Sir." Heavens! It was my old friend Mr. ROGERS, the hatter, from the High Street, whose tall form and brilliant auburn beard had been my boyish admiration. But now the snows of twenty-two years lay thick upon the auburn though his voice was still hearty. "It's a long time since we met, Mr. ROGERS," I ventured to say. "Yes, Sir, time will keep going; we're both getting a bit older than we were," and upon this somewhat painful aphorism I passed into the field. A grave, but kindly-looking gentleman came towards me, leading by the hand a rosy-cheeked little fellow of ten or eleven. He looked at me in a scrutinising way and paused as if intending to address me. Evidently he knew me; but where had we met? The face of the little boy seemed familiar enough—yes, of course, I knew the little boy; it was HARRY ROSS: we were in the same form, we got flogged on the same day, we learnt dancing together in the holidays, he swore he would marry my sister, in fact, wrote the vow down on a piece of paper and sealed it with black sealing-wax, "I swear that when I grow up and have one hundred pounds a year of my own I will marry your sister ALICE: signed and sealed, HARRY ROSS." I was about to shake him warmly by the hand and congratulate him on looking younger than ever when I woke with a start from my dream and realised that this was HARRY ROSS's son, and that the grave but kindly parent was indeed my old friend HARRY ROSS.

WE walked about the field together and managed to knit many old memories as we walked. In the pavilion a long table groaned under a gorgeous array of prizes. Here were cloaks, dressing-bags, bats, cups, toast-racks, and even with a pleasing anticipation of coming years of freedom silver cigarette-cases—the trophies of the victors in the games then proceeding.

"My dear HARRY," I said, "do you remember that race in the hundred yards?" "I remember I beat you." "Yes, that's just it; you did beat me, but if I hadn't had the cramp—" "Cramp be blowed; I always could run a hundred yards faster than you." "You couldn't." "I could. I'll run you now."

But at this proposal the younger HARRY was taken with so violent a fit of laughter, that we went no further with it. Poor little boy! of course he couldn't realise how young we both felt at an age which to him, no doubt, seemed of an unattainable antiquity. Still a look at the pavilion wall might have justified him, for on the board of honour there the names of more than twenty School Elevens were painted after the Eleven that contained his father's name and mine.

IN the field the sports proceeded merrily. Long boys flung themselves into contortions over the high jump, short boys toppled in heaps over hurdles, panting boys wore down opposition, and raced gallantly home in the mile; and in the School Handicap countless little boys, dotted about the grass like stars, awaited the firing of the pistol, and then sprang forward for the race. Need I say that all my sympathies went with the diminutive limit-boy. He struggled gallantly, but, alas! he was overborne at last by a sturdier and bigger rival, and was forced to subside into the rack. Finally came the glorious presentation of the prizes. How those boys cheered and shouted as the heroes of the day stepped modestly forward to receive their prizes, how they cheered (as though to show there was no trace of ill-feeling left in their minds) when the head-master stepped out and congratulated the victors in a few hearty, well-chosen words. Nor did we omit to praise and cheer "*the mens sana in corpore sano*," words not unknown, indeed, at school athletics, but true and welcome notwithstanding. It was a right pleasant day, and we wound it up not ingloriously with a dinner in the evening, a dinner for the old boys who had graced the occasion. Yet, as I stood on the station platform, awaiting the last train, I seemed to have had a few years added to my tale. But another "old boy" who had come from Cambridge, felt no such qualms. He had enjoyed his dinner, and he was now singing up and down the platform. "Isn't it splendid, old fellow," he remarked to a friend, "why, I've been proctorised for much less than this at Cambridge." Oh, daring and tremendous old boy, the melancholy time must come when even proctors will cease to be a terror.



Lucy Vanhorne. Del.

THE ALLIANCE TRIPLE TRICYCLE.

German Emperor (inflating Italian wheel). "I THINK IT 'LL RUN A LITTLE WHILE LONGER NOW!"



A STUDY IN ANATOMY.

Dealer. "THERE, SIR! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PICTURE!"

Prospective Buyer. "H'M—YES—HE DOES RATHER SUGGEST ONE OF THOSE RÖNTGEN-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT shall the Baron say of *The Statement of Stella Maberley*, written by "Herself" (an entirely new authoress) and published by FISHER UNWIN? It appears to me, quoth the Baron, that, had not this work been "precursed," so to put it classically and not incorrectly, in more senses than one, by that awful story of the *Great God Pan* (a revival of the legend of *Le Succube, ou Démon femelle*) in the Key-note Series (when key-notes were at their highest pitch, or lowest, whichever it may have been), it might have attracted with all the glamour of such originality as, in the time of BYRON and SHELLEY, fascinated the readers of *Frankenstein*. *The Statement of Stella Maberley* shows undoubted cleverness, and it is consistent in its puzzlement and in its weird, real unreality. It might form the third of a new series, to be entitled "*The Lunatic Library*," of which the two first volumes, according to my selection, would be *The Germ Growers* and *The Wonderful Visit*.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN is a bold man, even for a publisher. He has invited the young men and girls who write books for him to sit down and discourse about their work and themselves. Overcoming natural and almost impassable diffidence, they have accepted the mission. The result appears in a little volume, entitled *Good Reading About Many Books, mostly by their Authors*. The innocent little thing (price one shilling nett) is appropriately issued in snow-white cover. Some of the biographical details are quite thrilling. Here, for example, is what Mr. HAROLD SPENDER, author of *At the Sign of the Guillotine*, says:—

"I come of a family that has now spilt ink in profusion for two generations, and I should not like to say how many reams of paper have been blackened by my relatives in their transit from the paper-mills to the waste-paper basket."

This graphic picture of Mr. SPENDER's relatives on their way from the paper-mills to the waste-paper basket, apparently oozing black blood, beats the primest efforts of the Fat Boy in the way of making your flesh creep. The *Good Reading* is not all quite as good as this. But, taken a little at a time, it is charming.

In *The Cloud of Witness*, the Oxford University Press has turned out a sumptuous book worthy their high renown. It is in every way luxurious, though happily not after the fashion of the ordinary *éditions de luxe*, with which the casual reader most conveniently wrestles prone on the drawing-room floor. As a work of the

printers' and bookbinders' art, it is so distractingly charming that my Baronite almost forgot to read it. This omission corrected, its contents, compiled by Mrs. LYTTLETON GELL, are found to be worthy of their unique mode of presentation. Mrs. GELL has culled the poesy garden of the poets, and deftly arranges her bouquets in daily sequence following the Christian seasons. Some clear, high note is struck for every day.

One of the Baron's Deputy-Assistants has been sampling Mrs. HELEN BLACK'S *Pen, Pencil, Baton, and Mask* with satisfactory results. He says that the volume, which contains some sixty or seventy "portraits in quill and ink," is full of interest not only to the subjects of the sketches, but to the public at large. The biographies are capital blends of black and white; the authoress's name supplies the first, and her good-nature the second. "Quite a book," concludes the Deputy-Assistant, "to read for pleasure for a week, and to keep for reference for a century."

"THE BEAUTIFUL, BOUNCING BUDGET."

(*Opinions of the Crowd.*)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Caused by a most remarkable year of prosperity.

Sir William Harcourt. Entirely in accord with his predecessor's suggestion.

An Admiral. Should do wonders for the Navy.

A General. Should keep up the Army to its proper strength.

A Schoolmaster. Will afford desirable sustenance to many deserving scholastic establishments.

An Agriculturist. Will very likely be of some assistance to the British farmer.

An Imperialist. Will enhance the credit of the greatest nation upon the earth's surface to a limitless extent.

A Patriot. Will carry the British Flag in a blaze of triumph from pole to pole.

A Foreign Critic. Proves that JOHN BULL was never so wealthy.

A Man in the Street. Yes, but Income Tax at eightpence in the pound! Oh lor!

CHANGE OF NAME.—Detective BURRELL, the young detective officer who "unearthed" the whereabouts of Messrs. FOWLER and MILSON at Bath, should be known as "Detective BURROW."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XI.

Mr. Jabberjee finds himself in a position of extreme delicacy.

It is an indubitable fact that the discovery of steam is the most marvellous invention of the century. For had it been predicted beforehand that innumerable millions of human beings would be transported with security at a headlong speed for hundreds of miles along a ferruginous track, the most temporary deviation from which would produce the inevitable cataclysm and awful smash, the majority would have expressed their candid opinion of such rhodomontade by cocking the contemptuous snook of incredulity.

And yet it is now the highly accomplished fact and matter of course!

Still, I shall venture to express the opinion that the pleasurable of such railway journeys is largely dependent upon the person who may be our travelling companion, and that some of the companies are not quite careful enough in the exclusion of undesirable fellow-passengers. In proof of which I now beg to submit an exemplary instance from personal experience.

I was recently the payer of a ceremonial visit to a friend of my boyhood, namely, BABOO CHUCK-ERBUTTY RAM, with whom, finding him at home in his lodgings in a distant suburb, I did hold politely affectionate intercourse, for the space of two hours, and then departed, as I had come, by train, and the sole occupant of a second-class dual compartment divided by a low partition.

At the next station the adjoining compartment was suddenly invaded by a portly female of the matronly type, with a rubicund countenance and a bonnet in a dismantled and lopsided condition, who was bundled through the doorway by the impetuosity of a porter, and occupied a seat in immediate opposition to myself.

When the train resumed its motion, I observed that she was contemplating me with a beaming simper of indescribable suavity, and, though she was of an un-ornamental exterior and many years my superior, I constrained myself from motives of merest politeness to do some simpering in return, since only a churlish would grudge such an economical and inexpensive civility.

But whether she was of an unusually ardent temperament, or whether, against my volition, I had invested my simper with an irresistible winsomeness, I cannot tell; but she fell to making nods and becks and wreathed smiles which reduced me to crimson sheepishness, and the necessity of looking earnestly out of window at vacancy.

At this she entreated me passionately not to be unkind, inviting me to cross to the next compartment and seat myself by her side; but I did nill this invitation politely, urging that Company's by-laws countermanded the placing of boots upon the seat-cushions, and my utter inability to pose as a *Romeo* to scale the barrier.

Whereupon, to my lively horror and amazement, she did exclaim, "Then I will come to you, darling!" and commenced to scramble precipitately towards me over the partition!

At which I was in the blue funk, perceiving the arcanum of her design to embrace me, and resolved to leave no stone unturned for the preservation of my bacon. So, at the moment she made the entrance into my compartment, I did simultaneously hop the twig into the next, and she followed in pursuit, and I once more achieved the return with inconceivable agility.

Then, as we were both, like *Hamlet*, fat and short of breath, I addressed her gaspingly across the barrier, assuring her that it was

as if to milk the ram to set her bonnet at a poor young native chap who regarded her with nothing but platonical esteem, and advising her to sit down for the recovery of her wind.

But alack! this speech only operated to inspire her with the *spretæ injuria formæ*, and flourishing a large stalwart umbrella, she exclaimed that she would teach me how to insult a lady.

After that she came floundering once again over the partition, and, guarding my loins, I leapt into the next compartment, seeing the affair had become a *saute qui peut*, and devil take the hindmost; and at the nick of time, when she was about to descend like a wolf on a fold, I most fortunately perceived a bell-handle provided for such pressing emergencies, and rung it with such unparalleled energy, that the train immediately became stationary.

Then, as my female persecutress alighted on the floor of the compartment in the limp condition of a collapse, I stepped across to my original seat, and endeavoured to look as if with withers unwrung. Presently the Guard appeared, and what followed I can best render in the dramatical form of a dialogue:—

The Guard (addressing the Elderly Female, who is sitting smiling with vacuity beneath the bell-pull). So it is you who have sounded the alarm! What is it all about?

The Elderly Female (with warm indignation). Me? I never did! I am too much of the lady. It was that young coloured gentleman in the next compartment.

[At which the tip of my nose goes down with apprehensiveness.]

The Guard. Indeed! A likely story! How could the gentleman ring this bell from where he is?

Myself (with mental presence). Well said, Mister GUARD! The thing is not humanly possible. *Rem acu tetigisti!*

The Guard. I do not understand Indian, Sir. If you have anything to say about this affair, you had better say it.

Myself (combining discretion with magnanimousness). As a chivalrous, I must decline to bring any accusation against a member of the weaker sex, and my tongue is hermetically sealed.

The Eld. F. It was him who rang the alarm, and not me. He was in this compartment, and I in that.

The Guard. What? have you been playing at Hide-and-seek together, then? But if your story is watertight, he must have rung the bell in a state of abject bodily terror, owing to your chivving him about!

The Eld. F. It is false! I have been well educated, and belong to an excellent family. I merely wanted to kiss him.

The Guard. I see what is your complaint. You have been imbibing the drop too much, and will hear of this from the Company. I must trouble you, Mam, for your correct name and address.

Myself (after he had obtained this, and was departing). Mister Guard, I do most earnestly entreat you not to abandon me to the mercies of this female woman. I am not a proficient in physical courage, and have no desire to test the correctness of Poet POPE's assertion, that Hell does not possess the fury of a scorned woman. I request to be conducted into a better-populated compartment.

The Guard (with complimentary jocosity). Ah, such young good-looking chaps as you ought to go about in a veil. Come with me, and I'll put you into a smoker-carriage. You won't be run after there!

So the incident was closed, and I did greatly compliment myself upon the sagacity and coolness of head with which I extricated myself from my pretty kettle of fish. For to have denounced myself as the real alarmist would have rendered the affair more, rather than less, discreditable to my feminine companion, and I should have been arraigned before the solemn bar of a police-court magistrate, who might even have made a Star Chamber matter of the incident.



"A beaming simper of indescribable suavity."

All is well that is well over, but when you have been once bitten, you become doubly bashful. Consequently, this humble self will take care that he does not on any subsequent occasion travel alone in a railway compartment with a female woman.

THAT GAME OF GOLF.

No. II.

WELL, there we were, POFFLES, SLOGUM, and myself. POFFLES went off first, but the ball didn't seem to me to go as far as POFFLES meant it to, judging by the energy he put into it. It couldn't have travelled more than twenty yards in all. SLOGUM said that POFFLES "sliced" it, and one of my caddies said he "topped" it, and SLOGUM's that he "pulled" it, and a gentleman we didn't know came up and said that POFFLES "toed" it a bit and didn't "play it through." We argued this for a quarter of an hour, and then POFFLES got sulky, and said he hadn't come there to be talked to by a lot of "foozlers," and that he knew what he had done, and had done it on purpose to get a "good lie." I thought this was "a good lie," but I didn't say so.

Then SLOGUM went off, and his ball went much farther than POFFLES' ball, but it made a funny sort of curve round to the right, and landed in a bush. After that it was my turn. I wanted to play with that "niblick," but POFFLES and the gentleman we didn't know wouldn't let me. They said it wasn't the game. So I took the "m'd-spoon bulger driver," and let fly at the ball for all I was worth.

POFFLES gasped when he saw me let out at that ball, and the caddie nearest me said "Strike me," under his breath, and another caddie said "S'elp me." Then we looked to see where the ball would come down, but it didn't come down. I said I must have driven it into the river, and felt proud, and POFFLES said it must have got fixed up one of the trees, and the gentleman we didn't know said it was most curious. We were just going to put down another ball, when one of my caddies who was making the "tee" suddenly gave a "guffaw," and digging down into the ground about six inches produced the ball. There it was safe enough, deep in the earth below the tee, and we had another argument to explain how it got there. POFFLES said I was too near the ball, and SLOGUM said I "pressed too much," and the gentleman we didn't know said he thought I "took my eye off the ball." We couldn't settle it any way, so I drove off again, and this time I did hit it, and to everybody's surprise (though it was what they called a short hole) it landed on the green, just over the "bunker," as they said, "in one." (I didn't know what a bunker was, but I wasn't going to say so.)

Then we went and looked at SLOGUM's ball, which had stuck in the middle of a big bush, full of thorns and things. POFFLES said SLOGUM must "play it out," according to Rule 29, which says, a ball is to be played "wherever it lies." SLOGUM, however, said that, according to Rule 18, when a ball is covered with "fog, bent whins," &c., as much shall be set aside as will give the player "a view of his ball," and he hadn't any view of that ball at all when he was in a position to strike, so the bush ought to be "set aside." Then POFFLES' caddie said, according to Rule 12, a player must not "move, bend, or break anything, fixed or growing, near the ball, except in placing his feet on the ground to address the ball," and the gentleman we didn't know said that the bush was a "hazard," and according to Rule 14, nothing must be touched or moved before the player strikes the ball when it lies in a hazard. Then SLOGUM got savage and said he would lie down under the bush and "scrape it out," but POFFLES said that was against Rule 4, which says, you mustn't "push, scrape, or spoon a ball." So SLOGUM had to play it out after all, and a glorious time he had with that bush, whilst we sat round and encouraged him, POFFLES particularly advising him to "go right in and hit it."

After that, POFFLES and SLOGUM got on the green somehow, and one of the caddies offered me a "putter." SLOGUM said I must "put" the ball down next, and I wanted to "put" it with that niblick, but they wouldn't let me, so I had to use the putter and I got the ball quite near the hole, and SLOGUM, who "putted" next, knocked my ball in and one of the caddies said it was "bogey," though I couldn't see what "bogies" had to do with it any way. Then POFFLES said he was down in twenty-seven, and SLOGUM said he wasn't, and they argued that ten minutes, and the caddies all argued too. While they were arguing, there was a funny man behind me shouting "four" at the top of his voice, and I wondered what was the matter with him. I reckoned, from the way he was going on, that he felt really bad, so I sat down on the grass to watch him. As I did so he seemed to be taken much worse, for he jumped round, and screamed, and waved his club in a way that was simply frantic. Then on the other side of him there was another man who suddenly seemed taken in the same way, as he also commenced to dance round and yell "four," too. I thought they might be playing "nap" or something, or that they had both been drinking, and wondered why they were not turned out. Just as I turned round, however, to ask

POFFLES (who was still arguing) about it, something caught me in the back like a bullet, and I sat down on the grass again and used language that must have been painful to listen to. Then those two lunatics who had been shouting "Four" came up and asked me why the "blank blank" I didn't take my "blank blank blank anatomy" out of the way when I saw them coming up, and POFFLES, who was already as mad as he could be, asked them what the "blank blank" they meant by playing on people when they were still on the green, and SLOGUM said they ought to know better, and then the lunatics said they weren't going to wait our "blank blank" pleasure all the "blank" day while we argued on the green, and then two of the caddies began to fight, and I was getting my niblick ready for one of those idiots when the gentleman we didn't know came up and implored us to be calm, and not to disgrace the precincts with an undignified dispute. So we parted the two caddies, and SLOGUM said we had better let the other party pass us; and so we waited till they had gone, and how we played on, and what we did, I will reserve for my third and last.

LONG AGO LEGENDS.

Y^E FFUNNIE MAN AND Y^E BEGGAR MAN.

ONCE was a ffunnie man whose custome it was toe make offe hande ryddles, jokes, quipes and cranks in y^e banqueting hall, devysyng them wythe moche care and laboure before hande. One daye whyle out a walkynge he dyde make up a ryddle he dyde thynke ryght



goode, when he came upone a stalwarte beggar man a restyng hymselfe under y^e shade of a dede wall.

"Ffryende," sayd he, "I have made a ryddle whych I woulde teste on thee. Now, if y^e can guess it in one houre, I will presents y^e wythe a groat." And he slapped hys well filld pouche and pulled out hys dyal. Then he asked y^e beggar man y^e ryddle, whych y^e Chroni-clere forgetteth, but it will be ffounde wythe others in *Mug-gyn's Boke of Merrie Jestes*.

And y^e beggar man knyte hys browes, and stampd, and banded hys head untill one mynute of v^e tyme, but to no avayle, when he cryed, "What a ffoole am I!" "Not so," sayd y^e ffunnie man, a smylunge; "rather what a clevere man am I to puzzle you so." "I mean not that," sayd y^e beggar man; "but here have I been a cudglynge my pate one houre ffor a groate, when I myght have had y^e groate and lykewyse your pouche and dyal in no tyme by symple cudglynge yours wythe this grett jagged staffe. Hande over!"

Y^e ffunnie man, who felt no longere soe, complyd ryght quyklye.

"The Best Costume for Lady Bicyclists."

(Dedicated to "The Woman at Home," by an old Curmudgeon.)

If woman of her wheeling brags,
And flaunts upon the "biking" track,
Let her not only don the "bags";
Give her, at once, the "sack."

THE rooks that inhabit the Isle of Man have got themselves seriously disliked. A deputation, representative of the Manx farming interest, waited upon the Agricultural Society's President and "lodged a complaint" against them. It was pointed out, says the *Liverpool Courier*, that the depredations had reached extensive proportions, "farmers having lost half, and even two-thirds, of their crops." But how can birds be expected to do without "crops"?

EPITAPH FOR A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.—"His life was spent on pleasant lines."



NOT SO HEARTLESS AS IT SEEMS.

She. "HERE IS A STAMP FOR YOUR LETTER; YOU CAN REPAY ME WHEN YOU COME BACK FROM LONDON THIS EVENING."

He. "AND SUPPOSE I'M KILLED IN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT."

She. "OH, WELL—THE LOSS WOULDN'T BE VERY GREAT!"

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

I.—A PLEA FOR THE WALL-FLOWER.

PLAIN, unpretending, homely, shy,
It clings against the wall,
A blossom there are few to spy,
To gather none at all.
The wall-flower, only eyed afar,
Poor foolish man supposes
Less lovely than the lilies are,
Less fragrant than the roses.

To pluck the flowers that seem more fair
The crowd in blindness hastes,
Its sweetness on the desert air
The lonely wall flower wastes:
And yet its beauty being concealed
From casual passing glances
Its worth to whom it is revealed
A hundred fold enhances.

I know a garden fair and bright,
With wealth of blossom blest,
Where man may choose for his delight
The flower he loves the best;
And, though the lily, violet,
And rose within it all flower,
He oft might choose without regret
To win and wear a wall-flower!

Poetry on a Pewter.

(From Sir Wilfrid's Point of View.)

BEER is a compound so adulterate grown,
As to be hated needs but to be known.
But fully foaming, at the pint-pot's
brink,
Men first distrust, then dally with, then
DRINK!

POLICEMAN X JUNIOR ON SCIENCE IN THE FORCE.

["The scientific burglar must be met, or better, perhaps, followed, by the ultra-scientific policeman."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

"My name," too, is "Pleaceman X," jest like him sung of old by THACKERAY, And I don't know as my brains, or bull's-eye, burns with slower, slacker ray; But I own it gives me beans, and seems a prospect most 'orrific. This here talk about a Bobby being "ultra-skyentific."

I can spell a trifle better, I emagine, than did him,

Wich his notions about grammar were, I think, a little dim, ["X ray," But if our hexaminations is to be on that And on similar mistries, we shall 'ave to strike for 'igher pay.

Ultra-skyentific Bobby may sound grand, but in a tussle

With BILL SIKES—the new or old one—give me common sense and muscle,

A steel saw drove by petroleum, wot then there French burglars used

For to crack the money-changer's safe, shows science much abused.

Stillsomever if you arm us Bobbies with ingenious fakes

From the Royal Hinstitution, it may turn out no great shakes.

"Open up a vista"? Ah! But wot if "happy-ratus" jib,

And Bobby's arm git 'out of gear whilst BILL is "opening up" a crib?

The "New Burglary," no doubt, like the "New Woman," is a bore;

But the "New Bobby," made to horder, might, perchance, prove no great score.

Portable batteries, instead of fists and truncheons, may sound prime;

But I should fidge about their busting in my pocket arf the time.

Even revolvers we ain't nuts on, pistols is contrairy things;

And new skyentific fakes, all tubes, and sparks, and screws, and springs,

Would give me the ditherums—straight! Look at them tubes of squeeze-up gas—

Hoxygyn, ain't it?—If they bust, you're just blowed up like BALAAM's ass!

I don't want galvanic shocks about me packed in brass or steel.

If I got 'em wrong end upwards, and went pop, 'ow should I feel?

Wouldn't BILL the Burglar bust—with larfter—at Policeman X

Parylised by 'is pocket-battery? Seeh new-fangled notions'wex!

If these "RÖNTGEN Rays" enable him to look through doors and shutters,

Likewise walls and burglars' bags, crib-crackers at their little flutters,

P'r'aps, might funk it. But suppose they're also fly to the new game?

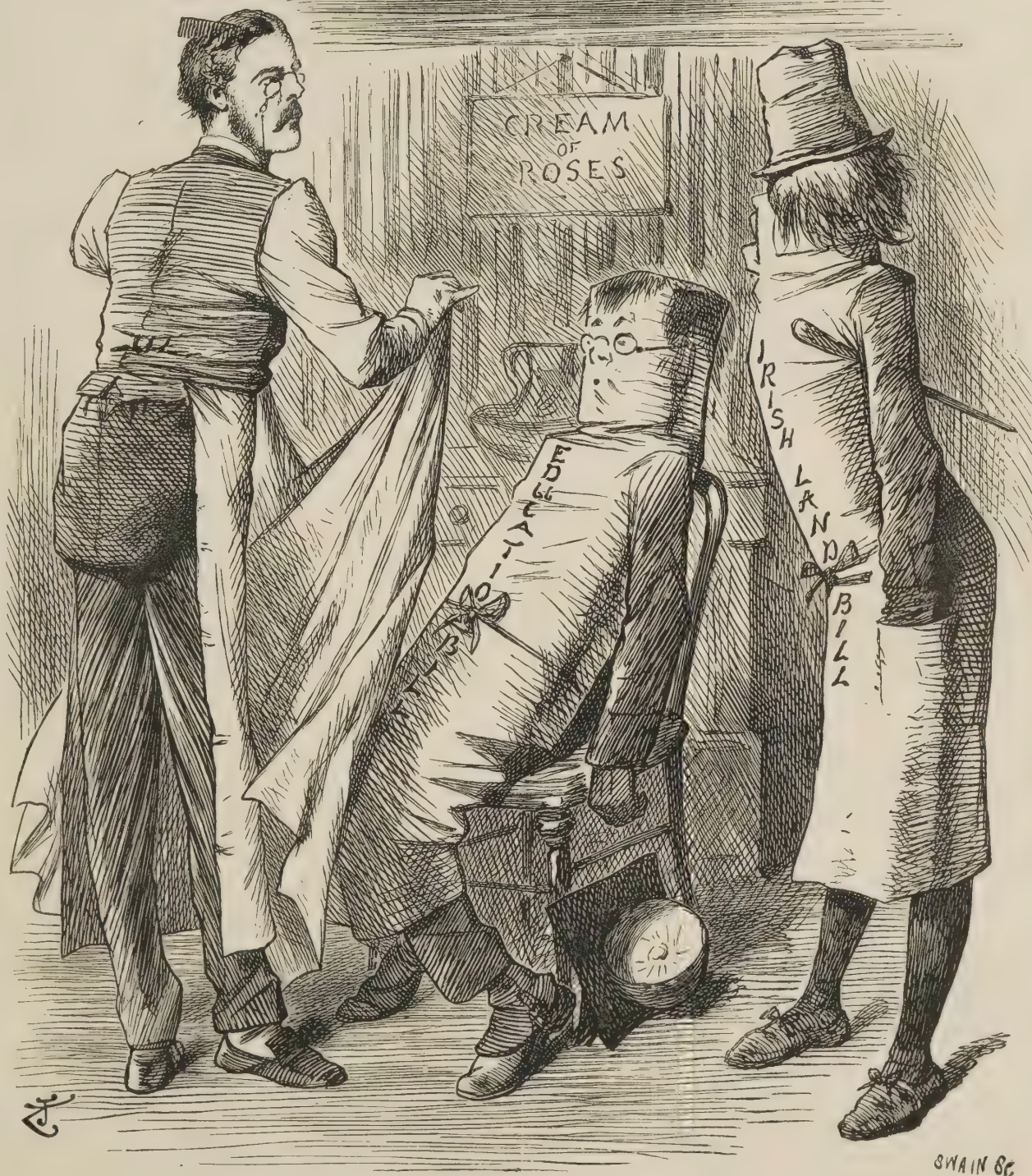
Skyence against skyence set might leave the hupshot much the same.

Wot you want to match a burglar after all gents, is a Man! [skyentific plan,

And the Perlice Force horganised on this new With their pockets full o' batteries, and the new (Pleaceman) "X ray"

Up their sleeves, might look himposing, but I've doubts if it would pay!

SOUNDS LIKE IT.—When one goes to pay a bill at the Horseferry Road Gas Office, why will it be a saving of time to buy your cocoa for breakfast there?—Because that company advertises as "The Gas Light and Coke Co."



“ONE AT A TIME.”

IRATE IRISH BILL. “SHURE I’VE BEEN WAITIN’ A DIVIL OF A TIME ”

HAIRDRESSER (MR. A. J. B-L-F-R—*blandly*). “BEG PARDON, SIR,—THIS GENTLEMAN FIRST!”

EDUCATION BILL (*rather nervous*). “NOT TOO MUCH OFF, PLEASE!”

WONDERS ON WHEELS.

(By an Old Beginner.)

Wonder if my doctor was right in ordering me to take this sort of exercise.

Wonder whether I look very absurd while accepting the assistance of an attendant who walks by my side and keeps me from falling by clutches at my waistbelt.

Wonder whether it would have been better to go to Hyde Park instead of Battersea.

Wonder whether the policeman, the postman, the nurse with the perambulator, the young lady reading the novel, and the deck passengers on the passing steamboat are laughing at me.

Wonder whether I shall keep on now that my attendant has let go.

Wonder whether the leading wheel will keep straight on until we have passed that lamp-post.

Wonder whether the next spill I have will be less painful than the last.

Wonder why mats are not laid down by the County Council in the roads for the comfort of falling cyclists.

Wonder why the cycle suddenly doubled up and landed me in the gutter.

Wonder whether the pretty girl in the hat, whose face is hidden by a novel, smiled at my misadventure.

Wonder whether the person who has just come to grief over yonder is using good language or words of an inferior quality.

Wonder whether my attendant is right in urging me to remount and have another try.



THE TURN COMPLIMENTARY.

She. "OH, FRED, MY HEAD DOES ACHE SO TO-DAY!"

He. "LUCKY!"

She. "LUCKY! OH, HOW BRUTAL OF YOU! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

He. "SHOWS YOU'VE GOT A HEAD. SO FEW WOMEN HAVE NOWADAYS!"

Wonder whether I look well wobbling.

Wonder whether the elderly spinster with the anxious manner and air of determination is really enjoying herself.

Wonder whether, when I have completed my first hour, I shall want another.

Wonder whether the imp of a boy will run with me.

Wonder whether my second fall in five minutes beats the record.

Wonder, considering the difficulty of progressing half a dozen paces in as many minutes, how those marvellous feats are performed at Olympia.

Wonder if I shall ever advance upon my present rate of speed, i.e., three-quarters of a mile an hour.

Wonder, finally, if the placards warning cyclists in Battersea Park against the dangers of "furious riding" can possibly be posted for my edification.

"Off Colour."

"Is life worth living?" poor

NARCISSA cried,

Finding youth's gold-tints from her tresses flying.

Gravely the jet-lock'd LALAGE replied,

(Placing a mystic bottle at her side),

"Not without dyeing!"

AB-SIRDAR NEWS FROM THE SOUDAN.—There is no truth in the report that Sir H. KITCHENER will attack the Dervishes with a *batterie de cuisine*.

JOURNALISM MADE EASY.

(Advice to Novices.)

HERE are a few paragraphs, which, like brown paper and string, will always "come in useful."

(1) "The Exhibition this year at the Royal Academy will be exceptionally brilliant it is said by those who have been privileged to inspect the studios of (mention names of President and leading R. A.'s and A. R. A.'s), and most of those exponents of the beauties of the brush who are not yet included within the Academic fold have very promising canvases in preparation. We need scarcely say that we allude to Messrs. (names of likely exhibitors). The Academy Banquet will be attended by an unusual number of Royal and other celebrities, including (give some certain guests)."

Mem.—A graceful allusion to the style of the P.R.A. may be made, but when dealing with a versatile genius avoid facts. Be careful to ascertain that the Academy Banquet will be held. Never give an unknown artist a lift. It will only make him more conceited than he is.

(2) "The supply of coal from Durham, Northumberland, the Midlands, and South Wales still continues undiminished, but in view of the large order given the other day by the (Russian, French, German, any nationality will do) Government, we would urge that some limit should be placed upon the exportation of that combustible, which is as invaluable to the householder as it is to the battle-ship. Perhaps Mr. (name of badgering patriot) or Mr. (name of would-be Minister) will raise this important question in the House."

Mem.—It is not absolutely necessary that any coal should have been ordered. If disposed to be friendly to the Prime Minister, admit that the matter is safe in his hands. If facetiously inclined—this is dangerous, however—suggest that a coal-owning M.P. should raise the question.

(3) "This is Midsummer Day, and never has the Clerk of the Weather given us greater proof of his versatility. It is many a long year since he supplied his anxious clients with such a spell of (sun-

shine, rain, brightness, or dullness). It has been observed that England has no fixed climate, and certainly facts go to prove the assertion. Scientists may disagree as to the cause, but in this year of grace that long-suffering man the British Farmer has no reason (or 'abundant reason') to complain of the meteorological phases. Recent reports made to the Board of Agriculture give a correct idea of the present (flourishing or deplorable) condition of the country."

Mem.—If the weather be satisfactory, offer congratulations to the British Farmer; if otherwise, assure him of your condolence. A very slight reference to the advantages of Light Railways might now and then be made.

(4) "It would be manifestly unfair to divulge any details of the new (play, drama, tragedy, comedy, comic opera, burlesque) which will be produced to-morrow night at the (state name) theatre, but this much we may say after witnessing the dress rehearsal, that no pains have been spared by the management to insure success. All London will anxiously await the verdict of the first-night audience. Misses (throw in names of leading actresses) and Messrs. (supply names of actors) ought not to complain of their opportunities. The scenery, by (name again), is most realistic, and the dresses, by (name once more), are truly magnificent."

Mem.—In the case of a "star" actor or actress, provide a substantial halo in advance, and suggest enormous booking for seats. Be careful of praising the piece beforehand lest it should turn out a failure.

To the Blue Primrose in Kew Gardens.

You once were yellow, fairest flower,

How came you by this stranger hue?

Is it because a robber shower

Brought down some drops of cloudless blue?

But oh! beware the unforeseen,

For blue and yellow give us green.

The Green's a common sight at Kew!



Young Bride, "DO YOU LET YOUR HUSBAND HAVE A LATCH-KEY, MRS. JONES?"
Mrs. Jones, "No, my dear; IT WOULD BE USELESS. I GIVE IT TO THE MILKMAN!"

TRUE BLUE.

(Mr. Punch welcometh Peace Portents from Philadelphia)

[It is said (by the *Daily Telegraph*) that a Philadelphia physician, after long personal experiments, has discovered, in his own veins, the real, genuine, and inimitable "blue-blood corpuscle." It is hoped that this corpuscle—only one has as yet been identified—will be carefully nourished. . . . In this way the "blue-blood" will be gradually extended throughout America.]

INFINITE azure! Prospect sweet!
America hath mind and muscle;
But JONATHAN will be bad to beat
Now he hath found that blue corpuscle.
Of blood that's red much hath been shed,
Although than water it be thicker;
But could we fight with veins full fed
By true blue ishor?

Forbid it heaven,—and dear DEBRET!
Forbid it Philadelphia sawbones!
Can blue-blood kin at odds be set
By MONROE or by Jingo jawbones?
Nay! CLEVELAND, SALISBURY, all the
crew,
Surely won't make two nations tussle,
Whilst in their veins both bear the true
"Blue-blood corpuscle!"

It cannot be! From sea to sea
Our poor old world will feel a shiver
Should Uncle SAM and old J. B.
Fight, with a blue (not a white) liver.
The very notion might amaze
Satan himself, in mood sardonic!
Scare CLEVELAND, and still further craze
The *Daily Chronicle*.

Only one blue corpuscle found?
That's sad! But do that one drop
nourish!
From Philadelphia all around
'Twill spread, and peace and joy shall
flourish!
Just fancy dear COLUMBIA's cry,
Just picture poor JOHN BULL's condition
If you should let that blue drop die
Of inanition!

Columbia, Punch spies a chance
That's better e'en than arbitration;
It makes his blue corpuscles dance
With extra azure animation,
Punch ever was your faithful friend,
He ever spake kind word for you, dear,
So let this true blue tie extend
Till all is blue, dear!

RESULT OF THE MUZZLING ORDER.—The
Cur-few Krell.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE EASTER LAMENT OF A MARRIED
TRAVELLER.

I'VE no wish for a holiday now. No! not I,
But I'm forced *volens volens* to roam.
To some horrible sea resort I must hie,
When I'm looking for comfort at home.
Here it is! where the beach boasts no bathing-
machine,
Where the wind cuts me through like a
knife,
Where the trees have an ever funereal green—
And I do it because of my wife.
It is she who reminds me that Easter days
bring
A revival of honeymoon joys;
And she talks about birds that must sing in
the Spring,
When the seagulls are raucous with noise.
So I have to put up with the smell of new
paint,
With the waiters, who can't understand;
And I bear with the air of an up-to-date saint
All the strains of an out-of-tune band.
There's the *table d'hôte*—oh! how I loathe the
repast,
With its dishes of dubious taste; [cast
Where the 'ARRYS their "h's" unfeelingly
Without recking of aspirate waste.
Where 'ARRIETS flock and complacently chew,
Garbed in gowns of iniquitous style.
It's a kind of a feeding-time sight at the
"Zoo,"
But I bear it, for her, with a smile.
I have travelled afar both by land and by sea,
And have wandered in many a clime,
But I never have felt such a longing to be
Safely back, as at this Easter time.
'Neath an African sun, in the snowy Wild
West
I've not thought of a civilized life;
And to-day, how I yearn for a haven of rest!
Yet a martyr, I'll not tell my wife!

SIMPLE AS SMOKE!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have discovered the
modus operandi of becoming a millionaire.
It is no visionary scheme, but one based on
solid facts and figures. If you refer to Sir
MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's statement, you will
find that the right hon. gentleman, while
being a non smoker, protests (to quote the
Times) "against the wastefulness of a prac-
tice involving the throwing away of one
million sterling a year in cigar and cigarette
ends!" And no doubt there are other sources
of loss in other directions. What are done
with the omnibus tickets when they have
been examined? What becomes of the crumbs
that fall from luncheon biscuits? Who col-
lects the dropped pins? Who utilises the
discarded steel pens? But to return to the
cigar and cigarette ends. Anyone we see,
with their assistance, can become at once a
millionaire. All he will have to do is—to
collect them! Yours, obediently,

A PHILANTHROPIST IN FIGURES.
Pipe Place, Tobacco.

Jenner-al Criticism on Gloucester.

GREAT FOODLE and NOODLE ONCE evolved!
A campaign against all vaccination;
Their tactical problem now is solved
By General Extermination.

SHAKESPEARE FOR TAMMANY.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this "Big New
York."

A RARE, OLD WINE

OLD crusted port, Sir, is the stuff
To make you wise and merry,
For he would be an awful duff-
-er who selected sherry.
Maderia if made cheaper would
Be certainly worth trying;
Your Rhenish wines I never should
Consider worth the buying.

Now Burgundy, I will admit,
Is worthy of attention,
Tho' connoisseurs have made of it
The *beaune* of much contention.
Good claret it is hard to find,
Unless you're an importer;
Vin ordinaire is, to my mind,
Like vinegar and water.

But here's a picture, caked in dust,
Now steady, do not shake it,
There's an aroma! there's a crust!
'Twould be a crime to break it:
A wine like this, you little thought
To pour into *your* throttle,
No finer vintage can be bought—
At one-and-three the bottle.

Then up arose the guest to post
A most important letter.
Thought he, "Such rare, old wine, good
host,
The rarer 'tis, the better!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 13.—
GEORGE WYNDHAM made to-night what, though not the best speech he has delivered since he sat for Dover, was certainly the most immediately effective. All his speeches are full of matter, admirably phrased, and with the making of a good delivery. But his more elaborate efforts have not succeeded in catching ear of House. For one thing they have been too elaborate, too lengthy, lacking in spontaneity. Moreover, by malign ill fortune they have always chanced to be essayed at unfortunate periods of a sitting, either in dinner-hour or towards close of debate already wearisomely long. On one occasion in last Parliament, having come down prepared with speech that was to blow up Ministry with dynamite force, matters took a sudden turn that, in interests of Opposition, called for suppression of the speech.

That not the only disappointment of a still young life. WYNDHAM served his party sedulously and effectively when in Opposition.



A THORNY SUBJECT!
Sir John Goss(e)t in blossom.



"WHERE DID YER SPEND YER 'OLIDAYS, BOB?"

"SOUF O' FRANCE, O' COURSE!"

His intimate personal relations with PRINCE ARTHUR, with whom he worked as unpaid Private Secretary, seemed to point him out for Ministerial office. Weighing in the balance his claims, capability, and suitability, against those of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS and Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS for example, PRINCE ARTHUR with Spartan inflexibility was bound to admit that his brilliant young friend was quite out of it. So WYNDHAM wended his way across what is not always the Styx of the Gangway, and, in the clearer atmosphere that broods over that part of House, perceives that whatever PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues in the Ministry do is not always right.

To-night, *à propos de bottes*, and talking of morning sittings on Tuesdays, he said so, to immense delight of gentlemen opposite, who would not have listened to him had he risen, as he might have done a year ago, to

demonstrate the inevitableness and real beneficence of the arrangement.

"A delicate and difficult part to play, that of below-the-Gangway-candid-friend," says the veteran SARK. "Looks so easy; has in several instances, more especially to be found on Front Opposition Bench, proved successful, that anyone thinks he can do it. As SILOMIO has discovered, it's harder than it looks. Requires certain supreme qualities quite distinct from glibness of speech. GRANDOLPH had these; so has DRUMMOND WOLFF; so has JOHN OF GORST; and so, of course, though they were not primarily developed below the Gangway, has PRINCE ARTHUR. An earlier generation displayed them in the person of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and his sometime brother freelance, now LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD. Later came DON JOSÉ starting from the same point. The Gangway is literally a

bridge, crossing which some men hasten by years the natural trend of their footsteps towards the Treasury Bench. But it is a narrow slip, an unrailed plank, bridging a gulf of permanent obscurity and deathless disappointment."

Business done.—Another Irish Land Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—"Never so astonished in all my life!" said Sir WILLIAM HOULDSWORTH, Bart., M.P., of Coodham, the Carlton and the Constitutional.

Only the o'her day THE BART. was in board-room of London and North-Western Railway. Question under discussion the carrying through Commons of Bill authorising widening of section of line between Chester and Holyhead.

"You leave it to me, dear boys," said THE BART., hitching up his coat-tails and standing in favourite attitude before board-room fire. "I'll see the thing through. Not anything by way of oratory in the House, you know." (Lord STALBRIDGE, Lord RATHMORE, Lord LOCH, T. H. ISMAY, and other directors: "Yes! Yes!") "No, dear boys," said THE BART., drawing an inch nearer the fire and shaking his head. "I know exactly what I can do. I'm not a GLADSTONE; never was a BRIGHT; but I know all the ropes of the House, and if there's a man in it can get a private Bill through, his name is WILLIAM HENRY HOULDSWORTH."



"Never so astonished in all my life!"
(Sir W. H.-ldsw-rth.)

Bill came on at morning sitting to-day. THE BART., suffusing neighbourhood of corner seat above Gangway with air of benignant prosperity and calicoe-at-paying prices, moved second reading. Expected it to pass this stage straight away, any objection occurring to presumptuous men being deployed in Committee. Unfortunately for THE BART., Irish Members just brought over in large numbers for Land Bill. Nothing to do this afternoon. Thought they'd have a lark with London and North-Western Railway. The Company refuse to attach third-class carriages to mail trains. Irish Member crossing and re-crossing to attend Parliamentary duties, bang goes a five-pound note.

North-Western want to run a little Bill through the House, do they? Irish Members block the line. FIELD in great form. Has put on clean shirt-front; lavished an extra penn'orth of hair-oil on his ambrosial locks; cut another button off his waistcoat, so that it may fold an inch lower down; thrusts a cambric pocket-handkerchief in his manly bosom; and in voice of thunder declares it "absurd, in the middle of the nineteenth century," that there should be no third-class carriages on the limited mail.

TIM HEALY in most truculent mood. Others chime in; Welsh Members lend a hand. To inexperienced eye things look serious. THE BART. unmoved.

"Leave 'em to me," he murmured. "I'll settle 'em."

So he moved closure.

The Old Man of the Land. "We ain't doon so badly aout o' yon Boodget-me, an' t'maas-ter, an' t'paarson!"

and directed the storm through three divisions. Been a hard fight, but had got the second reading of Bill. Whilst mopping forehead, and thinking proudly what they'd say in the board-room, he observed LLOYD-GEORGE on his feet. His interposition nothing to him. Had got his Bill read second time; might now rest from his labours. Startled by hearing his name, LLOYD-GEORGE was moving that his vote be disallowed, seeing that he was pecuniarily interested in

question submitted to House! THE BART. gasped for breath. No joke this; meant seriously; SPEAKER, appealed to, ruled motion in order; commotion on all the benches; PRINCE ARTHUR hurriedly sent for; TIM HEALY seconded amendment in voice trembling with indignation as he contemplated "hon. Members, going out into division lobby, rubbing shoulders with interested persons." Calls for THE BART. He rises a very different person from successful general of only ten minutes ago. Would hardly be recognised in Euston Square. If there was a fire in the room, would no more think of standing with his back to it than he would of getting into the SPEAKER's chair.

Admitted his directorship, but pathetically pleaded that his pecuniary interest in the company was very small. This said, SPEAKER directed him to withdraw. Forth he went like whipped

schoolboy, JOHN WILLIAM (MAC-LURE) dropping silent tear of sympathy as he remembered how he, too, had once suffered in similar circumstances.

"What a world it is!" JOHN WILLIAM said, his voice choked with emotion and dry sherry. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow! Yes, waiter, give me another."

Business done.—Sir WILLIAM HOULDSWORTH, Bart., gets into a sad mess.

Thursday.—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD thought he had done pretty well leaving his successor in Downing Street little legacy of six millions and a half to set new Government up in life. A little taken aback to-night to hear himself reproved by HICKS-BEACH. "The triumph of a Chancellor of the Exchequer," said that high authority, "is when the exchequer receipts agree with his estimates." "Instead of which," as the judge said, SQUIRE had so seriously under-estimated his receipts, that there was a balance to the good of a trifle over four millions even after the store had been heavily looted for supplementary estimates.

At this recollection MICHAEL'S mood melted. Didn't want to pain the right hon. gentleman; was even grateful to him. Nevertheless, bound to point out that the tide had turned in June, which, by strange coincidence,

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow!"
(“J-hn W-ll-m” M-cl-re.)

was the very month that saw defeat of Liberal Government, and preceded the dawn of Conservative supremacy. Up to that epoch revenue had actually fallen off. Following on it, income had advanced by leaps and bounds. During existence of Liberal Government, well-to-do people from whose estate dropped fatness in the shape of Death Duties, declined to die. Once the Conservatives in, millionaires, chan'ing *nunc dimittis*, departed in groups, swelling the revenues accordingly.

"Providence, as usual, on the side of the big battalions," said the SQUIRE, repressing a sob. *Business done.*—Budget brought in.

Friday.—Lament sometimes made that palmy days of Irish membership are no more. New times, new men, new manners. One rare flash from below Gangway bids us hope. Mr. MURNAGHAN—melodiously murmurous name—on his legs discussing private Bill. Proposed to step aside and say a few words on the Orange controversy. SPEAKER gently pointed out that that was a topic scarcely cognate to matter formally before the House.

"I obey your ruling, Mr. SPEAKER," said Mr. MURNAGHAN, with fine rich brogue, "and I will just reiterate what I was going to say."

For the exquisite workmanship of unpremeditated art the record of Sir BOYLE ROCHE, apocryphal and real, contains nothing to beat this.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee of Supply.

Tip for Teachers.

'Tis one of Popular Education's dolours
That Board Schools badly ruled lead to bored scholars!
Where genial wisdom checks the prig's vagary,
And love looks after little BOB or MARY,
Scholars, as well as schools, are voluntary.





DOGS AS "TIGERS."

(The very latest innovation in smart Cycling circles.)

N.B.—The Dog not only lends brilliance to equipage by his liveried presence, but guards the machine, in the absence of his master or mistress, against that ubiquitous miscreant, the cycle thief.

THAT GAME OF GOLF.

No. III.

WELL, the row being over, and the objectionable parties gone, we continued, that is, POFFLES, SLOGUM, and myself. All more or less ruffled, as you may imagine if you remember the scene I described in the previous number. We managed to get through the next four holes somehow without coming to blows, although it was wonderful what a number of strokes it required. I saw POFFLES slogging away in one place for about a quarter of an hour, swearing all the time; it was a sort of ditch, with stones in it, and he drove every mortal thing out of that ditch except his ball, including about a cart-load of earth. I couldn't think why he should choose that ditch to play in.

SLOGUM was not much better; and as for my ball, it went on in the most extraordinary way. Sometimes it went round to the left, and sometimes to the right; but mostly it stayed where it was, or hopped a yard or two. One of my caddies said I ought to "take a bit of the turf with it," and the other said I played "too much of a cricket stroke"; and a man who was looking on said he thought I didn't hit hard enough, and smiled. Sometimes I got a bit mad with it, and then I always used the niblick, and that generally fetched it along together with some square feet of turf and a shovelful of mud and stones.

POFFLES and SLOGUM argued all the time, but I couldn't understand what they said. SLOGUM said he didn't like POFFLES' "style" at all; that he hadn't any "swing" to speak of, and didn't "go through with it"; and POFFLES said that it was better to have his style than to have none at all, like SLOGUM; and then SLOGUM got riled, and whenever POFFLES got in a bad place, which he did mostly all the time, SLOGUM would go and watch him, and offer him sarcastic advice.

While they were slanging each other I got into more trouble, too. I didn't know exactly where the next hole was, and it didn't seem to me to matter much, so I just played about on the best grass I could find. My caddies got tired of offering me different clubs, as I stuck to my

niblick, so they went off and played cards under a tree. POFFLES had got into another ditch, as far as I could see, and SLOGUM was showing him how to "loft" a ball out of six inches of mud.

Well, while I was practising with the niblick, I found a beautiful new ball which I picked up and put in my pocket, and not far off there was another one, which I also picked up, and looked round to see if there were any more. Presently an old gentleman comes up, with a flaming red face and his eyes starting out of his head, and stutters out, "What the blank blank do you mean by picking up my ball?" So I said it wasn't his ball, and that I had found it. That seemed to make him worse, and he got so mad that he couldn't speak, and another man behind him came up and said I had better "put the balls down and get off the green," or he'd break my head first and report me to the committee afterwards. Then I got angry, and was just telling them what I thought of them, when POFFLES and SLOGUM came up, and said I was a fool and took the balls away and gave them to the old gentleman; but even that didn't satisfy him, as he kept turning back and swearing at us at intervals as he went away, and muttering something about losing a medal through a darned jackanapes who didn't know a golf ball from a mushroom. The other man appeared to be trying to console him with some remarks about "Dormie 4," and the "rub of the green," but what he was driving at I don't know, as the green didn't seem to me to be rubbed anywhere, and if it was I hadn't done it. In fact I couldn't see what was the matter at all, and POFFLES and SLOGUM talked so fast and made such a noise that I couldn't hear what they said, so I said I should go home, as it seemed to me a silly sort of game, in spite of the niblick, and I was fairly mad too.

We agreed to play one more hole, however, and the drive was over a large pond. POFFLES drove first, and got beautifully into the middle of the pond, and SLOGUM did the same thing. Then POFFLES said they would both drive again; which they did, and they put two more balls into the pond, and then two more after that. I began to think the hole must be in the pond somewhere, but I wasn't sure. Then POFFLES said he could get the balls out if SLOGUM would help him; and they both got into a kind of punt, and floated out, and POFFLES scraped about after the balls, while SLOGUM steered the punt. Then, just as POFFLES was reaching after a ball, he lost his balance, and clutched at SLOGUM, and they both went wallop into the pond together, and fought each other in the water. I didn't know if this was part of the game, but the caddies and I enjoyed it thoroughly; and then we hauled them out, and they were a sight for the gods.

After this we went back to the kit-cat room, and changed, and had dinner. POFFLES and SLOGUM were quite pleased with themselves, and talked so much about their strokes, that I came to the conclusion I had missed some extraordinary play by not watching them closely enough; but, though I had not covered myself with glory in the same way, yet I felt I had spent quite a lively afternoon, and it would be a long time before I forgot that game of Golf.

AFTER THE PLAY WAS OVER.

SCENE—Smoking-room in the Parthenon. PRESENT—The customary habitués.

Novice (country member). What do you think of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's new piece, *The Rogue's Comedy*?

Old Playgoer (member of twenty years' standing). It recalled to me many pleasant memories.

Young Playgoer (just elected). Speak for yourself. The character of Mr. Bailey Prothero was quite new.

Old Playgoer. To you, my dear lad; but you never saw Got as Mercadet and CHARLEY MATHEWS in the *Game of Speculation*.

Young Playgoer. But surely the sudden rise to fortune of the Rogue, and the as sudden fall, were quite original?

Old Playgoer. So you imagine in your inexperience.

Young Playgoer. And the notion of making Bailey Prothero spare his son the knowledge of his disgraceful past was fresh?

Old Playgoer. Not entirely, because Madame de Fontaine was equally reticent to her son in *Long Ago*, and Odette was as kind to her daughter in the play to which she gave the title.

Young Playgoer. And surely Mr. Robert Cushing, as the confederate and sneak, was a novel creation?

Old Playgoer. Would have been had not Robert Macaire introduced Jacques Strop.

Young Playgoer. But, come, the piece was interesting?

Old Playgoer. Certainly. Oh yes. Certainly.

Novice. Then if you agree upon that point you will accompany me to the *Rogue's Comedy* at the Garrick?

Both Playgoers (hurriedly). Thanks; but we have seen it once! [Curtain.]



"STRATFORD ON WASHINGTON."

Punch (to *Shakespeare*). "SIR, HOW LIKE YOU THIS LETTER?"

Shakespeare. "THE PRESIDENT PROTESTS TOO MUCH METHINKS!"

"Surely if English speech supplies the token of united effort for the good of mankind and the impulse of an exalted international mission, we do well to honour fittingly the name and memory of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE."—*Letter from President Cleveland, read at the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club on the Thirty-second annual Shakspeare Commemoration. Vide "Times," April 22.*

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE ROMANTIC GUARDSMAN TO A DIVINITY
AT HAWTHORN HILL.

ON Hawthorn Hill we meet to-day,
And pic-nic 'mid the springtide sheen,
Where dainty promises of May
Are given by the April green;
Where dame and damsel deck the stand,
And blossom-girt the paddock grace;
They love the luncheon and the band,
And lamblike gamble on each race.

From near and far, on pleasure bent,
They've flock'd to see the equine strife,
And so to Berkshire fields is lent
A passing thrill of London life.
This is the morning of the year!
The starting of a new campaign!
And Coldstream, Scot, and Grenadier
Bring sunshine with a deal of rein!

And you, the fairest maid of all,
Make music with your merry tones!
You laugh to see the riders fall,
And never think of broken bones!
Of life-guards you might have your choice—
Your spirits would not stand the "blues"—
Too well I know how you rejoice
To fence a question—yet refuse.

The day is done, and once again
You've waved your hand and smiled
"adieu!"

Still in the rumbling of the train
Hope sings a song that tells of you.
Love in a cottage! 'twould be heaven!
We will not care for wealth or rank!—
Great CÆSAR's ghost! it's nearly seven!
And I'm on duty at the Bank!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE?

THE eye of *Mr. Punch*, rolling as usual in a fine Imperial frenzy over land and sea, losing sight of nothing that makes for the greatness of our glorious empire, has not failed to rest for a moment upon the special number of the *Navy League Journal* for the current month, in which novel and brilliant ideas abound. The most brilliant of all flash from the editorial pages, for which the *Navy League* itself is responsible. A truly noble spirit animates these official pages, for although the British sailor receives the highest praise, even the British soldier is, in a sense, recognised as a sort of brother. "England's soldiers are England's sons, though their coats are red instead of blue." Why they should be blue is not stated. As it is obviously by birth that both soldiers and sailors become England's sons, it is hard perhaps to see why it is a reproach to the soldier to be "red instead of blue." We have it on high authority that the son of *Dombey* was born very red, and this may probably be some excuse for the young soldier. But the *Navy League* considers that he should be blue, and certainly the gallant record of the Blues gives some encouragement to its idea.

We pass to higher matters. "For generations past," says the *Navy League*, "the horizon spread before the eyes of our young manhood has been almost boundless in extent, and the field for the exercise of their energies and for the cultivation of all the nobler powers of the mind, almost limitless." Surely the grandeur of these thoughts must be apparent to everyone who pays himself the compliment of reading *Punch*! Cavillers may object that an horizon "spread out" and "almost boundless" must have been a curious object for our young manhood to have gazed upon; but no exception can possibly be taken



Photographer. "I THINK THIS IS AN EXCELLENT PORTRAIT OF YOUR WIFE."
Mr. Smallreed. "I DON'T KNOW—SORT OF REPOSE ABOUT THE MOUTH THAT SOMEHOW DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT."

to the idea of "the eyes of our young manhood" exercising their energies in a field, or to these same "eyes" cultivating the nobler powers of the mind! Other great propositions are presented for our acceptance. For example, "England is surrounded by the sea," to which only the Scotch and the Welsh can object; while even they, and the Irish too, may acquiesce in the undoubted truth that "every native of our Islands is at heart a sailor"—which the *League* has discovered, we may state, without resort to Röntgen rays. But it is when we come to more practical matters that the ideas of the *League* become most valuable. Unhappily we have space but for one specimen. "We want," says the Editor, "small ships of good speed, fitted with moderate sail power, with masts and yards that could be landed if necessary, for police purposes." We do! Many of us have lamented the abandonment of sail power in H.M.'s ships; but now that so responsible a body as the *Navy League* has had the sagacity to see that masts and yards may be landed, if necessary, for police purposes, even the Board of Admiralty will not, we feel confident, persist in sending men-of-war to sea without a proper force of masts and yards on board for service on shore when necessary.

SONG OF THE RATELESS LAND.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF SALIS(BURY).

AIR—"Song of the Silent Land."

On to the Rateless Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Tory and Liberal Unionists together
(Whilst ROSEBERRY'S wreck lies shattered on
the strand)
Will lead us gently hand-in-hand
Thither, O thither
On to the Rateless Land!
On to the Rateless Land!
To you, ye rural regions
Of CHAPLIN'S preference, Bright and hope-
ful visions
Haunt the Protectionist! The Union band,
ARTHUR and JOSEPH, who together stand,
Will strew Hope's beauteous blossoms
Over the Rateless Land!

O, Land! O, Land!
Late! so broken-hearted
At Corn Laws smashed, and rubbishing
Allotments.
JOK, with inverted policy, doth stand
To pour wealth, from the Cockney hand,
(Blest boon 'twixt Squire and Parson parted
On to the Rateless Land!

PLAYING "YORKERS."

The Gay Parisienne, libretto by GEORGE DANCE and music by IVAN CARYLL. What combination of names in connection with the authorship of a musical piece could be happier than those of DANCE and CAROL? With Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD out of Drury Lane melo-



The "New Woman" at the Duke of York's.

drama and pantomime, Mr. DENNY, late of the Savoy and elsewhere, and Mr. FRANK WHEELER particularly good as a French spy (especially when he sings in plain English, without any trace of foreign accent), the ball is kept up. But it would come to the ground were it not for the sprightly Miss ADA REEVE singing and dancing as the *Gay Parisienne*, quite the ideal of "perpetual motion," and the fascinations of the fascinating daughter of the Major, represented by Miss VIOLET ELLICOTT. Then the stately Miss EDITH STUART, and other ladies, who can act a little, sing a little, dance a little, and do generally very well a little of everything, all contribute towards the general success.

Besides, there is that extraordinary little person, Miss LOUIE FREEAR, representing a maid-of-all-work with plenty of play, and reminding everyone forcibly of HABLIT K. BROWNE's goblinish presentment of the *Marchioness*, who, after being bullied and starved by the *Brasses*, was finally washed, costumed, and made presentable in order to become *Mrs. Swiveller*. Miss LOUIE FREEAR's eccentricities have "caught on," and the house, without exception, applauds to the echo, and redemands five times over this queer little lady's song and her dances. With regard to the overpowering humour of this performance I find myself in a distinct minority. But then, I have the bad taste not to be amused by "LITTLE TICH," let him do his very quaintest. And though Miss FREEAR is by no means a LITTLE TICH, yet there is something uncanny and goblinish about her in this "make-up" which is not to my taste. But that it is to the taste of the public is evident, and what's the odds as long as the public is happy?

Mr. IVAN CARYLL's music throughout is light and catchy, but I consider that of his first act is the better. I suppose Mr. CARYLL was compelled to do a "plantation song," and this being so, he has successfully introduced into it as much novelty as possible, in order to differentiate it from other plantation songs, notably "*My Honey*," sung by MAY YOHE. To do something new successfully in this line is a triumph, and composer, as well as Miss ADA REEVE and chorus, well earn the encore awarded them. As to the plot—well, there is a plot, but you must get a detective to go with you and discover it.

The piece, which is in two acts, beginning at eight and ending at eleven, yields a good three hours' entertainment of the Variety-Dramatic-Operatic sort. It can be renewed from time to time with "a little song here and a little song there," being so constructed as to admit the introduction of any possible dance, song, speech, or dialogue, not having the remotest connection with anything that has gone before or anything that may follow. You come away without a headache, without a side-ache, but, thank you, you've had a very pleasant evening.

LITIGATION IN ENGLAND v. QUARRELLING "MADE IN GERMANY."

(Extract from a Coming Romance, "*The Law's Rival*.")

"SELECT your weapon," said the second.

"Must I really contest this matter?" was the query the unfortunate principal put in reply.

"I am afraid, yes. But you have your choice. Either will do. But one must be chosen."

"Perhaps you can describe them," said the unwilling principal, anxious to gain time.

"With pleasure. This piece of paper is a summons. When you have received it you will be at liberty to reply. You see, you are accused of certain actions bringing with them the possible penalty of heavy damages."

"You say 'possible penalty'; perhaps there is a chance of escape?"

"I am afraid not. You see, you depend upon counsel, judge, and jury, and the odds are against the defendant. You may not be quite fit when you enter the witness box, the barrister entrusted with your cause may be 'devilish' for a more learned and yet absent brother, the judge may be pigheaded, and the jury obstinate. It is as likely as not that the verdict may be against you, and then you will be mulcted in damages, and have to pay two heavy bills of costs."

"And I may be anxious for weeks?"

"Don't stop at weeks—say months. You will go through tortures of doubt and mistrust. And, until it is all over, you will never be able to call your banking account your own."

"And the alternative?" demanded the principal.

"Oh, that is simple enough. It is a German custom. You stand at so many paces distant—and fire. You may certainly find it awkward; but then you are saved from a good deal of agitation and suspense."

The yet reluctant quarreller paused. He glanced first at the paper, and then at the firearm.

"Give me the pistol," he said, at length.

"I think you have decided wisely," replied his second.

And the admission was all the more remarkable, as the last speaker was a solicitor. And not only remarkable, but reprehensible. Of course regarding the matter from a professional point of view.

THE SPRING CLEANING.

BY TOO HARD TIPPLING.

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THERE was a spirit of restlessness abroad among the Bungle People. The males looked at each other uneasily, but spake not, wandering hither and thither aimlessly, while their customary cheerfulness was replaced by a gloom—a heavy, dreadful gloom. Indeed, it was as though Fear had spread the shadow of his terrible wings over them. They were cowed, if not crushed, taking no interest in anything; even their betting-books remained unopened; the races tempted them not; and the jovial Bukmahkrs mourned. They assembled in the Klubb Groves—where they were wont to resort for noisy discussion of Bungle matters, or for abuse of their common enemy, the monster Inkumtaks—and consulted together awe-struck and in whispers. Only PAH PHAMILIAS once raised his voice to exclaim, in bitter anguish, "Alas! alas! my poor brethren, IT is upon us; let us resign ourselves to the annual season of woe." And a general groan followed. Some, courting slumber, buried their heads in the luxurious leaves of the Times Tree; others sought solace in copious draughts from the exhilarating Beeaness Brook which fizzed near at hand.

Now MAH PHAMILIAS and all those of her sex became exceedingly busy, and assumed airs of the utmost importance. No longer did they treat the better-half with usual tenderness and consideration; but made his home uninhabitable, driving him from corner to corner till he knew not where he was. For it was the season when the Female, with her 'Ousemayds and Pahlamayds, is allowed by the inexorable laws of Bungle to have full power over her consort and his habitation. During the time of the Spring Cleaning she is supreme; and none may gainsay her. All the man population of Bungle suffered alike. "Mimsy" and forlorn they remained long hours in the Klubb Groves; but the Bhilyards were lonesome; only the Brook bubbled on. Once PAH PHAMILIAS actually forgot the sadness of the season. Joyfully howling the songs of his youth, he returned to his lair long after the Mylk Bird—whose shriek is a terror—had passed upon its rounds. And MAH PHAMILIAS—who, like the rest of her tribe, loathed the Klubb Groves, fearing the fascinating influence of the Beeaness Brook, and would have had them destroyed—was very wroth with him, upbraiding him for a "heartless wretch to come home at that hour; and wasn't he ashamed of himself?" But PAH PHAMILIAS only smiled vaguely, and murmured, "Sprinclean." Then he stumbled upstairs. And how he suffered the next day, and found the season of the Spring Cleaning more trying than ever must serve for yet another story.



ACCORDING TO THAT HAPPY VOYAGER SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

ALL sun, no cloud; all joy, no grief:
There is no pique at Tenerife.

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW ORDER.—C.B., Commander of the Bicycle.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Proficient Bicyclist. "WELL, OLD CHAP, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON?"
Commencing Bicyclist. "THANK YOU, NOT BADLY; BUT I FIND I CAN GET OFF BETTER."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

SPRING IN OUR VILLAGE.

IN the beautiful weather that Heaven has sent us during these last days Spring has indeed been rushing in upon us with Summer bearing her train. Where only lately gaunt and forbidding boughs tossed sorrowfully in the bleak winds, and the hedgerows were bare and black, there has come, first, a timid glint of delicate green, and then a glorious effulgence. The orchards have taken on their shimmering white robes, and velvet lawns, unparched as yet by any fierce heat, invite the casual saunterer. Life itself seems to have put away all effort, and resigns itself in calm contentment to the cool breath of the morning breeze.

HERE, in our quiet village, we seem to have made up our minds to bask and enjoy ourselves. Existence with us lies apart from the stress and struggle of the great world where Ministries battle and diplomatists indite despatches, where the loud roar of the Stock Exchange fills the air, and the street-musician exercises his woeful calling, where the peaks of Society tempt the armies of the envious to attack, and peace is shattered amid the clash of causes and questions and movements. Of these an echo reaches us now and again, as when we elect our Parish Council, or muzzle our dogs in obedience to the alarmed authorities of our county, but for the most part, as I say, we bask and enjoy ourselves, and feel the stir of spring in our veins without any furious desire to burst away from the easy trammels of our little conventions. Yet it is certainly strange that the dwellers in cities coming for a day or two into our remoteness do not always see and hear as we do. It was only the other day that my friend PRYCE-LYSTER (guard yourself carefully, if you wish for his goodwill, from substituting an "i" for a "y" in his name), who had come to me for a breath of country air, arrived in the breakfast-room on his first morning here with a haggard and desperate expression. "My dear GEORGE," said I, with some concern, "what is the matter with you? You look as if you hadn't slept a wink." "Slept!" he answered, bitterly; "how the deuce is a man to sleep when the blessed sun comes dancing in at his windows in the middle

of the night, and two confounded larks howl and scream outside all the time?" Saying which he plunged morosely into his correspondence from the City, and only broke his silence to say he feared that business would call him back earlier than he had anticipated.

I SAW the father of the village sunning himself outside his garden-gate yesterday. How this venerable old gentleman acquired the parental position which our universal consent has assigned to him, I have never been able to discover; for there are in the village men who have not only lived there longer, but are older in years. No doubt the possession of his little freehold counts for something, and a certain old-world courtliness of manner, a hearty friendliness bearing up gallantly under the weight of age, a genial address, a nice conduct of the sturdy stick that supports his steps—all these have their influence. Whatever be the cause, he is acknowledged as the father of the village. It is rumoured of him that he is an Oxford man, and that he once wrote a book. For myself, I have never ventured either to doubt or to inquire into these statements. I accept them as part of the atmosphere in which a father of a village should move and have his being. The salutations we exchange, though always friendly, have never declined into a flippant familiarity. "Good morning, Mr. JACKSON; how pleasant these warm mornings are." "That they are, Sir: it's a God's blessing to be able to move about again without being frozen." "I trust Mrs. JACKSON is better." "Thank you, Sir, she is no worse; we hope that the coming summer may bring her back to health." Such in the past has been the manner of our brief interviews.

BUT on this particular morning I hesitated to approach the kindly old gentleman, for the cold winds of March had broken down his invalid wife's resistance, and ten days before she had been carried to her rest in our little churchyard. Since then I had not seen him, for he had shut himself up in his home to mourn over his loss, and no one had dared to disturb his sorrow. However, I judged he would not resent a friendly word, so I went up to him. "Mr. JACKSON," I began, "I was deeply grieved—" "Thank you, Sir," said the old man, "thank you, but don't say any more. I don't think I could bear it. Ah, Sir, you don't know what it is to me. Forty years we were together, forty years and never an angry word. Look at my little house, Sir; isn't it bright and pretty, with the creepers growing over it, and the windows open to the sun? Well, Sir, to me it's dark, quite dark. I've been through all the rooms over and over again; but I can't bear to stay in it any longer. Forty years, Sir—think of it. Always kind and good. I wish I had gone first; but then, what would she have done? No, it's better as it is, perhaps; but it's a hard blow, and I'm an old man—too old to bear such a blow. What a woman she was! You should have seen her, Sir, when we were both young"—he raised his head, and drew himself up—"always bright and cheerful, always busy, till she took ill. But I was there to help her, and attend to her. And now—Ah, well, Sir, thank you for your kindness; but you see it's hard for an old man to bear." He turned away, his face streaming with tears, and walked slowly up the gravel walk. "Thank you, Sir, it was good of you to speak to me; but forty years is a long time, and I can't forget all she was to me."

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

II.—THE GOOSEBERRY.

IN praise of wall-fruit I am dumb, For me the peach may rot, For me unheeded bloom the plum, Safe hang the apricot. With JESS I've brotherly disputes, We never can agree, About the most delightful fruit— The gooseberry for me.	And as for cherries, I refuse The sweetest Kentish "hearts," Red currants I will only use With raspberries in tarts: No apple tempts me as a rule, However crisp it be, I do not care for rhubarb "fool"— The gooseberry for me.
The early strawberry I hate, A hot-house <i>tour de force</i> , The vine I'd even extirpate Without the least remorse: A pineapple's peculiar charm I never yet could see, A humbler fruit must bear the palm— The gooseberry for me.	So, when AMANDA comes to stay In summer-time with JESS, We often down the garden stray, A trio, I confess. And JESS (dear JESS goes off to look For pears—a special tree That grows in some far distant nook— The gooseberry for me!

CORRECT DEFINITION OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN TERRITORY
 BEHIND OUR AFRICAN COLONIES.—Hinder-land.



IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Lady Member of the Girls' Friendly Society. "I WANT TO SEE HARRIET BROWN. IS SHE IN?"
Page-boy (pointing to area gate). "VISITORS FOR MISS BROWN THAT WAY, PLEASE."

NEW RULES FOR CYCLISTS.

I.—WHAT SOME OTHER PEOPLE WOULD LIKE.

CYCLING to be included in the prohibitory clauses of the "Spurious Sports" Bill.

Every cycle-rider to pay a tax of fifty per cent. on the total income that he would have if every mile ridden brought him in a sovereign, and every tinkle of his bell a ten-pound note.

Nobody to cycle without a license, issued by the Governor of Newgate, after a fortnight's strict examination (on bread and water) in elementary mechanics, advanced hydrostatics, riding on the head down an inclined plane, and the *obiter dicta* of all the Judges on compensation in accident cases.

Any person found riding without such a

license to receive a minimum penalty of ten years' penal servitude, followed by police supervision for the rest of his natural life.

If caught on, with, or under a cycle within fifty miles of any town of five thousand inhabitants, the culprit to be fined a hundred guineas and bound over in his own recognisances to abandon cycling and take to golf instead.

When a cyclist on any road sees, or has reason to believe that he might see if he chose to look, any horse, cart, carriage, gig, or other vehicle, or any pedestrian approaching, he (or she) to instantly dismount, run the machine into the nearest ditch, and kneel in a humble and supplicating attitude till the said horse, cart, &c., has got at least a mile away.

Every cyclist to be presumed, in all legal proceedings, to be a reckless idiot and on the

wrong side of the road, unless he can bring conclusive evidence to the contrary.

All tourists on wheels to report themselves at every police station they pass. If unvaccinated, they may be taken to the nearest doctor and compulsorily inoculated with any old lymph or "anti-cyclin serum" he may have handy. Baptismal certificates to be carried in the bag or on the person: penalty for non-compliance, twenty-five lashes with a pneumatic cat, well laid on.

II.—WHAT ALL CYCLISTS WOULD LIKE.

Cyclists to be given a special track on all roads, quite half the width of the thoroughfare, and well asphalted: the expense to be met by a general tax on vehicles propelled otherwise than by foot.

In case of any accident, coachmen and car-drivers to be bound over to keep the pieces, and supply a brand-new machine.

All vehicles of every description to at once skedaddle up side streets when a lady cyclist is desecrated in the offing on a main road.

No bells, horns, or lamps in future to be required. Pedestrians to keep to the sidewalks or take the consequences. Cyclists to have the right to use the sidewalks as much as they like, and at any pace.

The City streets to be cleared of traffic and left as practising-grounds for new wheelmen and wheelwomen.

Rate-supported stations (with free meals) for blowing up burst tyres to be provided on all roads.

Cycles (and cyclists) to travel free by rail.

And, finally, any person reasonably suspected of not owning a cycle or being about to get one to pay a fine of five thousand pounds to the Exchequer, be handed over to the Lunacy Commissioners, and detained during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure.

GRASSE.

O GRASSE, I thought that thou wast sweet,
 So sweet to eye and nose alike!
 I started, eager for the treat,
 By train much slower than a bike.

Thy train from charming Cannes I see
 Is meant, by its delay, to call
 Attention to the fact that we
 Had better never go at all.

I climbed thy hill, as I was told
 Thy view was marvellously fine;
 Thy barracks, frightful to behold,
 Would spoil a view much more divine.

I saw thy dusty, dismal streets,
 Thy graceless church, and then I went
 To see the sweetest of thy sweets,
 A manufactory of scent.

Alas, sweet perfumes of the rose
 Or lily I had not to face!
 An oily smell assailed my nose.
 The scent of Grasse is scent of *graisse*.

O dusty, evil-smelling town,
 O grassless, graceless Grasse, all *graisse*,
 I do not want to run thee down,
 But thou art not a pleasant place!

Then, luckless wretch, quite bored by thee,
 I sought thy station to await
 Thy train, which always seems to be
 Three quarters of an hour late.

One moment's joy was mine that day;
 It was when thy belated train,
 O Grasse, at last took me away!
 I never shall come back again!

TURFOLOGY.—"The chance of *St. Frusquin* winning the Derby is threatened by *Teufel*." Evidently "the Devil a saint would be."



“THE HORSE AND THE LOADED ASS.”

“A MAN WHO KEPT A HORSE AND AN ASS WAS WONT IN HIS JOURNEY TO SPARE THE HORSE AND PUT ALL THE BURDEN UPON THE ASS’S BACK.”

[See Right Hon. Henry Ch-pl-n’s edition of “Æsop’s Fables”—to be continued.]

THE MOUNTED PEDESTRIAN'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled by a Prejudiced Promenader who Objects to Cycles in the Park.)

Question. Is the new manner of riding in the Drive attractive?

Answer. Certainly not; as the up-to-date velocipedist seldom possesses grace, and nearly invariably lacks comfort.

Q. Is there not constantly an expression of care upon the countenances of cyclists?

A. Very frequently; and this aspect would cause mirth, did it not suggest approaching affliction.

Q. What is the meaning of a "spill" to a votary of the wheel?

A. Any upset; from the first, requiring the services of a medical student, to the last, demanding the recognition of a coroner.

Q. Does a male rider appear to advantage mounted on wheels?

A. Never; and when he scales fourteen stone or more, the picture he presents is pitiable.

Q. Does a lady-rider who takes her hands from the guiding-iron and progresses solely with the assistance of her feet deserve commendation?

A. Distinctly not; as her performance invites disaster, and is merely suggestive of the preliminary antics of an "extra turn" at a fourth-rate music-hall.

Q. Should a general-officer ride a cycle?

A. Not within view of the barracks, as no sentry could salute him with a feeling of sincere respect.



TOUJOURS PERDRIX!

Jacky (just back from his first day at School). "OH, SCHOOL IS A JOLLY PLACE, AUNT MAUD. I WAS NEVER SO HAPPY IN ALL MY LIFE!"

"YOU 'LL LIKE IT EVEN BETTER TO-MORROW, JACKY!"

"TO-MORROW? HAVE I GOT TO GO AGAIN TO-MORROW?"

"WHY NOT, SINCE YOU'RE SO HAPPY THERE?"

"AH, YES—BUT I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A HABIT OF IT, YOU KNOW!"

Q. Should a judge or magistrate progress on wheels?

A. Not when the police are about, as the performance would be calculated to prejudice the dignity appropriate to the Bench.

Q. Who are the chief benefactors by the craze for cycling?

A. The Coventry manufacturers and London doctors.

Q. Is there any explanation for the apparently accident-inviting and mirth-provoking movement?

A. Yes; one that is less a solution than an excuse—"it's the fashion!"

Land Ho!

(By a Disappointed Town-Dweller.)

JOE once insisted, in a manner handsome,

That Land should pay the landless heavy ransom;

But now—most paradoxical of fates!—

The landless must pay half Land's "local rates."

It once was held as worthy of belief

That one should "set a thief to catch a thief."

But now I fancy we should understand it:

"The greatest foe of ransom's an ex-bandit!"

PARADOX (as it strikes a Venal Voter).—With his cash at least a Conservative is sometimes vastly Liberal, and a Liberal tremendously Conservative.

SPRING THOUGHT, BY A FLO-RIST.—The finest field for the growth of primroses is—Beaconsfield.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ON JOHN SMITH'S *Platonic Affections*, the most recent of the "Key-Note Series," published by JOHN LANE of Vigo Street, the Baron's opinion is that the story is thoroughly interesting as long as we are concerned only in the history of two lovers, a couple of noodles

old enough to know better, who, not believing in themselves as lovers and wishing to live together as brother and sister, became man and wife in order to avoid scandalising Mrs. Grundy. The dialect conversations are probably excellent, but to the majority of readers not up in the Lingo of Lippert, this portion of the book becomes rather wearisome. To sum up, this book is an example of excellent material inartistically made up.

Briseis, who gives her name to Mr. BLACK'S last novel, just published by SAMPSON LOW, will take her place in the front rank of the fair women of whom the novelist has dreamed. She is,

in quite another way, as charming as the Princess in Thule. Mr. BLACK has struck a fresh note in bringing his heroine from Greece, though, as usual, he plants her out in Scotland, and lends her on long visits to London. Besides *Briseis*, herself a perfect work of art, the story is full of human people, beginning with the Greek girl's old uncle the naturalist, including delightful Aunt Jean and detestable Aunt Clara. The novel is published in a single six-shilling volume; a new departure, my Baronite thinks, for Mr. BLACK. The arrangement will give early opportunity to tens of thousands to read a delightful book. The Baron recommends *The Flaw in the Marble* in HUTCHINSON & Co.'s Leisure Library. Well written, interesting, likewise handy for pocketing, honestly. B.



GOLDIE.

Mr. John Haviland Dashwood Goldie, the famous Cambridge oarsman, who led his University Eight to victory on three several and successive occasions, died on April 12, aged 47.

GOLDIE gone, true, "gentle GOLDIE," genial man, and glorious "stroke."

Who the nine-year spell of evil fortune for Cam's champions broke, Stroking them three times to triumph! Sure the nymphs of sedgy Cam

(If young Titans of to-day will tolerate poetic flam)

Mourn a later LYCIDAS! Upon his all too early bier

Many manly hearts at least will drop the fond, regretful tear;

Followers of the Cambridge fortunes will remember with what pride

They beheld, in Eighteen Seventy, gallant GOLDIE turn the tide Of the Light Blues' long defeats; and how the thronged Thames reaches rang

With the shouts of ancient Cantabs. Worthier hero never sang

Muscle-praising modern PINDAR. Cambridge needs a GOLDIE now, And when next her "ship," well captained, pushes home a winning

proW—
May it be next year!—fond memories on her grand old stroke will dwell,

Dreaming that they hear his shout amidst the mob's mellifluous yell. Good as gold must be that Captain! Echo answers "It will do

If he be as good as GOLDIE!" All survivors of his crew,

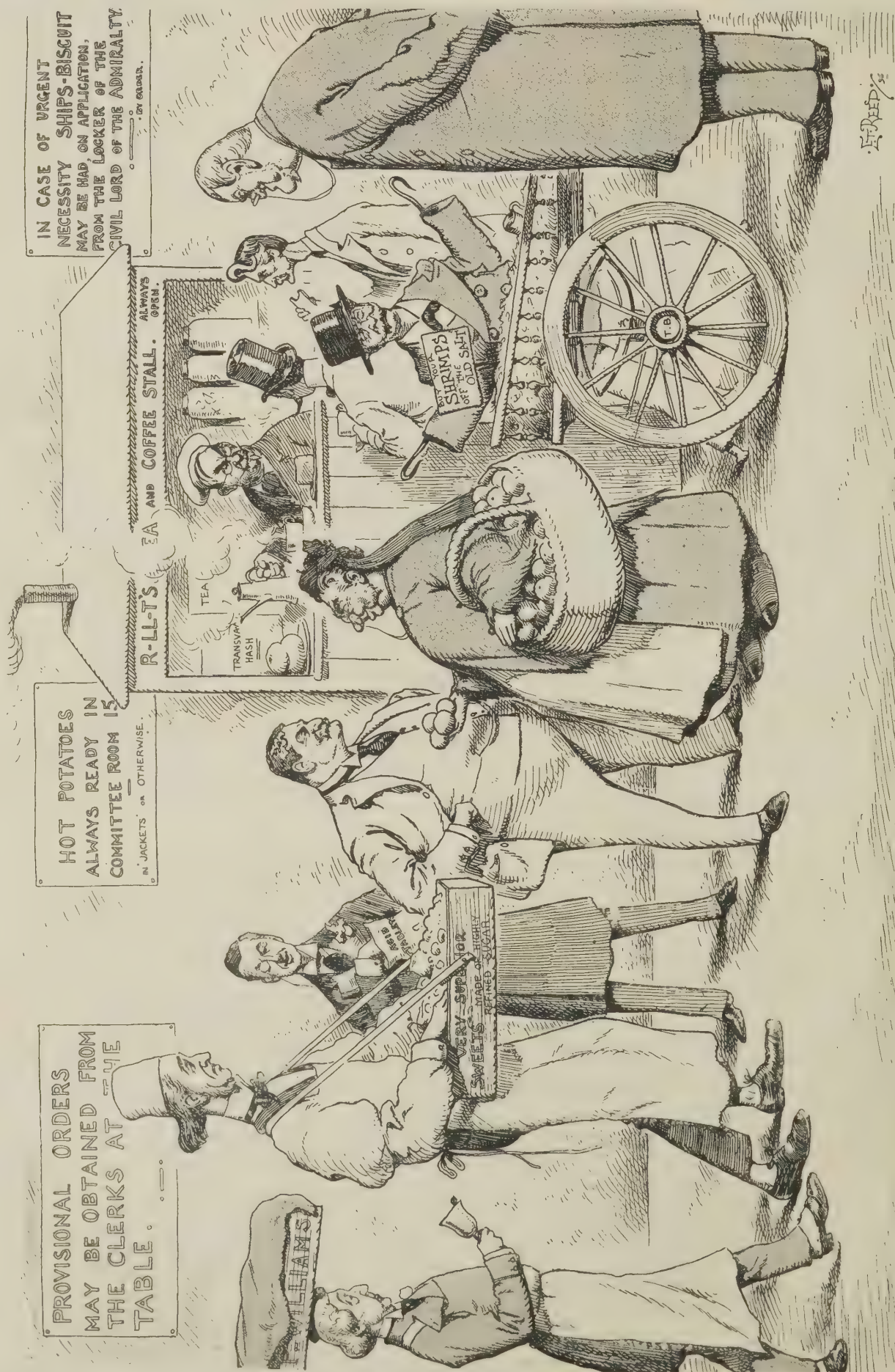
All his friends—and who shall count them?—hivie his memory in their hearts.

Every brave young Briton mourns when such a champion departs.

Enviably fate, my masters! Loved all round and unforget,

With fixed name on a great roll of victors. 'Tis a glorious lot!

Had we, too, a parsley crown or olive garland for our brave, These with honour might be laid most fittingly on GOLDIE's grave!



"GOING INTO 'SUPPLY'!"

OWING TO THE PROSPECTIVE COLLAPSE OF THE KITCHEN ARRANGEMENTS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS THERE IS LIKELY TO BE AN OPENING FOR ENTERPRISING INDIVIDUALS OF THE LOCALITY TO FURNISH HON. MEMBERS WITH THE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE AT CHEAP RATES!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 20.—GRANDOLPH used to say, "CHAPLIN's speeches would be first-rate if he would only sit down before he began his peroration." That was, however, merely jealousy. No one would like to have missed peroration to-night in speech introducing Agricultural Rating Bill. It came a little suddenly after matter-of-fact lucid explanation of details of Bill. But how full-toned it was; how rotund; how reminiscent of DIZZY, just now, from his pedestal in Parliament Square, looking down over the poor faded primroses with sardonic smile on the gaping crowd that blocks the pavement. To see the Farmer's Friend fling on the table the last sheet of the manuscript notes of his speech was most convincing. BURKE and his dagger cast on floor of House a puny performance by comparison. And then the Jovellike frown on his usually smiling countenance when he resumed his seat was worth another shilling in the pound to the ruined farmer.

"Glad you liked my speech, TOBY," he said. "Fancy there is, as you say, a touch of the antique about its style. But I wish I could do even more for the famishing farmer. Often I think, when I come out of the Amphitryon, after a bread-and-cheese lunch, how would it be suppose I were to sit down on the pavement, and, as representative of the agricultural class, display a card bearing the legend 'I am starving'? Don't you think that would fetch 'em? I'm told there's a great run just now on living pictures."

"Capital idea," said SARK, who's always ready to answer for other people. "You were made for the part. Your haggard cheek, your attenuated form, your curved-in chest, your general appearance of tasting meat only once a week, and then in the form of bacon, always seem to me to mark you out for a model Minister of Agriculture in times of exceptional depression. It added to-night to the picturesqueness of your speech. You'd make an immense hit in the character you suggest. Be sure you plant out your hat brim uppermost, like the other fellows who draw landscapes and sea pieces on the pavement. You'll get more coppers than you can conveniently carry home."

"Hum," said CHAPLIN, looking dubiously at SARK.

Business done.—Agricultural Rating Bill brought in. Danced on by FOWLER and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Thursday.—Dr. TANNER is beginning to think there's something uncanny about the SPEAKER. Long practice has enabled him to wrestle with Chair, whether it be filled by SPEAKER or Chairman. But he likes business conducted according to ordinary rules of the ring.

"I don't mind being occasionally suspended," he said. "It brings one's name well to the front, and supplies an opportunity of spending eight hours at the sea-side. Also, I have grown accustomed to being ordered to resume my seat just when, after a quarter of an hour's gabble, I am beginning to approach my subject. Moreover, it is quite common for a motion to be declared carried when I have for some moments bawled out 'No!' Those are ordinary experiences of a Member of my legislative habits. But when half-a-dozen fellows jump up to second an amendment, to have the SPEAKER fix upon you in particular as the seconder, and when, half an hour later, you come in prepared with a speech that shall further block business, for him to say you have already spoken—well, now, that's what I call hitting below the belt."

Incident certainly a little hard upon Member of TANNER's industrious habits. Motion before House was that Grand Committee on Law might sit till four o'clock, instead of observing usual practice of adjourning in time for meeting of House. Benefices Bill has stuck in throat of Grand Committee. Church and Nonconformity wrangling round it. Never get through unless Grand Committee works overtime. Nonconformity objects. Dr. TANNER, attraction

of row irresistible, takes off coat, tumbles in, and whirls shillallego to common danger of friend and enemy. LLOYD-GEORGE moves overtime shall cease at half-past three instead of four. TANNER springs up to second Amendment. Two or three other light hearts below Gangway carol to same tune. SPEAKER lies low and says nuffin. Presently TANNER, believing that as so many had risen to second Amendment he was free from responsibility, began his speech. "Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER; "the hon. Member has already spoken."

"No, Sir," said TANNER, with air of conviction, for he had only been shouting.

"The hon. Member seconded the amendment."

"No, Sir," insisted the Doctor; "it was the hon. Member behind me."

"Several Members rose, and I took the seconding of the hon. Member;" and the SPEAKER forthwith put the question.

TANNER temporarily subsided; House roared with laughter; at least a quarter of an hour of precious time saved.

Business done.—Budget resolutions agreed to.

Friday.—Member for South Monaghan consumed with thirst for knowledge. Whenever Carrickmacross can spare the Chairman of its Town Commissioners, he comes up to Westminster, and floods paper with questions. In the Chief Secretary's office he is known as *The Daily Inquirer*. Amongst questions in to-day's paper standing in his name is one "to ask the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland if he is aware that national school teachers have, out of their own pockets, to supply maps, tablets, school pictures, and charts."

Assuming question is based on fact, here is fresh injustice to Ireland. Why should national school teachers in that country be thus inconveniently loaded? Some of them, SARK tells me, live long distances from scene of their labours; have to trudge to and fro daily. Why should they be required to bulge forth their pockets with maps, tablets, school pictures, and charts ready to meet capricious demand of school-children?

The form of Mr. DALY's question suggests a way out of the difficulty. As he puts it, it is "out of their own pockets" the hapless teachers have to procure these articles, some of them (charts and school pictures) of considerable bulk. There might be someone else's pocket out of which they might take them; the county Member's or the Chairman of the Town Commissioners', for example. But that obviously only modification of a difficulty that really seems arbitrarily created. In England or

Scotland the schoolroom would be fitted up with cupboards or drawers in which these indispensable articles might be stored, to be drawn upon in case of need. The Member for South Monaghan has called attention to a real grievance, which GERALD BALFOUR, still anxious to kill Home Rule by kindness, will do well to remove.

Business done.—Scotch Votes in Committee of Supply.

In Nuce.

ONE man's "noise" is oft another's "music";
And what delights the many makes the few sick.
"Relieve the few, and yet not rob the many,"
Is the lawmaker's aim—if not a zany.

GEOGRAPHICAL ITEM.—The town of Grasse is celebrated for its floriculture: it is also "where the widows come from."

THE WAY OF THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.

THE only "Water Question" I will watch,
Is—how much should man mix with "Special Scotch"?

FIVE-O'CLOCK "TEES."—Suburban golf.



AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

SWEET BAB and I
Sat under a tree.
Oh, blue was the sky
And the wind blew free.
Our cheeks were close,
But she little heeded;
Hers flushed like a rose.
Mine paled, as I pleaded
For—maybe you'll guess.
Ah! bad luck is a bore.
Had I but said less,
Or, perhaps, done more,
All had yet been well.
But—my chance was gone;
The free wind fell,
And the rain came on.
She sighed "It thunders!"
I hadn't a "brolly."
Alas for the blunders
Of human folly!
I huffed, she tified;
How the rain did pelt!
I frowned, she sniffed.
Ah! she would not melt.
Her eyes of blue,
Like the sky, were veiled.

Such chill showers, too!
One had sworn it hailed.
I hailed—a cab.
Dull, dreary, damp,
We sulked. Sweet BAB!
For the lack of a gamp,
I lost that kiss
And thee, too, alack
The chance we miss
Comes never more back.
Rain, soft Spring rain!
As you wet the leaves,
With repentance vain
One broods and grieves.
And the other? Faith!
She is rich and gay,
And she shows small scathe;
Yet methinks to-day,
When by chance we met
In the lime-tree walk,
With the small rain wet,
That, though blithe our talk,
She felt, as I,
The malignant power
Of a word awry,
And an April shower.

AS IT MAY BE.

["... a solution of the difficulty might, perhaps, be found in empanelling, at a reasonable rate of remuneration, some of the unemployed members of the Junior Bar as special jurors."—*Daily Press*.]

Mr. Justice Jawley (summing up case to jury of Barristers). In deciding upon the momentous issues involved in the case now before you, gentlemen, it will be for you, in the first place, to say—

A Juror (rising in the box). Pardon me, my Lord, it will be for you, in the first place, to say whether you intend to hold that the communication made by A. to B. is privileged or not. (*Slight applause from rest of panel*.)

Mr. Justice Jawley (rather taken aback). I—er—well, you see, gentlemen, I—I was coming to that in due course; but if you prefer me to deal with it now, I may tell you that there is a case which settles the law upon that point conclusively. In *Tomkyns v. Trout* it was laid down by no less an authority than Mr. Justice—

Foreman of the Jury (interrupting). Your Lordship is evidently unaware that *Tomkyns v. Trout*—which I may mention for your Lordship's guidance is reported in 10 Queen's Bench Division, page 392—has since been over-ruled in the Court of Appeal, see 2 Appeal Cases, New Series, page 1263.

Mr. Justice Jawley (rubbing his spectacles, nervously). Oh, indeed, indeed—er—yes—thank you very much. I had overlooked that, but I dare say the Foreman of the jury is quite right. Well, then—let me see—where was I? Oh, yes, I remember. This action is one brought for the express purpose—

Another Juror. Pardon the interruption, my Lord, but my colleagues in the box and myself are all agreed that it would be sheer waste of time to go into that matter, and travel all over the same ground again. We know perfectly well what the action is all about. We are only waiting to know if your Lordship has any new light to throw upon the subject. We do not suppose you have. Still, we are willing to wait and see.

Mr. Justice Jawley. I—I thank you. The question of privilege is, of course, one for me to decide, and I have no hesitation in holding that, on the authority of *Baker v. Johnson*—

A Juror (from the back of the box). Then what about *Somers v. Smart*?

His Lordship. Really, really, gentlemen, this is most irregular. If you will kindly permit me to sum up this case in the ordinary way—thank you. Perhaps I had better first deal with the testimony given by the witness C. He is a clerk in the employ of the Plaintiff, and what he says, in effect, is this, that on receipt of the—

Foreman of the Jury. We need not trouble your Lordship on that point. It would not in any case be evidence against the Defendant.

Mr. Justice Jawley (surprised). But if his act was within the scope of his authority—

Foreman (imperturbably). It wasn't. It was *ultra vires*. See *Bryce*, page 1408.

His Lordship (bursting into tears). Then, perhaps, Gentlemen, you had better take this matter entirely into your own hands; I seem to be quite superfluous here.

Foreman (in kindly tones). Oh, I don't know that. Your Lordship certainly is a trifle obsolete—a fact to which, I fear, we shall

have to call attention in a rider to any verdict we may return. Perhaps we had better settle the matter without you.

[*They retire to consider their verdict, whilst Mr. Justice JAWLEY is removed from the Bench in a state of collapse.*]

NOTES OF AN AFTERNOON'S "AMUSEMENT."

WIND blowing a hurricane, with occasional heavy showers. Still, it won't do not to appear at the "meet" of the bicycle paper-chase in which the JONESES have asked me to take part. Accordingly, mount my machine and ride through three miles of mud. Find about two dozen riders assembled at the meet, including four or five ladies; likewise a crowd of rustics, who greet each fresh arrival with loud cheers and personal remarks. Some delay in starting the hares. There were to have been an 'are and 'aress, but the latter declines to go, so a gentleman takes her place. At last the hares ride off amid a whirlwind of scraps of paper. Ten minutes' "law" to be given them—great excitement. Forty-five seconds before we are to start, Miss BROWN asks me kindly to inflate her tyre for her. Refuse firmly. Starter drops a flag, and a seething mass of bicycles rushes headlong downhill. Can only escape collision by a miracle. Miss BROWN charges straight for my hind-wheel. Elude her, and in so doing nearly knock over several others. More bumps from behind. Wish that I had one of the insurance-newspapers in my pocket, expecting every minute to be smashed up. However, we all get away somehow.

Road going uphill now, with gale full in our faces, should like to walk up this hill, but too proud to do so. Glance at the faces of my fellow—"hounds" nearest me. They don't look as if they were enjoying themselves. One unknown gentleman wastes his breath in talking to his bike as if it were a horse. "Come up, you beast. . . Would you, then. . . Come up, confound you." Just in front is a curate, with a very high stiff white collar; as we proceed, collar gets gradually limper. Still going uphill. Wind worse than ever. Begin to wish to exchange present position for a nice comfortable treadmill. Someone asks me if I have "seen any scent." Tell him not to be a fool. Afterward discover that the paper dropped by the hares is called "scent." . . . Still going uphill. Ask a rustic whether he has seen the hares. Idiot answers, "Naw, an' naw rabbits neither." Reach cross-roads. Which way are we to turn? Refuse to ride against this wind any longer, and so make off to the right. Presently find that right is wrong, and have to come back again. Why, everyone has stopped—has anyone been killed? No, the hares have been caught. Fresh pair despatched. Stragglers come up from behind. Everyone dismounts, and says what a delightful ride we are having. Wish I knew the way home.

Off again, still uphill. "Hounds" go off in every direction, intending, I expect, to sneak home. Suddenly the chain of one machine breaks in half, with surprising results. Another gentleman takes a corner too sharply, comes down and cuts himself badly. Interval for refreshment and bandages. Only four of us together by this time, the rest scattered all over the county, trying to find their way home. The hares, as we learn subsequently, almost kill themselves by racing for about twenty miles, laying elaborate false tracks, and riding at their utmost speed. As a matter of fact, no one at all is now pursuing them. Those of us whose machines haven't been smashed up ride slowly home. The remains of one are left at the nearest house, to be forwarded by Parcel Post. Am nearly killed by my companion mistaking her right hand for her left on the way home. However, we get back at last, and the rest straggle in at intervals. Then we drink to the success of the glorious sport of bicycle paper-chasing.

Pity a Poor (Liberal) Leader.

(By one who, if not the Rose (bery), has been near it.)

DEAR me! I had thought that the public was quite in love with Arnoldian "Sweetness and Light"; But I seem to put the quidnuncs in a twitter, Unless—as a speaker—I'm "Heavy and Bitter."

THE NEW CAMPUS MARTIUS.—Judging by the *Daily Telegraph*, "our War Correspondent" stops at home to report on the troops starting for the battle-field. It may therefore be laid down that inspection is the better part of valour.

A SPRING EXHIBITION.—A cat jumping over a wall.



HISTORY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SCENE—*Burlington House.*
Two Critics before the
Picture of the Year.

Male Critic. Now, this is quite the best thing in the show, in my opinion.

Female Critic. Oh, yes; very good indeed. But I have lost my catalogue—what is it about?

M. Cri. Scarcely wants any description, as it tells its own story. Don't you see RICHARD THE THIRD is wooing the late Queen?

Fem. Cri. Oh, yes. And who was the late King? Wasn't it HENRY THE FIFTH?

M. Cri. Was it? I almost forget. But didn't he win the Battle of Agincourt?

Fem. Cri. Yes, and that's where he killed RICHARD THE THIRD. Don't you remember, he cried out for a horse?

M. Cri. To be sure. But if RICHARD THE THIRD was killed by HENRY THE FIFTH, how could he be attending his conqueror's funeral? That sounds wrong somehow.

Fem. Cri. Not if the subject is taken from SHAKESPEARE. Wouldn't that be called "poetic licence"?

M. Cri. When one comes to think of it, I suppose it would. And then you see they are off to HENRY THE FIFTH's Chapel at Westminster Abbey.



SONS OF THE POETICAL MUSE.

Robinson. "OH YES, WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF PROMISING YOUNG BARDS. WHY, THERE'S THE SON OF DAVID, AND THE SON OF WAT, AND THE SON OF THOMP, AND THE SON OF DOB; NOT TO MENTION THE SON OF ROBIN, IF I MAY MAKE SO BOLD!"

Grigson. "AND THE SON OF GRIG! BUT NONE OF US WILL EVER QUITE COME UP TO THE SON OF TENNY!"

Fem. Cri. HENRY THE SEVENTH you mean. Of course, how silly we have been! It is HENRY THE SEVENTH's funeral—not HENRY THE FIFTH's! And I suppose the lady to whom RICHARD is speaking must be one of HENRY's Queens.

M. Cri. His widow, of course—CATHERINE PARR. You remember she survived him. But what is RICHARD THE THIRD doing with her?

Fem. Cri. He was Duke of GLOUCESTER then, because surely MARY came after HENRY THE EIGHTH. Didn't she? And wasn't HENRY THE EIGHTH the Royal Bluebeard?

M. Cri. Ah, to be sure, so he was! Then it wouldn't have been his funeral.

Fem. Cri. No, perhaps not. But, whoever it is, the picture is, as you say, capital.

M. Cri. No doubt about that. And it doesn't matter which King it is, considering he is dead.

Fem. Cri. Yes. And it is better he should be dead, when his widow so soon commences a flirtation! [The Critics pass on, and the scene closes in with a chorus of approval.]

FRENCH INFLUENCE AGAIN.—An important member of the Burmese troupe at the Crystal Palace is a caster of horoscopes. His name is MOUNG GYEE. Surely it should be MOUNG SEEB.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Your reproaches are not wholly reasonable. I have been silent because I flatter myself that I am not an idle tittle-tattler. *Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre.* In a word, I am not *chiffonniere* to the extent of some of my colleagues, who think nothing of intruding themselves unbidden into circles with which they have neither scot nor lot. There is Mrs. FROUFROU-DABB, for instance, of *The Grand Duchess* (her *nom de plume* is "Sweet Seventeen," though to my certain knowledge she has worn a *toupet* for a quarter of a century), she presented herself at the Countess of COCKALEEKIE's reception the other night without having received the necessary card of invitation, and by her Fouché-like proceedings was enabled to give a tolerably correct account of the *toilettes* which foregathered. But how she could have been deceived by Lady SHUTTLECOCK's tiara of false diamonds passes my understanding! It is well known that the real stones have for long been in the custody of that eminent judge of gems Mr. MEDICI KONK, most of whose unredeemed pledges of misplaced confidence are well worth the attention of artistic *connaisseurs*. On my last visit to his establishment (I, of course, did not wish to consult him *professionally*) I was especially attracted by—* However, to revert to Mrs. FROUFROU-DABB, I can only suppose that sooner or later she will reap the reward of her *outrécuidance*, and be forcibly removed from some fashionable assembly by one of those *chasseurs* (dear Lord ARTHUR calls them in his quaint old *patois* "chuckers-out") who guard the portals of the stately homes of England.

"BLABETTE," of *The Peri*—her real name is MARY ANNE WINKLE—is, to my mind, quite as impertinently obtrusive as is Mrs. DABB, only her method is quite different. Mrs. F. D. (*quelle décadence de nom!*) is a sort of female Prince RUPERT, and charges into the ranks of Society on the slightest provocation; Miss WINKLE subdues opposition by the feigned artlessness of the *ingénue*. She manages, by her time-serving humility, to scrape acquaintance with the great and omnipotent. She began by intriguing at charity bazaars, where she would work for the Duchesses

* Mr. MEDICI KONK is an old and valued friend of ours, and we are sure that he would be the first to protest against the disclosing of the secrets of his jewel house. We have therefore suppressed our correspondent's subsequent reference to his stock-in-trade.—ED.

and other eminent stall-holders like a slave born and bred, and never tired of going about with sofa cushions and smoking-caps for the (illegal) purpose of a raffle. Papa, who is rather *myope*, says that she is pretty, with a Greuze expression. I suggested that he was an excellent judge of *painting*, as applied to the fair sex. I could see that he quailed beneath my repartee, though he answered "Charity begins at home," one of those pitiful thrusts which only a father, and that father an Englishman, could direct against his own flesh and blood. I sarcastically recommended him to get a new *lorgnon* from the eminent Mr. SEEBRIGHT,* and so the matter ended. Meanwhile Miss WINKLE pursues her career of sycophant prying with a success which may be accounted for by her too frequent praise of the doings and raiment of certain *grandes dames*, whose good nature has been exploited at the expense of good grammar. I could give you a dozen instances, *ma mie*, of the way in which an honourable profession is degraded to the level of a self-assertive trade, which is brought before the public by a ravenous *meute* of female Paul Prys. For myself, I am conscious that, when I am privileged to record the exquisite taste of this or that *châtelaine* of our *fin-de-siècle mœurs*, I am as impartial as when I am devoting my time, my pen, my paper and my brains to the judicious exaltation of some hard-working sister, whose name is not, and cannot be, associated with the *Court Circular*.

Ever, dear, Your loving Cousin, KADJ.

* We have substituted the name of our own oculist, as in duty bound, for that of the optician recommended by KADJ.—ED.

THE HAIR UN-APPARENT.—*À propos* of the Wyndham celebration last week, there appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* for Saturday, May 2, a portrait of the actor "in the uniform of the U. S. Army," which was described as "an early photograph." The photo was so early and so rapid, that the likeness was produced with only half a *moustache*; the other half probably not having had time to grow during the operation. This deficiency allows the future comedian to exhibit more cheek than would have been otherwise shown; and this, perhaps, may be characteristic.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. BARLOW is standing for Frome. It is to be hoped that Messrs. SANDFORD and MERTON will enable their old friend to obtain a seat.



THE MILKMAID OF COWES.

German Emperor. "THEN I'LL NOT YACHT WITH YOU, MY PRETTY MAID."

Milkmaid. "NOBODY AS'D YOU, SIR! SHE SAID."

[The German Emperor has decided not to attend the Cowes meeting.]

Livingstone & Co. Ltd.



GREAT SELF-RESTRAINT.

Lady in Pony-cart (who has made several unsuccessful attempts to pass persevering beginner occupying the whole road). "UNLESS YOU SOON FALL OFF, SIR, I'M AFRAID I SHALL MISS MY TRAIN!"

LATEST STYLE IN MUSICAL CRITICISM.*

My readers will doubtless expect from me a full account of Herr THUMPOFFSKI's opening concert. It took place on Tuesday last, and on that evening I had dined at the house of an hospitable friend, who insisted, however, on my eating *suprême de volaille*—a dish which never did agree with me. Why is it that an ordinary English cook, &c., &c. . . . (*A lengthy gastronomic paragraph is omitted here.*) . . . So it was in rather an unamiable frame of mind that I betook myself about nine o'clock to St. James's Hall, intending to hear the last half of the programme. The cab in which I made my journey almost ran over a passing bicyclist. In my opinion, bicyclists, &c. . . . (*The question is discussed here at some length.*) . . . But to resume my account of the concert. I worked my way carefully to my stall, and began to look around me. In front was an old lady with a peculiarly hideous red dress. That particular shade always makes me quite ill. Just behind me two young ladies discussed between the pieces the ethics of flirtation with charming candour. . . . (*A full report of their conversation follows.*) . . . Then I betook myself to the study of my programme. Before I had arrived someone had sung, "*Waft Her, Angels.*" Now, although I hate digressions, I must be allowed to quote a charming story I heard lately in connection with that aria. . . . (*Twenty lines of rapid anecdote are here omitted.*) . . . The British Public likes HANDEL, which is only another proof of the British Public's folly. . . . (*The superior merits of the Wagner school are here demonstrated at some length.*) . . . But all through the evening I felt displeased with my environment. Was I influenced by the *suprême de volaille*? Suddenly I seemed to see . . . (*Thirty lines are here deleted.*) . . . Anyhow, when I awoke, &c., &c. . . . (*Twenty lines of reflections on dream omitted.*) . . . Still musing upon it, I lit my cigarette; and, squeezing my way with some difficulty through the crowd of Philistines, left the Hall, and went home to bed.

Such was Professor THUMPOFFSKI's first concert; and, if I have seemed to describe it at unreasonable length, it is only because

* We have found it necessary to make a few excisions in this article. The nature of the omissions is noted in the course of it.—ED.

I wish it to be clearly understood that it was momentous—an artistic event of the first magnitude. Proximity well may be forgiven when its cause is the advancement of Art.

I almost forgot to mention that some people, whose names I forget, played the piano, and sang, in the course of the evening.

JOURNALISM MADE EASY.

Advice to Novices.—Always have on hand "paragraphs"; thus:—

(1) "Yesterday being the (*here fill in number*) anniversary of the natal day of H.R.H. (*insert name of Personage*), a Royal Salute was fired in the Long Walk of Windsor Park, and the bells of St. George's Chapel rang out a merry peal."

Mem.—Vary with "The Royal borough was *en fête*," and describe weather.

(2) "The noblemen and gentlemen who are students at Eton College have broken up for the (*Christmas, Easter, or Midsummer*) vacation. The collegians reassemble on (*give date*)."

Mem.—Vary with, "The school list now includes a roll-call of (*give number*) Oppidans and King's Scholars."

(3) "According to ancient custom the Queen's Bounty was yesterday (*Maunday Thursday*) distributed to a number of deserving poor persons by (*give name of almoner*) at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The little silver coins commanded a ready sale outside the sacred edifice."

Mem.—Occasionally describe purchasers of coins as "travelled Americans," and "ardent numismatists."

(4) "As usual, Lord Mayor's Day and the Prince of WALES's Birthday were celebrated together; and, in honour of the latter event, many of the leading tradesmen of the West-End displayed brilliant illuminations to the thousands who thronged the streets. We especially noticed the decorations presented by (*here give selected names*)."

Mem.—The devices being always the same, it is as well not to give too minute a description of the designs; but a great deal may be left to the imagination.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BAROO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XII.

Mr. Jabberjee is taken by surprise.

DILIGENT perusers of my lucubrations to *Punch* will remember that I have devoted sundry jots and tittles to the subject of Miss JESSIMINA MANKLETOW, and already may have concluded that I was long since up to the hilt in the tender passion. In this deduction, however, they would have manufactured a stentorian cry from an extreme paucity of wool; the actual fact being that, although percipient of the well-proportionate symmetry of her person and the ladylike liveliness of her deportment, I did never regard her except with eyes of strictly platonic philandering and calf love.

It is true that, at certain seasons, the ostentatious favours she would squander upon other young masculine boarders in my presence did reduce me to the doleful dump of despair, so that even the birds and beasts of forest shed tears at my misery, and frequently at meal-times I have sought to move her to compassion by neighing like horse, or by the incessant rolling of my visual organs; though she did only attribute such *ad misericordiam* appeals to the excessive gravity of the cheese, or the immaturity of the rhubarb pie.

But I was then a labourer under the impression that I was the odd man out of her affections, and it is well known that, to a sensitive, it is intolerable to feel that oneself is not the object of adoration, even to one to whom we may entertain but a mediocre attraction.

On a recent evening we had a *tête-à-tête* which culminated in the utter surprise. It was the occasion of our hebdomadal dancing-party at Porticobello House, and I had solicited her to become a co-partner with myself in the mazes of a waltz; but, not being the carpet-knight, and consequently treading the measure with too great frequency upon the toes of my fair auxiliary, she suggested a temporary withdrawal from circulation.

To which I assenting, she conducted me to a landing whereon was a small glazed apartment, screened by hangings and furnished with a profusion of unproductive pots, which is styled the conservatory, and here we did sit upon two wicker-worked chairs, and for a while were mutually *sotto voce*.

Presently I, remarking with corner of eye the sumptuousness of her appearance, and the supercilious indifference of her demeanour, which made it seem totally improbable that she should ever, like *Desdemona*, seriously incline to treat me as an *Othello*, commenced to heave the sighs of a fire-stove, causing Miss JESSIMINA to accuse me of desiring myself in India.

I denied this with native hyperbolism, saying that I was content to remain in *statu quo* until the doom cracked, and that the conservatory was for me the equivalent of Paradise.

She replied that its similitude to Paradise would be more startling if a larger proportion of the pots had contained plants, and if such plants as there were had not fallen into such a lean and slippered stage of decrepitude, adding that she did perpetually urge her mamma to incur the expense of some geranium-blossoms and a few fairy-lamps, but she had refused to run for such adornments.

And I, with spontaneous gallantry, retorted that she was justified in such parsimony, since her daughter's eyes supplied such fairy

illumination, and upon her cheeks was a bloom brighter than many geraniums. But this compliment she unhappily mistook as an insinuation that her complexion was of meretricious composition, and seeing that I had put my foot into a *cul-de-sac*, I became once more the silent tomb, and exhaled sighs at intervals.

Presently she declared once more that she saw, from the dullness of my expression, that I was longing for the luxurious magnificence of my Indian palace.

Now my domestic abode, though a respectable spacious sort of residence, and containing my father, mother, married brothers, &c., together with a few antique unmarried aunts, is not at all of a palatial architecture; but it is a bad bird that blackens his own nest, and so I merely answered that I was now so saturated with Western civilisation, that I had lost all taste for Oriental splendours.

Next she inquired whether I did not miss the tiger-shooting and pig-sticking; and I replied (with veraciousness, since I am not the

au fait in such sports) that I could not deny a liability to miss both tigers and pigs, and, indeed, all animals that were *feræ nature*, and she condemned the hazardousness of these jungle sports, and wished me to promise that I would abstain from them on my return to India.

To this I replied that before I agreed to such a self-denying ordinance, I desired to be more convinced of the sincerity of her interest in the preservation of my humble existence.

Miss JESSIMINA asked what had she done that I should be in dubitation as to her *bona fides*?

Then I did meekly remind her of her flirtatious preferences for the young beef-witted London chaps, and her incertitude and disdainful capriciousness towards myself, who was not a beetle-head or an obtuse, but a cultivated native gentleman with high-class university degree, and an oratorical flow of language which was infallibly to land me upon the pinnacle of some tip-top judicial preferment in the Calcutta High Court of Justice.

She made the excuse that she was compelled by financial reasons to be pleasant to the male boarders, and that I could not expect any marked favouritism so long as I kept my tongue concealed inside my damask cheek like a worm in bud.

Upon which, transported by uncontrollable emotion, I ventured to embrace her,

assuring her that she was the cynosure of my neighbouring eyes, and supplied the vacuum and long-felt want of my soul, and while occupied in imprinting a chaste salute upon her rosebud lips—who'd have thought it! her severe matronly parent popped in through the curtains and, surveying me with a cold and basilican eye, did demand my intentions.

Nor can I tell what I should have responded, seeing that I had acted from momentary impulsiveness and feminine encouragement, had not Miss JESSIMINA, with ready-made female wit, answered for me that it was all right, and that we were the engaged couple.

But her mother expressed an ardent desire to hear my *vivâ voce* corroboration of this statement, informing me that she was but a poor weak widow-woman, but that, if it should appear that I was merely the giddy trifler of her daughter's young, artless affections, it would be her dolesome duty to summon instantaneously every male able-bodied inmate of her establishment, and request them to inflict deserved corporal chastisement upon my person!

So, although still of a twitter with amazement at Miss JESSIMINA's announcement, I considered it the better part of valour to corroborate it with promptitude, rather than incur the shocking punches



"I became once more the silent tomb."

and kicks of numerous athletic young commercials; and, upon hearing the piece of good news, Mrs. MANKLETOW exploded into lachrymation, saying that she was divested of narrow-minded racial colour prejudices, and had from the first regarded me as a beloved son.

Then, blessing me, and calling me her Boy, she clasped me against her bosom, where, owing to the exuberant redundancy of her ornamental network, my nose and chin received severe laceration and disfigurement, which I endured courageously, without a whimper.

When I have grown more accustomed to being the lucky dog, I shall commence cocka-hooping, and become merry as a grig. At the present moment I am only capable of wonderment at the unpremeditated rapidity with which such solemn concerns as betrothals are knocked off in this country.

But if, as *Macbeth* says, such jobs are to be done at all, then it is well they were done quickly.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A LAWN TENNIS MARTYR WITH REFERENCE TO "THAT MAN."

THE net is ready for the fray,
(The first of all the year.)
I wait to hear your cry of "Play"
To "take" the bounding sphere.
Yet why is it you won't begin?
Have you some other plan?
Does it amuse you there to spin
Your racquet round That Man?

The lazy looseness of your dress
Belies your active wrist;
Not Atalanta's suppleness
Could serve your cunning "twist."
And still without a sign of you
That empty court I scan;
It's not a pleasant sight to view
When bounded by That Man.

I pat the ball aloft for fun,
A cut or two I try,
But "single dummy" soon is done
When "double dummy" 's nigh.
Will you that conference not end?—
Your bat is not a fan:—
Now speaking to you as a friend,
I should distrust That Man!

A little loon with curl'd moustache,
Of no athletic type!
The sort of cad, who talks of "mash,"
And dare not smoke a pipe!
At last you've finished! Boy! the ball!
Make music, great god Pan!—
Not going to have a game at all!
Tripp'd off! And with That Man!

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" — Sometimes there is something in a name. For instance, the picturesque and apparently harmless one of Pentremooch, a village in Flintshire, contains more than meets the eye of mortal man unversed in the Welsh tongue; for in this language "Pentremooch" signifies nothing less than "Pigs' Village." We are not surprised to learn, therefore, from the *Liverpool Daily Press*, that the inhabitants of the place are clamouring at their Parish Council to "give it a name" other than its present appellation. Yet "Pigs' Village" would seem a sufficiently appropriate name for a hamlet. Perhaps, when "Pentremooch" is discarded, it may still find a resting-place and "pan out well" on the shores of Lake Michigan—as a synonym for "Porkopolis"!

UNLICENSED PEDALLERS.—Cyclists.



Passenger (rising politely). "EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN WOMAN'S RIGHTS?"

New Woman. "MOST CERTAINLY I DO."

Passenger (resuming seat). "OH WELL, THEN STAND UP FOR 'EM!"

TIPS FOR CRITICS.

If you want a great *casus belli*,
If you would be thumped to a jelly,
Just dare to suggest
That the greatest and best
In the world is not MARIE CORELLI!
If you would be blown from a cannon,
Or drowned in the Thames or the Shannon,
Just venture to hint
That in all British print
There's a bigger than ROBERT BUCHANAN!
But if you'd be ranked with old buffers,
And solace a Public which suffers
From egotists' "blow,"
Just successfully show
They're a couple of quarrelsome duffers!
Then ROB will be-rate and be-yelp you,
Then MARIE will scout, scold, and skelp you;
Whilst people of sense,
With compassion immense,
Most devoutly will pray "heaven help you!"

FORTHCOMING WORK ON DRAMA OF THE DAY.—*The Gusher* by *The Geisha*.

CHARLES OUR FRIEND!

MR. PUNCH presents his congratulations to Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM on the successful celebration of his tercentenary—no, that was WILLIE SHAKESPEARE—of his twentieth year of good management. He should have waited just another twelvemonths and made it twenty-one years completed. But at all events Master CHARLEY is now in his twenty-first year, which is the age of discretion. Henceforth he will be a responsible person. "*Ite ad astra*," CHARLES, and take your place among the theatrical stars; a first-class place of which you may well be proud, though never let it be said, "CHARLES's Wain!" and may the day be long distant when CHARLES is on the wane. *Prosit, Magister Carolus!*

Epitaph on an Artistic Failure.

MEN said of him "The ball was at his feet,"
The goal (of Art) he thought in sight he
saw;
Yet in life's match he mostly met defeat
And ended early in "a pointless draw."



CHANCE PLAYMATES.

(75° in the Shade.)

Effie (to Right Reverend Stranger, who has been very good-naturedly playing at ball with her for the last half-hour). "AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GO IN, I'M SORRY TO SAY. SO I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON PLAYING ALL BY YOURSELF!"

LONDON LACKPENNY;

OR, THE BITTER CRY OF THE RATE-CRUSHED COCKNEY.

(A very long way after John Lydgate.)

["The Bill would be a class measure, pure and simple, designed to benefit one peculiar kind of property at the expense of all others, transferring the burdens of one class to the shoulders of the general community, and appropriating national funds now enjoyed by the whole community."—*Mr. George Whiteley on the Agricultural Land Rating Bill.*]

In London all my life is spent.

But trade is bad, and my heart doth faint.
I am eaten up by my rates and rent,
And in vain doth a Cockney raise complaint.
A poor shopkeeper should be a saint.

"Pity the poor!" men say, indeed,
But for lack of money I may not speed!

I am thrust aside the press among,
For I am not forward at raising a row.
The working-man, he is loud and strong,
And the bumpkin's good at the big bow-wow.

Of half his rates they'd relieve him now.
But my "depression" they do not heed,
And for lack of money I may not speed!

Of the Rural Ratepayer they raise great rout,
But the Rural Landlord must raise his rent!
So I more money must fain fork out
To help ratepayers in Surrey and Kent.
I must pay my rates and appear content.
And it seems a hantle of theirs, indeed,
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

The Stores and monopolists play it low
On me, till my trade is but little good.
Yet I must pay every penny I owe.
(By the living Jingo, I wish I could!)

Keen competition and trade falsehood
Grind me 'twixt out and co-operate greed,
Till for lack of money I may not speed!

Now Mr. CHAPLIN, with cheek immense,
Wants me to plump further the Chancellorie,
Though my income-tax is at present eight
pence!

* But none of the bigwigs regard poor me,
For I do not kick up a shine, you see.

If I do not hollos, they do not heed,
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

At Westminster there is hardly one
Who gives the poor cockney of hope a ray.
To help the farmers and squires is fun,
Whilst I, poor pilgarric, must up and pay!
Or the rate-collector will have his way,
And my last half-crown, or my goods, indeed.
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

Within that House neither Rad nor Tory
Will do for me aught, although I should die.
With the rural lot 'tis another story,
For CHAPLIN heedeth the country cry;
And I—poor townsman—must help them!
—Why?

My back is well-nigh broken, indeed,
And for lack of money I may not speed!

NOT ON VIEW AT THE BERLIN EXHIBITION.

COLLECTION of British Comic Songs on the subject of the EMPEROR's telegram to KRÜGER. Press cuttings of English journals commenting on the KAISER's diplomacy.

Answer to the despatch congratulating Professor MAX MÜLLER on the success of Oxford in the boat-race.

Original of the letter supposed to have been written by one Illustrious Personage to another Illustrious Personage in reply to an alleged essay on "The Extraction of the Yoke of Eggs by Suction."

List of engagements of H.I.M. for the day after to-morrow.

Vote of thanks to H.I.M. from all the University Professors, Bandmasters, Theatrical Managers, Ecclesiastical Authorities, Artists, and Experts in other branches of Art, Science, Theology, and Commerce living in Germany.

Letters of cordial goodwill from Illustrious Personages to the Head of the Family, thanking H.I.M. for giving them an opportunity of leaving Berlin with a view to a lengthy sojourn elsewhere.

And, finally, current number of *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*.

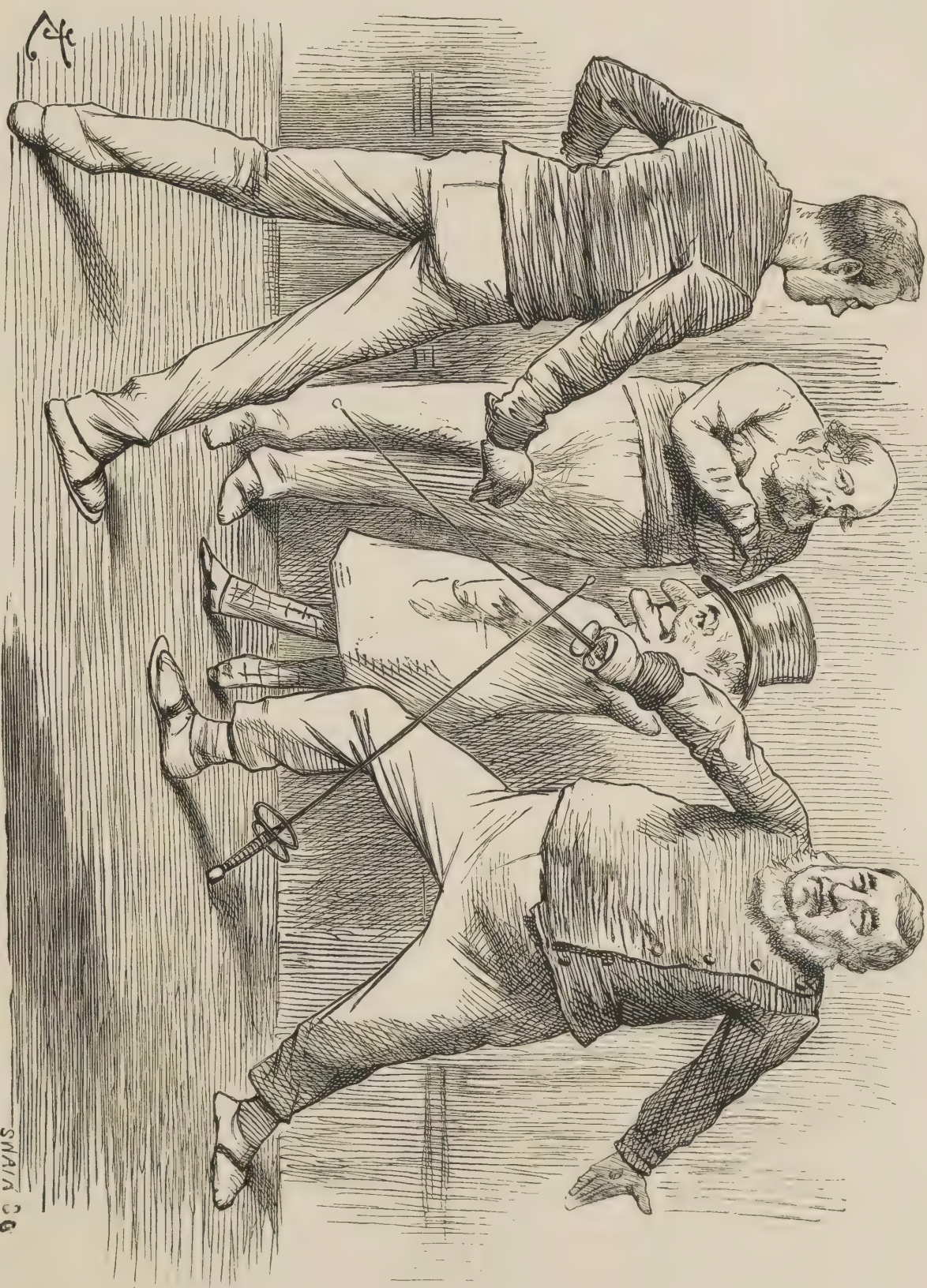
REAL RECIPROCITY.

A Suggestion to Mr. Chaplin.

SOME islanders 'tis understood
(Wit's freakish fancy why be quashing?)
Earned a precarious livelihood
By taking in each other's washing!
O CHAPLIN mine, financier fine,
Friend of the interest too allooral,
Here is a hint as plain as print
Whereby our votes you may secure all.
It must commend itself, and will,
To urban and bucolic pates,
If you arrange, by a new Bill,
We all shall pay each other's rates!

FROM A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.—"SIR,
—A propos of your 'Common or Garden Rhymes' in last week's number, may I suggest to you that when 'Pairs' come in, 'Gooseberries' are off?

"Yours, DUC DE BERRI."



“DISARMED!”

LD. S.-I.-SB.-RY (*Past Maître d'Armes*, aside to *Mr. Punch*, as they watch the fencing-bout between *Mr. Chamberlain* and *President Kruger*). “HUM! JOE'S STYLE'S A TRIFLE ‘TOO OPEN!’ THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THE ‘OLD SCHOOL’ AFTER ALL!”



NEW REGULATION FOR THE SAFETY OF BICYCLISTS.

A MAN WITH RED FLAG MUST PRECEDE ALL HORSEMEN.

AUTHOR BAITING AND ITS REMEDY.

(Perorations of the Press—Past and Prophetic.)

.... The curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, and the approbation was repeated as each performer walked in turn in front of the footlights. At length there was a cry for "Author." For a quarter of an hour that gentleman was conspicuous by his absence. When, however, he did appear, the yells of derision of a small minority were sufficient to overwhelm the more favourable demonstration of the vast majority. But disorderly as the audience were, they were no worse than many a first night gathering in a West End temple of the drama.

.... The judge having retired to his private room after delivering sentence, there was a demonstration in court, which lasted for some minutes. The jury cheered to the echo, and, fancying that they might require further assistance, his lordship returned to the bench. Then several persons at the back of the court commenced "bo-hooing," and only desisted when the judge had made his final disappearance. For all that, his lordship had nobly done his duty.

.... To the vast majority of the congregation the address of the eloquent ecclesiastic was entirely satisfactory. However, the reverend gentleman had scarcely retired to the vestry before there was a clamour for his reappearance. Two prominent persons in a front pew led the demonstration. The worthy clergyman, upon hearing the noise, looked out from behind the vestry door, when immediately there was heard the sound of hissing. And such is the portion of an orator at the close of the nineteenth century!

.... In conclusion, much may be said in favour of the new "Bill to Prevent Insults to Authors in Theatres, &c." On the other hand, it is only proper to point out that had the British Public sufficient self-respect, the coming statute would be unnecessary. With a right understanding on the subject, the truculent pitite and the graceless gallery boy would, on such occasion, both find an appropriate bath in the horse-pond.

FAIR WEATHER PROFITS.—Those attached to the show at Earl's Court.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

[Lord LEIGHTON'S house, pervaded by the spirit of a man and an artist, whose whole life was noble, dignified, and beautiful, filled with some of the most precious artistic treasures in the country, would make an ideal centre of interest.

Westminster Budget.]

A HAUNTED house! Yet not by spooks and sprites,

Like Hood's grim mansion, is this great house haunted.

'Tis a House Beautiful, home of delights, Ennobling memories, and charms enchanted. Here LEIGHTON lived, and garnered what he loved,

All shapes of splendour, and all forms of beauty.

Its master, now to loftier realms removed, Leaves his loved home, and to his land a duty.

We miss, this May, his presence bland, benign,

Gone from the home he reared, the halls he dowered

With daintiest decoration, high design; And now another London May hath flowered

His halls are desolate; the fountain sprays Its mounting silver, but his voice is mute. Must it fade out, the light of brighter days.

The loss of LEIGHTON'S home be absolute? Were it not gracious work, and generous gain,

! To save this shrine of Art from desecration, The huckster and the hammer?—It were pain

To see it lost to our Art-lacking nation. Enough hath Babylon of the drear, and dull, Uginess lays grim hands our civic state on.

The purchase of this new House Beautiful Were honour both to London and to LEIGHTON.

"Pikes and Bikes."

(By a "Riding" Poet.)

In years gone by our sires would try

To abrogate the highway "pikes."

No tolls to-day, can bar the way,

But freeing of the road brought "bikes";

And there are many Northern Tykes,

Who would prefer the "pikes" to "bikes."

MORE DEPRESSION!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I want, with your permission, to ventilate (odious word!) a real rural grievance. In all large towns "lifts" are coming in; but have you ever noticed how they are going out in the country? I am an old pedestrian hand, and very often should be only too thankful for a lift in some kind of conveyance on the last few miles of my road; yet, you will hardly credit it, *never am I offered one!*

Now why is this? In old novels one is always reading of somebody—usually the fair heroine—getting a "cast in a waggon." Where is dat waggon now? Of course, I don't mean that a comfortable dog-cart would not be infinitely preferable to any waggon ever invented; but neither the one nor the other thinks of offering a "cast."

Somebody may argue that it's due to there being so few traps on country roads; but no, there are heaps, and the drivers all seem in such a hurry they don't even give a glance at a poor wayfarer. Talk of rural quiet! The rush and tear along country roads is worse than in town.

I don't ask that *everybody* walking along a lane should be offered a friendly seat; only the obviously respectable, and as obviously tired, traveller has a claim. Even in this age of tramps, cycles, high rates, &c., the old rural civility need not be allowed to die out. Mr. CHAPLIN has given the farmer a lift. Let the farmer do the same for the poor toiler of the roads!

LONG LANE.

A Nursery Grace.

["The Dowager Duchess of ABERCORN has now 120 descendants."]

MR. PUNCH understands that your Grace Of descendants can reckon six score.

Gentle lady, he hopes that your race May continue to give you yet more. And that they in their turn and in fulness of Time

May consistently score in a nursery rhyme.

INEXPLICABLE MODESTY.—Lord DUFFERIN claims to have the "smallest volume in the world." Nevertheless, we shall continue to look upon him as a very big man.



A ROYAL ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

(THE MORE ANIMATED OF THE PICTURES OF THE YEAR, WEARING THEIR "NUMBERS," LEAVE THEIR FRAMES AND ENJOY A LITTLE SOCIAL GATHERING ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT.)

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 2. "With a song" probably. By GREIFFENHAGEN after WHISTLER.

No. 27. "A Legal Fiction." (John) Doe and (Richard) Roe nibbling at an apple tree. ROBERT W. MACBETH, A.

No. 33. "Clouds o'er the Sea." Remarkable picture of High Tide by WATER-LOW. See—Waterlow.

No. 47. "The Widower." By J. B. BURGESS, R.A. But for title should have described it as "A Ticklish Situation," showing how a poor man in church held his nose to prevent himself from disturbing the congregation by a violent sneeze.

No. 48. A lovely "Dish of Prawns," taken by a HOOK, R.A. Odd this. Prawns being generally taken by a net.

The SARGENT A., who is a General Portrait Painter of the First Order of Merit, gives us "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P." 64! But JOSEPH can't be that! somewhere about 50 would be nearer the mark. Of course he has an orchid in his buttonhole, and is probably reading President KRÜGER's reply, and saying to himself, "This is rather an orchid position for me!" Above his head Miss ELIZABETH WHITEHEAD has hung (65) "Chrysanthemums," which, if she had only thought of it, ought to have been orchids.

The "Reflections" of W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., (71) are charming. The "Empire" style has long ago proved, for him at least, the truth of the saying, "L'Empire c'est la paix!" or, translated, "It is the Empire style that pays."

No. 83. Mr. SHANNON's Mrs. Baird is charming. Another and equally correct title would be "Missis Clothed," not "Missis BAIRD."

Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., has given us an excellent likeness of Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Sculptor. Only WATTS's colours ran; so the dye has come off poor GILBERT's tie and has stained his collar, which has therefore the appearance of having been made out of a reproduction, in linen, of the willow-pattern-plate tint.

No. 99. Portrait of Mrs. Frank Bibby. By LUKE FILDES, R.A. Decidedly "One of the Best." Motto, words of popular song adapted—"Jolly! O mv! and the Bibby!"

No. 105. "Golden October." By J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. To be classed not among "the Sorrows" but the "Joys of WHIRTER."

No. 111. Stanley Leighton, M.P., apparently considerably astonished at finding himself so admirably reproduced by our own Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A.

No. 121. Touching picture, by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., of nurse taking out invalid child just convalescent. "HUBERT" was always kindly towards children. Witness his treatment of little Prince Arthur. Vide SHAKESPEARE'S King John.

No. 138. Monsieur de Blowitz. By BENJAMIN CONSTANT. Is this a gift of the painter's to Our Leading Journal, which M. DE BLOWITZ has so long and so admirably served? If so, the inscription should be "Constant to the Times."

With these few notes must end our first visit. We are delighted to see the veteran SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., at his best in 171, "Among the Mountains in Skye," but of course not "skye'd." Also FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., getting away from Egypt, an unsafe place just now, to give us an English scene in "The Shepherdess and her Flock." It is difficult for a Good-all to "go one better," but he has done it. We call attention to President MILLAIS' "Marchioness of Tweeddale" (280), which, as a speaking likeness, is not "Tweeddale-dumb."

SEYMOUR LUCAS makes "Spanish Main" tell its own Spanish tale. See more LUCAS in our next.

No. 616. "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne." Another title, "Dick and Anne; or, the Double Gloucester who thinks himself quite the Cheese, and the Lady who has just lost a Sovereign." Had the artist needed a line of popular verse he would have used "Dick awry! Dick awry! Dock!" For, if ever villain ought to have ended in a dock, and been found guilty, it was that accomplished scoundrel, "afterwards RICHARD THE THIRD." A marvellous work by EDWIN A. ABBEY, A. This will be the talk of the public. The scene is in London, probably in the vicinity of Westminster, the situation being from Richard the Third, Act I., scene 1, and will entitle the American artist to be remembered ever after as "Westminster Abbey." This is the picture of the year. Most certainly it is the very Abbeyest of "Abbey Thoughts."

The Blush of Spring.

["As a whole, I believe Spring blushes for warmth."—Mr. Grant Allen.]

"THE blush of Spring" doth sound a pleasant thing.

But if for "warmth" she blushes, proof is ample,
That unto some who write and some who sing
Spring sets a good example.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE "SEC."—"The Pop of a Champagne Cork is, to a thirsty soul, the best practical illustration of Fizzical Force." *Dernier mot de Pommery à son Gré*—No?—si.

PENTADECYLPARATOLYLKETONE



THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

Lecturer (at our Penny Reading). "THESE RAYS, WHEN ALLOWED TO FALL UPON PAPER THAT HAS BEEN SATURATED WITH CERTAIN CHEMICALS, NAMELY, SULPHIDE OF CALCIUM, AND—AND PENTA—ER—PENT—A—DE—ER—PERHAPS IT WILL BE MORE SATISFACTORY IF THE GENTLEMAN IN CHARGE OF THE LIMELIGHT WILL KINDLY THROW THE WORD UPON THE SCREEN!"

[N.B.—He had provided the Slide in case of need.]

THE MILLIONS TO THE MILLIONAIRES.

[The men of Walworth have "improved the occasion" of the death of Baron HIRSCH by addressing an appeal to the millionaires of England.]

YE millionaires of England, how swelling ye stand,
(Whilst CHAPLIN of the glittering glass laments about the land!)
We working men of Walworth are pining for a park,
And Baron HIRSCH has set ye all a lesson ye should mark.
The "elevation of the poor"—by other means than drink—
Were worthy work for millions like your own. What do you think?
Your "public spirit, looking out for means to help," might use
The moral yielded by the tale of the Baron and the Jews!

Ye millionaires of England, we number millions too,
But ours are hungry mouths to fill upon a paltry screw!
We working men of Walworth are often short of grub,
Our only home is in a slum, our only joy, the pub.
The difference between us, gents—as he may know who cares,—
Is—that we are the Millions, whilst you're the Millionaires!
That difference looks slight enough, O men big millions all worth,
But if you'd know its full extent—just come and visit Walworth!

Compensation.

"THERE is nae luck about the House!"
Pipes "Auld lang" LECKY, sour and pecky.
Cheer up! 'Twill not lack luck or nous,
Till men must sing "There is nae LECKY!"

MEREDITH, MORRIS, HARRISON, LECKY, lanky!
Genius great, fine talent, cleverness cranky!
But for a blend of worship and sly railleury,
Nought equalled the "New Gal" at the New Gallery!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—House met to-day as usual at three o'clock; adjournment of business automatic at clang of midnight. House being model business assembly, divided its opportunity into two parts. Up to nine o'clock it talked about how it would do its business. At the end of sixth hour it got to work upon one of most important bills of Session; a measure SQUIRE OF MALWOOD describes as revolutionising system of local taxation, and HENRY FOWLER denounces as the alternative iniquitously selected by Ministers, in place of taking off a penny from burden of long-suffering income-tax payer.

However this be, there is involved in measure subvention of a million and a half a year, drawn from pocket of taxpayer paid into pocket of agricultural ratepayer. To ordinary intelligence seems more useful to discuss this than to question whether private Members' time is or is not being taken earlier than usual this Session. House, of course, is far above range of average intelligence. It knows best, and it gave six freshest hours of sitting to animated discussion of order of procedure, leaving dregs of sitting to discussion of Agricultural Rating Bill.

Nor is this all calculated to dumbfounder Average Intelligence, represented by Man in Strangers' Gallery. Whilst procedure under discussion benches crowded. In one division 463 voted. Laughter and cheers from time to time rang through House. When the second reading Rating Bill came on, beggarly array of empty benches fronted SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, as he frizzled up SHAW-LEFEVRE vainly trying to hide himself in a top-coat under Gallery. TANNER so touched by this lamentable condition of affairs that, in midst of one of SQUIRE's towering sentences, he moved a Count. Members trooped in in numbers sufficient to make a House, but fled from the wrath yet to come from BLANKNEY. It was all meant for SHAW-LEFEVRE; but spluttering sparks are not discriminating in their fall, and Members were safer outside.

SHAW-LEFEVRE not a Member of the House now, or of course wouldn't be under the Gallery. Is President of Royal Commission on Agriculture still sitting. Under CHAPLIN's lead it mutinied; put the Captain under hatches; then marooned him and altered the log-book. Castaway rescued by passing whaler; worked his way home; wrote letter to newspapers attacking CHAPLIN and his Bill. The SQUIRE now rejoins with terrific force.

Doesn't seem to have much to do with second reading of Agricultural Rating Bill, but is quite in keeping with the *genus* of the sitting. *Business done.*—Talkee-talkie.

Tuesday.—No more morning sittings. The Assyrian of Treasury Bench has come down like a wolf on the fold of the private Member; eaten up his last ewe lamb, fluffy tail and all. Bitter complaints, more particularly of earliness of raid. Private Member, accustomed to being bullied, argues that at least he might have been left alone a little longer.

"Never knew such thing done before Whitsuntide," says OSBORNE MORGAN.

"Thank your stars it isn't before Easter," says the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who is ominously cheerful mood. "Reminds me of a story O'NEILL DAUNT used to tell. Politically a dreadful man DAUNT. Worse than DAVITT; but great friend of LECKY's. Must therefore be respectable man. Story about widow of Irish farmer riding home from her husband's funeral on crupper of a neighbour's horse. When they had trotted about quarter of mile from last resting-place of first husband, the farmer asked the widow to marry him. 'Of course I will,' she said. 'Why didn't you speak sooner?' That's what I say to PRINCE ARTHUR. He comes down on 27th of April and takes last vestige of Private Members' time. 'Why didn't you speak sooner,' I ask him."

This, the first appropriated day, used to push forward second reading Agricultural Rating Bill. Great interests touched. As DON JOSÉ, whilst still in state of sin, described situation, Ministers are robbing PETER to pay PAUL—PETER being the landless millions, PAUL the many-acred landlord. In such circumstance might expect benches crowded; House seething with excitement. On contrary, benches empty, save for Members who had prepared short essays, and jump up *en masse* in effort to catch SPEAKER's eye when another, having finished reading his paper, drops the envied orb.

Only one man rises above level of depressing circumstances. ROBSON, Q.C., stirs sluggish pool with breezy speech. Admirable in matter, delivered straight out from the shoulder. Best thing yet done by new Member. SARK, nothing if not precise, says ROBSON not new Member, but second-hand. Been in before. That is trifling. He is new with this Parliament, and if he spares time to its debates will make his mark in it. But no man can serve two masters, especially when one is the insatiable House of Commons.

ROBSON spoke without a note. FINCH-HATTON had a sheaf, and they buried him in their abundance. It was the dawn that did it. In quietude of study, FINCH had born to him quite new idea about

"dawn of better times" heralded by SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY's Bill. This, of course, to be introduced at end of speech. Somehow or other notes got mixed. The dawn turned up in the middle of night, as it were, just at the time where FINCH meant to be telling the House a few quite proper stories about life in Australia. One misfortune led to another. There was Tyre and Sidon, with the close bearing of their history on our system of agricultural rating; would have made admirable point; but one sheet having got wrong, all the rest were out of gear; Tyre and Sidon came in in the wrong century. Then the dawn, with quite uncanny abruptness, turned up again, and FINCH, "welcoming it with open arms," as he said, sat down.



Breezy and Brilliant.

R-I-S-N, Q.C.

reiterated argument, or walking round and round the lobby as if it were a lap in a ten-mile heel-and-toe match, but it must be done. Country expects it, and no man should shirk his duty."

So they moodily sipped an extra glass of port and went off, ready to suffer all things, even grilled bones and devilled kidneys between two and three in the morning.

But present House isn't up to all-night sittings. By one o'clock, when JOKIM resumed seat after lively round with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, there were hungry cries for the division. LOUGH moved adjournment. PRINCE ARTHUR pounced. Where there is amendment to original question, Closure involves three divisions. Each division takes from fifteen to twenty minutes. So, early on this May morning, round and round the division lobbies we went, as our forefathers footed it round the maypole. By putting on s_u_r_t, got through this process of legislation just inside fifty minutes; and so home to bed, with proud consciousness of having literally walked the Agricultural Rating Bill past a second reading.

SARK has given AKERS-DOUGLAS private notice of his intention to ask whether, in view of saving public time, there would be any objection to laying down cycle tracks in division lobbies. Has, with his usual thoroughness, gone into figures; finds that, without putting on dangerous speed, at least eight minutes would be saved on every division; equal in Session of ordinary duration to nine days.

Business done.—Agricultural Rating Bill read second time, by 333 votes against 156.

Friday night.—There was a Member of the 1874 Parliament who made a reputation by concluding his speech with the remark, "And now Mr. SPEAKER, I will sit down by saying." To-night, CALDWELL beat him hollow. As usual in Committee of Supply, he was well to front, saying nothing in speeches of prodigious length. STUART-WORTLEY, in Chair, kept tight grip upon him.

"I must remind the hon. Member," he said, after CALDWELL had been rambling round for twenty minutes, "of the standing order against tedious repetition."

"I was only just finishing up," CALDWELL pleaded.

"Yes, but you've long since finished up your audience," responded STUART-WORTLEY. This, of course, *sotto voce*.

An hour later, he again came in contact with the inexorable Chair. Called to order, he showed disposition to argue point. Rebuked with increased sternness, he said, "Of course, Mr. STUART-WORTLEY, I am perfectly willing to sit down upon the point."

"Such sinful, lavish, extravagance," said SARK, really affected. "It was the only point in his remarks, and he sat upon it!"

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Yellow Book has reached its ninth volume, and appears in the merry, merry spring-time with a new front cover and title-page by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER; which name I would re-write "Mrs. *Per se* DREAMER," for the designs are of that grotesque, fantastic stuff that dreams are made of. Inability to admire them is my loss—somehow. E. H. NEW's "Stanstead Abbots" is delightful. We know that typical old-fashioned village, be it called by any other name. Mr. J. E. SOUTHALL's "Night" (dated 1894) is as hard in drawing as it is to understand. Why should a female with classically bound hair and white classic drapery, surrounded by signs of the zodiac, all white on a grey ground, be the representative of "Night"? Unless the artist intended us to understand that, though he was showing a drawing light-tinted, he was yet "keeping it dark."

"Oh where are the pipes of Pan?" asks Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, in his "Four Prose Fancies." At certain corners of certain streets, at certain times, Mr. LE GALLIENNE may hear the pipes of Pan with drum accompaniment, and may witness the performance of the immortal drama of Signor PUNCINELLO and his GIULIA translated into right good English of the "Stratford-atte-Bow kind." Then shall RICHARD (LE GALLIENNE) be himself again, and, returning to his home, shall he write, in his own inimitable style, the true story of Punch and Judy.

What has the Baron to say of *The Savoy*—no, beg pardon, *The Savoy*—No. 2, for April, edited by ARTHUR SYMONS, and illustrated by one AUBREY BEARDSLEY-WEARDSLEY? Wonderful—most wonderful! "But as it takes my breath away," says the Baron, "and paralyzes my writing hand, I am compelled to reserve my criticism."

No wise collector will fail to secure for his library Mr. TUEB's most complete, exhaustive, and exhausting *History of the*



"OH, DID YOU SEE A GENTLEMAN ON A BICYCLE AS YOU CAME UP?"

"NO; BUT I SAW A MAN SITTING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL MENDING AN OLD UMBRELLA!"



Horn-book, in two volumes, *édition de luxe*. The account is most interesting, illustrating history, and bringing the reader in touch with the new-born yearning for "something popular to read," and for that craving for news of the day which has been developing in England since the fourteenth century, and is not likely to be satisfied until centuries themselves have passed out of all record of time. "To a hint in *Punch*," says Mr. TUEB in a prefatal note, "are due the real horn-books, &c., stowed away in the cover of this work."

Mr. *Punch* is delighted to have been thus taken at his word, and hereby heartily congratulates Mr. TUEB on the highly satisfactory result of his labour as exhibited in the present volumes issued by the Leadenhall Press.

THE BARON.

"LABBY" REFLECT!—Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., desires that the Chartered South African Company should have no more power than that possessed by a Tyre Wheel Association, and he also insists on the extinction of RHODES. Now of what possible use would a bicycle enterprise be without roads?

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—There is a strong monarchical and imperial feeling against bicyclists. It is not unlikely that from the Most Exalted Quarter will be issued a manifesto denouncing all practical bicyclists, without exception, as causing so many revolutions.

WHY BAR ANY?—Mr. DUNCOMBE, M.P., is introducing a Barmaid's Bill to the House of Commons. Without any trouble he could also collect a Barmaid's DICK, TOM, HARRY, JIM, BOB, TED, and even PERCY. Specimens on view all over the country.

PARADOXICAL.—There were no fireworks during the North Aberdonian election contest; yet the result was, in the main, due to Pirie-technics.

CHARITY COVERS A MULTITUDE OF—CUPIDS.

SCENE—A Conservatory. TIME—The Ball in Aid of the Disabled Dustmen at the commencement of the London season. EDWIN and ANGELINA discovered in earnest conversation.

Angelina (softly). It is so sudden! I really cannot give an answer now.

Edwin (with fervour). But this is the only opportunity we have for discussion, unless by some lucky chance you and your people are going to the theatricals for the Octogenarian Organ Grinders.

Angelina (reluctantly). Yes, we shall be there. But then at an amateur performance it is so difficult to be confidential.

Edwin. I understand you. Well, then, shall we not meet at the dance organised for the assistance of the Convalescent Charwomen?

Angelina. I suppose so. We go year after year. But I should rather have a little more time. You are so impatient.

Edwin (earnestly). Yes, for my fate depends upon your reply. Well, then, there is the Bereaved Basket Makers on Tuesday week.

Angelina. Yes, but again we may be disturbed; and it is possible we may not come. Papa says the charity was exposed in *Veracity*.

Edwin. Well, are you going to the "At Home" of the Poor Piano Players?

Angelina. Again, I fear, we shall not. The benefaction was exposed, so my father told me, in that most excellent musical journal, *The Lyre*.

Edwin (wounded). I believe you are laughing at me! You are making excuses because you do not wish to save me from despair!

Angelina (seriously). You wrong me! And to show you that I do not deserve your reproaches, I will give you a fixture. What are you doing on Thursday fortnight?

Edwin. Nothing. But if you keep me longer in suspense, I will not answer for the consequences.

Angelina (smiling). Foolish fellow! But you shall have my answer then. We are going to a function appropriate to the occasion—the Festival of the Melancholy Monomaniacs. But see, we are separated.

[Enter ANGELINA's People, and Curtain.]

SORTES SHAKSPEARIANÆ AGAIN.

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow!"—This forebodes BULL's sorrow at the Parting of the RHODES!

IDEA OF SHAREHOLDERS IN COMPANY STARTING TO RENOVATE BICYCLE TIRES.—That they will re-tire with a fortune.

SITE FOR HOME FOR UNMUZZLED DOGS.—Muzzle (i.e. Muswell) Hill.

AN "EXPLOSIVE" CABINET.—The Melinite Ministry.



'A MOTHER OF THREE.'

["Unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances, Mr. BALFOUR will take the Agricultural Relief Bill, the Education Bill, and the Irish Land Bill, in succession. It is hoped that all three measures may be read a second time before Whitsuntide."—*Daily Paper.*]

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(TOM HOOD AS A POET.)

THERE has lately been issued a new edition of the poems of THOMAS HOOD, and here and there a reviewer has thought it worth his while to devote a cursory line to the revived memory of the dead poet. Some of these notices were sympathetic; some hinted that Hood's fame, such as it was, rested rather on his skits, his word-contortions, and his playful fooling, than on his serious efforts; and one went so far as to quote a beautiful verse from the "The Haunted House," with the surprising comment that "this sounds strange at the present day." Very few, however, seemed to think that the compilers of his poems (my edition bears date 1857) were justified in the belief, which they expressed in their short and touching preface, "that in any future recital of the names of writers who have contributed to the stock of genuine English poetry, THOMAS HOOD will find honourable mention."

BUT surely the belief is justified. No man, it was said of GRAY, ever passed over to the immortals with a smaller bundle under his arm. Hood's bundle is almost as small as GRAY's, but, such as it is, it has passed him through into the green fields and happy regions just as surely as if he had staggered in with a huge load upon his shoulders. He has thought and feeling, he has music, he has time's great antiseptic, style; there is in his verse the sense of tears in mortal things, there is elevation, there is a deep and sincere piety, and there is the refinement which goes hand-in-hand with power and insight. Where shall you find a better equipment for an immortal?

To write indifferent sonnets is as easy as throwing pebbles into the sea; to write good sonnets is a tremendous task, and few are those who have performed it, and have been able to fix a shining truth or a genuine emotion in a perfect setting of fourteen musical lines. Hood's efforts in this direction were all good, and two of them are, to my mind, supreme. Take, for example, this sonnet on Death:—

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
In Sunlight to the Sun, shall set in night;
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;
It is not death to know this, but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

AND here is my second example, a sonnet in the same sad vein of submission to fate and circumstance and obliterating forgetfulness:—

SILENCE.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyæna, calls,
And owls that fit continually between
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is self-conscious and alone.

Mother of Amateur Photographer. "WHAT AN IDIOTIC GUY YOU 'VE MADE YOUR PAPA LOOK!"
Amateur Photographer. "YES, MAMMA DEAR. BUT ISN'T IT LIKE HIM!"

This kind of thing, no doubt, "sounds strange at the present day," but its strangeness is due to the fact that our ears have grown unused to the sound of so pure a note, struck with so certain a hand. Truly it may be said of HOOD in the words of another of his own sonnets:—

Yet few there be who pipe so sweet and loud,
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space:
The noisy day is deafened by a crowd
Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race;
But only lark and nightingale forlorn
Fill up the silences of night and morn.

BUT read, also, "The Haunted House," which our pert critic found so strange. Is there in all poetry a finer example of mystery, of eeriness, of midnight feeling in that troubled half-sleep, in which strange sounds strike upon the startled ear with a sense of portent, and the shadows grow and grow until they assume ghostly and terrific shapes.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof and daring poacher;
In spite of gaps that through the fences round
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper to the ear,
The place is Haunted.

But space fails me, and I must resume the consideration of HOOD's poems on another occasion.

BARREN HONOUR INDEED!—"The SULTAN'S" honour (the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh) for M. CAMBON, French Ambassador.

Here is a riddle it were hard to guess!
How can one give what he does not possess?



OUT OF DATE.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

SCENE—A cobwebby corner in Time's Lumber Room. Leaning despondently against the wall is a tall pyramidal form covered with withered foliage, with a square aperture in the centre, through which a spectral face is dimly visible. On the shelf close by is seated a figure in a mask and a paper cocked-hat, somewhat carelessly dressed in other respects, and apparently lost in meditation, its head sunk on its breast and its legs limply dangling.

The Pyramid (to itself). Shall I speak to him or not? He's not quite the sort of person I should care to be intimate with. But, after all, we've both been here some years now, and a civil remark doesn't commit one to anything. (*Aloud.*) Ahem! Could you tell me what month this is, Sir? Extraordinary thing, but I've quite forgotten.

The Mask. Eh? What month? Why, let me see—one loses count here, but I fancy we're getting near November.

The Pyramid (disappointed). November! Surely you mean May? I—I've a motive in asking, because I—well, I've some idea of getting a company together on the First, to go on tour with me in my celebrated character of "Jack in the Green, or the Tree Spirit." I don't know if you're in the profession yourself, by the way?

The Mask. Is it possible that you have never heard of my famous impersonation of "GUIDO FAWKES," in "the Gunpowder Plot that shall never be forgot"? I am immense in it, my boy, immense! Time was when I drove my own donkey-barrow, though even in a kitchen chair, with the bottom out, there was a fire about my rendering of the part that—But I dare say you've seen me.

The Pyramid. I—I go out so little now. I'm afraid I've never had the advantage of seeing you. When do you—er—give your performance?

The Mask. You must be more verdant than you look, dear boy, or you would be aware that I make my annual reappearance every Fifth of November—by particular desire, Sir, by particular desire. I rather think I've some press-cuttings about me now which—Ha, *this* seems like it. No, I'm wrong. It's only a shaving.

The Pyramid. Ah! May is my month—the First. But you'll excuse me, I'm sure. We must have been here for several years, and you haven't stirred from that shelf.

The Mask (with dignity). I have been resting, dear boy, resting. And, by the way, you don't seem to have been running your show—what do you call it? "Jack up a Tree, or the Green Spirit"—lately, if it comes to that.

The Pyramid (with some confusion). I've been—er—resting, too. And then, you see, a part like Jack in the Green—well, you must be properly supported, or the thing won't go. I can't go on the road without a dancing lord in kneebreeches, and a leading lady with a brass ladle, a clown for the comic relief, and a band and so on, and I don't know where I'm to get them! People seem to have left off caring to symbolise the revival of vegetation and the birth of Spring somehow. I doubt if there's a chimney-sweep left with any real poetry in him!

The Mask. I find the same in my line, Sir. The ignorance of the Public on the leading event in the history of our country is something deplorable. It is all owing to those confounded Board Schools, Sir.

Why, if you'll believe me, the last time I appeared in public (which, between ourselves, is more years ago than I care to mention), I wasn't recognised, Sir, nobody knew who I was! They took me for some pinchbeck politician—I always hated Parliament—or the Sultan of Turkey, or a low murderer, I'm hanged if I know whom they *didn't* take me for! It annoyed me so much that I made up my mind to retire. I often think now I was too hasty, and I don't say that if they were to come and offer me a starring engagement on my own terms, give me my fill of fireworks, a new rig out from top to toe—I've always been rather a stickler for accuracy in costume—one of these automotor cars to take me round, and an escort of Horse Guards, I don't say I mightn't think twice before I said no. But there, I'm not sure; I never was fond of publicity, and being stared at and shouted after, and then, the late hours, and the heat and the glare—

I really don't know if I should feel up to facing it all again.

The Pyramid. I hear the Socialists are getting up a May Day Demonstration, or something. If they were to ask me to join, I might. That is, if I don't hear from the chimney-sweeps first. It must be near the end of April. My twigs are shooting, as they always do in Spring.

The Mask. Spring! You mean Autumn. I can't be mistaken; I feel it in every squib in my body.

Here TIME enters, carrying an armful of miscellaneous litter; problem plays, sex novels, reminiscences, &c., which he shoots unceremoniously upon the floor.

The Pyramid. I say it's Spring. But look here—let's ask him; he ought to know.

The Mask. All right; ask him, then.

The Pyramid. No; I'd rather you did.

The Mask. You're the oldest—go on. He hasn't got his scythe.

The Pyramid. I—I beg your pardon, Mr. TIME, but could you oblige us with the exact date?

Time. Wednesday, May the Thirteenth. Why, what do you want to know for?

The Pyramid. The Thirteenth! Then May Day is over! It's of no consequence. I only thought—I—I rather expected—I suppose there have been no inquiries for me?

The Mask. Or for me? Nothing—er—settled about the Fifth? November will be

on us soon now, you know, and I like to be beforehand, dear boy—I should say Mr. TIME. Always like to make my arrangements beforehand.

Time (not unkindly). I haven't heard of any inquiries for either of you at present. And, if you'll take my advice, you won't bother yourselves about dates and anniversaries up here; you're out of all that now, you know.

The Pyramid. After all, it generally used to rain on the First. Just as well I didn't go, perhaps.

The Mask. If there's any fog on the Fifth, I'd just as soon stay at home. In fact, I'm not sure I shall venture out in any case. What are you snivelling about inside there?

The Pyramid. I'm not snivelling—any more than you are. And you may say what you like, but it's not pleasant to feel we're forgotten.

The Mask. We're not forgotten. It's a plot, Sir, a deliberate underhand conspiracy to keep the Public in ignorance of our existence. Now if there's one thing I despise and abominate, it's a plot! But I'll unmask 'em, Sir, I—I'll—

[*He explodes with wrath as scene closes in.*]

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

III.—THE FALLEN ASH.

WHEN the summer breeze goes
whispering by,
When the wintry tempests crash,
Be it mine to light on so fair a
sight
As the grey-stemmed mighty
ash!

As I loll in my hammock I banish
care,
I forget the want of cash,
And naught I lack, as I lie right
back
And gaze on the mighty ash.

Far down in the valley the zephyrs
play
O'er the leafy woodland plash,
Yet I may not see any woodland
tree
To compare with the mighty ash.

More fragrant than lime, more
straight than fir—
I make no assertion rash;
I have watched it grow, so I ought
to know
The points of the mighty ash.

But all in a moment the Fates
conspire
Man's dearest hopes to dash;
You may scarce look round, when
along the ground
Low lies the mighty ash!

It is not the hurricane's tearing
blast,
Nor the deadly lightning
flash,
But an ill-timed jar to a good
cigar
That fells the mighty ash!

PLEASURES FOR PRISONERS.

"In order to carry out certain recommendations of the recent Committee on Prisons, the directors of convict prisons have decided that lectures on scientific and interesting subjects shall be periodically given." Such is the announcement in the Press. *Mr. Punch*, always ready to assist in furthering the wishes of the Public, begs to set an examination paper that may be answered by the criminals to whom the first series of studies will be addressed. He assumes that the lecturer will select topics appropriate to the tastes of his hearers.



Barry Lyndon, and Fagin?

1. Give a short account of any two of the following heroes of romance. *Jack Sheppard, Claude Duval, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, Colonel Blood, Richard Turpin, and "Three-fingered Jack."*
2. Supposing that you wished to enter a dwelling-house when all the occupants were fast asleep and all the doors and windows were securely closed, what scientific method would you adopt?
3. What is a "jemmy"? Explain its use.
4. Was Jack Ketch a real person, or only a type or a myth?
5. Write all you know of *Jonathan Wild, Blueskin, Bill Sykes, and Titus Oates.*
6. In what novels (giving the names of their authors) do the following characters figure. *Paul Clifford, "the Artful Dodger,"*
7. Give a description of the costumes worn during the last three hundred years in Her Majesty's gaols.
8. Why are the police called "coppers"? When did they change their "toppers" for a helmet? What had the first Sir ROBERT PEELE to do with the force?
9. What are the advantages and disadvantages of a ticket-of-leave, a pair of handcuffs, and an *alibi*?
10. Describe Portland, Portsmouth, Dartmoor, and Holloway.
11. Write out the menu of the regulation dinner of a first-class misdemeanant, a felon undergoing penal servitude in his third year, and a person sentenced to seven days' imprisonment with hard labour.
12. Supposing (as most probably will be the case) that football and cricket are soon permitted in prisons "to relieve the monotony of the life of convicts undergoing long sentences" (see Committee on Prisons' Report), how will you, when the happy time arrives, pit establishment against establishment? For instance, should an eleven from Newgate meet the First Sixteen from Springfield Gaol, Chelmsford? If not, why not?
13. How should a prisoner desiring speedy release comport himself in the presence of the governor, the head gaoler, and the chaplain?
14. Give an amusing description of "skilly," "three months' hard," and "the crank."
15. What is meant by "the march of civilisation"? Show how civilisation has paid less attention to the pauper than the thief.
16. When the lecturer asked you at the close of his paper to "kindly testify your satisfaction in the customary manner," did you regret the absence of brickbats?
17. Do you think the "scientific and interesting" series to which you have just listened has "raised your moral tone," or do you consider it "all tommy rot"?

THE LONDON RATEPAYER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Can you define rates?

Answer. A good citizen may call them "proper expenditure," a man of business "unnecessary evils." They are considered by many a means whereby the aristocratic renter of a mansion is made to sink below the financial level of an artisan residing in lodgings.

Q. By whom are rates controlled?

A. By the Vestry, with the assistance of the School Board and the County Council.

Q. Does an average London ratepayer belong to any or all of these bodies?

A. No, he does not, as the expense of entering the two last is not compensated by the prestige secured by admission, and the idea of posturing in the first is considered preposterous.

Q. And yet, does not the comfort of the average London ratepayer depend upon the Vestry?

A. Undoubtedly; but for all that, he refuses to sit in it.

Q. Why does the average London ratepayer pursue this apparently suicidal course?

A. Because he is under the impression that, even were he elected, he would be outvoted in the Council Chamber and the Committee room.

Q. Is this impression justified by facts?

A. To a large extent; as, taking the average London ratepayer as a professional man, who pays on a ratage of £100 a year and upwards, such a man's vote, if recorded, would be swamped in the votes of the scores of husbands of small lodging-house keepers.

Q. What has been the result of this strange apathy?

A. That the rates of the metropolis have risen during the last few years by leaps and bounds.

Q. But has not this increase been accompanied by proportional improvement?

A. A few streets have been widened, and a number of children have acquired an educational standard unsuitable to their station.

Q. Has not the widening of the streets been the feat of the County Council?

A. It has, and the performance has been accompanied by the muleting of the ratepayers to an extent entirely unknown to the London Board of Works.

Q. But is not the London County Council an improvement upon the much abused and rightly obsolete body to which you have just referred?

A. It is not so considered by the clearest-headed of Londoners.

Q. Surely the London County Council has high ideals?

A. The loftiest. But, fortunately for Londoners, those ideals are restrained by the sobering influence of a matter-of-fact Parliament.

Q. With the London County Council in power, is it not probable that some day the streets of the metropolis may be paved with gold?

A. Such a scheme would, no doubt, obtain the hearty support of an influential section of that autocratic body.

Q. And how would the plan be carried into effect?

A. Like every other "improvement," at the expense of the ratepayers.

Q. Then, under all the circumstances of the case, what advice would you tender to the London householder?

A. To give up his residence in town, and live in the country.

Q. And why would you tender this counsel?

A. That he might avoid the rates, and thus escape bankruptcy.

Noble Six Hundred!

Or, Wisdom Between Wickets.

TIME's a mere mental figment, sages say,
That sounds a paradoxical position;
But half-a-dozen "centuries" in one day,
Seems evidence for the metaphysician.
So if they'd pierce the psychologic thicket,
Philosophers had better study Cricket!

FISHING INTELLIGENCE.—"Crab" catching is now in full swing on the Thames. Between Hampton Court and Teddington Look on Sunday afternoons the sport was never brisker.

REAL "FELT WANT."—A hat of felt that does not make a man look either a "bounder" or a "buffer."



TOO MUCH CULTURE.

Simpkinson (an enthusiast about the old Italian Masters). "BY THE WAY, SIR ROBERT, DID YOU EVER SEE CHIARO OSCURO'S MASTER-PIECE, THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON?"

Royal Academician. "I THINK NOT. ARE YOU QUITE SURE ABOUT THE PAINTER'S NAME?"

Simpkinson. "OH YES. I SAW THE PICTURE AT CHRISTIE'S, YOU KNOW. IT WAS DESCRIBED IN THE CATALOGUE AS 'THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON, A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF CHIARO OSCURO'!"

DUTCH-RUM-MUN LAW.

(By Telegraph from our Special Correspondent.)

Pretoria, May 9, 1896.

"THIS morning three of the leading citizens of Johannesburg, Messrs. JOHN BROWN, DAVID JONES, and DONALD ROBINSON, were found guilty of *lèse-majesté* towards President P-L OLIVER CROMWELL KR-G-R, and sentenced to death. Great excitement prevails, and a petition, signed by all the Uitlanders, has been sent to the G-r-m-n Emp-r-r, praying him to intercede for the condemned men."

Pretoria, May 11, 1896.

"There is a general belief that BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON will escape capital punishment, but be condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment in lager, and confiscation of all their property."

Pretoria, May 12, 1896.

"The British Colonial Secretary has telegraphed to President P. O. C. KR-G-R, imploring him to spare the lives of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, offering ample indemnity. The President is considering the situation, and has drawn extensively on his coffee allowance. The prisoners are allowed to see

their friends at the rate of £5 a minute during each interview."

Pretoria, May 13, 1896.

"To-day President P-L OLIVER CROMWELL KR-G-R gave his decision *re* Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON. Each of the condemned men was fined a dollar, but I believe I am correct in saying that the private indemnity amounts to £30,000. There was great rejoicing among the Uitlanders when the result became known, and the President's clemency is universally extolled. The Colonial Secretary immediately cabled his gratitude, and the Grand Cordon of the Victorian Order to the President. The G-r-m-n Emp-r-r has also sent his congratulations, and is forwarding his own thesis of Dutch-Roman law to the High Court of Pretoria. The High Commissioner has despatched autograph apologies for the conduct of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, and the incident is considered closed."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A POOR WALKER TO A LADY WHO DRIVES
A COACH.

I NEVER could quite understand
The pleasure of a four-in-hand
Until I saw you leave the "Grand,"
A fearless, peerless driver.
You gathered up your reins with skill,
You curled your whip with such a will,
You left the traffic "standing still,"
And took the road to Iver.

I hailed a hansom then and there,
And followed you across the square;
You made St. James's gape and stare,
And also Piccadilly.
The 'bus men, most obliging crew,
Sheered off whenever you came in view;
The railway vans gave way to you,
The cabbies "willy-nilly."

And yet my "London Gondolier"
Had great duress your course to steer,
And brought us perilously near
A case for compensation.
And all the while you seem'd to be
Exulting in your passage free.
I saw your shoulders shake with glee,
And envied your elation.

St. Mary Abbott's! Now your "load"
Goes northward to the Uxbridge Road;
And surely urged by cowboy's goad
Your team could not go faster!
Always the same politeness shown
By charioteers—your sway they own,
And leave the path for you alone,—
Your drag their "Yellow Aster."

But oh! there comes that horrid hill!
Your horses break—my senses thrill!
I feel that there must be a spill,
And seem to scent disaster!—
A careless cyclist caused the smash.
How could he dare such running rash?
Here's brandy! Come now, sip a dash!
And here's some sticking-plaster!

MISNAMED.—There is a town in Kansas where a "lady mayor" is assisted by "lady councillors," a "lady city clerk," and a "lady judge." The name of this Adamless Eden is, however, Gaylord. Surely, as ARTEMUS WARD would have said, "A goak is here intended."

APPROPRIATE, AT THE BOOKSELLERS' DINNER.—"The toast of 'The Trade' was acknowledged by Mr. BUMPUS." Of course "Bumpers round!"

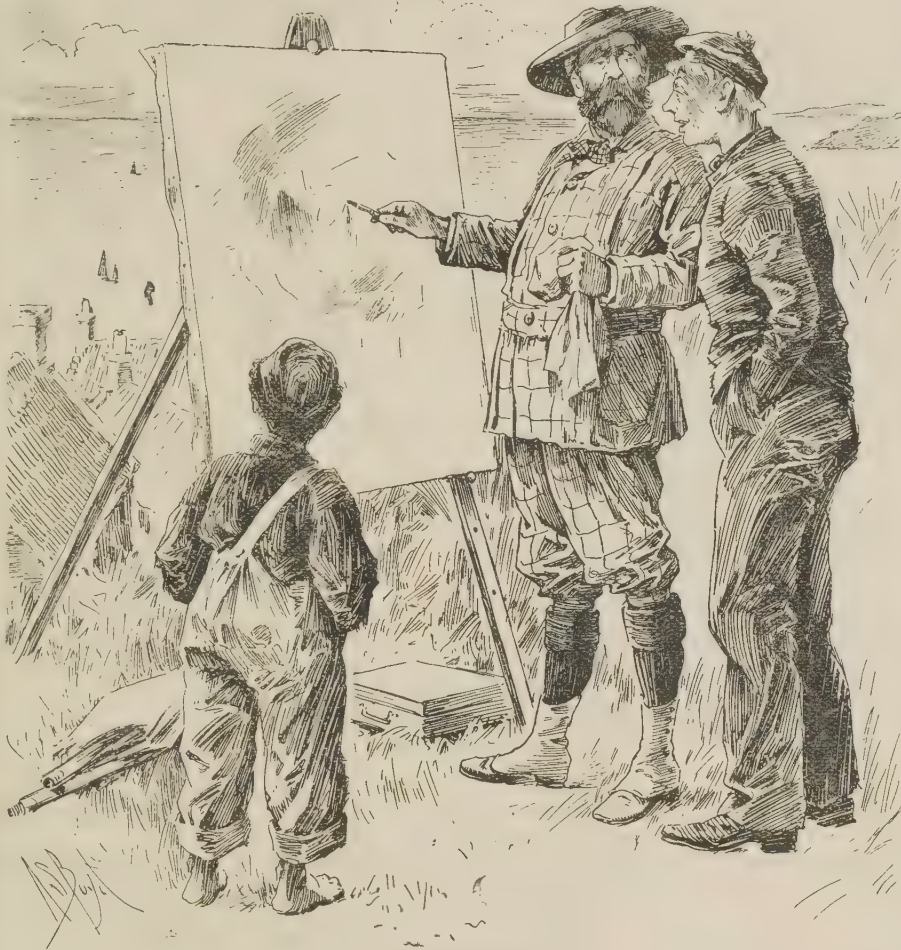


“THE PITY OF IT!”

OTHELLO (*South Africa*). “CASSIO, I LOVE THEE; BUT NEVER MORE BE OFFICER OF MINE.”

Othello, Act II., Scene 3.

[“Mr. RHODES has no longer any power of assailing or menacing the Transvaal. The military authority in the company’s territory is in the hands of Sir RICHARD MARTIN. The administration is in the hands of Lord GREY.”—*Times*, May 9, 1896.]



PESSIMISM.

Artist (irritated by the preliminaries of composition and the too close proximity of an uninteresting native), "I THINK YOU NEEDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO LOOK AT JUST NOW."

Native, "AY, AN' I DOOT THERE 'LL NEVER BE MUCKLE TO LOOK AT THERE!"

TOMMY HARTFUL ON HAPPY EVENINGS.

"[Some people rather favoured the goody-goody sort of philanthropy, which aimed at giving a child a bun, making it sing a hymn, and sending it to bed. The work for which they pleaded was not that of a bun-and-hymn society.]—Mr. Herbert Gladstone at the Annual Meeting of the Children's Happy Evening Association.]

I AM only a kid wot must do as I'm bid, as the spellin' book sez, or 'tis wuss for me;
But I do know *this*, goody-goody is dull!
Some as plays up the parson and nuss for me
Means well, I've no doubt, but lor! when yer can't shout, nor yet clomp yer poor feet, nor yet snuffle,
It gives yer the stitch, mykes yer feel quibby snitch, and the little 'uns sets on the snuffle.
Yer see we've got *legs*, and not old timber pegs, like the sailor-man down in our alley.
And legs, when they're live 'uns on kiddies, yer see, ain't a mite like the post of Aunt Sally.
They will *not* keep still, and it mykes yer feel ill when yer knows as yer've got to arrange 'em

Like bricks in a box. Wy, I've wore out my socks many times wiv the longing to change 'em.

But this Mister GLADSTING 'e seems for to know more erbout hus poor kiddies than some on 'em.

Some thinks we 'ain't 'appy onless our 'air's iled and brushed up to the nines. Ain't it rum on 'em?

I likes mine best trowsley, I tell yer. Yer strite away, up-an'-down style ain't my motter.

Yer don't want no brushing to play at Hop-Scotch or at Please t-r remember the Grotter.

Play! That's where this 'ere Mister HERBERT 'as 'it it in once. 'Appy Evenings is proper,

If they don't mean school outer school, dontcher see. But they did ought to put a cop-stopper

On myking belief as its larks when its lessons! I do call that 'umbuggin' hartful;

And if they emagine they diddle us kiddies in *that* ways, they're hout—by a cart-full. We dunno a deal, but we're fly, I can tell yer, espeshul to jam as 'ides jollop.

We're all Tommy Hartfuls in that; you can't do *hus* wiv sugared pills, not by a dollup!

The projam of these 'Appy Evenings, they sy, is amusement, and that "pure and simple."

No teaching—'cept 'ow to ermuse ourselves! Ah! you may wyger St. Paul's to a pimple That's on the right lay. Wherefore bully for HERBERT, and likeways for Lord LON-DONDERRY,

And them proper sorts, Lydies JERSEY and JEUNE! A march-round, all so scrump-tious and merry,

"Begun the perceedings," as penny-gaff touts put it. Pickter books, paints, scales and weightses

For plying at shop! Ah! I tell yer it's better than stooping for hours over slateses,

Though *that*'s all serene in its wy, I serpose, as yer can't get on fur wivout larning, Not these times, yer can't, and I'll 'ave ter brush up at the Board School afore I goes arning,

Leastways Muvver sez so, and she's mostly right. I 'ave got to larn figgers and spellin',

And do a fair "Standard" afore I turn ten year, and *then*, Muvver sez, there's no tellin',

'Ow 'igh I may rise. Be a GLADSTING myself or a BALFOUR, she sez, if I'm steady.

Heigho! I must sy Mister HERBERT's my mark, 'cos 'e hunderstands hus. So I'm ready

To 'ave a fair shy at it—arter a bit. But oh! study's a grind and no horror, And grammar or 'rithmetick, when you've grubbed short or got 'eadache, 's a fair 'oly terror.

But playing at "Snap," "'Appy Family," "Shop,"—when you've 'ad a long rest and good stuffin',—

At these 'Appy Evenings, is prime, and there's larks in a cocoa-nut cockshy for nuffin!

They took hus to Osterley Park this last summer, three 'undered on hus! It's a mercy For kiddies like hus as there's gents like that GLADSTING, and swells like that kyind Lydy JERSEY.

The "bun-hymn-and-bed" bizness, thanks be! is done. Oh! it's dull, I can tell yer, and duffin',

To sit on a form, like tired 'ens on a roost, and jest go in for psalm-toons and stuffin'

'Ard buns, jest like 'aporths o' stale, and woshed down wiv wot GLADSTING called weak goody-goody,

As coffee-shop cat-lap is gunpowder tea to. Ah! well, to be bumphus and broody,

My Muvver sez, isn't becoming the poor. But if on'y topsawyers and teachers

Jest knowed *wot* a cuss *Dulness* is to the poor, the philanterpists mightn't turn preachers

Too much of the book-bun-and-bed sort o' gospel, but, like that O.K. kind o' chappy, H. GLADSTING, M.P., would try *just* for to see kids at least knowed the meaning of

"'Appy"!

The "Unholy Alliance."

(New Scholastic Nursery Rhyme, by the "Bird of Passage.")

"[Here was an awful example—Mr. LYULPH STANLEY lying down with Mr. DIGGLE, and the two consulting how far they might go in condemnation of the Bill.]—Mr. Athelstan Riley, on the New Education Bill.]

HEY! DIGGLE! DIGGLE!

What? You on the wriggle?

With STANLEY (Progressive) in tune?

How the Rad dogs will laugh

To see this sport,—

DIGGLE (Rad)-dished and playing the spoon!



Irishman (whose mate has just fallen overboard with the bucket while swabbing decks). "PLAZE, CAPIIN, DO YE RIMIMBER THAT SCOTCHIS YE TUK ABOARD THE SAME TOIME AS YE DID ME? I MANE HIM WOT HAD THE LOT O' GOOD CHARACTER PAPERS, AN' ME THAT NIVER HAD A BLISSID WAN?" Captain. "WELL?" Irishman. "WELL—HE'S OFF WID YER PAIL!"

REVERIES AT LORD'S.

By an Elderly Enthusiast.

MEN welcome the Season for many a reason,
For fashion and folly, for love and for larks;
But not as R. A. time do I greet the Maytime,
With eye to St. Stephen's, the Play, or the Parks.
No, when the May cometh, and Babylon hummeth,
A rosier rapture the Season affords
To him who with pleasure, in light-hearted leisure,
Enjoys the delights of the first match at Lord's.
The footballing frenzy is over. What men see
In kicking a ball is a marvel to me.
In fields bare and boggy, all muddy and foggy,
To fight for the sphere is a fun I can't see.
But oh! in fine weather the whizz of the leather
Clean banged from the bat is a joy beyond words;
And STODDART's first sixer is just an elixir,
There's no pick-me-up like the first match at Lord's.

It's well worth a million to see the Pavilion
Warm flushing once more with the faces one knows;
White veterans jolly, who handle a broly
As though 'twere a bat, and the scoring ran close.
That paunchy old fellow could once wield the willow
Like FELIX or MYNN. Still it draws him like cords,
That first shout of "Over!" and he is in clover
When thus settling down to the first match at Lord's.

Eh? Old 'uns? Lord bless us! that grim shirt of
Nessus
We throw off as soon as the wickets are pitched;
The first sight of flannels warms blood in its channels,
The eye brightens up, and the bosom's bewitched.
Take Lancashire's HORNBY! Is he held in scorn by
Good judges for what *Edax Rerum* records?
His grip as firm-fixed is as when in the Sixties,
Or thereabouts, he fought his first match at Lord's.

Oh, sweet the cool whiff of the turf, the first sniff of
The fresh London lilac! There's no need to-day
Of saw-dust or "sweater." It *couldn't* be better.
Gad! Look at the Doctor! How's that for leg-play.
By Jove! he swiped *that* well! Gad! Beaten by ATTEWELL!!
Hoped GRACE was well set, for great joy it affords
The "ring," widely smiling, to watch him up-piling
One "century" more in his first match at Lord's!

All wished he might do it. Sheer vinegar-cruet
Must he be, who won't wish our Doctor good luck.
"He *can't* have a season like last," croakers reason;
But lord! whilst he keeps up his form and his pluck,
Though hard upon fifty, still stalwart and shifty,
Leviathan's play a fair prospect affords
Of splendid surprises at cricketing crises,
Long be it ere GRACE sees his last match at Lord's!

Young HEARNE seems a ripper, and so thinks "The Skipper,"
And STORER to-day makes the bowlers sit up.
DE TRAFFORD's a stunner as smiter or runner!
An elegant mixture of DEERFOOT and KRUPP
We want at a wicket, and then we get Cricket!
I don't like your blendings of blocks and deal boards.
No! keep the game spinning, and—losing or winning—
You're sure to find fun in your first match at Lord's.

Peugh! Now for my dinner! As I am a sinner
I've felt all the day like a frolicsome boy.
Good old 'uns still prizing I watch the uprising
Of promising "colts" with a cricketer's joy.
Hooray for King Willow! When seeking my pillow
I log no "lost day"; and dim dream-world affords
Renewal of pleasure. While health lasts, and leisure,
I'll not miss the joys of the first match at Lord's.

LATEST FROM MATABELE LAND.—"All the ostriches made tracks
when they saw Colonel PLUMER."

CROSS QUESTIONS;

Or, the Doom of the Yale-ow-backs.

["The course of lectures on living English novelists at Yale is to be discontinued."—*American Paper*.]

WE believe, however, that the following Examination Paper is likely to be set to all students of the course:—

1. Explain "the kail-yard school of fiction." How many Scotch ex-Ministers do you consider are requisite in order to make one good English novelist?

2. Which do you think the greater master of style—GEORGE MEREDITH or MARK TWAIN? What reason have you for supposing that the title of Mr. HARDY's last novel was originally intended to be *George the Obscure*?

3. "Sir WALTER SCOTT was only an inferior STANLEY WEYMAN, and *My Lady Rotha* has gone one better than *Ivanhoe*." Examine this statement.

4. At what date in the twentieth century do you anticipate that the authoress of *Robert Elsmere* will have got through the stock of immediately available "burning questions"?

5. Write down in his own language, and as far as possible with due regard to propriety, what Dr. JOHNSON would probably have said with regard to (a) OUIDA, (b) SARAH GRAND, (c) the Authoress of *The Yellow Aster*.

6. Trace the following sentences to their sources:—(a) "Her mobile peony mouth." (b) "The horizon beyond these calcareous escarpments was of a deep ultramarine." (c) "Then a strange thing happened." (d) "I'm sair disjasket wi' the rheums."



A COMPROMISE AND A COMPENSATION.

"LOOK HERE, MAGGIE. YOU SAY YOU WANT TO COME WITH ME TO PARIS MERELY TO ORDER SOME NEW FROCKS. WHY, YOU CAN GET EVERYTHING YOU REQUIRE IN BOND STREET."

"OH, THANKS, DEAREST! THAT'S ALL I WANTED!"

7. Do you agree with the boy's criticism, after reading *Treasure Island*, that "he wished there was Samoa of it"? If not, why not?

8. It has been said that "the decease of SHERLOCK HOLMES is the greatest blow struck at pure literature in the last half-century." Is there any exaggeration about the remark; and to what extent do you consider Brigadier GERARD a satisfactory substitute for S. H.?

DOG-GEREL ANENT A
DRAMATIC J.P.

["At Edgware Sessions, Mr. W. S. GILBERT, J.P., was fined for having an unmuzzled dog at large."]

To make the punishment fit the crime

Is the maxim of W. G.,
So would not a muzzle upon his rhyme

A fitting penalty be?
But brother "beaks" took a business line,

And W. G. paid a practical fine.

THE proceedings at the Inverness Town Council were recently enlivened by a "tiff" that occurred between two of its orators—one a baker, the other a publican. The former having cast aspersions upon the Licensed Victualling profession, the publican, in "replying for the Bar," suggested that "the liquor business was conducted as respectably as that of the baker, and he did not see why any slur should be thrown upon their trade." Why, indeed? especially by a maker of loaves! For if bars were barred, the *loafer's* occupation would begone, and there would be neither cakes nor ale.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.—"There's one thing I like about an Irishman," said the Member for SARK. "It is the fathomless resources of his power of contradiction. These are limited only by his ignorance of what you are going to say. And that doesn't much matter. If he doesn't have you one way he'll take you in another."

These reflections arose on incident connected with Stipendiary Magistrates (Ireland) Bill. ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND moved second reading. Irish Members on various benches jumped up with questions. Smack of old times about very title of Bill. ATTORNEY-GENERAL protested there was nothing in it. No change proposed in position, pay, or qualification of magistrates. "It is," he added, by way of clinching matter, "merely an alteration in the name."

Then JOHN DILLON saw his chance. Glancing round, he perceived JOHN REDMOND wasn't present. Had all the field to himself. Ireland should now see which was the true friend, the watchful warden on the tower.

"I must say, Mr. SPEAKER," said J. D., regarding with stern glance PRINCE ARTHUR in languishing mood on the Treasury Bench, "I have a preference for the old style of Resident Magistrate."

"I am glad to hear that," said PRINCE ARTHUR, blandly; "for the precise object of the Bill is to restore the title of Resident Magistrate."

It is here that pre-eminence of Irish Member in direction indicated by SARK was triumphantly vindicated. Any other community, abashed by this harmless blunder, would have withdrawn opposition and gratefully, if temporarily, retired into background. Not so the descendants of many kings. Leader of party had specifically objected to Measure on ground that it destroyed the treasured name and associations of the Resident Magistrates. No, said PRINCE ARTHUR; exactly the reverse.

"Very well, then," said DALY (the *Daly Inquirer* of an earlier stage of the sitting), "I move that the Bill be read a second time this day six months." Then came angry debate, movement of the adjournment, the closure, division on the closure, division on the amendment, and final division, by which second reading was carried by 171 votes against 47.

Business done.—Budget Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—JOHN OF GORST in finest Manipur mood. Business in hand second reading of a Bill which even PRINCE ARTHUR admits to be complex and controversial. Others of blunter speech speak of it as revolutionising system of national education, breaking up pact of peace that has existed for quarter of century. Opposition Benches crowded; an angered muster, "breathing war from every nostril," as R. G. WEBSTER says. To them enter JOHN OF GORST with Education Bill in hand, casually waving it as if it were red flag and the crowd before him a herd of wild oxen.

Nothing milder than JOHN'S manner, nor softer than his speech. Not once his voice uplifted above conversational tone; went ambling along, serenely assuming that everything might be taken for granted. Members opposite writhed on their seats, yelled contradiction, cut themselves with knives (this last in a Parliamentary sense, of course). JOHN OF GORST jogged placidly on, just as if he had been reading his speech to the boulders that form Stonehenge. Most often he (to quote R. G. WEBSTER again) "trod on the toes of the Nonconformist conscience." But now and then he, quite accidentally as it seemed, gave his political friends, his pastors and masters, a sly knock. Once he kicked out behind at PRINCE ARTHUR, DON JOSÉ and other Members of the Cabinet listening apprehensive. Some people, he observed, argued that all would be well if only the head of the department were called the Education Minister, with a seat in the Cabinet.

"I cannot for the life of me," he continued, "see how the Vice-President of the Council would be more wise or more powerful in educational matters by having his name changed, and being required to attend the meetings of the Cabinet Council."

There are nineteen Cabinet Ministers. There is only one Vice-President of the Council. Why should he be called upon to merge his identity in a composite, not to say commonplace body?

The MARKISS and assistant Cabinet-makers have, during last ten years, had the upper hand of JOHN OF GORST. Had he chanced to have ranged himself on the Liberal side of politics, he would, SARK says, long ago been a Secretary of State, with Cabinet rank. Fighting under other colours, he has seen his claims, second to few either as brilliant Party debater or able administrator, passed over in favour of sons of dukes and cousins of earls. They are in the Cabinet, he outside. Almost his philosophic calm deserts him as he contemplates this ignorant suggestion about the Minister of Education having a seat in the Cabinet. The Vice-President of the Council might be ill advised, mistaken, for, after all, he is almost human. But at least let him be spared the companionship of the Cabinet.

Business done.—Second reading of Education Bill moved.

Thursday.—Another night with Education Bill. Some excellent speeches by men who know question *au fond*—DILKE, HART DYKE, SYDNEY BUXTON, and GEORGE TREVELYAN. If these in succession talk to you for something like forty minutes apiece, telling you what they think about Education Bill, you may go home with consciousness that, though your head aches, you're pretty well up in subject. Also, there was ALFRED LYTTLETON making maiden speech, with some reminiscences of the oration prize he took at Cambridge. Got on very well till he came to talk about "the critics of the Bill." For a LYTTLETON, this an inevitable pitfall. ALFRED spoke of them as "the crickets." This nearly bowled him out.

"How's that, SPEAKER?" SARK whispered under his breath.

SPEAKER took no notice, and LYTTLETON carried out his bat, generously cheered by both sides as he walked up to the tent.

Just after midnight proceedings enlivened by outbreak of Civil War on Treasury Bench. Objection taken to scheme dealing with a charity at Donnington. Vice-President of Council supported it. There apparently end of matter. Ministerial majority, in absolutely impartial state of mind owing to perfect ignorance of the question, would be marshalled; scheme approved by overwhelming majority.

But SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY been looking into question. Come to conclusion that adoption of scheme would wrong the poor people of Donnington. "I object," he said, "to these people being improved off the face of the earth." Encouraged by this powerful advocacy, JESSE COLLINGS also declared against scheme. JOHN OF GORST sat aghast. Hard enough for suggestion to be made that he should join the Cabinet. To have two colleagues in Ministry openly flouting him, joining the common enemy in disputing the fiat of Education Department, more than he could bear. So folded his arms and awaited result. This announced with figures of division showing scheme negatived by 92 votes against 80.

"Resign! Resign!" shouted the hilarious Opposition. JOHN OF GORST said he would think about it.

Business done.—Ministry beginning to crumble.

Friday night.—MARK LOCKWOOD has carried his point in Kitchen Committee. Long seen visions of Terrace decorated by presence of neat-handed PHYLLIS tripping here and there at tea-time. At present, in accordance with constitutional usages, we have, through the changing seasons, the black-coated waiter, smelling of shrimps, glutinous with crushed strawberries, damp with water-cress, the Colonel has changed all that. Hereafter a new charm will invest tea on the Terrace. Kitchen Committee hard to move on point; once convinced, surrendered altogether, not only agreed to invite SPEAKER's approval of proposal but, that gained, unanimously left selection and engagement of the young ladies to Colonel MARK, to whom all applications (enclosing stamp for reply) should be directly made. *Business done.*—RHODES laid out; trampled on by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, defended by DON JOSÉ.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

(By a Sufferer from Street Shindy.)

"[A very large deputation of the friends of street-music made their protest the other day against Mr. JACOBY'S Bill.]

James Payn's "Our Note-Book."]

To interfere with Music's means of living

To street-musicians may seem very trying;

But though we would be tolerant and forgiving,

What if their living sometimes means our dying?

Grinders, at whose cacophony nature cowers,

Your "means of living" interfere with ours

"Friends of Street-Music," we'd shun selfish fuss,

But—"what is sport to you is death to us."

INTO SPAIN.

(With a Conversation-Book.)

Cannes.—Read that the weather is dismal and cloudy in England. Shall stay in the sunny South a little longer. Cannes is a charming place. But might as well see something different. Where to go? Consult map. Good idea, Spain. Consult time-tables. Easiest thing in the world. Tarascon to Barcelona. What is there to see in Barcelona? Nuts probably. Also Spanish manners and customs, dark eyes, fans, mantillas, and so forth. Shall certainly go, after a few days. Good idea to learn a few words of Spanish. Must be very easy. Italian and French mixed, with some Latin added. Amiable Frenchman in hotel supports this view. He says, airily, "*Vous quittez Paris dans le 'sleeping,' vous achetez des journaux espagnols à Irun, et, arrivé à Madrid, vous parlez espagnol.*" Cannot hope to rival that linguistic feat, but may be able to learn a few phrases between Cannes and Barcelona. Buy a conversation-book in French and Spanish.



Port Bou.—Across the frontier. Custom-house station. Now is the time to begin Spanish. Have read some of that conversation-book on the way. Begin to doubt its utility. Usual sort of thing. "Has thy brother bought a boot-jack?" "I wish these six volumes of MOLIERE'S plays to be bound in half calf." And so forth. This one is the same, only in French.

Custom-house officer, in beautiful uniform and bright green gloves, very strict in his examination of my luggage. The green gloves travel all over my property, and bring out a small cardboard box. Triumphant expression on official's face. He has caught me. Open box, and show him it contains a few white ties. His face now shows only doubt and amazement. Cannot explain to him verbally. Evidently useless to mention the binding of MOLIERE'S plays. The green gloves beckon another custom-house officer, also wearing bright green gloves. Together they examine my harmless white ties. It seems to me the green gloved hands are held up in pious horror. Try them in French, in Italian, in English. No good. Should perhaps tip them in Spanish. But why waste *pesetas*? So refrain. They shake their heads still more suspiciously. The only thing remaining for me to do is to ask if the brother of one of them has bought a boot-jack. Does not seem very appropriate, but, if said politely, might imply that I wish to change the subject. Am just about to begin the note of interrogation upside down, which gives such an uncanny air to a Spanish question, when they cease looking at my ties, and I pass on.

Barcelona.—Shall have no difficulty here. Have been told that French is spoken everywhere. If not, then English or Italian. Everyone in the hotel speaks French. To the bank. Manager speaks English beautifully. Buy some cigarettes. Old woman in the shop speaks Italian. Shall get on capitally. Need not trouble to carry the conversation-book in my pocket.

In the evening to the opera. Walk out between the acts, seeing Spaniards also walking out, and enter a café. Order coffee. Waiter brings a huge glass of water, and a cup, filled to the brim with sugar, on which the *verseur* is about to pour my drink. Stop him. Explain in French that I take no sugar. The two, and another waiter, stand round me, with dazed faces. By Jove, they speak only Spanish! Wish I had the conversation-book. But should probably have found something like "*Nous ne voulons pas faire une excursion en mer, parce qu'il fait trop de vent,*" or "*Ces bottines sont un peu étroites, veuillez les élargir.*" No good trying talking. Turn out eight or ten lumps of sugar, and so get my coffee. Then return to the opera. Four polite officials at the entrance gaze wonderingly at the counterfoil of my ticket, which I concluded served for readmission, no pass ticket being offered. Ask each one, in turn, if he speaks French. He does not. Oh for the conversation-book! If only I could say "*Tous les tableaux dans le Salon Carré du Louvre sont des chefs-d'œuvre,*" or "*Est-ce que mademoiselle votre sœur joue du piano?*" I should have shown myself to be an individual with innocent and refined tastes, and not a socialist or a brigand. The second phrase would have been singularly appropriate in the opera house. Alas, I cannot! So address them in French, with bows and smiles. And they respond in Spanish, evidently with great courtesy, also with bows and smiles, and let me pass in, probably because they cannot make me understand that I ought to stop out. For the future I must carry that conversation-book everywhere.

AT LAST!—Mrs. AMELIA BARR states that "every woman is a born story-teller." Thus the cruel calumny cast for ages on all men is finally refuted by a lady, who is herself a bit of a fictionist.

NEW MOITO FOR A MONEY-LENDER.—"I eat all, but POCKETT none."



“If doughty Deeds My Lady please.”

“MAMMA! MR. WHITE SAYS HE IS LONGING TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST BICYCLE LESSON!”

THE SECRETS OF B'MOUTH.

May, Friday.—Lovely. Town beginning to be delightful,—but for dust; but for water-carts; but for—“not to put too fine a point upon it”—dours. Let us away. Where? South, to the rhododendrons. B'mouth; just the time now to spend happy days here. Not too hot for Royal Tepid Bath Hotel, B'mouth. Gardens lovely. Sea of a true Mediterranean blue. Air—gentle, refreshing. North-Easterly. No crowd now. But at Whitsuntide, everything will be Whitsuntidy. What I take in the way of holiday I prefer “neat.” Per L. & S. W., and comfortable Pullman car. Song:—

As we sit in our Pullman car,
A smoking our fine cigar,
The paper we read
While we go at full speed
In our equable Pullman car.

Good dinner at R. T. B. hostelry. Excellent English asparagus for home consumption. Might die as vegetarians on this food, with motto, “All flesh is grass.” Ask what is going on? Answer, Nothing in particular. Try to find notices, advertisements, or bills. Can't. Good idea this for hotel. *Happy Thought.*—Don't give any intimation of what's going on outside. Then visitors will remain inside.

Next Morning.—Still lovely, or lovelier. Down early. Breakfast. Lounge. Admire, at distance, steamer departing from pier, to go, as far as I remember—which is not going so very far, after all—to Swanage and back. Lots of steamers do this in course of day. I affirm this, with reservation, to my friends, who rely on my information, as “knowing the place.”

I tell them we shall find all information posted up on or about pier. Entrance to pier 2d. It used to be a penny. Unwise proceeding this. If it's only a penny you pay without thinking. But if it's twopence you think twice. Then, to equalise it, you go earlier and stay double as long as you used to do for a penny. “Pennywise twopence foolish” policy this. When does band play? No notice visible. What does band play when it *does* play? Nobody knows. This is one of the Secrets of B'mouth! There may be a boy with programmes. Don't see him. Another secret. Subsequently hear band, but see no boy and get no programme.

How about the steamboat trips to Swanage? Delightful idea; over to Swanage and back for a blow. Inquire of ancient mariner with gold band round his nautical cap. Boat to Swanage? Oh, gone an hour or more ago. Then that was the steamer I was admiring in the distance. When's the next? He is reticent personally, but refers me to the board. Evidently another Secret of B'mouth. I cannot find any mention of any boat going to Swanage until next Monday morning, by which time I shall have left. “Too late! too late!” I return to my nautical authority in gold-banded cap. “Yes,” says he briefly, but politely, “steamer to Swanage at three, and back here by 5.15.”

“Excellent well, i' faith,” I return, and my party repeat this expression of delight in chorus. “But, pardon me, thou ancient gold-banded mariner; is the fact of the boat leaving at three a secret known to you only, and, it may be, to one or two others?”

“Nay,” replies mine ancient, “'tis advertised, and ye will find it up on the notice board.”

Politely we refer him back to his own authority. He walks to the board, and, after close and thorough inspection, he is taken aback.

“Marry come up!” quoth the old sea-dog, his timbers shivering under the shock; “but, *it ain't been put in!*” And, sure enough, the announcement of the departure of the second boat that day had been omitted, and but for the mere accident of our curiosity, its departure would have remained unknown to all, and would have been hereafter reckoned as among the Secrets of B'mouth.

Swanage deferred. If the mountain would not come to MAHOMET we know what happened. But here the case is reversed; as thus, the *raison d'être* of Swanage is luncheon and lobster; and if you can get the lunch and the lobster without going to Swanage, so much the better for the consumer on the spot, and so much the worse for Swanage. The Royal Tepid Bath Hotel produces Swanage lobsters and lunch. *Ergo*, stay and enjoy the same without exertion. Subsequently the post-prandial pipe and the thirty-nine winks. Giant refreshed. Companion proposes Winter Garden (in Spring), where band under a GODFREY, not DAN, but one of his sons (*que nous Dansons!*), discourses lullingly, and an Ethiopian jangles sweet bells in tune. But even this is a Secret Entertainment, as, had it not been for the knowledge of the ways of the place possessed by one of our party, I should have missed this pleasantly soothing concert.

Then a stroll to the golf links. Here B'mouth sets an excellent example to all golf-linking seaside resorts. The public is admitted free. They can walk about, protected by nets from the whacks and thwacks of the stalwart ball-driving golfers; and if any one would play the game, he pays and plays.

B'mouth knows how to enjoy itself, and to make its visitors enjoy themselves. It lays out winter gardens, it gives first-rate concerts daily and nightly; it devises golf-links, croquet-grounds, bowling-greens, cricket-fields, and it sets up restaurants; and also provides for a rainy day with plenty of shelters.

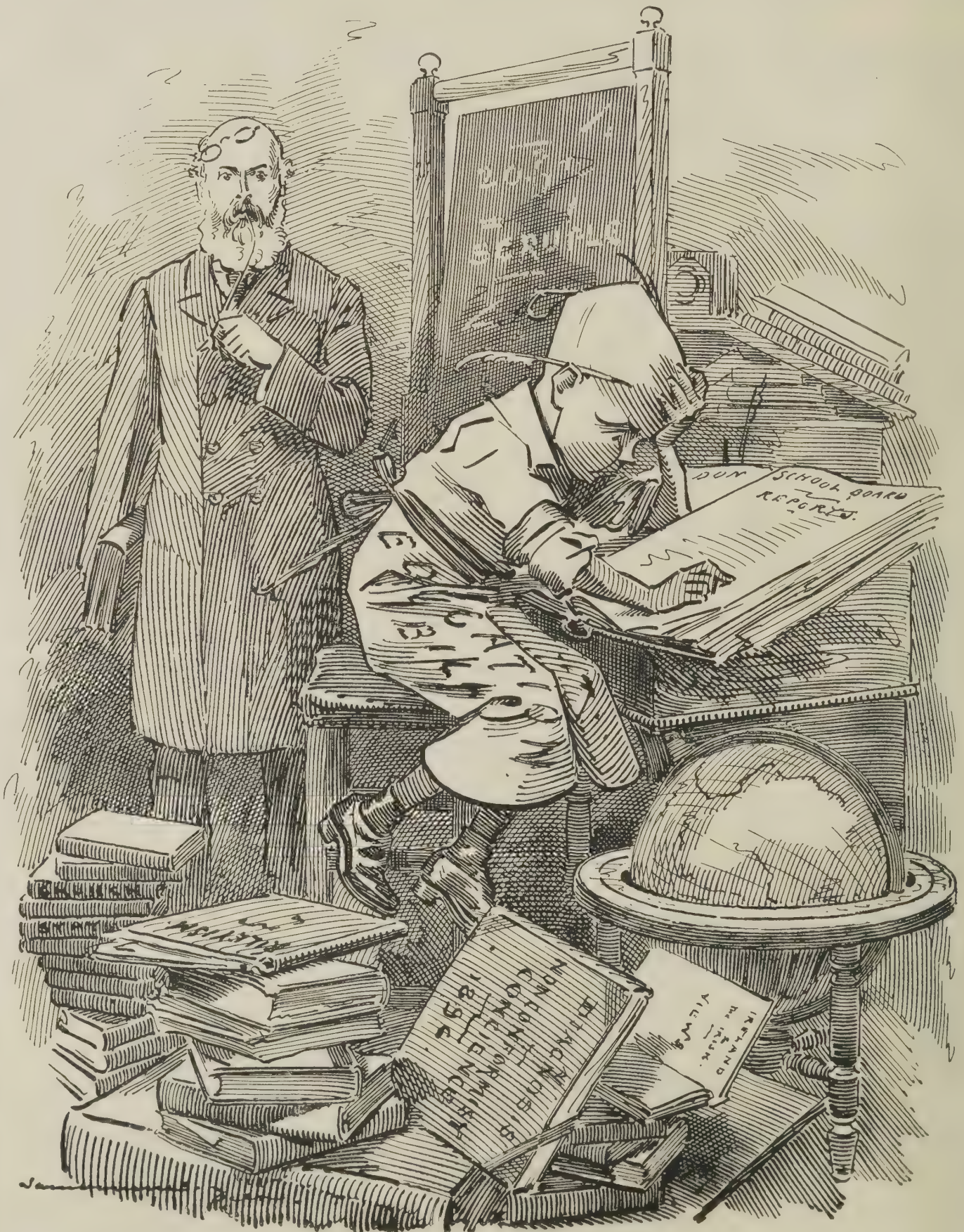
Only one fault have I to find with B'mouth, and that is its unprecedented modesty. For possessing, as it does, all these attractions, it makes no public boast of them; and it is only with difficulty and considerable enterprise that a stranger visiting this place for the first time can discover all these things. Publicity is required. But once you know B'mouth, there are few, very few places where, at all times and seasons, and on all days, Sundays excepted, you can find so much and so varied amusement; and where, taking for granted the climate agrees with you, so many happy days of living out of doors can be spent. I have been there and still would go. Also, will—when I can.

PUNCH TO JENNER.

[Thursday, May 14, was the centenary of the first vaccination by JENNER.]

OH, JENNER, each generous spirit
Will drink to your memory to-day!
From you what a boon we inherit,
What horrors you helped drive away!
'Gainst the curse which did maim, blind, and tetter
Its thousands, you gave us a shield;
And until they can furnish a better,
Fanatics to wisdom must yield.
Let Leicester for harshness impeach us!
But, JENNER, just were it not jolly
If one of your *confrères* could teach us
To vaccinate fools—against folly?

THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.—“Herr IFF's orchestra” is announced. The band consists of IFF, with several ‘ands. Whether they play or not at your house is a question of “If” you pay them and “If” they can come. Should you like their performance, you will indicate your desire for an *encore* by saying to the conductor, “IFF, you please.” The house they hire during their stay in London will be entitled “Le Château d'IFF.”



THE HOLIDAY TASK.

Right Hon. Sir J-hn G-rst ("the Coach," to Master Education Bill). "IF YOU MEAN TO PASS THE COMMITTEE'S EXAMINATION, YOU MUST WORK, WORK, WORK!" *Aside.* "AND SO MUST I!"



Amateur "Minimus Poet" (who has called at the office twice a week for three months). "COULD YOU USE A LITTLE POEM OF MINE?"
 Editor (ruthlessly determined that this shall be his final visit). "OH, I THINK SO. THERE ARE TWO OR THREE BROKEN PANES OF GLASS, AND A HOLE IN THE SKYLIGHT. HOW LARGE IS IT?"

THE NORMAN-NERUDA-HALLÉ TESTIMONIAL.

ON Saturday last, at noon, Deputation was received by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of WALES and the Princess LOUISE, at Marlborough House.

Lord K-NT-RE, stepping forward, begged pardon on behalf of himself and friends for calling so early, and explained the object of the visit, namely, to present the famous violiniste, Lady HALLÉ, with a *châlet*, which he regretted he had not been able to bring with him, but it was still

The *châlet* in the valley,
 Given to Lady HALLÉ.

He apologised for dropping into poetry, and promised their Royal Highnesses not to do so again. Also there was a casket modelled on the ancient Venetian ones left to *Portia* by her eccentric parent, containing title deeds, names of donors, with, as *Digby Grant* used to say, "a little cheque," and all sorts of nice things. When empty it could be used for a wine-cooler, a biscuit-box, a foot-warmer, or in fact for anything, it being as useful as ornamental. He would now proceed to open—

Here His Royal Highness intimated to Lord K-NT-RE that as he, Lord K-NT-RE, had already opened the proceedings, it must be left to him, the Prince, to open the casket.

Sir EDW-ED L-W-S-N observed that this was the regular stage business in *The Merchant of Venice*. ("Hear! Hear!")

Mrs. A. L-W-S (Miss K-TE T-BRY) corroborated Sir EDW-ED, and said this was so. It was invariably the Prince who opened the box. (Cheers.)

Sir W-LL-M AGN-W hoped he might be permitted to say a few words. (The Royal assent having been given to this, Sir W-LL-M continued.)

He wished Lady HALLÉ many happy returns of the day. ("Hear! Hear!") He felt that he was strung up to concert-pitch (the only pitch that any one could touch and come out with clean hands), and as he did not on this occasion wish to play first fiddle, he would

abridge further observations. Lady HALLÉ had ever been true to herself, true to the best interests of her art—*toujours fidèle*—and he, as everybody else did, wished her many years of happiness, in perfect harmony, without any variations. (Applause.)

Mr. ALFR-D DE R-TSCH-ED hoped he might be allowed to convey his deepest sentiments of esteem for Lady HALLÉ, the recipient of the testimonial. He begged to say that he had had the great pleasure and honour of her personal acquaintance for many years, and though Lady HALLÉ was "*Née ruder*," yet to everybody the eminent violiniste had always been most courteous.—*Nay politer* he might say, and would have said, but that he strongly objected to anything at all resembling a pun. Playing on a violin was high art, but playing on a string of words was an art in which he (the speaker) had no desire to excel. He highly esteemed Lady HALLÉ for her excellent and various qualities—he might say her "*Stradi-varius*" qualities. ("Hear! Hear!") Wherever Lady HALLÉ played, it was a repetition of The Norman (Neruda) Conquest. (Cheers.) He expressed, he was sure, the feeling of the entire deputation in wishing long life, health, and happiness to Madame NORMAN NERUDA, Lady HALLÉ. (Great applause.)

The Prince of WALES then, in a few well chosen words, graciously summed up the whole case, including the casket, which His Royal Highness proceeded to open in State. This part of the ceremonial was most imposing—the gleaming of the swords, the brilliancy of the diamonds, the splendour of the costumes, the blaring of the trumpets and the beating of the drums, combining to impress on the memory, of those fortunate enough to be present, a scene the like of which not the most Oriental splendour could surpass.

Miss L-CY T-BRY L-W-S, as honorary secretary, was presented to their Royal Highnesses, who thanked her for her good services in the especially good cause. The deputation then retired to slow music.

[** Since the above appeared in print, it has come to our knowledge that our reporter was not present. He has left the country. A detective is on his track.—ED.]



SCENE—The Steps of Burlington House.

Artist (whose work has been hung not so well as he could have wished). "AND WHAT ON EARTH HAVE THEY STUCK LORD ROBERTS UP HERE FOR?"

Brother Brush (whose picture has been well hung and well sold). "WHY, TO REMIND THE PUBLIC MY BOY, THAT THEY CAN'T GO IN WITHOUT PASSING BOBS!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

TOM HOOD AS A POET. (Contd.)

I HAVE said that HOOD's right to such immortality as poetry can confer comes from a comparatively small volume of literary "baggage." I do not mean that his output was small. No man, indeed, worked more assiduously at the literary business, for on the proceeds of what he did he had to provide bread for himself and his dear ones. But some of his chief and most immediate successes with the public were gained by him as a humorist, apt at the verbal contortions which CHARLES LAMB defended, and thereafter the public would have him chained to an oar in the punning galley. His wonderful feats therein are remembered for and against him even now, and it cannot be doubted that

their fame has obscured the higher glory which is justly his as a true poet, a master of tragedy, humour, pathos, and music. Still, when all necessary deductions have been made, and when, in contemplating what remains, an appreciator can say to himself, "here there is no piece that is not worthy of the front rank," the amount left, though not surprisingly large, is of a quite extraordinary range and variety.

OF HOOD as a sonneteer I have spoken, not, as I believe, with a higher enthusiasm than is due to his merits. But he fingered too, and with no untaught or wavering hand, the larger harp, which had been swept by KEATS and SHELLEY. I do not say that HOOD reached to the gusty heights of passion where SHELLEY controlled his whirlwinds and

his lightnings, but some of SHELLEY's magical music had been breathed into HOOD's song. And of KEATS's there was a still greater portion. Yet HOOD was, of course, no imitator. Every age has its own appropriate language of poetical expression, and as the Elizabethans, on the one hand, seemed to find a natural voice for their great thoughts in the mighty line that MARLOWE and SHAKESPEARE wrought to perfection, and, on the other hand, sported at leisure in the fascinating lyrics that may be found in Mr. A. H. BULLEN's delightful book, so to SHELLEY KEATS, and HOOD there pertained in common a style in which their thoughts, even in their moments of highest exaltation, flowed with untroubled ease. The similitude must not be strained too far, but with due qualifications it unquestionably exists.

IN the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Lycus, the Centaur," "Hero and Leander," and "The Two Peacocks of Bedford," one may find not only the haunting melody and melancholy by which HOOD's best work is marked, but also a perfection of expression, remarkable verbal felicity, and a singular power of painting a picture. It is difficult to select, but I venture to quote one verse from the first of these poems:—

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,
Saying, "We be the handmaids of the Spring,
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,
And count the leafy tributes that they owe—
As, so much to the earth—so much to fling
In showers to the brook—so much to go
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow."

And throughout the pitiful plea of the fairies one finds the same dainty delicacy as of the timid rustle of many fluttering little wings on a cool and moonlit night.

AND, in a different strain, can anything be more touching and beautiful than "I Remember, I Remember," with its last verse that speaks straight to every heart:—

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

It is on this side that HOOD comes into relation with THACKERAY, and the tie grows stronger as one reads "A Retrospective Review" and "To —," composed at Rotterdam." For instance:—

Then here it goes, a bumper—
The toast it shall be mine,
In Schiedam or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine;
It well deserves the brightest
Where sunbeam ever swam—
"The girl I love in England"
I drink at Rotterdam.

IN these verses, as in every piece of verse he wrote, HOOD displays his remarkable mastery over words, his power of juggling with them, of adapting them, willy-nilly, to his purpose; of making them, as it were, dance to his music, and that too in a measure that seems the perfection of rhythmical ease. As in athletic exercises—in gymnastics let us say, or in oarsmanship—those who have the highest training and the best skill perform the hardest feats and do the soundest work with a grace and apparent lack of exertion that deceive the spectator; so in the exercise of words the great masters seem, without striving, to obtain just the right and necessary effect. And HOOD, whether we consider him as a punster or a poet, was unquestionably a great master of words.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. H. W. LUCY has done many good things, but never anything better, in its way, than *A Diary of the Home-Rule Parliament*, 1892-1895 (CASSELL & Co.). It is no small feat to write of the proceedings in Parliament, as Mr. LUCY does day by day and week by week, in such a way as to make the reading delightful to ordinary readers; but to make the past records of the two Houses amusing and interesting, to breathe life into the dry bones of 1892-1895 is, I fancy, a record performance even for Mr. LUCY. He has done it in this book, and done it in a style so crisp and bright, with a humour so abundant, and with an observation so keen, that, as one reads it, one imagines that, for entertainment and sprightliness, the Houses of Commons and of Lords must be the finest "Halls" in all London. And there is no lack throughout the 480 pages of which the book is composed of those rarer gifts of sympathy and tolerance which have given to TOBY, M.P. (if one may say so in the pages which he adorns), the very highest place among Parliamentary chroniclers.

SHYLOCK ON THE SITUATION.

(Adapted by a London Merchant and a sorely-burdened Suburban Ratepayer, after studying the Agricultural Land Rating Bill.)

COMPANIES are but "Boards"; Ministers but men; there be land-rat(e)s and water-rat(e)s, land-thieves and water-thieves—I mean pirates (or high rates); and then there are the perils of water, gas, and schools. A man is, nevertheless (they think), sufficient!

My Lords and Commons, many a time and oft
In heavy ratio ye have "rated" me.

Upon my monies and my properties.

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.

Again, it now appears, you need my help!

Merchant of Venice, Act I., Sc. 3 (slightly altered).

"DAY-AFTER-THE-FARE."—There is a heading in the *Daily News*, "Last Night's Dinners." There's something melancholy about the title. In four cases out of ten the remembrance of last night's dinner will be a happy one. To those who have dined "not wisely but too well" last night's feast will not bear the reflections of the morning after. But the majority who have dined unwisely will not feel too well next morning, and when they see the feasts recorded under this head they will press their own, and wish they had never, &c., &c.

PROPOSED DECORATIONS FOR BOARD SCHOOLS AND POLICE COURTS.—In the first the study-rooms should be hung with Old Masters and their pupils; and in the second there should be some very good Constables.

THE GALLANT CONSTABLE.

["NELLIE and EMMA WOODVINE (aged five and two respectively) were up at the Marylebone Police-court yesterday charged with 'sleeping in the open air without visible means of subsistence.' Mr. PLOWDEN said it was 'perfectly preposterous to bring infants into Court. . . . Take them away.'—*Westminster Gazette*.]

It was a gallant constable

Who paced the lonely beat.

With faltering step and quaking heart
He walked him down the street.

He thought with pain that pierced him
And made his blood run cold, [through,
What he should do if he should meet
Some burglar had and bold.

Some bad bold man who would not heed
The cry, "Oh! spare a copper!"
But would attack him ruthlessly
And bring him down a cropper.

Awhile he mused. If ne'er he caught
A criminal, of course,
A heartless superintendent would
Dismiss him from the force.

Just then, whilst moot he pondered there,
Aghast at his dilemma,
His eagle sight chanced to alight
On NELLIE and on EMMA.

Now NELLIE was a little lass

Who boasted summers five,

Whilst EMMA in this vale of woe
Two years had been alive.

These two upon a doorstep there—
An angel might have wept,
So young and yet so full of crime!—
Alas! these infants slept.

And slept right well. As later on
The constable swore roundly,
He caught them in the very act
And deed of sleeping soundly.

Ah! who can adequately pen
His deed of derring-do;
How, daring all, he took in charge
These babes of five and two.

Net his to count the risk he ran,
He felt his conscience bid
Him venture everything. It was
His duty, and he did.

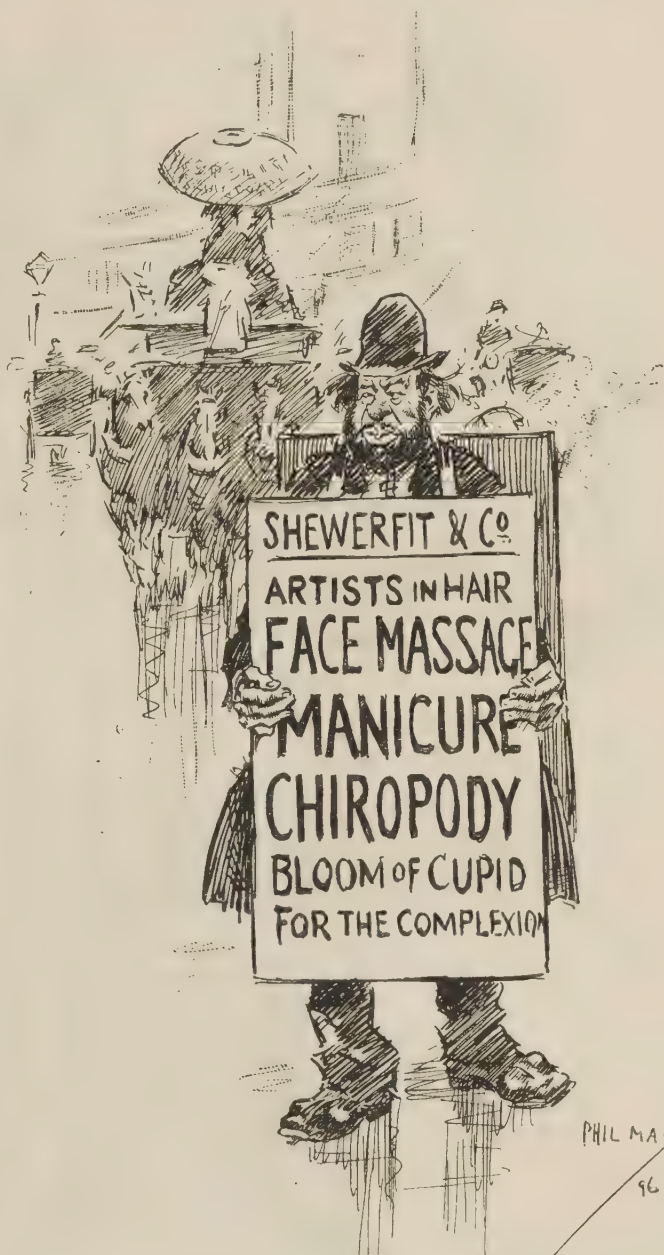
But when the dawn broke o'er the land,
Unconscious of their fate,
These wicked infants had to come
Before a magistrate.

He was a horrid, feeling man,
And only chose to say,
"My Court is not a nursery,
So take the babes away."

But deeds of valour ever live,
And down to endless fame
Will go this constable without
A number or a name.

For when the goodman of the house
A story wants to tell, he
Will praise the man who dared to take
The sisters EMMA—NELLIE.

GOOD OMEN FOR RIGHT HON. SEC. OF COLONIES.—Revival of *Jo* (at Drury Lane Theatre), "always a movin' on!"



PHIL MA.

96



A DETAIL.

"IT SEEMS I'M CONSIDERED SO LIKE YOUR BROTHER FRED IN THE GUARDS, MRS. HOLSTER, WE'RE ALWAYS BEING TAKEN FOR EACH OTHER. DO YOU SEE THE LIKENESS?"
 "WELL, NO. HE DOES HIS HAIR SO DIFFERENTLY, YOU SEE!"

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 285. "*Dr. Williams*," and 563, "*The Bishop of London*," both by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., but separated by a difference of 278 pictures. Why could not Professor HUBERT have brought these two distinguished Doctors, one of Medicine, t'other of Divinity, together? There is some irony in the placing of these two admirable portraits so far apart. Both, being perfectly executed, might have been hung together. But what matter? they are immortalised.

No. 663. "*Sir Peter Eade, M.P., Mayor of Norwich, 1893-95*," by STANHOPE A. FORBES, A. Stan-Hope tells a flattering tale

probably. The donors of this "presentation portrait" said to Mr. FORBES "Take 'EADE," and certainly he has been most careful, and the picture is thoroughly successful. The motto of this Mayor, with his magnificent robes and chain of office, ought to have been adapted from SIMS REEVES'S song, "My Chain! my Chain! my pretty Chain!" But STANHOPE A. FORBES didn't think of it.

No. 714. Approach with awe this picture of "*Esmé and Katherine, daughters of S. M. Robb, Esq.*," for it is painted by one of the "El. et." It is by "GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A. elect." The daughters of Robb would come out well as a steel engraving.

No. 784. "*At the Giudecca, Venice*." When the subject is Venice, be quite sure

that the artist is WOODS. The only Woods to be found in Venice is HENRY WOODS, R.A.

No. 809. It shows a nice feeling, free from all jealous rivalry, that "*Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard*" should be painted by a "Beadle." And this "Beadle" is a "J.P."!! We were not aware till now that the two offices could be combined.

No. 917. "*Volunteers for a Boat's Crew*." By THOMAS SOMERSCALES. A picture notable per sea.

No. 932. Mr. LANGLEY'S "*Bread-winners*" are coming across the sand. By the title, we suppose they are bringing back with them the "roll of the sea."

In our account of first visit to Royal Academy, No. 660 was given as "*The Shepherdess, &c.*," whereas the title of this charming picture, by Mr. GOODALL, R.A., ought to have been "*Cloud Shadows over Sea and Land*." How "*The Shepherdess*" got mixed up with it is inexplicable, except, perhaps, that "clouds" are frequently described as "fleecey."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

AN OLD CROQUET-PLAYER RUMINATES.

I LIKE to see a game revive
 Like flower refreshed by rain,
 And so I say, "May croquet thrive,
 And may it live again!"
 It brings back thoughts of long ago,
 And memories most sweet,
 When AMY loved her feet to show
 In shoes too small, but neat.

I think I can see AMY now,
 Her vengeful arm upraised
 To croquet me to where a cow
 Unheeding chewed and grazed.
 And AMY'S prowess with the ball
 Reminds me that her style
 Was not so taking after all
 As FANNY'S skill plus smile.

Yes! FANNY had a winsome laugh,
 That round her mouth would wreath,
 And make me wonder if her chaff
 Was shaped to show her teeth.
 They were so pretty, just like pearls
 Set fast in carmine case;
 Still in the match between the girls
 SELINA won the race.

SELINA had such lustrous eyes
 Of real sapphire blue,
 They seemed one's soul to mesmerise,
 And looked one through and through.
 Yet AGNES I cannot forget,
 She brought me joy with pain.
 I would that we had never met—
 "Your stroke!" That voice! My JANE!

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, Wednesday, 13th inst., informed us that "Miss NETHERSOLE is back from the States, laden with wealth, and palpitating with a desire to show London that burning, passionate '*Carmen*' kiss which made such a sensation on the other side." Now, she will try the osculatory business on the right side, having finished with the other side, which is now, to her, the left side. We know that "Kissing goes by favour," and if this kiss smacks of the kind that takes with the public, then is Miss NETHERSOLE sure of success in London, and her "kiss" will be "the hit" of the piece.

THE RETRIBUTION OF CENTURIES.—ABEL has already made hundreds of runs for Surrey when playing with a cane-spliced bat.



JONATHAN'S LATEST.

SHADE OF COLUMBUS (*aside*), "HAD I FORESEEN IT WOULD HAVE COME TO THIS—CARAMBA!—I WOULD NEVER HAVE DISCOVERED AMERICA!"

THE POLYGLOTOPERA.

Leaves from our Covent Gardenia Note-Book. Monday.—Opening of the Polyglotopera. *L'Ouverture de l'Opéra*, and if the success of the Opera is only up to that of the *Ouverture*, DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS will be a prouder and happier man than ever. The event of to-night, and of the season, is the return of Brother JOHN, alias JEAN DE RESZKE, after unavoidable absence. House enthusiastic for Brother JOHN as *Romeo*, a big *Romeo* physically and operatically; and likewise evincing great delight at once again seeing Miss EMMA EAMES, who at end of first and second acts is recipient of floral tributes presented *via* Signor MANCINELLI, who is permitted to take a sniff at 'em, and then has to "stand and deliver" the floral tributes smilingly. Signor RINALDINI comes out strong as *Benvoglio*, a name originally intended by SHAKESPEARE as a quiz on his somewhat quarrelsome friend BEN JONSON. This fact not generally known, but interesting. At some time of the evening the National Anthem was sung, but this deponent has not as yet met anybody who was in time to hear it if it came first, or who stayed to hear it, if it came last. Everyone delights to see the ever-useful and ornamental Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Gertrude*. Good angry for season.



Le Roi Jean de Reszke (à lui-même). "L'opéra, c'est moi!"

Tuesday.—MASCAGNI'S *Cavalleria*, in Italian, and HUMPERDINCK'S *Hänsel and Gretel*, in English. The latter ought to have been in German. *Cavalleria Rusticana* with MAGGIE MACINTYRE as *Santuzza*. Hardly fair on MAGGIE so soon after CALVÉ. MAGGIE, in dark wig and with sunburnt face, unrecognisable. BAUERMEISTER, *Nurse Gertrude* last night, is *Mother Lucia* to-night, and afterwards appears as a good elf in HUMPERDINCK'S *Hänsel and Gretel*. This opera, in three acts, very delightful, but too long. MISS MARIE ELBA excellent as boy *Hänsel*, and MISS JESSIE HUDDLESTON equally good as *Gretel*; but for three acts to depend entirely on two Babes in the Wood, with a German nutcracker of a woodman, capitally played and sung by Mr. DAVID BISPHAM, with just a sprinkling of the very archest angels, pantomime witch, and fairies, thrown in, rather too much. So quitted at 11.30, humming HUMPERDINCK'S melodies, more or less correctly, and looking forward to

Wednesday.—DONIZETTI'S *La Favorita*—a heavy favourite—with débutante Madame MANTELLI, who has an enthusiastic reception, and is, as WAGSTAFF in the lobby observes, "physic'ly and mant'li fitted for the part." Shan't speak to WAGGY again. But he will lurk in dark corner and pounce out upon me with "another good 'un." Signor ANCONA *prends le gâteau* as *Alfonso*. DRURIOLANUS COVENTGARDENENSIS, dropping into poetry, observes—

"CREMONINI as *Fernando*,
Does the part as well as
man can do."

He pronounces "Man-can-do" as one word, and so mistaking him, an astute friend, ever in search of forthcoming novelty, inquires "who is MANCANDO?" whereat DRURIOLANUS winketh the other eye, and, putting portentous finger to nose, refuses to give him the tip (requiring it himself), and so



The German Master Sandford and Miss Merton.

gracefully retires. Beneficent BEVIGNANI conducts. Orchestra admirable.

Thursday.—French and Italian night. GOUNOD'S *Philemon*, and LEONCAVALLO'S *Pagliacci*. Now, as we are in for Polyglottic season, probable announcements will be,—*Flying Dutchman*, in Dutch (single and double); *Faust*, in German; *L'Africaine*, in Spanish and Ethiopian; *Peter the Great*, in Russian; *Les Huguenots*, in French; *Falstaff*, in English; *Cavalleria*, in Sicilian patois; *Semiramide*, in Egyptian; *Norma*, in Welsh and Latin. N.B.—Any subscribers wishing for any characters in an opera to be sung in some particular dialect, will kindly give notice ten days beforehand, and their wishes will be attended to. Evidently to be a member, male or female, of the chorus at the Royal Polyglottic Opera, is "a liberal education in itself."

Friday Night.—*Faust*. JEAN DE RESZKE, *Faust*; t'other DE RESZKE, *Mephistopheles*. But, as ill luck would have it, t'other One was taken ill, and M. PLAIN SONG, otherwise PLANÇON, is his satisfactory substitute. Then at last moment Brother JEAN, it was reported, hurt his ankle, either in getting out of a bath or off a bicycle, and couldn't sing. So M. BONNARD came to the rescue of RESZKE, and appeared as *Faust*. But why should hurting his ankle have prevented the JOHNNIE from singing? Surely he might have come on in a bath-chair, and have made love to *Marguerite Eames* just as well seated as walking about. And think how touching the scene in the garden would have been, ending with invalided *Faust* wheeled by *Mephisto* up to the window, and stretching out from his bath-chair to embrace *Maggie*. However, this wasn't done, and BONNARD amply satisfied the *abonnés*, including critical Royalties. Opera went *Faust-rate*.

Miss EAMES wore a novelty in peasants' caps; her appearance in the cathedral scene being somewhat suggestive of old portraits of Mrs. SIDDONS with her head bound up as *Lady Macbeth* suffering from toothache. Poor *Marguerite*! Another trouble added to her woes!!

Saturday.—*Rentrée* of Madame ALBANI, with the two novelties, CREMONINI as *Lohengrin*, and MANTELLI as the Naughty 'Aughty *Ortruda* Intruder. Madame ALBANI always delightful as *Elsa*, "though personally," observes WAGSTAFF, taking me unawares, "I would rather see her as somebody else—a in another opera. This is to me a bit heavy. Nothing light or amusing, eh? There's no laugh in *Lohengrin*, though there's always a 'grin' in it." At sound of MANCINELLI rapping his desk sharply, and looking round severely straight at WAGSTAFF, the latter disappears, and, for this night only, is heard no more. End of first Polyglottic Opera week. DRURIOLANUS delighted. Public ditto.

"OUR BOBBY."

SUNG BY A SURREY MAN.

[ROBERT ABEL, the Surrey Cricketer, has already this season made three successive innings of over a hundred, one of them topping the two hundred.]

AIR—"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

GIN our BOBBY meet a loose one	GIN our BOBBY hits a hundred
Coming, low or high,	Three times running—well,
GIN our BOBBY smite that loose one,	Surrey long time of her BOBBY
Won't that loose one fly!	Will that story tell!
Surrey's BOBBY, short and cobby,	Ilka county has its crack bat,
Hath sure hand and eye;	Surrey man am I,
And Surrey shouts when BOB	And Surrey's BOBBY bears the
A-BEL	bell,
Smacks up a century!	Yells Surrey in full cry!

ANTIQUARIAN AND MODERN.—The name of the Coroner at Bethnal Green is Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT. Evidently old family.

"A painted vest Prince VORTIGERN had on
Which from a naked Piet his grandsire won."

Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT clearly descended from Prince VORTIGERN, who took the name of "Win-West-got." Subsequently "Wynn Westcott." After searching among traditions of his ancient line—which should be a clothes-line—Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT is reported to have said, the other day, that, the union of two blind people who met, loved, married, and lived happily ever afterwards, was "the most remarkable marriage he had ever heard of." But why? Love is blind: and in a true love-match both parties are quite blind. And so may they always continue to be, blind, that is, to each other's faults.

"PENNY WISE."—For a golden penny of the thirteenth century somebody gave £250 at the famous MONTAGU collection sale. At this rate, some of us could live on two-pence for some considerable time, without extravagance.

A CRICKET CHIRP.—Mr. C. I. THORNTON is familiarly known as "Buns," doubtless from his current style.



THE HOUSE "IN LAAGER." (A COLONIAL NIGHT.)

WITH A VERY LITTLE TROUBLE SO MUCH FRESH INTEREST AND LOCAL COLOUR MIGHT BE ADDED TO DEBATE !

MASTER WILLIAM.

*With Apologies to the Author of
"Alice in Wonderland."*

["Private letters received from Vienna report that the Emperor WILLIAM is by no means satisfied with the result of his interview with King HUMBERT at Venice. . . . The Emperor strongly recommended King HUMBERT to ignore England, and to seek to bring about a better understanding with Russia and France; but he utterly failed to change His Majesty's sentiments."—*Westminster Budget.*]

"You are young, Master WILLIAM," the old Sage said,
"And you are not a SOLOMON, quite;
And yet of Creation you'd stand on the head—
Do you think, at your age, it's polite?"

"As to youth," Master WILLIAM replied, "that's your fun;
Just look at my birth—and my brain!!!
The rest of Creation, I'm certain, has none,
And its very last chance is my reign!"

"You are young!" said the Sage, "as I mentioned before,
And can hardly know what you are at;
But you sent a ridiculous wire to the Boer—
Now what was your object in that?"

"In my bib," said the boy, "I once read, on the sly,
The story of 'Little Jack Horner';
And now I've my finger in every-one's pie,
And every corner's my corner!"



WHAT OUR DRAMATIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

His Wife (reading a Sunday paper). "A PROPOS OF HAMLET, THEY SAY HERE THAT YOU AND SHAKESPEARE REPRESENT THE VERY OPPOSITE POLES OF THE DRAMATIC ART!"

He. "AH! THAT'S A NASTY ONE FOR SHAKESPEARE!"

"You are young!" said the Sage,
"and your judgment is weak,
Your schemes are as strong as
—chopped suet!
Yet you give the whole universe
lots of your cheek!
Do tell why the dickens you do
it!"

"My will," said the youth, "is
the General Law!
And to argue with me leads to
strife!
If the world will obey when I open
my jaw,
Things will go—for the rest of
my life!"

"You are young!" said the Sage.
"Do you really suppose
You can boss the Alliance for
ever;
And balance the world like an eel
on your nose?
What makes you conceive you're
so clever?"

"I'm boss of three nations, but
that's not enough,"
Said the boy, "HUMBERT gives
himself airs.
If he talks of the English entente
and such stuff,
I shall just have to kick him
downstairs!"

A MUSICAL NOTE.—Those who were unable to attend Herr WILLY BURMESTER's second violin recital (it is a proof of modesty for one who is First Fiddle to play a second violin) have since lamented to the tune of "Oh, Willie we have Missed You!"

AXIOM IN THE DIVORCE COURT.
—The promise of May is often the judgment of JEUNE.

THE BOLD BUCCANEER.

(An Up-to-date Drawing room Ballad for Young Britons of "Elizabethan" Enthusiasm.)

Oh, if I'd my choice of a living,
I'd fain be a Bold Buccaneer,
Hot beans to the Boers gaily giving,
And besting the bumptious Mynheer.
A latter-day DRAKE, or a RALEIGH,
Is just what would suit me—you bet!
JOE'S scruples do make me feel crawly,
Me—and the *St. James's Gazette*.
I do hate these days of decorum.
Law, order, and all such small beer,
Rum and gunpowder mix for my jorum!
I'd fain be a Bold Buccaneer!

Queen BESS knew a man when she saw him;
Now if a true hero runs loose,
There's lemon-tongued LABBY to "jaw" him,
And OOM PAUL to twist him a noose.
Oh! would I were Elizabethan,
And singeing the King o' SPAIN's beard!
BESS nothing loved better to see than
One who Don or Devil ne'er feared.
She'd have given the Dutchman a
drubbing,
And made our new CECIL a Peer.
Now a raid sets us funk and blubbing,
I'd fain be a Bold Buccaneer!

Gallant DRAKE, we're now told, was a pirate,
And RALEIGH a mere filibuster!
British prestige would stand at a high rate
If "Robbers" like them we could muster.

But now if a RHODES goes a-raiding,
He's promptly thrown over—by JOE,
Midst crass Nonconformist upbraiding,
And Radical hullabaloo.
If a patriot mustn't turn raider,
For fear of some blooming Mynheer,
Let who will be Soldier or Trader,
I'd fain be a Bold Buccaneer!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 11.—
"Yes, TOBY, I am very much touched with my reception to-night," said Professor JEBB, polishing the nap of his hat with the cuff of his coat. "I am one of those persons who suffer on entrance to House of Commons by having established reputation outside. Of course on my own dunghill at Cambridge, if I please to crow, I expect to receive respectful attention. It's different here. Think I've heard you don't like Professors? Nevertheless, I had close and respectful hearing throughout my speech on Education Bill. It was the demonstration at the end that almost took my breath away with pleasure. Been speaking for more than half an hour. Had worked off one of my perorations. No use being niggardly, you know. Was at trouble to frame three; one in Greek; thought it would have good effect; would raise tone of debate.

"Consulted my colleague JOHN OF GORST. Said yes, it might do if I would make trans-

lation, have it printed in slips and sent round. Otherwise he was afraid the Borough Members would think I had dropped into Welsh. That hardly seemed worth while. So gave up the Greek; cut down perorations to bare two: delivered one, I trust not without grace, certainly not without effect. House not specially crowded at moment. Fancy they didn't know I was going to speak; benches opposite pretty full. When I came to last word of peroration Number One, Members opposite, unable any longer to control their feelings, with one accord leaped to their feet.

"There were forty of them at least. Have read of this kind of thing before, you know. During hot crises of Home-Rule Debate, the conclusion of Mr. G.'s great speeches, his entering and leaving the House at particular epochs, were made occasion for similar demonstrations. Members being on their feet waved their hats and cheered. Quite expected excited crowd opposite me to do the same. Fancy, they were afraid of SPEAKER interfering. Anyhow, each man of them stood with head craned forward, eye fixed with agonized glance on SPEAKER. Scene almost painful in its intensity; didn't desire to prolong it. So, bowing my acknowledgments, and with difficulty controlling my emotion, I went on again.

"At sound of my voice, Members opposite plumped down into their seats with such haste that one inadvertently put his hat on in the wrong place. This too much for friends near me, who burst into roar of laughter. Don't think it laughing matter. The whole scene

evidence of the honourable emotion that underlies ordinarily repellant appearance of House. It is profoundly moved by sound argument conveyed in lucid speech, occasionally rising to flights of eloquence. Wish I knew Member who audibly sat on his hat; would like secretly to convey to him a new one."

Pity SARK wasn't by to hear this. He would cheerfully have told the Professor he was labouring under a misapprehension; that the crowd of Members leaping to their feet thought he had finished his speech, and were merely trying to catch the SPEAKER'S eye. I, more tender-hearted, said nothing.

Business done.—Speech making round Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Spite of all hints to the contrary, there is a good deal of humour about the House of Commons. Nothing could be finer in its way than assumption on Opposition side of indignant grief at PRINCE ARTHUR'S determination to close to-night debate on Education Bill. Been dragging on forlornly through five nights—or is it five weeks? On successive days has been first order. House usually full at question time. Questions over, SPEAKER observes, "The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day."

Instantly movement amongst serried ranks. Clerk's response quickens it. "The Education Bill; second reading." These simple words act upon gathering like a cry of "Fire!" Everybody makes for the door—everybody save JOHN OF GORST, who, as Minister in charge of Bill, must at least put on appearance of attending to debate; a Member of Front Opposition Bench deputed to represent a late and now absent Ministry; and some thirty or forty Members dispersed over benches. Every man of these last is clutching the paper he hopes to be able to read, hungrily watching the Member on his feet, anxious chiefly to know, not what he thinks of the four-shilling grant, the new local authority, or the Cowper-Temple clause, but at what precise minute he will sit down, and make opening for another.

Of course there have been variations, when some important or attractive speaker has taken up the running. But this the general aspect. Then comes PRINCE ARTHUR with the blessed shears, and threatens to cut the thin spun thread. Instantly Opposition get their back up. If there is one thing Members to left of SPEAKER desire more earnestly than opportunity for taking part in debate, it is the luxury of hearing others speak. Their emotion so overpowering, cannot trust themselves to remain in their places through this the last prized opportunity. Through the long hours benches empty; aspect of place as dreary as heretofore. As for SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, much as he has suffered through a blameless life, this the unkindest cut of all. If there was for him one pathway on which Duty and Pleasure met, and walked hand in hand in placid delight, it was listening to debate on Education Bill. Hardly could he be torn away from Front Bench to eat a dry crust. As for a cigar, wouldn't look at one longer than his forefinger. Looking forward through it all to pleasure of himself contributing to the swelling tide of heart-stirring eloquence that had seethed around this stage of the Bill. Proposal to closure debate on the fifth night too much for him.

"If they're going to closure," said he, "let them gag me too."

So the noblest Roman of them all sat in statuesque silence, an attitude infinitely more eloquent than the most persuasive speech.

Business done.—Second reading Education Bill carried by 423 votes against 156.

Thursday.—The crowning distress of agriculture is, that it is personally represented in House of Commons by the plumpest of our fellow-kind, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. It has ever been thus. Years ago, the sorrows of the farmer used to be chanted by JAMES HOWARD, Member for Bedfordshire in the 1880-5 Parliament. He was himself something in the agricultural implement line, and had many means of knowing how farming business prospered or otherwise. Then, as now, it was generally otherwise. But when HOWARD was on his feet, his rosy face illumined with content, his paunchy person plainly full of beef or mutton, the whole thing came to have farcical air predestinating his advocacy to defeat. Same in its way to-day with the more-than-ever ruined farmer. SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, in charge of Rating Bill, can hardly be regarded as an object-lesson in agricultural distress. When resisting amendments, he does his best to put on haggard look. But success not thorough.

Then there's Major RASCH, with whose constituents in Essex things are so bad that he always walks to London at opening of Session. To-night he came up again with his dolorous tale. Once in happy Essex it was twenty tenants running after a farm; now it is twenty farms running after a tenant. As for the landlords their position is hopeless.

"Isn't there someone in SHAKSPEARE, TOBY, dear boy," he said, as he dallied over the basin of *soupe maigre* that serves for his evening meal, "who remarks, 'See what a rent the envious Casca made'?" I don't remember at the moment what line of business Casca took, whether he owned land or houses. But I'll undertake to say that if he'll come down to Essex and put his money in land, he'll make no rent at all."

This doubtless not exaggeration of a sad case. Only to have it set

forth by a man of RASCH'S appearance—plump, well set up, well dressed, to-night gay with bouquettéd button-hole—there is certain incongruity about situation that fatally militates against effect of appeal. *Business done.*—In committee on Agricultural Rating Bill.

RUSS VERY MUCH IN URBE.

(By our Trusted Correspondent at the Coronation.)

You were quite right to let me go to Moscow in good time. As you had foreseen, apartments were at a premium. I have had the greatest difficulty in getting what is called over here a *shakdownski*. It is a sort of temporary shelter. I sleep on a *couchoff*—a kind of



sofa—situated in what they quaintly term a *thirdfloorbackski*. My room is very near the clouds, or, to use Russian, the *skisky*. The place is filling fast, but at present most of the important personages are absent. The Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT will be here before this packet reaches you. As you know, H.R.H. commands at Aldershot, and the Duchess is the daughter of that gallant warrior who was known in the Franco-German War as "the Red Prince." All the military men of the various nationalities are wearing their uniforms. Those who come from England appear usually in scarlet.

And now, no doubt, you would like some account of Moscow. Well, a good deal of it has been re-built since it was burned to the basement in the time of NAPOLEON THE GREAT. When the fire to which I refer took place, the snow was lying thick on the ground—

at the moment of writing the trees are in leaf and the flowers in bloom. Of course, I was not present at the *conflagrationoff* (Russian for "the fire"), but one of the oldest inhabitants tells me—so far as I can understand his lingo—that "the contrast between then and now was very marked." I have no great faith in Muscovite veracity, but this statement savours of truth.

Moscow is full of streets. Each street has several lights, placed in a sort of receptacle for gas jets, called *lampostoffs*. The city, as a whole, is something like Fulham *plus* a dash of Venice, with a *soupoon* of Paris thrown in. It is rather difficult to give a better description. The principal church is called the Kremlin. It has a gilded roof, and in this respect resembles to some extent the cross at the summit of the dome of St. Paul's.

Of course it is impossible to describe the Coronation until it has taken place—quite impossible. However, it is an open secret that the CZAR is to wear a crown on the occasion. He is to put this head-gear on the top of his head, and then to take it off to put on the head of the CZARINA. Then there is to be much shouting, and some soldiers (belonging I am told to the Artillery) are to let off some cannons. This is the programme as at present arranged, but like all other programmes is, of course, subject to alteration.

For the moment, I do not think I can tell you any more. In my next I may be able to give you some account of the public monuments. To the best of my recollection they consist of the Russian Museum, the South Moscow Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, the Muscovite School of Mines (in Jermynoff Streetski), and the Earls Courtsikoff Exhibition. I cannot verify these statements as, unfortunately, I have mislaid my guide-book. But of one thing I am certain, you were most wise in sending me to Russia, as I could not possibly have given you the above interesting account had I remained in Fleet Streetski. I should say Fleet Street. And with this remark I drop into Anglo-French and write "a do."

AMONG THINGS NOT JENNERALLY KNOWN.—The cost of an annual celebration of the First Inoculation at Bückeburg is detracted, so the *Standard* correspondent informs us, "out of a fund established by a contemporary of Dr. JENNER, a Dr. FAUST." A *Doctor Faust*, forsooth! There can be but one Dr. Faust, and if so, wasn't inoculation the invention of *Mephistopheles*? This may add another feather to the cap of *Mephisto*, but it will serve as a powerful argument on the side of the angels, that is, the anti-vaccinators, and therefore the anti-Faust-and-Mephistopheles combination.

"THE BLUE, THE FRESH, &C."—There is a "Real Blue Hungarian Band." Why not "The True Blue"? And an "Original Blue Hungarian" ditto. Anybody suffering from "doleful dumps," the result of dyspepsia, can try the homeopathic principle of curing like with like, and attempt to dispel his melancholia by getting the Blues, above-mentioned, to play a few tunes to him.

A CHEF'S EPIGRAMMATIC DESCRIPTION OF GRAND FESTIVITIES DURING THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.—"Menu, tout 'à la Russe.' Spécialité, Sauce Tartare."

HOW TO ENJOY THE BANK HOLIDAY.

(By our amusing Domestic Jester.)

ORGANISE an "At Home" for one of your friends by writing to say that some one (signature illegible) is only "a day or two in town," and will look in "during Monday afternoon." Select an amiable acquaintance, and the chances are ten to one that he (or, better still, she) will "stay in," so as not to miss the promised visit. If the good-natured he or she has projected a run into the country, which has consequently to be abandoned, so much the better.

Send bogus cards of admission to various places of entertainment to those who are likely to use them. Of course you must choose the more guileless of your circle, or the fraud will be detected. "All you have to do is to secure old vouchers, and alter the dates. If any one goes a long journey on a fool's errand, the fun, it is obvious, will be fast and furious.

If you obtain a form of summons (any barrister will give you one, or tell you where to get it at a law stationer's), and fill it up for libel, with enormous damages, you have the foundation for an excellent practical joke. Drop it into the letter-box of a nervous



EPISCOPAL HUMOUR.

Effie (who has come to spend a week at the Palace). "I THINK I OUGHT TO TELL YOU AT ONCE, GRANDPAPA, THAT I DON'T CARE FOR ANY JOKES UNLESS THEY'RE THE VERY BEST!"

man. When the nervous man receives it at the hands of his servant, he will almost have a fit. It will be a pity that you cannot witness the scene, but it should afford you endless amusement to imagine it.

If you do not mind plagiarism, you can issue circulars inviting tradesmen to send in goods of all descriptions to one of the more wealthy of your friends. Something like this has been done in the past by an eminent practical joker. However, the suggested modern piece of waggery has this advantage over the drollery of long ago—the orders requiring execution on a Bank Holiday, will cause increased embarrassment and confusion.

If you are asked to explain the point of all this light-hearted vivacity, you may say that it is appropriate to W(h)it Monday; and if this is not deemed sufficient, you may add that you have dropped the aspirate, because it is never sounded in "Arry."

ABSIT OMEN.—ALFONSO THE THIRTEENTH, King of Spain, has just attained his tenth year. Let us hope that this does not imply the decadence of the dynasty. Mr. Punch wishes him many returns derived from Cuban tobacco revenues.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—We had a delightful drive down from London to Kempton Park, and I felt quite Watteau-like as I looked on the lilacs, laburnums, and chestnut trees *en route*. I did not occupy the box seat, because Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBES, who really gets more *passée* and more assertive every day of her life, claimed that position. But, as I told Lord ARTHUR, who laughed heartily, it does not do to contest the claims of those who are approaching *fin de demi-siècle*. The other members of our party consisted of Lady TYPINA TIPCAT (own aunt to the Duke of BATTLEDORE and SHUTTLECOCK), Sir WILLOUGHBY WEAR, Q.C. (who bored everybody by his very broad references to the Divorce Court, where I firmly believe he lives with Sir FRANCIS JEUNE), Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS, the poet (whose acquaintance you will remember I made at the Eldorado Music-hall), Mr. and Mrs. NIBBLETHORPE NOBBES, of Nobbes Hall, Staffordshire, not young, but rich and bucolic, Baron STEWART DE TOZA, a Portuguese gentleman with a cast of feature not unlike that of the late Lord BEACONSFIELD (by birth, he told me, that he was a compatriot of CAMOENS, but by instinct a Scotchman, his mother being a member of the noble family of MACDUNIWASSEL), and Mr. and Miss KAMP-TULICON (his sister), Mr. K.-T. being, as I understand, an owner of fossil ivory mines in Siberia. Certainly both he and Miss K.-T. had most exquisite false teeth. In fact, our party was an *olla podrida*, or rather *bouillabaisse* of humanity, a

What a wondrous place is Kempton! Imagine, *ma toute belle*, a glorious pleasaunce (wherein I am told Queen ELIZABETH, in the days of her spinsterhood and threatened by horrible forecasts, used to ramble), dotted with magnificent trees, and adorned with exquisite places of vantage, called in racing parlance "stands!" Flowers were to be seen on all sides, and the Prince of WALES had luncheon in a pavilion which the Sultan of TURKEY, or the late lamented Shah of PERSIA, might have envied. Lord ARTHUR introduced me, when we were strolling to the Paddock, to a very handsome gentleman with merry eyes and a *débonnaire* aspect; he was none other, I ascertained, than Mr. S. H. HYDE, the presiding genius of this great show, which *Aladdin* would not have been ashamed to bring to the notice of the Princess of China. "Well," he asked, pleasantly, "what do you think of Kempton?" "It ought to be called Hyde

Park," I replied, with a curtsy. The manager blushed and hurried away, while dear Lord ARTHUR congratulated me on what he called my "*à propos mot*." And yet I hoped that Mr. HYDE would not hold me to be unmaidenly in giving out a *calembour* which instinctively leapt to the tip of my tongue, as did Venus from the sea.

I would, dearest, that you could have seen the *toilettes* in the Club inclosure. Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS says that they reminded him of a bevy of startled peacocks. His simile is not altogether without verisimilitude. The delicate bloom of the egg-plum, the verdant hue of the early pea, and the assertive tint of the ripe tomato, mingled in more than one costume with the colours orange, red, and lemon of the varied nasturtiums, and the bright aggressiveness of the sun-flower, which has not quite made up its mind whether it ought not to pose as a new sort of chrysanthemum. *Quel luxe!* I noticed one tall, fair woman, with a cloak made of black lambs' tails, and a *petite dame*, whose features are not unfamiliar to students of Messrs. CAMERA and OBSCURA's art, clad in a richly embroidered costume made of pillow-casing, such as could be only supplied by— I will analyse!

I now turn to the great race itself. *Ciel!* What a commotion about the galloping of a few horses! In spite of the racing, which might have proved a distraction, we had a happy day. Try asparagus with turmeric sauce. The dish, so papa declares, who curiously enough won over Victor Wild, is only equalled by tomatoes *au vin blanc*. Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

* The name of the maker need not be bolstered up.—ED.

+ Our correspondent is not engaged as an analyst, so much matter is here deleted.—ED.

"LEO THE TERRIBLE."—A paragraph in *The Weekly Register* recounts how the POPE "began on Tuesday his accustomed summer walks in the Vatican gardens, where he remained from ten till five, receiving the heads of the Capuchins in the new pavilion." The italics are ours. What a terrible scene in this "so-called nineteenth century." Why, the tyrant NERO himself "is not in it" with Pope Leo "receiving the heads of the Capuchins." We ask, *what became of the bodies?* Surely civilised Europe will ask this; and, as among the unfortunate Capuchins there were probably some British subjects, will there not be a question in the House of Commons, put, let us suggest, by Colonel SAUNDERSON?



THE KRÜGER CAT.

["The President throughout this crisis has shown himself to be not ungenerous, and eminently shrewd. To play fast and loose with his principal captives is neither generous nor shrewd."—*Times*.]



LOVE'S ENDURANCE.

Miss Dolly (to her fiancé). "OH, JACK, THIS IS DELIGHTFUL! IF YOU'LL ONLY KEEP UP THE PACE, I'M SURE I SHALL SOON GAIN CONFIDENCE!"

[Poor Jack has already run a mile or more, and is very short of condition.]

NEVER MIND!

(Parody of Poe by a Parliamentary Poet.)

Sir W. Harcourt. "What did the right hon. gentleman (Mr. BALFOUR) say the other day?"

Mr. Balfour. "Never mind!"

Report on Agricultural Rating Bill.

WHEN upon a May night dreary M.P.'s ponder, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint amendment, quite the usual Party "blind,"
When they're nodding, nearly napping, and Sir WILLIAM smartly
slapping

On the box, with view to trapping, asks a question, rude, unkind,
Then the Leader well may mutter, lank and languidly reclined
On his bench, "Oh, never mind!"

What the dickens does it matter, this recriminatory chatter,
This superfluous Party clatter rude, irrelevant, unrefined?
Yesterday is not to-morrow! Party 'vantage would you borrow
From last week? I ask in sorrow—sorrow for such waste of wind—
What I said last year, last week, if me to that you'd harshly bind,
I must answer "Never mind!"

Well of words may I be thrifty, with a hundred votes and fifty,
Ready, howsoever shifty be my schemes, to seal and bind
Every oracle I utter! If you think my calm you'll flutter
By your retrospective splutter, you're mistaken, as you'll find.
CHAPELIN may compete with you in eloquence of Rhodian kind,
My reply is—"Never mind!"

And the Leader, never quitting, still is sitting, s'ill is sitting,
On that cosy Treasury Bench, in lolling languor limp reclined;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a Gallio who is dreaming,
And the Rads with wild wrath screaming seem to him as summer wind.
And when stout Sir WILLIAM wakes him with a question of this kind,
He will yawn out "Never mind!"

TIPS FOR TRADERS.

(See the Report of our Consul at Cherbourg.)

ALWAYS start with the assumption that you are doing a very con-
descending act in allowing the dratted foreigner to purchase any of
your coal, iron, shirrings, chemicals, or whatever it may be.

Never take the trouble to translate your trade circulars into any
foreign tongue. To make out their meaning will be a useful lesson
in English for the poor jabbering Frenchman, Italian, or Teuton.

Bearing in mind that the decimal system prevails in France, quote
all your prices in pounds, shillings, and pence. The mental anguish

which this will cause to your (possible) French customers will be a
fitting return for their nastiness about Egypt, Siam, &c.

Remember that the only dignified international attitude to adopt
to an obviously inferior race is to fling your goods down, and say,
"Take them or leave them!" This is what makes Englishmen so
popular on the Continent.

As the German firms that compete with you take great care to
send engaging and polyglottic young men to push their goods in
France, you had better send nobody, but manage everything by
correspondence—in English, of course.

If you do forget yourself so far as to despatch a traveller abroad,
be very careful to pick out a person who knows no French, and less
German, and who will make it quite plain to everybody he meets
that he considers English the only "language" in the world, all the
others being "lingos."

Don't yield to the nonsense of Consuls, and other ignorant people,
who tell you that to gain the custom of foreigners you must drop
some of your own. Don't "stoop to conquer." Brusquerie and
business, bad manners and good trade, are intimately allied.

Lastly, if you do manage to get an order abroad, give as much
trouble to your customer as you can, by leaving him to arrange for pay-
ment of customs dues, delivery, and so on. It will do him good. Most
foreigners are very lazy, and you should try and cure them of this trait.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

IV.—ASTERS.

O ASTER, on the garden bed
A man might sing the grace you
shed
In living metres or in dead,
In sonnets or in sapphics.
As one who'd gladly hymn your
praise
It grieves me, fills me with amaze,
To find you are, in learned phrase,
A "pejorative affix"!

A blossom all devoid of thorn
In speech's kindly garden born
Becomes the very flower of scorn,
If grafted on an aster:
And so at times, sweet Aster, all
Your sweetness may be turned to
gall—
If, for example, one should call
A wit a witticaster.

And if the critics—race sublime—
Would make an onslaught on my
rhyme,
In sheer contempt they write that
I'm
The worst of poetasters;
While I retort, to trump their card,
That I, as well befits a bard,
Reserve the right to disregard
All drivelling criticasters.

So, Aster, though a glow you
shed
In summer on the garden bed,
No sonnet simmers in my head
For you, nor any sapphics;
Because, although in many ways
A subject worthy of my lays,
I cannot bring myself to praise
A pejorative affix!

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XIII.

Drawbacks and advantages of being engaged. Some Meditations in a Music-hall, together with notes of certain things that Mr. Jabberjee failed to understand.

My preceding article announced the important intelligence of my betrothal, in which I was then too much the neophyte to express any very opinionated judgment as to the pros or cons of my approaching benediction as a *Benedick* (if I may be allowed a somewhat humorous pun).

L'appétit vient en mangeant, and I am blessing my stars more fervidly every day for the lucky windfall which has bolted upon me from the blue.

All the select boarders were speedily informed of my engagement, and the males, though profuse in their congratulations, did manifest their green-eyed monster by sundry veiled chucklings and rib-pokings, while the ladies—especially Miss SPINK—are become less pressing in their attentions, and address me as "Prince" with increased frequency, and in a tone of tittering acidulation.

This, however, is attributable to natural disappointment; for it was notorious that all of them, even the least prepossessing, were on the tiptoe of languishing expectancy that I should cast my handkerchief in one of their directions. But the feminine nature is not capable of sustaining the good-fortune of another member of their sex with good-humoured complacency!

On the other hand, I enjoy many privileges and bonuses. I am permitted to enter Mrs. MANKLETOW'S private parlour *ad libitum*, and there converse with my beloved, calling her "JESSIE," and even embrace her in moderation. I may also embrace her Mother, and address her as "Mamma," which affords me raptures of a less tumultuous kind.

Moreover now, when I conduct my *inamorati* to an entertainment, it is no longer *de rigueur* for any third party to impersonate a gooseberry!

The mention of entertainments reminds me that, a few evenings ago, I escorted her to a music-hall, wherein, although I had previously believed myself a past master in the shibboleth of London Cockneyisms and technical terminology, I heard and saw much which was *au bout de mon Latin*, and the head impossible to be made out of the tail.

E.g., there were two young lady-performers alleged by the programme to be "Serious and Bone Soloists," whereas they were the reverse of lugubrious; nor were their physiognomies fleshless or osseous; but, on the contrary, so shapely and well-favoured that JESSIE did remonstrate with me upon the perseverance with which I gazed at them.

And I could not at all find any one to explain to me the difference between a "Comedian" and a "Comic"; or a "Comedian and Patterer" and an "Eccentric Comedian"; or a "Society Belle" and a "Burlesque Artiste"; or, again, "A Sketch Artiste" and a "Speciality Dancer." For to me they seemed all precisely similar. There were "four Charming Lyric Sisters," who performed a dance in long expansive skirts, and in conclusion did all turn heels-over-head in simultaneity; but this, it seems, was, contrary to my expectancy, *not* to dance a speciality. Speaking for my humble part, I am respectfully of opinion that lovely woman loses in queenly dignity by the abrupt execution of a somersault; however, the feat did indubitably excite vociferous applause from the spectators.

Further there appeared a couple of Duettists in ordinary evening habiliments, who sang in unison with egregious melodiousness. One was plump as a partridge; the other thin as a weasel; and they related how they were both the adorers of a certain lovely damsel called "SALLY," who was the darling of their co-operative hearts, and resided in their Alley. And of all the days in the week they dearly loved Sunday, because then they were dressed in all their best, and went for a walk with SALLY.

I should have thought that it was not humanly feasible for SALLY to continue such periodical promenades without exhibiting some pre-

ferential kind of choice, either for the partridge or the weasel, and that such a triangular courtship and triple alliance would infallibly terminate in the apple of discord, but JESSIE did assure me that it was quite usual and the correct cheese for a girl to have more than one bean upon her string.

I made the further observation that the Comedians and Comics must be reduced to extreme pauperism, since they presented themselves before a well-dressed, respectable audience in garbage of unparagoned shabbiness, and with hair of unbrushed wildness, and needing immediate tonsure.

One songster did offer some excuse for the poverty of his appearance, telling us his hard case, how that he was occupied in declaring his passion to a beauteous damsel, when she was "all over him in a minute," and, while he was making love to the pretty stars above, she cleared out all his pockets in a minute! At which many laughed; but, though Jove is said to regard lovers' perjuries with

cachinnation, I could not help feeling the most pitiable sympathy for such a disappointing conclusion to a love affair, seeing that it is impossible for the comeliest nymph who returns her admirer's devotion by stealing his purse, and similar trash, to remain posed any longer upon the towering pedestal of an ideal. Upon making this remark to JESSIE, however, she uttered the repartee that I was the silly noodle; though she is, I am sure, notwithstanding her attachment to gewgaws, not capable of descending personally to such light-fingered tactics.

I was additionally bewildered by a chorus chanted by one of the Society Belles, which I took down *verbatim*, in the hope of a solution. It was as follows: "For I like a good liar, indeed I do! Provided he comes out with something new! But why did he tell me that story with whiskers on, why, why, why?"

Now to me it is wholly incomprehensible that the female intelligence should admire mendacity in the opposite sex on the sole conditions that the said liar should present himself in some novel article of attire, and, previously to relating his untruth, remove from his cheeks any hirsute appendages. One of the boarders whom I consulted on the subject attempted to persuade me that it was the *story* that had the whiskers; but it is nonsensical to suppose that a purely abstract affair like an untruth could be furnished with capillary growth, which belongs to the concrete department.

There was a lady described as an "incomparable Comedienne," who was the victim of unexampled bad luck. For she had purchased a camera (which she exhibited to the assembly), and with this she had gone about photographing landscapes and other sceneries. But, lack-a-daisy! no sooner were they printed than the pictures were discovered to be irretrievably spoilt by objects in the foreground of such doubtful propriety that they were not exactly fit to place among her brick-backs, so she was compelled to keep them in a drawer among her knick-nacks!

I should have liked her to inform us where such a faulty mechanism was procured, and why she did not exchange it for one of superior competency.

She was succeeded on the stage by a little girl with a hoop, who bore a striking resemblance to her predecessor, and was probably her infantile daughter. This child was evidently of a greatly inquisitive disposition, and asked many questions of her progenitors which they were unable to answer, bidding her not to bother, and to go away and play.

Then she asked a juvenile boy (who remained invisible), called "JOHNNY JONES," and informed us that "she knew now." But I was still in the total darkness as to the answers, which even JESSIE declared that she was "*Davus, non Edipus*," and not able to provide with the correct solutions.

Upon the whole, I am of opinion that music-halls are more fertile in mental puzzlement and social problems, and more difficult of comprehension, than theatrical entertainments.

This is, no doubt, why the spectators are allowed to consume liquors and sandwiches throughout the performance, since it is well known that the brain cannot carry on its *modus operandi* with efficiency if the stomach is in the beggarly array of an empty box!



"In garbage of unparagoned shabbiness."

EASTBOURNE FOR THE CZAR!

(By our Trusted Reporter.)

In obedience to your instructions, "to keep my eye on the Coronation of the Emperor of Russia," I proceeded on Monday, May 18, to Eastbourne. I found the place *en fête*. The streets were thronged with people; from house to house, from pole to pole, hung a profusion of paper-flowers. There were stands on the Grand Parade, and bunting everywhere. Also a first-rate band supported in an alcove over the sad sea waves.

"What is the event of the day?" I asked, after a careful inspection of the decorations.

"The Gymkhana in the South Fields at 1.30," was the immediate reply.

Then I worried about this explanation. "The Gymkhana!" What on earth was it? It sounded like an Eastern potentate, or a delicious rival to "rahat lakoum." But why should a swarthy monarch go to the South Fields at lunch-time? Or why should an oriental sweetstuff be there distributed at such an hour? Perhaps for tiffin. Pleasant recollection. Tiffin another name for midday meal. Lunch!

I had bought a local paper. Among the advertisements was much about a certain hotel. I would trust to the praises of the *réclames*. I went, I saw, and was conquered. Could not get a table near the window. Had to wait twenty minutes for a steak. Found a hole in the table-cloth, and successfully contested the total of the bill.

Out of temper. Renewed search for "Gymkhana." I wandered, until at length I arrived (outside the town) at the skeletons of about a square mile of booths. I asked elderly individual for explanation.

"Not know what that is!" he exclaimed, in an ecstacy of astonishment. And then he told me; but unfortunately I have forgotten what he said. I fancy the booths were for agricultural show, or steeple-chases, or international exhibition, or something or other. But, at any rate, they were not intended for the "Gymkhana."

"Why, surely the South Fields are yonder," continued the elderly individual. And so they were. And in them I found the object of my search. All the aristocracy, gentry, and inhabitants (more or less) of Eastbourne and its vicinity, were scattered in a meadow watching the skill of some yeomanry and volunteers. The Gymkhana was a provincial edition of the Military Tournament at Ilington.

As I approached, two gallant cavalry men of the auxiliaries were attempting to thump one another with single-sticks, but their cautious chargers knew better, and declined to take the champions within striking distance. The horses seemed of a superior breed to those accustomed to the shafts of a bathing-machine, or the burdens imposed on the animal let out at sixpence an hour at Hampstead on a bank holiday. But for all that, and all that, the brutes were so obstinate, that they would have been better for the chastisement of a cane-bearing donkey boy. The Yeomanry won their prizes amidst the attention of the snap-shot photographers and the cheers of the mighty multitude. Then came performance of massed bands, and Monday ended in harmony.

Tuesday was devoted to "Battle of Flowers," and "State Procession of decorated Coaches, Carriages, and Equestrians in Costume." The last was pleasing, the first fairly exhilarating. The horses and ponies looked more dignified than their drivers, and the contest with *confetti* conjured back Nice and Naples—of course, with a difference.

But space runs short. During the remainder of the week the Australian cricketers played at the Saffrons, and there were a procession of cyclists in grotesque costumes, a military concert, and a fancy-dress ball in Devonshire Park. Then, to conclude the six days with a blaze of triumph, Saturday ended with an "illuminated *fête* and fireworks." And now I have described the manner in which the CZAR'S coronation was celebrated at Eastbourne.

"CHESTNUT SUNDAY."

(A Reminiscence.)

BENEATH the pyramids of flowers, Pink-yellow flecked on white, You told me of a coming doom Black as a starless night. How, when the trees were reft of green, The branches gaunt above,	There came a warning unforeseen That robb'd you of my love. Your prophecy was all too true, While Breach of Promise waits for you, Under the chestnuts I renew The vows you broke with Number Two.
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CAUTION TO MONEYLENDERS (in view of a recent sentence).—Remember the "*Argumentum ad Pockettum*."



GOLF NOTES.

Old Hand. "AH, I HEARD YOU'D JOINED. BEEN ROUND THE LINKS YET?"

New Hand. "OH, YES. WENT YESTERDAY."

Old Hand. "WHAT DID YOU GO ROUND IN?"

New Hand. "OH, MY ORDINARY CLOTHES!"

GOLF IN ZUMMERZET.

(John Tazewell's account of the matter.)

VINE doins to Ham, do ee zay? Zo be, for sure;
But take a glass, now do ee, an' wark in-door.
Us ha'n't a-zin ee to Ham vor more'n wik,
Be allus a welcome here, you do know, Mas'r Dick.
Well, Pa'son beänt quite exactly,* as you mid zay,
Do reckon 'tes arl along o' yon new play:
Be vair a-tookt wi' 't, Squire an' Pa'son be,
Virst thing come marnin' play arl day till tea;
An' Pa'son, I tell ee, he be the one to strike,
Do make barl fly—there, I never zee the like.
To yeer they tark, 'tes nobbut double Dutch,
Wi' their bunkers, stymies, mashies, cleeks, an' such;
"By Jove, 'tes gobble." Squire do zay, "dormy three."—
'Tes, as I tell ee, heathen Dutch to we.
They do take along our JOHNNY to ear their sticks,
A tarr'ble plenty, zo many as vive or six;
An' never doänt use zame stick vor more'n one hit—
Zim beänt no reason, not one mo'el bit.
I do reckon as Pa'son be goin' cleant'arf 's head.
Lor bless ee, our JOHNNY 've a-yeerd un zay wer dead—
An' him zo lively as hop-frogs down to rhine!†
Beänt quite exactly, I warr'nt—'tes sartain sign.
One day I a-zeed un sarobin' up an' down,
Zo went an' helped un like till barl wer voun'.
"Be arter barls, Zur, beänt ee, every day,
When art vor to be arter souls," I do up an' zay.
Wer proper angry, wer. But there, let be.
A kinder gen'l'm'n us doänt wish vor to zee—
Arl zed an' done, be good enough vor we.

* "Not exactly," i.e. not quite right in the head. † "Rhine," i.e. ditch.

GOOD MEN FOR MAKING RUNS.—The Messrs. TROTT of Australia.



DEGENERACY.

Five. "WHAT'S COME TO JOHNNY HORNER? I NEVER SEE HIM DOWN THE RIVER NOW."
Cox. "OH NO. HE DOES NOTHING BUT HOCKEY AND BICYCLING. IT'S AN AWFUL PITY
A MAN WITH A GOOD CHANCE OF THE FIRST BOAT SHOULD HAVE BECOME SO EFFEMINATE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

TOM HOOD AS A POET.

(Concluded)

OF "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" it is not so necessary to speak, for even the greater public, who look upon HOOD as a punning humorist, know that he was responsible for these two cries of suffering and indignation which have echoed and re-echoed through the years. Yet it is a high privilege for one who writes in *Punch* to remember that "The Song of the Shirt" first appealed from these pages to the sympathy of the world.

BUT a word must be said of HOOD the Satirist, and I would refer those who wish to

know him in this character to the "Ole to Rae Wilson, Esquire." In this piece HOOD uses all his gifts, his word-twisting power, his fierce indignation, his humble piety, his tolerant charity, his rhyme, his rhythm—all are there. It is full of lines that must live.

I pray for grace, repent each sinful act—
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
And love my neighbour, far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That's turned by application to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven.
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough.

AND here again—

I do not hash the gospel in my books,
And thus upon the public mind obtrude it,

As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it.

But the whole piece teems with such flashes of wit, and there are passages of noble poetry in it; as, for example, the lines beginning

One place there is—beneath the burial sod—
which prove again, if any further proof were needed, TOM HOOD's title "to find honourable mention in any recital of the names of those who have contributed to the stock of genuine English Poetry."

SARTOR AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

["The Tailor and Cutter, has sent a Special Commissioner to the Legislature to report on the attire of the Ministers."—*Daily News*.]

AH! Here's your true "Sartor Resartus,"

A fiao for TOMMY CARLYLE!

Dear Tailor and Cutter, impart us

The secrets of cut and of style!

As tried by The Tailor and Cutter,
How wondrous a thing is the world!

Lord SALISBURY's coat is too utter!

And how TAY PAY's "collars" are
curled!

They "curl the wrong way"—like his
Party—

And so he goes wrong in his vote.

You can gauge DILLON, "TIM," or
McCARTHY

At once, by the cut of his coat.

Dr. AMBROSE's grey is a torment,

And where is the Markis's taste,

When he wears that vile nondescript
garment,

With "lapels that roll to the waist"?

We all know our JOE as a dandy,

His smart D. B. frock is so trim,

With orchid to buttonhole handy,

What can be the matter with him?

What wonder the Dutchman has "shut
on"

Smart "Pushful," with sinister guile,

JOE's vest, which is "short of a button,"

Suggests he is "short of a tile"!

Oor woe at the thought who can utter?

But surely we ought to apply

The tests of The Tailor and Cutter

To all our great men. Let us try!

BIKE! BIKE! BIKE!

(Old Grumbler to New Girl.)

AIR—"Break! Break! Break!"

BIKE! Bike! Bike!

O'er the hard street stones, O She!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me!

O well for the newspaper boy

That he scoots on his cycle away!

O well for the butcher-lad

That he pedals—perchance it may pay!

But when stately girls get on

All a-crouch, and with prospect of spill,

It is O for the touch of a wee soft hand,

And the sound of a voice that could thrill!

Bike! Bike! Bike!

With thy foot on the pedal, O She!

But the girlish grace that the Wheel struck
dead

Will never come back to thee!

NOTE AT THE HAYMARKET.—SHAKESPEARE under a TREE. Must make mention of realistic combat between *Hotspur* and *Prince Hal*. *Hotspur* started hut favourite, but *Hal* beat him "a short head," so *Sir John*, who "lay on the field" during the fight, must have "come out a winner" as well. Best congratulations to TREE, and so with a bow we take our leaves.



A CORONATION GREETING.

PEACE (to the Czar). "I WAS YOUR FATHER'S FRIEND,—LET ME BE YOURS."



THE NEW EXPRESSION

AND ATTITUDE OBSERVABLE IN YOUNG LADIES OF TO-DAY AT CHURCH PARADE AND ELSEWHERE IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE RESULT OF CONSTANT DEVOTION TO THE BICYCLE.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—VERDI'S *Rigoletto*, with Madame ALBANI as the luckless *Gilda*, Madame MANTELLI as the merry *Maddalena*, ANCONA as *Rigoletto*, and DE LUCIA as the gallant but deceitful Dook. By the way, the gay Dook spends so much money on his pleasures that he cannot afford even a "spring cleaning" for the splendid palazzo he inhabits. Rarely has a real Dook resided in so faded and so sparsely furnished a mansion as is this one, judging by the interior. The exterior no doubt is something beautiful, an architectural gem; but inside—well, if the sleeping apartments are to be judged by the reception-room shown in Act II., the accommodation at an inferior wayside inn would be princely to it. Of course, when lighted up for a party, a "ball-room in the ducal palace" makes a very fair show, on occasion; perhaps, by special arrangement with the Duke's principal tradesmen. Madame ALBANI excelled herself as *Gilda*, though, personally, I trembled for her top notes, just as I do for a professional tight-rope dancer, when, seeing him up aloft on his perilous journey, I wonder whether he will ever come down again. However, Madame ALBANI not only came down safely herself, but "brought the house down" as well. ANCONA'S *Rigoletto* dramatically and vocally excellent; but DE LUCIA rather hard for such

an amorous dog of a Dook. Yet his great song, "*La Donna è Mobile*," he gave in a careless, reckless style, which is the very key-note of the character. Signor BEVIGNANI had not to hand up any bouquets. Royalties smiled on the Suffering Soprano, and the curtain was raised several times in response to hearty applause. It is pleasant to suppose that, after the Opera was over, there did not sit down to supper a merrier, more festive, and generally better satisfied-with-themselves party than Signori DE LUCIA, ANCONA, and Mesdames MANTELLI and ALBANI.

The musical Muse, like History, occasionally repeats herself. Perhaps she takes a perverse pleasure in playing a practical joke on two totally different composers at two distinct periods. Who wrote *Rigoletto*? VERDI. Who wrote "*The Bay of Biscay*, O"? Was it DIBDIN, words and music? I forget. But in *Rigoletto* and in the song "*Bay of Biscay*," there occurs, if not precisely the same phrase, at least one so closely resembling it, that humming it you can tumble into the "*Bay of Biscay*" as easily as possible, and come up again as fresh as ever for *Rigoletto*. Listen for it next time you assist at *Rigoletto*, and tell me if it isn't an example of "undesigned (musical) coincidence." I won't mention in which act it occurs.

Wednesday.—Signor LUCIA as *Little Fra*

Diavolo. MARIE ENGLE as *Zerlina*. Somehow AUER'S delightful music is not quite so fresh as it was. Says WAGGY, "*O Bear with it*." Then he vanishes. It being the Birthday night, the National Anthem is given before the Opera begins, and a free pardon is granted to WAGGY.

Thursday.—*Cavalleria* (Italian), and *Hänsel and Gretel* (English). Nothing new. English and Italian go together very well just now. People recovering from Birthday honours and convivialities.

Friday.—JOHN and NED DE RESZKÉ as *Lohengrin* and *Heinrich der Vogler*. Lady with accurate knowledge of German translates *Heinrich der Vogler* as HENRY the Vulgar, or, in fact, 'ARRY; but this translation not in keeping with NEDDY, who is quite the monarch, with not much to sing, but with that little first-rate, as are all engaged in this performance to-night. Madame ALBANI is at her very best as the innocent *Elsa* (singing beautifully WAGNER'S variation on "*Home, Sweet Home*," when up in the balcony, Act II.), and Mlle. MEISSLINGER most dramatic as intruding *Ortruda*. DRURIOLANUS, looking ten years younger, and slimmer than ever, drops in, casually, in character of "*Beamish Boy*," and, standing at stall entrance, "chortles in his joy."

Saturday.—BOITO'S Opera of *Mefistofele* off! *La Favorita* substituted.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A SELFISH SOLOQUY IN A PUNT.

I LIKE your pretty daintiness
Of broad-brimmed hat and creamy dress—
No other girl, I must confess,
Could wield that pole so brightly!
I like the plashing of the weir,
That seems so far while yet so near,
So softly does it strike the ear,
So lazily and lightly!

The willows bend to kiss the stream,
Like constant lovers, while the gleam
Of fitful sunshine makes a dream
Of latticed gold in greenery.
The restless rushes nod and sway,
And long laburnum tresses stray
'Mid chestnut spikes and starry may—
I like this river scenery.

Among the cushions at my ease,
I should indeed be hard to please
If I were not content with these
Fair pictures never ending.
I feel like some enraptured Turk,
While watching you do all the work.
My share of duty I must shirk—
Of course without offending.

This good cigar is so sublime—
(This nicotine in nick of time)—
To cast it from me were a crime
Deserving strong correction!
So let me lie, and yet be true.
I need not oft-told vows renew.
I only live to look at you!
At punting you're perfection!

AN All-Night Sitting in the Great Wheel is rather worse than an All-Night Sitting in the House; as in the latter some one is always "moving," and even "Obstruction" was announced by the P. M. G. as "in full swing."

A DIFFERENCE WITHOUT A DISTINCTION.—It is rumoured that the Rue des Martyrs, Paris, is to be rebaptized under the name of Rue des Hommes Mariés!



French Lady. "PICCA-DI-LEE CAIEOUS." *Obliging Conductor.* "ALL RIGHT. ONE PENCEF."
French Lady (who rather prides herself on her English pronunciati on). "I ANTERSTOND ZE
 ENGLERSHE LANGUF." *Obliging Conductor.* "OH, ALL RIGHT. KEEP YEE 'AIR ON!"

IN DEFENCE OF THE BOUNDER.

["There's no JACK without a JILL."—*Proverb.*]

THIS Age delights to "blow upon"
 Well-founded claims to wickedness—
 Satan and JUDAS and King JOHN
 Have all been whitewashed, more or less.
 Bounder, in your defence I dare
 A feat still even more astounding,
 Although it pains me everywhere
 To see you, so to speak, abounding!

To prove black white, December May,
 Or JOHN a most enlightened king,
 Were easier than to find to say
 In your defence a single thing.
 I only know, I must confess,
 (I trust my candour will not hurt you,)
 One fact that shows you may possess
 Some unobserved redeeming virtue.

Some eye has brightened yours to greet,
 (Not mine, I give my solemn word,)
 Some heart to know you near has beat,
 (It seems—forgive me—quite absurd;)
 Some tender hand has smoothed your hair,
 (One shudders at the mere suggestion,)
 In short, some woman sweet and fair
 Has cared for you beyond all question.

This only good in you I've seen—
 No woman could have held you dear,
 Except your mother, had you been
 The utter Yahoo you appear!
 So, since it may exceed your due
 To rail at you, as some do, madly,
 In silence let us "suffer" you
 With resignation, if not "gladly"!

THE PAWNBROKER'S OWN TREE.—The
 Pop-lar.

PHONETIC RHYMES.

THERE was a young chappie named CHOLMON-
 DELEY,

Who always at dinner sat dolmordeley.
 His fair partner said,
 As he crumbled his bread,
 "Dear me! you behave very rholmondeley!"

THERE was an old parson named BEAUCHAMP,
 Who would lecture his flock and be-
 preauchamp.

"They must learn their letters
 And bow to their betters!"
 (He said), "and I'm going to teauchamp!"

THERE lived a young lady named SAINT CLAIR
 Whose eye was the merriest twaint Clair.

She said to her beau,
 "I want ocal from below;
 Do you mind agitating the taint Clair?"

A fine old landowner named MARJORIBANKS,
 Found the summer-heat dry paths and
 parjoribanks,
 S about his estate,
 To protect his old pate,
 He arranged pine plantations and larjori-
 banks!

A wealthy old buffer named SAINT JOHN
 Had a fire, and went off for an aint John.
 He helped it to play,
 But, alas! the next day
 He was plagued with rheumatical twaint
 John!

DRIVING INTELLIGENCE.—Golf Clubs are
 being established all over France. The Presi-
 dent of the Republic, should he visit one of
 the Links, cannot fail to be delighted at the
 constant shouts of "Fore! Fore!"

SONG IN THE GREAT WHEEL.

HERE we go up, up, up,
 Here we go down, down, down, O;
 Now we're stuck up, up, up,
 Far above London town, O.

Here we can't sup, sup, sup,
 Nor breakfast, no, nor dine, O;
 We took with us no food up,
 Starting at half-past nine, O.

If ever you book, book, book,
 For a Great Wheel circular tour, O,
 To go with a Personal "Cook,"
 And wittles and drink be sure, O.

"THE POOR R.A."—A CAUSERIE.

SCENE—A Fashionable Dining-room. TIME
 —The End of the Menu. A Casual
 Couple discovered Conversing.

He (making conversation). Been to Burling-
 ton House?

She (with enthusiasm). The Royal Academy!
 Oh, I am so much interested! Such capital
 pictures!

He (keeping on safe ground). Which did
 you like best?

She (following suit). Oh, all of them.
 Which did you?

He (after consideration). Well, I am rather
 a bad one for names. But they all seem to
 be very good. The portraits are capital.

She. Oh, yes. Have you any particular
 favourite?

He (again taking his time). Well, no. You
 see they all appear to be so good.

She. Quite. Well, I am going to Burling-
 ton House to-morrow before lunch. Perhaps
 we might compare notes. But then, perhaps,
 you won't want to go again?

*He (after a moment's hesitation, with a
 smile).* I don't mind confessing that, this year,
 I haven't been to the Royal Academy at all.

She (promptly). No more have I!
 [The ladies rise and leave the room. Scene
 closes in upon claret, cigarettes, and
 masculine chatter.]

THE LAST GALOP.

BEFORE the fall perhaps I might
 Have ventured to compare the ball
 To Eden, smiling fair and bright,
 "Before the fall."

Alas, we heard the serpent's call—
 "John Peel," whose strains to romp invite;
 We came a cropper—such a sprawl!
 And ne'er again, I fear, the right
 Sweet "PHYLLIS" on my card to scrawl
 You'll give me, as you did to-night
 Before the fall!

MOAN OF A MINISTERIALIST.

OUR Bills appear all of a huddle,
 The Rads, like young tigers, taste blood:
 Our game appears Closure and muddle,
 And theirs seems Amendments and Mud!
 Methinks Men and Measures gain scarce
 anything
 From the muddle we make or the mud
 which they fling!

VIEWS ON THE VESTRY ELECTIONS.

*Moderate Maxim (as applied to Pro-
 gressives).* "Mend or (Mile) End them!"
*Progressive Maxim (as applied to Moder-
 ates).* "Cheek 'em or (South) Peekham!"

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATION (very slightly
 adapted, appropriate to a popular "financier").

O, this boy
 Lends metal to us all.
Henry the Fourth, Pt. I., Act V., sc. 4.



OOM PAUL-O POST FUTURUM!

[PARLIAMENTARY FASHIONS.—There is a rumour in tailoring circles that, owing to recent events, the “Costume Krüger” will be largely adopted by prominent politicians.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.—“Don’t you think you people are a trifle hard on SILOMIO?” said SARK. “I know he is a little ludicrous, and usually in bad form. But I’m grateful to him for reviving memories of early boyhood. Remember when I was taken to pantomime for first glorious time, the thing that made sharpest and most lasting impression on my mind was the inoffensive, well-meaning, middle-aged gentleman, who, as soon as he appeared on the stage, was incontinently knocked down. SILOMIO is the pantaloone of our Parliamentary scene. Steps on with imposing stride, makes portentous remark, usually in form of question; straightway DON JOSÉ, GEORGE CURZON, or, as happened the other night, PRINCE ARTHUR, gives him a backhander, and he lies sprawling amid contumelious laughter.

“Same in last Parliament, when he considerably helped to make fortunes of those promising Under Secretaries EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON. Let us remember the good in contemplating the bad. Parliament monotonously dreary just now. Let us be thankful that SILOMIO declined overtures made to him last year by his black brethren, resisting temptation to wear light clothing and rule over a principality in Central Africa.”

It was DON JOSÉ who to-night touched up with the Parliamentary red-hot poker the patriotic Member for Eccleashall division of Sheffield. SILOMIO put two questions about South African affairs, of which he said he’d given private notice. This, it turned out, was a note thrust in DON JOSÉ’S hand as he entered House. Reasonable rule requires that Ministers shall have full notice of question. Rule more imperative in view of the importance and nicety of foreign affairs. DON JOSÉ begged his honourable friend to observe this rule. Opposition jeered at prostrate figure. SILOMIO, scrambling on to feet, proposed to continue conversation. House roared contumeliously. SILOMIO used to that.

“May I be allowed to explain?” he shouted.

SPEAKER thought not. More howling. SILOMIO dropped into his seat. Up again, facing the storm with flushed face and angry eyeglass. Wanted to know whether he was to understand that the demand made upon him by DON JOSÉ referred to appointments made by himself, of which he must have ample knowledge?

“The hon. gentleman,” said DON JOSÉ, coldly, “will of course act on his own discretion.”

If there is one light in the constellation of SILOMIO’S sterling qualities that shines with stronger, mellow light than another, it is his discretion. The shaft went home, and for the evening SILOMIO sat in silence, brooding over his monotonous fate, and thinking

whether, after all, he was wise to give up to Westminster what was meant for the Gold Coast.

Business done.—Agricultural Rating Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Curious how through everyday life runs echo of the voice of the Divine WILLIAMS. “Do you bite your thumb at us?” asked ABRAM, in the conversation between the Montague and the Capulet retainers.

Sampson. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sampson. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gregory. No.

Sampson. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Compare the passage with a little conversation that took place just now between SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY and DAVID AP THOMAS. DAVID had been slinging stones at giant on Treasury Bench. One, describing Rating Bid as barefaced piece of plunder promoted by those who would derive pecuniary advantage from it, struck with resounding thud. Up jumped SQUIRE in towering rage. What follows is taken from Parliamentary report:

Mr. CHAPLIN: Do you impute motive?

Mr. THOMAS: No; I do not.

Mr. CHAPLIN: Do you impute any motive?

Mr. THOMAS: That is not the actual motive, but—

“But me no buts!” roared the SQUIRE, still sticking to SHAKESPEARIAN form. Thereupon, seizing DAVID by the scruff of the neck, he dragged him up to Chair, and proposed a caning. (This, of course, in Parliamentary sense.)

Things looking lively till Chairman squirted stream of cold water, and the bubbling steam collapsed.

“I wish to ask you, Sir,” said the SQUIRE, giving his knuckles an adroit turn between DAVID’S neck and the collar of his coat, “whether it is not contrary to the Rules of the House for one hon. Member to impute motive to another?”

“Certainly,” said the Chairman, with freezing blandness. “But I did not understand that the hon. Member had imputed motive.” Whereat the Opposition wildly cheered.

This an episode in a sitting that came in like a dyspeptic lamb, and went out like a roaring lion. In the dinner hour PRINCE ARTHUR pounced. Not with your ordinary Closure, that shuts up talk round trifling amendment. A sweeping stroke, that lopped off a page of amendments, carrying eight lines of the Bill, affirming its principal proposition that, at expense of National Exchequer, agricultural land shall be relieved of a moiety of its rates.

“Ha! Ha!” said TRUCULENT TIM, rubbing his hands in ecstasy as he watched scene from his place of retreat. “Now the House is

having a taste of what we in Ireland used to get when your PRINCE ARTHUR ruled at Dublin Castle. The liberal minority have got a dab of Coercion, and I hope they like it."

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR astonishes the Opposition.

Wednesday.—Birthday honours have fallen lightly on House of Commons. All the three new Peers were with us once. The MARKIS o' GRANBY left of own free will at close of last Parliament. As he will in due course become Duke of RUTLAND, it seems waste of good material to make him a Peer. SARK says he knows a quarter in which peerage might have been more usefully bestowed. HENRAGE we lost amid crash of general election; completed a distinguished career by losing Unionist seat when Unionists triumphed all along the line. Some curiosity as to what title he will adopt. Below Gangway, where he used to sit, it is said he will become Baron SMICK. Why, I don't know. Doesn't seem particularly nice title. Then there's Colonel MALCOLM, known in choirs and places where they sing as POLTALLOCH. A model Highland Chief is dear POLTALLOCH, one after Sir WALTER SCOTT's own heart. Sat for Argyllshire for six years, a man as good as he is good-looking.

Still with us in Commons is PENROSE-FITZGERALD, hereafter Sir ROBERT—Sir ROBERT UNIACKE PENROSE-FITZGERALD. Naturally, when Home Rule became burning question PENROSE declared against it.

"Pronounced how you like," said he, "U-N-I-A-C-K-E spells Unionist."

It was PENROSE who for a moment abashed even the CAP'EN. Once, when the Old Salt had taken charge of debate in the House, he invited FITZGERALD to lend a hand.

"No," said the unconsciously budding Baronet, "I'm not going to take my orders from a spit-to-win'ard admiral."

It is to be hoped his new dignity will bring Sir LEWIS McIVER, B.B.K., again to the front in Parliamentary debate. In the short Parliament of 1886 he sat just long enough to show rare debating power. Has been silent in this Parliament; must not die with all his music in him.

Business done.—In Committee on Rating Bill.

Friday, 1.30 P.M.—Just adjourned for the holidays, after sitting that lacked only hour and a half to round off the full day. Began quietly enough. When we met yesterday, at three o'clock, PRINCE ARTHUR said, "I'm going to get Agricultural Rating Bill through Committee before you go home."

"No, you don't," said the Opposition.

PRINCE ARTHUR did, but the cost was considerable. Gentlemen of England who go to bed at ease, and get fresh flavour out of mild morning bacon, on opening paper to discover House has been sitting all night, think it's fine fun. So it is, though amusement is divide after manner of frogs at bottom of well and boys pelting them from above. What's fun to outside public is death to some of those who



THE LITTLE VISITOR FROM TOWN.

"FANCY, AUNTIE, I HEARD THE NIGHTINGALE SAY 'COOKOO'!"



"Debating the 'Relief Bill'! (5.30 a.m.) Loud Ministerial Snores!"

live through dreary watches of night, see the dawn break, and peg along into another day, bathless and breakfastless.

"Whom the gods love get suspended early," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, as, about half-past three this morning, JOHN DILLON and four others left the House under circumstances of compulsion. "Much the best way out of it. You flout the Chairman or SPEAKER; are 'named'; resolution to suspend you from service of House is solemnly made; division takes place: you march out with all honours of war; comfortably go to bed, leaving us here to fight on to the melancholy end. As old Parliamentary Hand, if I weren't Leader

of Opposition, bound to avoid so-called undignified situation, whenever I saw all-night sitting setting in, should get myself suspended; and, as PEPYS occasionally remarked, so home to bed."

DILLON and his friends comfortably tucked in, we went at it again; worried on till noon; someone remembered we had arranged to meet at that hour to commence new sitting. Where were we? Is to-day to-morrow, or was it merely yesterday? No one quite certain. Seemed every prospect that, when we finish this coil, will begin quite fresh one. PRINCE ARTHUR, seeing opportunity, struck bargain with House.

"Pass Agricultural Rating Bill through Committee," he said, "and we'll say nothing about what should be Friday's business."

So it was settled. Thursday ran into Friday, obliterating it. There was no Friday's sitting, as solemnly arranged yesterday. SARK says seems strange, since he was certainly here at half-past one this afternoon, with hazy consciousness of having been there, and thereabouts, since three o'clock yesterday.

Business done.—Rating Bill carried through Committee. Adjourned for Whitsun holidays.

"SHOOTING A SIITER."

I KNOW not how it was—one day
Quite off my guard you got me,
Before I'd time to fly away,
The deed was done—you shot me!

Your weapon levelled at my head,
You "sitting" chose to pot me,
Not sportsmanlike it may be said,
But so it was you shot me.

'Mid trophies of your skill, I hear,
Beholders still may spot me;
My carelessness has cost me dear—
You took your chance, and shot me.

My feelings in this plight I thought
On paper down I'd jot me,
That you might know the woe you wrought
The unhappy day you shot me.

And yet not all unhappy day—
If you will never blot me
Out of your memory, as I pray,
I'll e'en rejoice you shot me.

Because through you, I truly vow,
All bliss the Fates allot me—
I even bless the Kodak now
With which, dear NELL, you "shot" me!



NOMENCLATURE.

Errand Boy. "LOR! WOT'S 'IS NAME, I WONDER? BOOTLACES?"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

THIS is the story, so far as it has gone, of a real brother-in-law, whom for the sake of convenience I shall consider as mine, while for the same reason I naturally assume myself to have married his sister, and (though not perhaps so naturally) to have been for some time settled in life as a barrister with a large and increasing practice.

WHEN I married ALICE, it was explained to me, both by the dear girl herself, and by all her relatives, that one of their chief joys in assenting to the match lay in the fact that henceforth little HARRY would have a natural guardian and protector. Little HARRY, the brother-in-law in question, was then a stripling of sixteen or seventeen, the age which makes a boy painfully conscious of the awkwardness of his hands, afflicts him with a furious desire to dress in the most marked extravagance of the latest fashion, and, if he happens to possess a father, fills him with shame over the hopeless cut of his parent's trousers, and the antiquated shape of his parent's top hat. If HARRY had possessed a father, all would have been well, but death had removed this prosperous merchant from the scene some ten years before ALICE accompanied me to the altar. By a curious freak, which I have never been able to explain, all her chief surviving relatives were of her own sex, and it was therefore assumed that I should not only make a home for ALICE, but also act in all respects as a father to HARRY.

For a time all went well. HARRY was at Eton, and only came to us during his holidays. Later on he went to Cambridge, and then our troubles began. I must explain that, by his father's will, a small, but sufficient, annual allowance had been provided for him until he should come of age, at which time he was to come into the possession of some thirty thousand pounds absolutely. HARRY is one of the most good-natured young men in the world. Nothing delights him more than to see all his friends enjoying themselves, and feasting and revelling at his expense. All his clothes were beautiful; his smoking suits were a dream; he played polo in white linen breeches and

beautiful brown boots. His bedroom was littered with a hundred ties of every degree of gorgeousness; his toilet table was brilliant with his jewellery. The result of all this was that, before two years were out, he was in debt to various tradesmen in the sum of two thousand pounds; and, at a family conclave, it was resolved that Cambridge was not the place for him, and that some other step must be taken.

WE resolved, therefore, to send him to an army tutor, whose establishment was situated in a quiet part of the country, and who held himself out not only as the provider of a happy home, but also as a strict disciplinarian. In two months HARRY had set the country-side on fire by his own exploits and those of his dogs, and it became necessary, for prudential reasons, to remove him. In three months more he came of age, and startled us with the intelligence that he was off to Monte Carlo. We protested in vain. He put us aside with a smile, and started. Shortly afterwards we learnt from paragraphs in the *World* that "a young Englishman, said to be a near relative of a successful barrister, who lately contested a north country borough in the Conservative interest," had had an extraordinary run of luck at the *trente et quarante* tables, that the bank had been practically broken, and that all Monte Carlo was marvelling at the audacity of this young player. As it turned out, it was none other than HARRY. ALICE was quite proud of him. "There," she said, "you always said the boy was a fool—but I knew better. If he can win money against all those clever people at Monte Carlo he can't be a fool." She wrote and congratulated him; and I must confess that, in a quiet way, I was rather pleased myself when some of my friends rallied me in Court about the good fortune of my brother-in-law, and suggested that I should follow his brilliant example. In another month HARRY returned to us, minus twenty thousand pounds.

HE then said he was going to be a business man, and that some of his friends had put him into a real good thing. He gave us all beautiful presents, made my house his home, had a special breakfast at twelve o'clock in the morning, sauntered about town, visited all the race meetings, came home at the most unearthly hours, and in three months had been reduced to his last penny. The next suggestion made for his benefit was that he should try his fortune in British Columbia. He was away for a year, during which, according to his own account, he was six times on the verge of becoming a millionaire by means of silver mines. Something, however, always happened to prevent this desirable consummation; his partners swindled him, the government refused in the most dastardly fashion to make the necessary roads, the weather prevented work, the town was overwhelmed by a landslip, or the legislation of the United States ruined the silver industry. Whatever may have been the reason, my amiable brother-in-law returned as he went out, bringing home nothing but a large stock of strange oaths, a pronounced taste for inferior varieties of whiskey, and a shadowy claim to some twenty thousand acres of barren land in British Columbia.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

[It is said that 6000 old horses have been imported into Belgium from England in one year, and afterwards killed and converted into tinned meat.]

EH? "The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds?"
Nay, not whilst the Spirit of Commerce abounds!
He ran for the Derby, he crawled in a cab,
But not yet the horse-knacker his carcass shall nab;
Not yet shall the hounds or the pussy-cats part
His broken-down body, his plucky old heart.
Still money, if not Cups and Stakes, he may win.
The high-mettled racer is packed up in tin.

A potted Bucephalus yet has his price!
The notion is new, though it hardly sounds nice.
He won lots of cash when young, handsome and fleet,
And now he'll still turn in the "tin"—as tinned meat.
Not cat's-meat! Oh, no! Pack him up in a can,
And the horse, though no more, shall still nourish the man.
Despatch him to Belgium, when past all relief,
And the high-mettled racer returns—as tinned beef!

PRE-DERBY PRIÈRE.—The starting of *Regret* is (according to a telegram from the Duke of WESTMINSTER, published in the *Sportsman* last Saturday) to depend on the rain. If he does start, his place will also, to a certain extent, depend on the rein, and the hand that guides it. May Jupiter Pluvius be favourable! May *Regret* be in for the struggle, and not be "*hors de combat*"! And may the Duke not have to exclaim, "*Regret* is useless!"



KING SOL AND KING CRICKET.

Dr. Grace (addressing the Sun). 'BRAVO, OLD SOL! AS LONG AS YOU'RE OUT, WE BATSMEN WILL KEEP IN!'

(Vide verses, p. 287.)



SO IT SEEMS!

"HAVE YOU EVER TRIED RIDING WITHOUT THE HANDLES? IT'S DELIGHTFULLY EASY, ALL BUT THE CORNERS."

!!!

THE TWO KINGS OF CRICKET.

(*King Sol and King Willow.*)

[“MR. W. G. GRACE (in the match Sussex v. Gloucester, at Brighton, May 26—27) carried out his bat for a magnificent innings of 243, which is his twelfth score of over two hundred in first-class matches.”—*Daily News.*]

“So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing,
Honour and life to Willow the King”

Harrow Songs.

GREAT Helios, or Sol, if he didn't change places
With glorious Apollo, at least loved the Graces;
And GRACES may well love “Old Solus.”

“This Bat” (unlike most other bats) loves the Sun,
And cries to the Ball “While Sol keeps up the fun;
We are game through an innings to drive, cut, and run,
And serenely defy you to bowl us!”

Old Sol, bless his beams, is the cricketer's friend,
The farmer may wish the long drought at an end,
But the Bat, who at spanking and run shines,
A GRACE or an ABEL, a STODDART or BROWN,
Is a faithful Sun-worshipper, country or town;
For the score will go up as the sunbeams come down,
And your Bat must “make hay whilst the sun shines.”

“Make hay—of the bowling! the trundler may sigh.
Ah well, so he will, whilst the wickets keep dry;
But wait till ‘Ju Plu’ has a drench at ‘em!
Then Ball will beat Bat, though the Bat were a JUPP,
Curly ones will come down with the pace of a KRAUPP,
Will bump, and break both ways, and ‘shoot,’ and ‘get up
Till the bravest of batsmen will blench at ‘em!

“Old Sol and the GRACES have no chance at all
When Jupiter Pluvius backs up the Ball.
But sun after shower! O, Jewellikins
Then, then the bright hour of the bowler will come;
Then GRACE and the Centurions will look glum;
Then the Bat ‘bags a brace,’ and had better go home
And play at push-farthing, or spellikins!”

Well, well, the brave Ball will no doubt have its chance,
Meanwhile, how the pulse of the Public will dance
To see it cut, driven, or soaring!

A “boundary” for four or a “lifter” for six,
Whilst “the Prince” or “the Champion” keeps up his sticks
For when ball after ball beats a slogger for *nix*,
Even Cricket, *all* bowling, gets boring.

Sol, take him all round, is the cricketer's friend.
Bat, Bowler, and Public agree in the end,
We don't want *much* wet at the wicket.
And GRACE may well say, with his big, broad, brown grin,
“Smile away, good old Sol! You keep out, I'll keep in!”
Then the “Cornstalks” are with us; to give them a spin
We want sunshine,—not sawdust, chill showers, and wet skin.
Here's Australia's new team! May the best always win!
And hooray for King Sol and King Cricket!

ONE NEVER KNOWS.

SCENE—*Hansom cab. Outside, two large portmanteaux. Inside, Mr. and Mrs. CAREFUL, a dressing-case, and a big bundle of rugs.*

Mrs. Careful. Off at last! Really I thought I should never get those trunks packed, you would insist on so many extra things being taken.

Mr. C. My dear, I told you we might make a longer stay than usual this time; so that it was best to be amply provided.

Mrs. C. Well, we've got enough to last us two good months anyway.

Mr. C. (with great anxiety). Did you put in those tins of “Pemmican,” the biscuits, the spirit-lamp, and the beef extract?

Mrs. C. Yes, dearest; and I do hope you've not forgotten about the case of claret and the soda water.

Mr. C. BRIGGS is to meet us with them on the platform; he also has the medicine chest.

Mrs. C. (vehemently). Oh, I *knew* I'd left something out!—telegram forms.

Mr. C. Don't worry. I told BRIGGS to be sure to include them, with writing materials, in my “Gladstone.”

Mrs. C. (much relieved). Oh, then, that's all right. We've got everything we can possibly need.

N.B.—From the above dialogue it might reasonably be inferred that the CAREFULS are starting upon a trip to Thibet, or a Polar Expedition. Not so. They are merely off for a “turn” on the Great Wheel, with the exhilarating chance of receiving a five-pound note each on their return to *terra firma*.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

"For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!"

SCENE—*The Stables at Saddlesprings, the WHEELERS' Country House near Bykersall. Miss DIANA'S Horse, "Bayard," discovered in his Stall.*

Bayard (talking to himself, as is the habit of some horses when alone). I can't make it out. She's here. All the family came down yesterday—I heard the omnibus start for the station to meet them. And yet she hasn't sent for me; hasn't even been near me! She always used to rush in here and kiss me on the nose the very first—She's ill—that's it of course—sprained her fetlock or something. If she was well, she'd have had me saddled as soon as she'd had her morning feed, and we'd have gone for a canter together somewhere. . . . I hope she'll get well soon. I'm sick of being taken out by the stableman; he's so dull—no notion of conversation beyond whistling! Now, Miss DIANA would talk to me the whole way. . . . Perhaps her hands and seat might have been—But what did that matter? I liked to feel she was on my back, I liked the sound of her pretty voice, and the touch of her hand when she patted me after her ride. . . . *(He pricks his ears.)* Why, that's her voice outside now! She's all right, after all. She's coming in to see me! . . . I knew she couldn't have forgotten!

Miss Diana's Voice (outside). Yes, you might put it in here for the present, STUBBS. I suppose it will be quite safe.

Stubbs's Voice. Safe enough, Miss, there's plenty o' empty stalls this side. Nothing in 'ere just now, except—

Miss D.'s Voice. Very well, then. Just wipe some of the dust off the mud-guards, because I shall want it again after lunch. And mind you don't scratch the enamel taking it in.

Stubbs. Very good, Miss. I'll be keeferful.

[Miss DIANA'S steps die away upon the cobbles.]

Bayard (to himself). She's gone—without even asking after me! What has she been out in—a bath chair? I'm sure she must be ill.

Stubbs (to the bicycle, as he wheels it in). 'Ere, steady now, 'old up, can't ye? And don't go a-scratchin' my enamel with that blarsted near pedal o' yourn. Blest if I wouldn't rather rub down arf a dozen 'unters nor one o' these yere bloomin' bi-cycles. I know where I am with a 'orse; but these 'ere little, twisty, spidery wheels—Come over, will ye. I'll lean ye up agen 'ere till I've 'ad my dinner.

[He places the machine against a partition next to "Bayard's" stall, and goes out.]

Bayard (to himself, as he inspects his neighbour with the corner of his eye). It's not a bath-chair; it's one of these bicycles. It must be a sort of animal, I suppose, or STUBBS wouldn't have spoken to it. I should like to ask it one or two questions. *(He gets his neck over the partition, and breathes gently through his nostrils upon the handle-bars.)* Excuse me, but do you understand horse-language at all?

The Bicycle (answering by a succession of saddle-creaks). Perfectly. I'm a kind of horse myself, I believe, only immensely improved, of course. Would you mind not breathing on my handle-bars like that? it tarnishes the plating so. The saddle is the seat of my intelligence, if you will kindly address your remarks there.

Bayard. I didn't know. I'm sorry. I will in future. I don't creak myself, but I've been closely connected with saddles ever since I was a two-year old, so I can follow you fairly well. Didn't I hear my mistress's voice outside just now?

The Bicycle. No; my mistress's, Miss DIANA'S. I'd just taken her out for a short spin—not far, only fifteen miles or so.

Bayard. Then, she—she's quite well?

The Bicycle. Thanks, she's pedalling pretty strong just now. I'm going out with her again this afternoon.

Bayard. Again! You will have had a hard day of it altogether, then. But I suppose you'll get a day or two's rest afterwards? I know I should want it.

The Bicycle. Bless you, I never want rest. Why, I've been forty miles with her, and come home without clanking a link! She was knocked up, if you like—couldn't go out for days!

Bayard. Ah, she was never knocked up after riding me!

The Bicycle. Because—it's no fault of yours, of course, but the way you've been constructed—you couldn't go far enough to knock anybody up. And she doesn't get tired now, either. I'm not the kind of bicycle to boast; but I've often heard her say that she much prefers her "bike" (she always calls me her "bike"—very nice and friendly of her, isn't it?) to any mere horse.

Bayard. To any mere horse! And does she—give any reasons?

The Bicycle. Lots. For one thing, she says she feels so absolutely safe on me; she knows that, whatever she meets, I shall never start, or shy, or rear, or anything of that sort.

Bayard. I don't remember ever playing any of those tricks with her, however hard she pulled the curb.

The Bicycle. Then she says she never has to consider whether any distance will be too much for me.

Bayard. As for that—But the longer I was out with her, the better I was pleased; she might have brought me home as lame as a tree all round, and I shouldn't have cared!

The Bicycle. Perhaps not. But she would; so inconvenient, you see. Now my strong point is, I can't go lame—in good hands, of course, and she knows exactly how to manage me, I will say that for her!

Bayard. Does she give you carrots or sugar after a ride? she did me.

The Bicycle (with a creak of contempt). Now what do you suppose I could do with sugar or a carrot if I had it? No, a drop or two of oil now and then is all I take in the way of sustenance. That's another point in my favour, I cost little or nothing to keep. Now, your oats and hay and stuff, I daresay, cost more in a year than I'm worth altogether!

Bayard. I must admit that you have the advantage of me in cheapness. If I thought she grudged me my oats—But I'm afraid I couldn't manage on a drop or two of oil.

The Bicycle. You'd want buckets of it to oil your bearings. No, she wouldn't save by that! *(Stubbs re-enters.)* Ah, here comes my man. I must be going; got to take her over to Pineborough, rather a bore this

dusty weather, but when a lady's in the case, eh?

Bayard. There's a nasty hill going into Pineborough; do be careful how you take her down it!

The Bicycle. You forget, my friend, I'm not a Boneshaver, I'm a Safety. Why, she'll just put her feet up on the rests, fold her arms, and leave the rest to me. She knows I can be trusted.

Bayard. Just tell me this before you go. Does—she doesn't pat you, or kiss you on your—er—handle-bar after a run, does she?

The Bicycle (turning its front wheel to reply, as Stubbs wheels it out). You don't imagine I should stand any sentimental rot of that sort, do you? She knows better than to try it on!

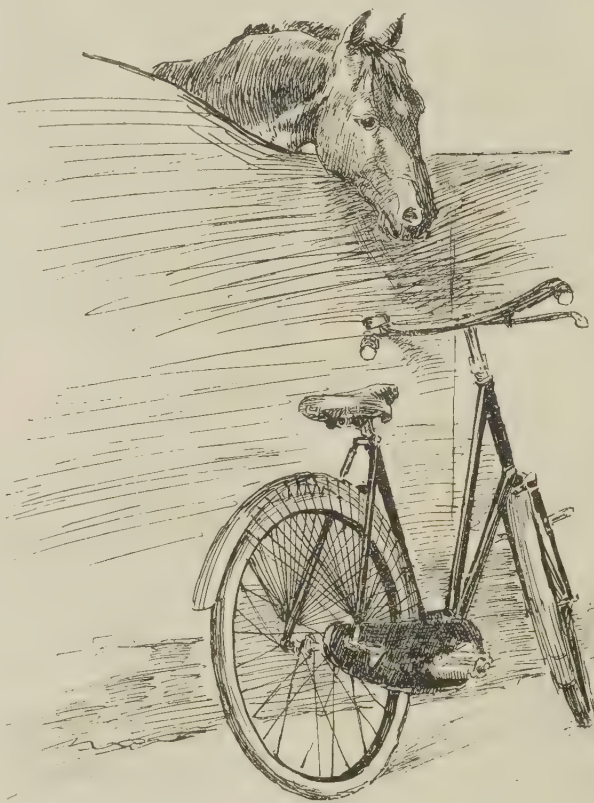
Bayard (to himself). I'm glad she doesn't kiss it. I don't think I could have stood that!

SAME SCENE. SOME HOURS LATER.

Stubbs (enters, carrying a dilapidated machine with crumpled handles, a twisted saddle, and a front wheel distorted into an irregular pentagon). Well, I 'ope as 'ow this'll sarve as a lesson to 'er, I dew; a marcy she ain't broke her blessed little neck! *(To the Bicycle.)* No need to be hover and above purtiekler 'bout scratchin' your enamel now, any'ow! *[He pitches it into a corner, and goes.]*

Bayard (after reconnoitring). You don't mean to say it's you!

The Bicycle. Me? of course it's me! A nice mess I'm in, too, entirely owing to her carelessness. Never put the brake on down



that infernal hill, lost all control over me, and here I am, a wreck, Sir! Why, I had to be driven home, by a grinning groom, in a beastly dog-cart! Pleasant that!

Bayard. But she—Miss DIANA—was she hurt? Not—not seriously, eh?

The Bicycle. Oh, of course you don't care what becoms of me so long as— *She's* all right enough—fell in a ditch, luckily for her, I came down on a heap of stones. It'll be weeks before I'm out of the repairer's hands.

Bayard (to himself). I oughtn't to be glad; but I am—I am! *She's* safe, and—and she'll come back to me after this! (*To the Bicycle.*) Wasn't she sorry for you?

The Bicycle. Not she! These women have no feeling in them. Why, what do you suppose she said when they told her it would take weeks to tinker me up?

Bayard (to himself—with joy). I think I can guess! (*To the Bicycle.*) What did she say?

The Bicycle (rattling with indignation). Why, all she said was: "How tiresome! I wonder if I can hire a decent bike here without having to send to town for one." There's gratitude for you! But you can't enter into my feelings about it.

Bayard. Pardon me—I fancy I can. And, after all, your day will come again, as soon as the Vet has set you up. *Mine's* over for ever. (*To himself.*) Oh, why, why wasn't I born a bicycle!

METER OF GASLIGHT, ATONE!

("Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Who'll mete the Meters?)

[In a recent case it appeared that a gas-meter had registered 20,000 feet too much gas within one quarter.]

AIR—"Meet me by Moonlight alone!"

METER of gaslight, atone!

Of your cheats we could tell a sad tale.
It seems that remonstrance alone

To Monopoly will not avail,
One must watch the sly meter instead,
To prove what its "registries" mean;
Or 'twill turn on whilst one is in bed;
'Tis the trickiest gauge ever seen.

Ah! Meter of gaslight, atone!

Gas-meters may do for the gay,

The thoughtless, who're all *£ s. d.*;
But for that twenty thousand to pay,
Which I have not consumed, won't suit me.
Oh! Remember a meter's a snare,
And though dearly your gaslight you prize,
Have your gas-meter tested with care,
And perchance it may open your eyes.
So, meter of gaslight, atone.

DOUBLE DUTCH AND EQUIVOCAL ENGLISH.
—England says, wittily, that "if President KRÜGER wanted to teach us Dutch, he ought to begin with short sentences." Yes, but OOM PAUL may perhaps retort that, if the Outlanders wanted to teach him "plain English," they ought not to have begun with mysterious cyphers and obscure cryptograms.

OMINOUS FOR THE UNIONIST CAUSE.—The Liberal candidate for the Wick Burghs is Mr. HEDDERWICK—doubtless a luminary, who intends to plunge into Parliament.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FINANCIER AND A ROWING MAN.—One feathers his nest, the other his oar.

PAINFUL REMINDER ON THE OAKS DAY.—A corn.



HOSPITALITY.

Spokesman of Working Men's Club (on the occasion of their Patron's first visit). "AND WE 'OPES, SIR AS THIS 'LL BE NEITHER THE FIRST NOR THE LAST TIME AS YOU 'LL DEW US THE HONNER OF SETTIN' AMONG US!"

OBSTRUCTION IN EXCELSIS.

(*A Moan at a May Meeting.*)

THE modern maid to the meeting's gone,
With a hat like the Eiffel Tower;
With various species of fruit thereon,
And every description of flower.
Alas that a lady should crown her head
With a Babel tower plus a garden bed!

It looks like a city o'ererowed with spires,
In a forest o'ererowed by trees,
And one's neck with continual shifting tires,
But 'tis precious little one sees.
With bows, and blossoms, and grasses 'tis filled,
And the fowls of the air in its branches might build.

If you took an ait from the reedy Thames,
And piled Covent Garden thereon,

You would have some idea of modern dames,
When they to the meeting have gone.
Obstruction in Parliament? Lor', what is that
To a modern maid in a May Meeting hat?

R. I. P.

[*"The steam-packets Samphire and Breeze have been put out of the Dover and Calais service, and sent to Tilbury."*]

GONE to their resting place!
And oh! soon may their grave
Be found to grant a little space
Wherein to stow the Wave!
And we our chance of being ill bury
In dock-yard grave with them at Tilbury.

"BARBED WIRE."—An insulting telegram.



BALL-ROOM WHISPERS.

Archie. "BERTIE, SHALL I INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS CHOLMONDELEY-MAINWARIN', THAT ALGY'S TALKIN' TO? PRETTY GIRL—AND CAPITAL SHOOTIN'!"

CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

(A DIALOGUE ON THE DERBY.)

Interlocutors, Mr. PUNCH and a Pretty Girl.

Mr. P. Going down to the Derby, my dear?

Miss P. G. (with emphasis). You bet, Mr. Punch!

Mr. P. Never, my dear; not even on you!

Miss P. G. Oh! I meant "you bet" in the American sense, you know; not as a charge against you! you dear, punctilious old thing! But really, now, do you never, NEVER, NEVER have a bit on?

Mr. P. I never have a bet on, if that is what you mean.

Miss P. G. Why? Are you a member of the Anti-Gambling League?

Mr. P. No! I never bet,—save, perchance, a few gloves with a pretty girl like yourself,—because if I did I should always win, and that is not "sport," you know.

Miss P. G. Oh, isn't it though? Just the sport I like!

Mr. P. Naturally! And, therefore, I'll have a dozen pairs with you on—

Miss P. G. (eagerly). Ah! on what, Mr. Punch?

Mr. P. (astutely). Oh, on any horse you like!

Miss P. G. (pettishly). Oh, bother! (Coaxingly.) I do so want a tip, you know, dear old thing.

Mr. P. You have one, my dear; a very pretty Tennysonian, "tilted" one, too!

Miss P. G. (austerely). I am sure, Sir, my tip is not tilted at all, but just as straight as—well, as I trust yours will be. (Purrs persuasively.)

Mr. P. Slyboots!

Miss P. G. No, but really now, *entre nous*, and in perfect confidence, can I safely back Persimmon? I do so want the dear Prince to win! Don't you?

Mr. P. Look at my Big Cut, and see for yourself, Miss CLEVER.

Miss P. G. (demurely). Not as clever as you are, I am sorry to say. And that's why I come to you for advice.

Mr. P. I'll give it you, in verse:—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that "tips" betray,

To do the square thing and look jolly,
The sportsmanlike thing is—to pay!

Miss P. G. Oh bother! That's only just what ALGY says—in prose—viz., "Pay up and look pleasant!"

Mr. P. (politely). The latter you must always do!

Miss P. G. Thank you—for nothing! At present, Mr. P., I am fishing for valuable "tips," not cheap compliments.

Mr. P. (genially). Very smart, indeed, Miss. You deserve—

Miss P. G. (eagerly). What?

Mr. P. (gravely). My best advice.

Miss P. G. And that is?— Mr. P. Back—

Miss P. G. (excitedly). Yes—yes—yes? Mr. P. Nothing!!!

Miss P. G. Oh, you aggravating— Well, well, I dare say you're quite right, and I'll really think over your counsel—next year. This year I have made quite a book on the Blue Riband, inspired largely by loyalty, I do assure you, and I do want the aid of your unerring judgment.

Mr. P. Artful little flatterer! Well, well, if you'll promise me never to "make a book," as you call it, any more, I'll do my best to help you square the present one.

Miss P. G. (triumphantly). Oh, thanks—thanks—thanks, so much! you sweet old darling! And what shall I do about Persimmon?

Mr. P. Well, you've read about those Outlander cyphers?

Miss P. G. (dubiously). Why, ye—e—es, of course. But what have dear Doctor Jim and those horrid Boers to do with the Prince and Persimmon?

Mr. P. Not much, perhaps. But there's a deal of talk about cryptographs and other secret writing just now. And my advice to you concerning the latter and your little "book" is couched in the key-phrase:

BLACK PRINCE MINUS ONE!

Miss P. G. Oh, but that is so mysterious!

Mr. P. All oracles are. And you consulted me as an Oracle, you know. *Au revoir*, my dear! Meet you at Epsom, and—I wish you luck!—better luck than "dear Doctor Jim's"! [Exit.

[Private Key to Cryptogram.—"Black Prince," minus one letter, may read either "Back Prince" or "Lack Prince."]



A DERBY FAVOURITE.

MR. PUNCH (to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF W-L-S, owner of "*Persimmon*"). "YOU'RE A GOOD SPORTSMAN, SIR,—AND I WISH YOU LUCK ON YOUR FIRST 'DERBY'."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

AN OLD ETONIAN MUSES IN UPPER SCHOOL
ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE.

BENEATH the busts of FOX and PITT
In Upper School the youths declaim
The lines of statesman, poet, wit,
Who little recked of schoolboy fame.
None ever deemed his transient voice
Would live to kindle boyish fire.
But even PORSON would rejoice
To know that Greek could lads inspire!

The old dead languages revive,
E'en spoken with our "foreign twang,"
And French and German seem to thrive
Where GRAY and SHELLEY thought and sang;
Where WELLINGTON his battles won
Before his jacket turned to "tails,"
And GLADSTONE burned for many a son
The Eton light that never fails.



Where ROSEBERRY and BALFOUR too
Authoritative rules would mock,
And earned, as stripling traitors do,
Meet expiation on the block.
Those panels scored with inwrought names
Are tribute to Etonians past,
Who, at "my tutor's" or "my dame's,"
Gave not a thought to names that last!

I hardly hear the speeches made,
Can scarce the "Head" or AINGER see.
My memory needs not their aid,
My speech unheard is one for me!
I think how in this dear old school
I longed to test the unforeseen.
But now I know I was a fool,
And only mourn what might have been!

I see you sitting open-eyed—
The sun entangled in your hair;
You looked a dainty little bride,
So wondrous white, so purely fair.
Precocious youngster! How I wished
Our lives we could together tune!
For you I "absence" shirked. Then,
"swished,"
elt love-lorn on the Fifth of June!

DEFINITION OF THE START FOR THE DERBY.
—Sent from Coventry.

NECK OR NOTHING!

(By an Old Fogey, after a course of Fashion
Plates.)

OH, ladies! of loveliness little you reek!
Most fair is the feminine throttle;
But Fashion now packs up the daintiest neck
Till it looks like the neck of a bottle.
Destructive of shape, of sweet curve, of soft
nape,
Are those wheel-frills—away let them
trundle!
And what lover can doat on a fair female
throat,
Tied up at the back like a bundle?
La Mode does its worst woman's beauty to blur,
To cramp, or distort, or enlarge her.
Now, a nice neck and head swathed in stiff
frills or fur
Look too much like St. JOHN'S "on a
charger."
"A neck like a swan," made for gazing upon,
Was a beauty in sweet *Annie Laurie*;
But when modish pride would disfigure or hide
Woman's throat, every man must feel sorry.

WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

THE man in front of the bookstall was
quiescent. "But I assure you, Sir," repeated
the attendant, "that this paper contains the
latest news and the best written articles. It
has correspondents in every part of the world,
and its information is at once unique and
reliable."

"But how about the city intelligence and
the sporting?"

"Prophets of the most wonderful sagacity
and success are in command, and have made
the fortunes of thousands of readers."

"And Literature, Music, Art, and the
Drama?"

"The very best critics give their finest work
to the consideration of the subjects to which
you refer."

The man in front of the bookstall wavered.

"Is it a large paper?" he asked.

"A very large one," was the reply, "but
in a most convenient shape. You see it con-
tains not only the news of the day, but all the
best features of a magazine, and a cyclopaedia."

"But considering present prices in jour-
nalism, it is very expensive."

"My dear sir," said the attendant, "I see
it is best to be frank with you. I admit that
it is not cheap. But look at the quantity and
quality! Surely it is worth the money?"

"Well, I suppose it is," returned the man in
front of the book-stall, and without more ado
he paid the necessary—*farthing*!

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

To know the day—your birthday, dear—
Was my desire, that once a year
Something for certain I might know

Of you when far away.
But calm reflection tends to show
'Twas folly to have wanted so
To know the day!

Because all days, where'er I go,
You know—they say maids always know—
I think of you morn, noon, and night,
In moods both grave and gay.

Could I do more if some kind sprite
Gave me the boon, the great delight,
To know the day?

And yet to-day with phrases trite,
But still with all my heart, I write,
Snatching a moment from my work,
To wish you joy away,

Because—the truth I will not shirk—
Because—I've found you out in Burke,
And know the day!

"BE MERRY AND WISE!"

A NIGHT OUT, thoroughly farcical comedy,
at the Vaudeville, most adroitly adapted (by
somebody whose name isn't mentioned in the
bill—why?) from *L'Hôtel du Libre-échange*,
is, as the public has already discovered, one
of the funniest and most mirth-provoking
pieces that has
been seen in Lon-
don for some
years. Time was,
when, it is not
improbable, the
Licensor of Plays
would have re-
fused his permis-
sion for the per-
formance of this
farce as we now
see it. *Mais, on*
a changé tout cela,
and that very
large portion of
theatre-goers,
who dearly love
a laugh, is fast
becoming (some of
the stricter sort
would finish the
sentence here, and
reverse the words,
so that they should
read "becoming fast")
temporarily at-
tached to the light,
airy, and utterly
farcical plays, which
are genuine pass-
times, if only they
be irresistibly amu-
sing, sending away
the audiences feeling
as satisfied as were
the spectators of the
plays during the
period of the Resto-
ration, when they
looked on the actors
as puppets, who had
"neither souls to be
saved nor bodies to
be punished."
Honni soit qui mal y
pense, and who is there
but will thoroughly
enjoy *A Night Out*,
in company with
Messrs. GIDDENS,
SUGDEN, and
WILLIAM WYES, as-
sisted by bright
Miss FANNIE WARD,
earnest Mrs. EDMUND
PHELPS, sprightly
Miss PATTIE BROWNE,
and the four
charming daughters,
in irreproachable
robes du soir, of the
Notary *Matthieu*?



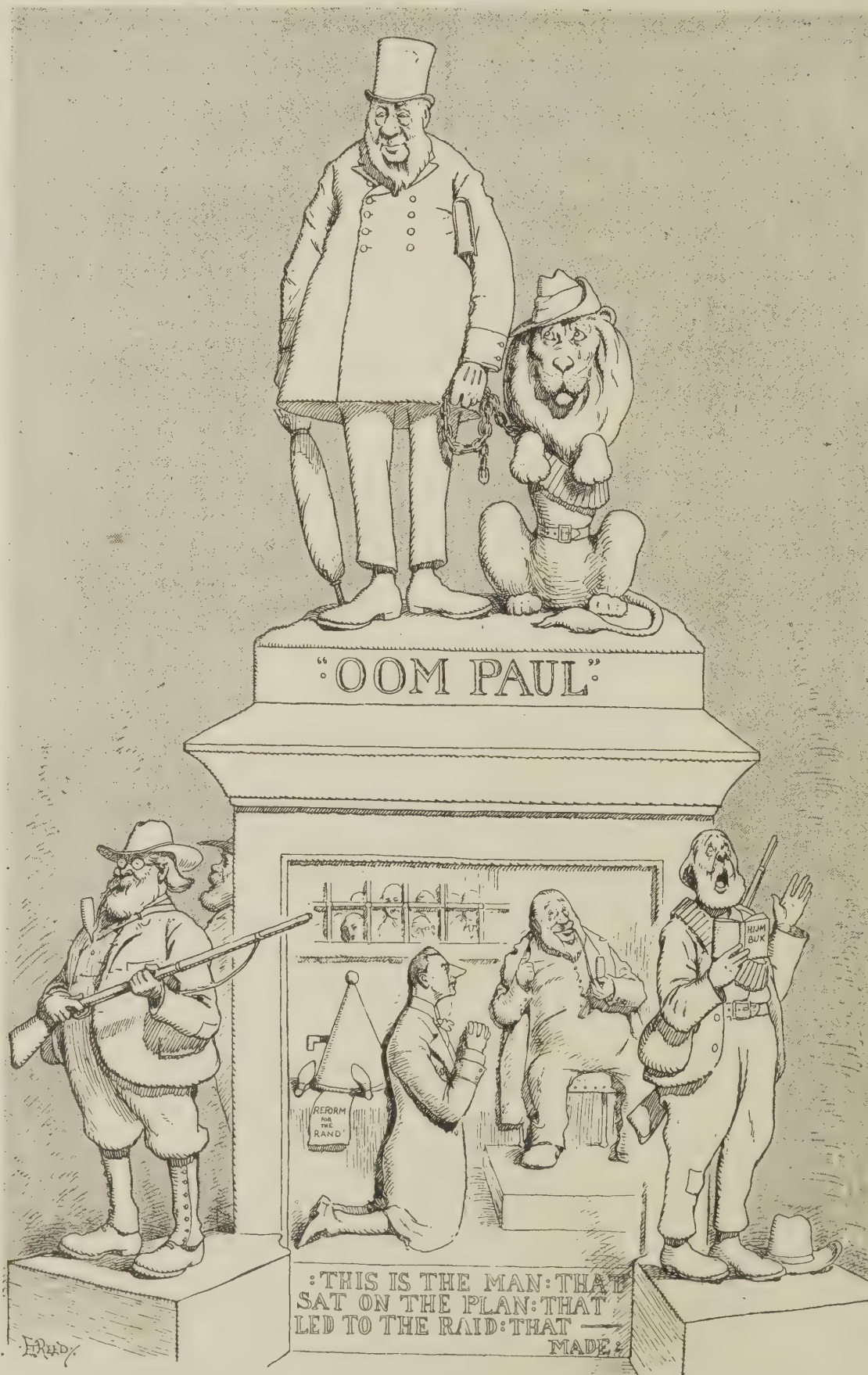
"I'm going to see *A Night Out* at the Vaudeville."

The scene in France—in what department
is not mentioned—is still retained as in the
original, though it would have been perfectly
easy to have made all the characters English,
and to have localised it in suburban London.
It is admirably acted; the earnestness of Mr.
SUGDEN and of Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS being
in telling contrast to the light-heartedness of
the two culprits, Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS and
Miss FANNIE WARD. The studious nephew,
who, of course, as is the rule in French farces,
falls into the hands of the tempting cham-
bermaid, Miss PATTIE BROWNE, is capitally
played by Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD; and, to
sum up, those who want to thoroughly enjoy
an "Evening from Home" cannot do better
than go to the Vaudeville, and there be con-
vulsed by the humours of *A Night Out*.

A CORRECT MISPRINT.—The *Daily News* of
Thursday, May 28, in its account of Sir HENRY
IRVING's return to England, mentioned, as his
"private secretary and manager," the name of
"Mr. BRAIN STOKER," meaning "Mr. BRAM
STOKER." But "Brain" is good: without it,
where and what would BRAM STOKER be?
Certainly not Sir HENRY's private secretary
and manager, and still less the author of
several charming short stories.

PASSENGER (in Parliamentary Train, which
has stopped for over an hour on a siding).
"Hi, Guard! Are we on the Big Wheel?"

MOTTO FOR THE HOME FOR CATS AT HAMP-
STEAD.—*La joie fait PURR*.



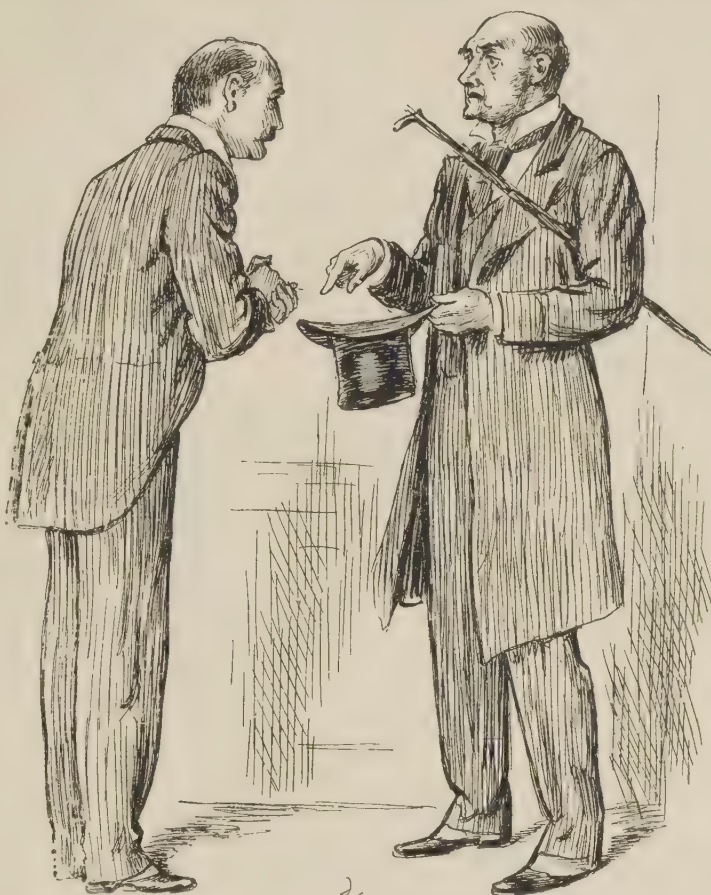
A REJECTED DESIGN FOR THE KRÜGER STATUE AT PRETORIA

(By Our Own Insufferable Boer.)

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

First Lesson.—Held on by instructor, a tall, muscular young man. Thought it was so easy. Cling for dear life to handle, as beginners in horsemanship cling to the reins. Instructor says I must not. Evidently cannot hold on by my knees. Ask him what I am to 'hold on by. "Nothing," he says. How awful! Feel suspended in the air. That is what I ought to be. At present am more on ground; anyway, one foot down. Even when in movement position of feet uncertain. Go a few yards, supported. Muscular instructor rather hot and tired, but says civilly, "You're getting on nicely, Sir." At this get off unexpectedly, and, when I am picked up, reply, "very likely," only my feet were off the pedals all the time. Then rest, and watch little children riding easily. One pretty girl. Wonder whether she laughed at me. Probably. Shall have another try.

Second Lesson.—Held on by another instructor, who urges me "to put more life into it." Hope it won't be the death of me. Work in a manner which even the treadmill, I imagine, could not necessitate, and get the wheel round a few times. Painful whobbling. Instructor says I must pedal more quickly. Can't. Rest a minute. Panting. Awfully hot. Observe little children going round comfortably. Pretty girl here again, looking as fresh and cool as possible. Suddenly manage to ride three yards unsupported. Then collapse. But am progressing. Shall come again soon.



BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

Mr. Smith. "I WISH PARTICULARLY TO SEE MR. JONES—I MEAN SIR JAMES JONES. IS HE IN?"

Junior Partner. "HE'S NOT IN JUST NOW, MR. SMITH. BUT IF IT'S TO LEAVE ANY MESSAGE OF CONGRATULATION, I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO DELIVER IT."

Mr. Smith. "YES. PLEASE SAY THAT I'M NOT ASTONISHED THAT SIR JAMES HAS SUCCEEDED. JUST LOOK AT THIS DIRTY OLD HAT THAT HE LEFT AT THE CLUB IN THE PLACE OF MY BRAND-NEW ONE!"

Third Lesson.—Endeavour to get on alone. Immediately get off on other side. Nearly upset the pretty girl. Polite self - effacement impossible when one is at the mercy of a mere machine. After a time manage better. And at last get started and ride alone for short distances. Always tumble off ignominiously just as I meet the pretty girl. Instructor urges me to break the record. Hope I shan't break my neck. Finally go all round the ground. Triumph! Pretty girl seems less inclined to laugh. Delightful exercise, bicycle riding! Shall come again to-morrow.

Fourth Lesson.—High north-east wind. Hot sun. Regular May weather. Clouds of coal-dust from track. Pretty girl not there at all. Start confidently. Endeavour to knock down a wall. Wall does not suffer much. Start again. Faster this time. The pretty girl has just come. Will show what I can do now. Career over large hole. Bicycle sinks, and then takes a mighty leap. Unprepared for this. Am cast into the air. Picked up. Can't stand. Something broken. Doctor will say what. Anyhow, clothes torn, bruised, disheartened. Dare not catch the eye of pretty girl. Carried home. Shall give up bicycle riding. Awful fag, and no fun.

VIVE LE PRINCE!—The Prince of WALES runs a colt called *Safety Pin*, which seems likely to be connected with a good deal of scratching this season. But H.R.H. also owns another animal in whose appellation the letters P.I.N. also appear. *Snaff, et curb, sap.*

THE DERBY A FEW YEARS HENCE.

(By our Prophetic Reporter.)

"ARE we not fortunate in having so fine a morning?" exclaimed the hunter. "You are lucky, my friend, to see our national pastime at its best!"

"I have often heard of it," returned the Arab. "And it is so much better arranged nowadays than in the times of long ago."

"Well, yes," was the response. "The course is got over quicker than when we took it in hand; or, to be more correct, I should say in legs. A century since it was very popular with the Yahoos."

"And they never come now?"

"No, they have given up the grand stand, the hill, everything—save the course—to us."

"But why do they meddle with the course?" asked the intelligent foreigner.

"Because, my dear fellow," replied his friend, "the machines require jockeys as much as we did. In fact, even more, because, you see, we had intelligence, and did not work by machinery."

At this moment there was much neighing, and a good deal of horse laughter. It was evident that the great trial of speed was on the eve of being contested. Epsom Downs bathed in the sunshine was a sight to see. Masses of hay and oats were spread in profusion, shortly to be discussed at luncheon after the race had been decided.



At last there was a hush. Every horse, every pony, every donkey showed intense interest.

"They come! They come!" was the cry.

Then the machines, some of them propelled by steam power, others by paraffine, and others by electricity, appeared in sight. They passed rapidly, like a flash of lightning, and reached the judge's seat. In a moment more the numbers were up, and the event was a thing of the past.

The Derby Motor of 19— had been lost and won! And, this being so, the four-footed multitude, that had been doing nothing in particular for the last six hours but eating, shouting, and betting, returned, more or less contentedly, to their stables.

A NEW TIP FOR AN OLD TALE.

SIR,—In reply to your application for the name of the winner of the Derby, I beg to submit the annexed tip, which is about the best point to the required cue that it has ever been my privilege to furnish. Trusting that your readers and yourself will not fail to act in the customary way, and cheque a portion of their takings to the old prophet, I am, Sir, yours confidently, DABBY JONES.

N.B.—You will notice that on these lines I have hung several hooks—

If the Derby by Saint be not won,
By Old Nick he will surely be done,
But do not forget
That there may be regret
When American fruit's on the run.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ARMENIA AND CRETE.—Fleet action.



MEDIEVAL ITALIAN DOG MUZZLE.

(From a Mural Tablet.)

OUR SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED SELECTION FOR THE DERBY.

(By a New Hand.)

I AM glad, Sir, you decided to move with the times, and deputed me to give you and your numberless readers a real genuine put-your-last-dollar-on-it prophecy on the event of the sportive year. And having placed this confidence in my knowing-it-all-beforehand powers, I would not think of deceiving you. No, Sir, I would not descend to talking like some of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers, of "Old Solis," or "Ju Plu," or "'Appy o'Polly who drives the Fee 'Bus." If I had to ascend to classical particulars, I would remind you that the circus of the ancients was composed of the "cavea," the "spina," and some cypress trees, called by the good old sportsmen of those distant days the "mata," or goals. I would suggest that "ava" or eggs were put up or down as each charioteer completed a "lap," in honour of those genuine contest-loving Johnnies dear old Castor and good old Pollux. I could write yards more in this line, if you could not get for yourself the whole bag of tricks—as I did—at first hand from *Dr. Smith's Smaller Dictionary of Antiquities*.

So leaving the classics—the pure gold of my book-shelves, and the spurious imitation of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers—I come to modern times. You want to know who is to win the event which has been very properly called "The Blue Riband of the Turf." And in these days of Stock Exchange surprises, of South African slumps, and cycle booms, when you scarcely know where you are or what you are doing, it is refreshing to get away from the heated atmosphere of Capel Court to inhale the hawthorn-scented breezes of Epsom Downs. And if you should be able to make a few pounds before "going home to tea," like the faithful mariner whose "heart was true to Poll," why shouldn't you? In these precious hard times, when you have to pay five-and-sixpence in the pound as rates, and the same old "eightpence" for income-tax, why, I repeat, why shouldn't you?

So I contend he who can pick out the absolute winner before it's printed on world-renowned "Correct Card" is a public benefactor. And, beforehand, let it be known I don't want a statue. No, not even if it could be done as old HORACE hath it, "as easily as the nimble nine dupondis," by saying that the effigy alleged to be the late JOHN BRIGHT in the Lobby of the House of Commons was in reality intended for me. No, Sir, and ladies and gentleman all, don't insult me with statues, but send to me—as a mark of respect and personal goodwill—a small percentage of your winnings. However small a sum it is I shall be pleased, as it will be a token to me that I have given pleasure to others.

And now comes the momentous question—who is to win? I can tell you, and I am not going to beat about the bush, as some of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers do by saying in one line what they unsay in the next. What is the use of becoming invidious by particularising? When all the horses are good, why pick out the flower of the flock? If I did, I would be sure to hurt someone's feelings. It may be a certainty for the Prince, or the Duke, or the Baron. It's a pity it can't be as sure as nails for the

three, as they are all and every one of them fine specimens of the best traditions of the British Turf. And mind you nowadays it's not all "*rara avis in terris*," which, by the way, must not be confounded with the talented gentleman who appears nightly at the Adelphi in *One of the Best*.

And having now said enough to show my preference, my fancy, I pick out the winner. I give you "one, two, three," so that if you don't secure the absolute first, you can at any rate come safe home with a place. Without further circumlocution or additional procrastination, I plump for—

THE FIELD,

and have no hesitation as to the result. And now, please, print my name—sounding the second "i" short for special identification.

IXION, THE WHEELER.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Whit Monday.—The two DE RESZKÉS, with all their wits about them, appear, JOHN as *Faust*, and EDWARD as *Mephistopheles*. The latter, refraining from indulgence in that sort of humour which formerly made his *Mephisto* a "devilish amusing fellow, dontcherknow," is now more saturnine and satirical. Prefer his first reading, as more in character with the mocking fiend who wishes his victim to have a short life, but a merry one. *Mephisto* enters into the game as "the joker." He used to cower and snarl only when interfered with by objectionable persons with cross-handled swords; otherwise he was a jovial, cynical companion, full of impish practical jokes. MAGGIE MAC-INTIRELY good as *Marguerite*; fresh as a daisy, and sad as a lack-a-daisical *prima donna* should be when she has come to grief. Opera in French. That accomplished M.A., or Mistress of Arts, Madame BAUERMEISTER, good as ever, if not better than ever, in character of gay young thing *Martha*. Holiday House crowded, though many stall-warts away, taking their Whitsun holiday. MANCINELLI conducting himself admirably. Orchestra out of sight, but not out of mind, nor out of time or tune. Never better. Chorus, perhaps, a trifle Whitmondish.



"Cavalleria Rusticana."

Tuesday.—*Fra Diavolo*, as before, BEVIGNANI in the chair.

Wednesday and Thursday.—Warbling WAGNER nights, with EMMA EAMES, PLANÇON, and ANCONA, in *Tannhäuser*, and LES DE RESZKÉ FRÈRES, with Madame ALBANI, in *Lohengrin*. *Tannhäuser* excellentissimo. The Brothers at their best, as are EMMA EAMES and the others.

Friday.—*Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, always a charming couple, with a new *Santuzza*, Mlle. D'ALMA; but we are waiting to see the second opera made into *Calvé-leria*, which will give it a fresh start. PINI-CORSI made quite a pleasant fellow of *Alfio*. But original cast preferred.



"Pagliacci."

Saturday.—*Meistersinger* to commence at 7.30. When shall we dine? And if it is not over till past midnight, where shall we sup? These difficulties surmounted, we go to to-night's performance of *Die Meistersinger*. House crowded. Extra seats wherever they could be placed. Brothers JEAN and EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ warbling WAGNER in the choicest Italian, [magically], with PLANÇON doing his level best, and DAVID BISPHAM with M. BONNARD, an Englishman and a Frenchman, thoroughly entering into the Wagnerian fun of German low comedy. EMMA EAMES as *Eva* and Madame BAUERMEISTER as *Maddalena* leaving nothing to be desired, except that Waggish WAGNER should have given them more to do. Enthusiastic calls for everybody after every Act; and Merry MANCINELLI dragged on by the Great Twin Brethren to take his well-earned share of the general congratulations. Splendid finish to second week's Opera. DEURIOLANUS delighted. WAGNER Victorious!

BY OUR THOUGHTFUL JAMES IN A CONFECTIONER'S SHOP.—What is the natural companion to a Bath Bun?—Why, evidently, a Sponge Cake. [Buys both and retires.]



ECONOMY.

Dolly. "WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? 'LADY CARNABY AT HOME. DANCING. R.S.V.P.' IN AN OPEN ENVELOPE, WITH A HALFPENNY STAMP!"

Hughie. "IT MEANS SHE DOESN'T CARE A HALFPENNY WHETHER YOU GO OR NOT!"

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Continued.)

HERE then was HARRY once more on my hands. Though he was still a very young man, he had contrived to cram a great deal of life into a very short space of time. He had been at Cambridge, had made an army-tutor's too hot to hold him, had revelled from wealth to penury at Monte Carlo, had totally failed in business, and had apparently exhausted the resources of British Columbia. The situation was a serious one, for we were confronted with the pressing necessity of doing something for HARRY. You can't put a brother-in-law away in a drawer of your writing-table, look him up, and forget all about him, as if he were a bill, and you can't tear him up and throw him into a waste-paper basket, as if he were an appeal for a church building-fund; but apart from such drastic proceedings in the direction of total neglect and oblivion, it was difficult to see how we were to treat this returned prodigal.

HARRY, I am bound to say, was quite amiable, and showed a perfect readiness to fall in with any proposal made for his benefit. There was a fine carelessness about him that disarmed anger. "You settle it yourself, old man," he said, "I'll chip in when you tell me the band's ready to start playing."

"But you won't like the tune, you know," I observed.

"Lord bless you, I shall like *any* tune, and, look here," he continued, with a generous show of making a great concession, "I'll play any blessed instrument you like, big drum, bones, or concertina—it's all one to me. Just you settle it, and then give me the office, that's all I want." Thereupon he helped himself to one of my long cigars, rang the bell, and told my butler to bring him a whiskey and soda. All this talking, he said, made his throat as dry as a limekiln.

"But couldn't you suggest something yourself?" I asked.

"Surely you must have some preference." He pondered for a few moments, and sipped his drink. "I'll tell you what, old man," he suddenly broke out, "I've got it. I'll go to the Bar. I can eat dinners with the best of 'em, and as for going into chambers, why, I could do it on my head, wig and all. You can take me into partnership, old man, or I'll devil for you. I don't know what a chap does when he devils, but it sounds the sort of thing that might suit me. So there you are, and don't you ever say I refused to help in providing myself with a profession. I'll go to the Bar and keep on devilling all day; and I shan't want a big screw to begin with. Five or six hundred a year will do me. Is it a whack?" I had to explain to him that it was not a whack, a decision which did not impair his cheerfulness in the very least.

WHEN I consulted ALICE, she said that the poor boy must not be hurried into anything. There was lots of time, and, thank Heaven, we had money enough to support him in the meanwhile. As a practical proposal, she suggested that I ought to find a pleasant open air occupation for him, something that would keep him amused without putting too great a tax upon his intellectual faculties. Why shouldn't I send him down to look after the shooting I had taken in Suffolk? HARRY could live in the house, superintend the keepers and make preparations for the season; and as I could only get down there occasionally, the arrangement would really be advantageous to me. So said, so done. This conversation took place in the beginning of August, and in the following week HARRY started for Suffolk with one of the handsomest shooting and game-keeping outfits I have ever seen.

I HAVE no wish to linger long over the recollection of this experiment. It is enough to say that I got very little shooting myself. Somehow or other HARRY always wrote, at a time most inconvenient for me, to say that the birds really must be killed at once, and that, if I couldn't come myself, he thought he could get two or three fellows who could hold pretty straight, and, with their help, he might manage. He did manage. He and his friends had what he called a slap-up time, and lived—at my expense—on the fat of the land. ALICE certainly pointed out that it was delightful to have so many partridges and pheasants to give away to our friends, and that she always knew HARRY had a good heart, and would come right in the end. But, when I had paid all the bills, and counted the cost, I concluded that a shooting, managed in this style, was too expensive a luxury for me, especially as my own friends did not seem to fit in with HARRY's ideas. "Those two old Q. C. johnnies," he remarked, "can't shoot for nuts; and as for the Judge, he seemed to think I was a pheasant or a rabbit, by the way he tried to pepper me. No, thanks; I'll let the coroner get along without me, if I can." On the whole, the experiment was not a success, and I determined not to repeat it. So there was HARRY on my hands again.

SINCE then we have tried a great many other plans. We took a little cottage on the Thames, and installed HARRY in it. His bill for steam-launches was colossal. We packed him off with a couple of friends for a voyage on the Norfolk Broads; we took rooms for him in a moderate hunting county, but he soon tired of that, and said Leicestershire was the only county for a man who respected himself. So, though the inference was not obvious, to Leicestershire he went, with two horses of mine, and two that he bought for himself, dirt cheap, as he told me. As to the dirt I know nothing; the cheapness I deny, especially as I had to pay for them. At present, we have quartered him out in a golfing centre, with a brand new set of clubs, and a first-class bicycle. In fact, HARRY is sampling every amusement and almost every expensive pursuit under the sun, and all at my cost. This cannot go on much longer; no income can stand it. But I am as far as ever from knowing what to do with my cheerful brother-in-law.

A Bicyclist's Adieu.

It isn't because you said I was curt,

When you shot from your "bike" like a dart,
And curled up in all-too-promiscuous dirt,

That for ever and ever we part.

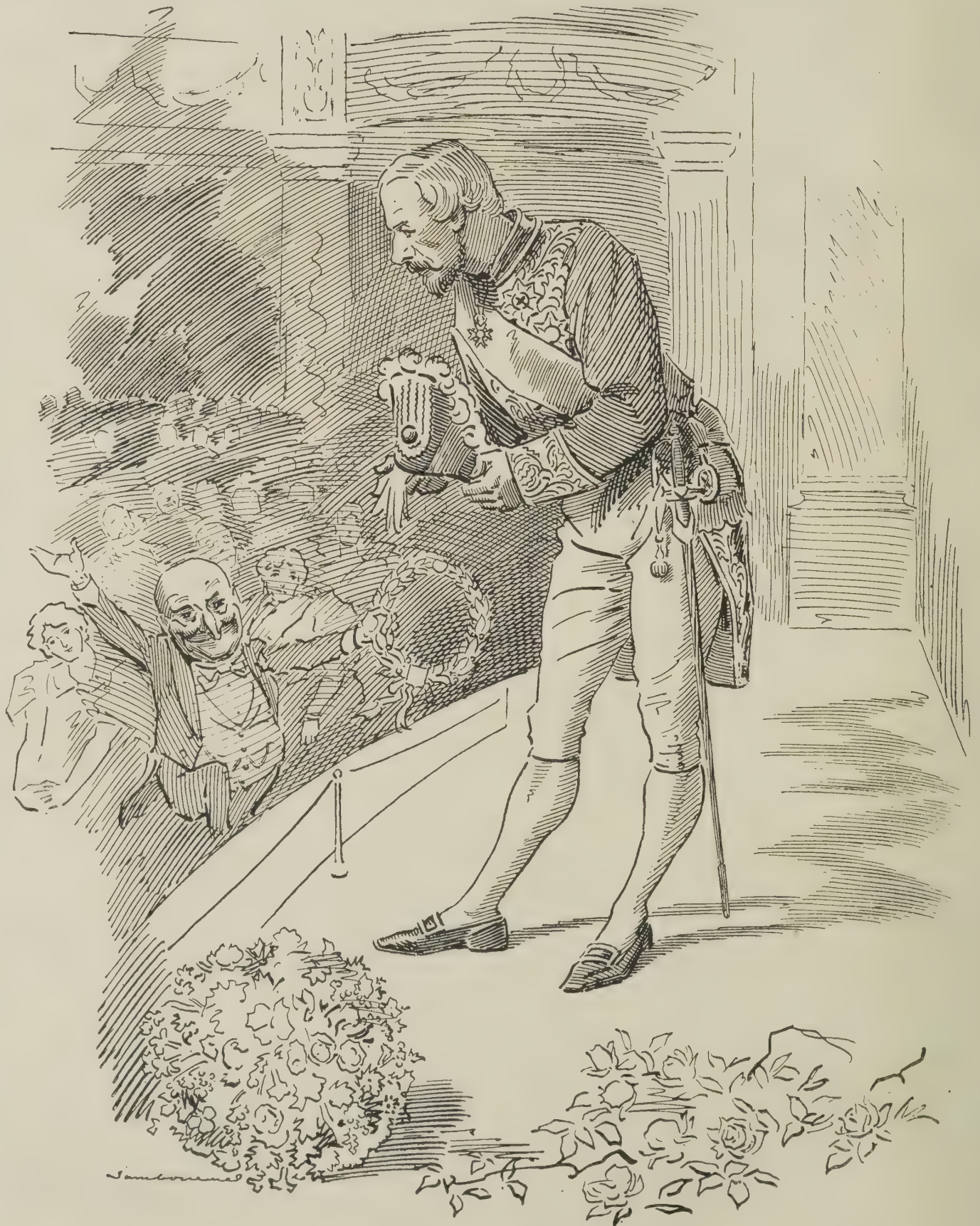
It is simply and solely— Why secrets disclose?

But, another time, do not have holes in your hose!

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—The Honourable and Ancient Artillery Company of Boston, U.S.A., will invade this island next month, and will be immediately made prisoners by the Prince of WALES and the H.A.C. of London. The wrongs of JOHN BULL will only be redeemed by the rites of hospitality.

JUST IN TIME.—A well-known miser is said to have backed the winner of the Derby simply because he was so Persimmonious!

"WATTS" IN A NAME?—The Derby winner's jockey.



"THE WELL GRACED ACTOR."

Mr. Punch (to the Marquis of D-f-f-r-n, in last act of "Diplomacy"). "NOT FAREWELL, MY LORD, BUT 'AU REVOIR!' HOPE SOON TO SEE YOU IN A NEW CAST!"

THE PRINCE'S PAIR;

Or, the Power of Loyalty. An Ode in Honour of the Derby (and Oaks) Day. (A long way after Dryden.)

AIR—"Alexander's Feast."

'Twas Friday, after the first Derby won
By Queen VICTORIA's son
(With *Per-sim-mon*).
Aloft in simple state
The princely sportsman sate,
The favourite his own,
As in the Derby, in the Oaks he found.
His brow with two Blue Ribands he saw bound.

(So should a plucky Prince be crowned.)
The lovely *Thais*, side by side
With DERBY's Oaks competitor did stride.
Alas, for *Thais*, WATTS's pride!
It were the loveliest of loyal jokes
If he who won the Derby won the Oaks!
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,

None but the brave deserve such palms to wear!
But *Canterbury Pilgrim* thundering nigh
With RICKABY, all fire,
With flying feet draws nigher, nigher,
Trembling, triumphant notes ascend the sky!
Thais appears to tire!

The *Pilgrim* wins, by Jove!
Stirred are the crowded seats above,
(Such is the power of loyal love!) [odds!
Pilgrim shoots out—two lengths—upsets the
"Hundred to eight! How well young
RICKABY rode!

Thais is second. We had liked it best
Had she been first tho'. Well he stands the
test!
His princely lip in quiet smile is curled.
We'd back him—Prince or sportsman—'gainst
the world!"

* * * * *
The princely "sportsman" smiled to see
The public all, of high or low degree,
With mighty sympathy a-move;
For princely pluck doth stir the crowd to love!
"The Blue Riband was no bubble,
Thais's loss his mind won't trouble.
All things must have a beginning,
What is won there's no destroying,
And the Derby was worth winning,
And the memory's worth enjoying.
Lovely *Thais*! this win is denied thee!
Take the gifts the gods provide thee!"
The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So Love is crowned, and Loyalty wins the
cause.

The Prince, quite able to conceal his pain,
Smiles with an air
Devoid of care,
And—all the world hopes he will win again!

RESULTS BY RED TAPE.

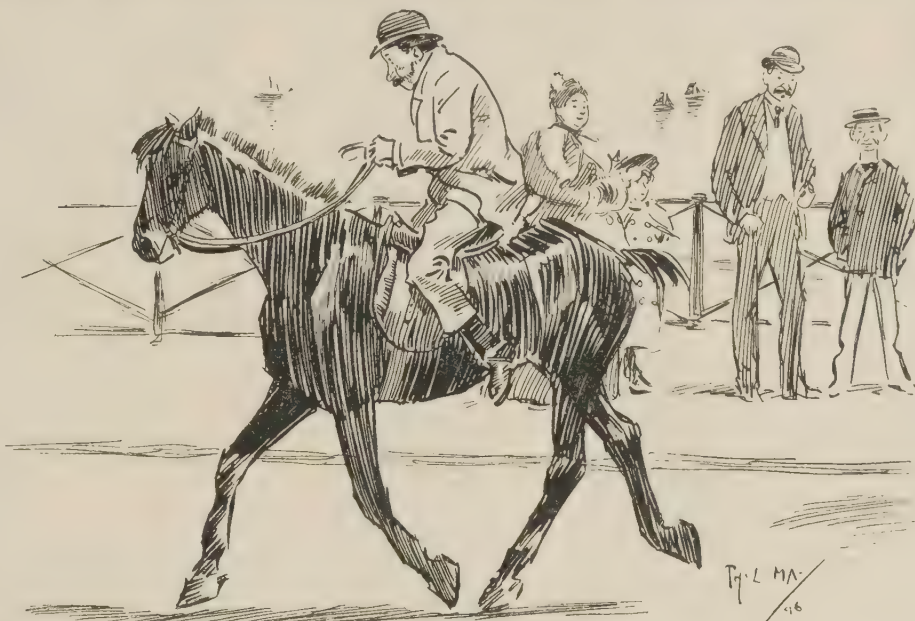
(A Story founded on Precedent.)

THE crisis of the campaign had been reached. The Commander-in-Chief and the Diplomatist—each of them a celebrity of the century—had all but succeeded in bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion. They had worked side by side and hand in hand for years, and had together grown old in the service of their country.

"We attack the citadel to-morrow," said the soldier, "and the town, once taken, you will arrange details."

"Assuredly," replied the statesman. "I have a draft treaty drawn out which must be accepted by the enemy. This point gained, and we shall have secured peace with honour. Peace that will last a century, and honour that will endure for ever."

The colleagues—he of the pen and he of the



A SKETCH AT MARGATE.

"IT'S EASIER THAN I THOUGHT IT WAS!"

sword—shook hands, and congratulated one another. Then they retired for the night.

The next morning they were early a field. The warrior had marshalled his men, and the diplomatist had assumed his official costume, and had supplied himself with a sheet of parchment, a couple of pens, and an inkstand.

All was ready. The commander-in-chief called his officers round him to receive final instructions, and the courtier procured a taper and a stick of sealing-wax.

It was at this moment that a Government messenger put in an appearance.

"Very sorry to disturb you, gentlemen," began the new comer, "but orders are orders, and must be obeyed."

"We have no time to attend to you," said the soldier.

"Please stand aside," added the statesman. "We will discuss the matter further when occasion permits. Remember that this is a critical moment. Recollect that I am the principal political officer."

"And I the commander-in-chief."
"Can't help that, gentlemen," responded the Government messenger; "but, as you have both reached to-day the age limit, you are compulsorily retired."

So the warrior and the statesman gave up the campaign at the critical moment. When they got home, they both received a pension. But, although the award was well earned, it was neither a pleasure to the recipients nor an advantage to the bestowers.

Still it was a triumph for red tape, and that—as every one knows—is something.

TENNYSON ON TWO EVENIS.

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES won the Derby, and H.I.M. the German EMPEROR won the yacht race, so Mr. Punch says to all Englishmen—

"O give him welcome!"
"This (bowing to H.R.H.) is he
Was great by land, as thou (saluting the
German Emperor) by sea!"

(Tennyson's Ode on the "Death of the Duke of Wellington.")

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A REFLECTIVE BRITON TO A NATATORY RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

WE read in tales from many lands
Of mermaids playing in the brine,
With looking-glasses in their hands,
And ringlets flowing free and fine.
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has told
With perfect pathos, subtle wit,
Of that Princess with locks of gold
Who loved, but could not walk or sit.

You, too, Princess, I often dreamed
Must be a mermaid cast ashore;
Your swimming gait was what I deemed
No Naiad e'er displayed before.
You look divine with that same walk,
As down the Esplanade you sail,
And from your ever constant talk,
You must be very like a whale.

You speak with rapture of the dive
That day by day you undertake,
I marvel that you're still alive,
Your swimming feats make bathers quake.
The safety-rope you never seize,
E'en when the waves their own would
claim,
You laugh at all the angry seas,
And Venus-like have earned her name.

So rhapsodizing from this height,
Where modesty bids me abide,
I look upon the clean delight
Of Woman battling with the tide.
And far below I see a shape,
Tall, skimpy, lightly clad in blue
Brieis! do that damsel drape!—
By Neptune's trident it is you!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—The "mug" always consorts with the "juggins."

A DUPLEX LAMP COUNTING TWO ON A DIVISION.—The Member for Wick.

THE MODERN EDICT OF "NANTS."—Passing in swimming at Eton.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XIV.

Mr. Jabberjee's fellow-student. What's in a Title? An invitation to a Wedding. Mr. J. as a wedding guest, with what he thought of the ceremony, and how he distinguished himself on the occasion.

THERE is a certain English young fellow-student of mine—*vide licet*, HOWARD ALLBUTT-INNETT, Esquire, with whom I have succeeded in scratching an acquaintance at sundry Law Lectures, and in the Library of my Inn of Court—a most amiable tip-top young chap, who is “the moulded glass of fashionable form,” and the cap-in-hand with innumerable aristocratic nobles.

Seeing that I had (at an earlier period) been a more diligent attendant and note-taker of lectures than himself, he did pay me the transcendent compliment of borrowing the loan of my note-book, which, to my grateful astonishment, he condescended to bring back personally to Portico-bello House, saying that he had found my notes magnificent, and totally incomprehensible to his more limited intellect!

In *additum*, he graciously accepted my invitation to ascend to the drawing-room, where I introduced him freely to several select lady boarders as my *alter ego* and *Fidus Achates*.

On taking his leave, he expressed some marvelling that I should have concealed my superior rank under the reticence of a napkin, having observed that I was addressed as “Prince” by more than one of the softer-sexed boarders.

I replied that I attached no valid importance to the *nominis umbra* of such a barren title, and that the contents of what there is nothing in must necessarily be naught.

He answered me warmly that he entirely joined issue with me in such an opinion, and that he was often affected to sickness by the snobbery of mundane society, adding that he hoped I would give him the look up at his paternal mansion in Prince's Square, Bayswater, shortly, since his people would be overjoyed at making my acquaintance, which both enraptured and surprised me, for hitherto he had ridden the high and rough-shod horse, and employed me to suck my brains as a cat's foot.

And odzookers! before many days I was the recipient of a silver-lettered missive, stating that Mr. and Mrs. LEOPRIC ALLBUTT-INNETT did request the honour of Prince JABBERJEE's company at the marriage of their daughter, CLORINDA ISABEL, with Mr. OVERTON WOODBEIGH-SMART, at a certain sacred Bayswater edifice.

This I eagerly accepted, perceiving that my friend must have eulogised to his parents my legal accomplishments and forensic acumen.

When, like *Hamlet*, I did obey in all my best, I alighting at the church in my embossed cap, shawl neckcloth, a pair of yellow gloves, and patented Japan shoes, the spectators saluted me with shouts of joy as the returned SHAHZADAR, which caused me to bow profusely, while the driver of the hansom petitioned an additional sixpence.

The interior of the church was dim and crowded with feminines, and I could only hear flutters and rustlings, together with a subdued mumble at the remoter end—which I ascertained to be the ceremony. Then followed the long stop and awkward pause, accompanied on the organ, and at length all the company stood on seats and the tiptoe of expectation, as the bridal procession moved slowly down the central passage amidst the congratulations of their friends and nearest relations.

Not being desirous to hide under a bushel, I did press myself forward, and addressing a lady whom I took to be the bride, I felicitated her loudly, wishing that she might never become a widow, or use vermilion on her grey head, and that she might wear the iron bangle, and get seven male children.

Unhappily the serene ray of my goodwill was born to blush unseen in the dark unfathomed cave of a desert ear, for the actual recipient of my compliments was an unmarried spinster relative, who had already passed the years of discretion.

Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT welcomed me with cordial effusiveness, insisting that I should honour them by visiting their residence, and critically inspecting the nuptial gifts, to which I consented.

On my arrival, I held a lengthy colloquy with the happy bridegroom, from whom I was anxious to obtain particulars of English marriage customs, such as whether he would be required to spend the evening in having his ears pulled, and other facetious banterings,

by his mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, as in India.

But he seemed oppressed by so severe a bashfulness that I could extract no information from him, and presently the father of the bride came up and conducted me into an apartment wherein was a kind of bazaar, or exhibition of clocks and lamps and stationery cases and knives and forks and other trinkets and gewgaws, none of which appeared to me at all different from similar objects in shop windows.

However, the greatest admiration and wonderment were expressed by all who entered, and I found that the host was under grave apprehensiveness that the presents might be looted by the more unscrupulous of the guests, for he pointed out to me a sharp-eyed, shy gentleman in a corner, who, he informed me, was a disguised police-officer. This, at first, I was loth to believe, but was assured that it was a necessary precaution.

Still, I will presume to point out that the simulation by a policeman of the ordinary character of a friend of the family and fellow-rejoicer, is a rather reprehensible trap to catch a sleeping weasel, since those whose honesty is not invariably above par may be lulled into the false security by his civilian get-up. And I did assure him, privately, that it was totally unnecessary to keep an eye on myself, who was a native University man with no necessity or natural taste for peculation, but that I would infallibly inform him if I should succeed at detecting any attempted dishonesty.

Later I was ushered into the refreshment-room, and partook of

a pink ice, with champagne-wine and strawberries, after which I entreated leave of Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT to deliver a nuptial oration. And she, overjoyed at my happy thought, did loudly request silence for Prince JABBERJEE, who was to utter a few very brief utterances.

So as they became all ears, I addressed them, describing how, in my native country, at such a bridal feast and blow-out, it was customary for the bridegroom's mother to eat a sevenfold repast, for fear of a subsequently empty stomach; but the bride's mother, on the contrary, will touch nothing, feeling that the more she fasts then, the more provender will fall to her later on. And I rather facetiously added that, on the present occasion, I had the certainty that both the mothers might indulge their appetites *ad libitum*.

Next I recounted how, during a former boyish wedding of my own, my wife's mother after, as was befitting, setting a conical tinselled cap upon my head, and placing ten rings of twigs upon my ten fingers, and binding my hands with a weaver's shuttle, did say, “I have bound thee, and bought thee with cowries, and put a shuttle between thy fingers; now bleat then like a lamb.” Whereupon I, being of a jokish disposition, did, unexpectedly and contrary to usage, cry “Baa” loudly, thereby causing my mother-in-law to fear that



“The spectators saluted me with shouts of joy as the returned Shahzadar.”

I was a dull—until that night in the Zenana she had the great happiness to overhear me outwitting all the females present by the sprightliness of my badinage. And I was proceeding, amidst vociferous cachinnation, to enumerate some of my most lively sallies, when the bride's father did take me by the arm, and drawing me aside, inform me that the young couple were just about to start for their wedding journey, and that I was urgently required to see them depart.

I observed that here, as with us, it is *de règle* to scatter rice upon the head of the bridegroom—but neither treacle nor spices. Moreover, this complimentary shower is extended to the bride and the carriage-horses, and hurled with athletic vigorousness, while it is a point of honour to knock off the coachman's hat with a female satin slipper.

I was disappointed to see that both the happy pair had cast aside their gorgeous wedding garments, and put on quite ordinary and everyday attire, which, if not due to excessive parsimoniousness, must originate in a shamefaced desire to conceal their state of connubiality, though it might be reasonably anticipated that they should rather be anxious to manifest their triumphant good-luck *pro bono publico*.



ANCIENT BAS-RELIEF. "SIC ITUR AD ASCOT."

AFTER THE EPSOM WEEK IS OVER.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

So you see, Sir, you were right in trusting me. I gave you, as I promised, the absolute winner for the Derby. But more, Sir. If you followed my fancy, not only did you get *Persimmon*, but *St. Frusquin* and *Earwig*. It is not often that a racing prophet can boast of having given the absolute "one, two, three," of the Blue Riband of the Turf. But I did it. Yes, Sir, I plumped for the Field. And the placed ones were in the Field. But it is only right and proper that you should share the merit of your conscientious and right-minded contributor. If I indicated, with absolute accuracy, the heroes of the hour, or, I should say, the observed of all observers of the something less than three minutes, you, pluckily, hours before the race was decided, published a portrait of the winner!

There is only one slight drawback to the satisfaction of the moment. Those who have won through this marvellous production, have not yet sent, as requested, a percentage of their winnings. This oversight corrected, and the great British public will receive not only the congratulations, but the respect of Ixion the Wheeler.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—DRURIOLANUS confers great benefit on old, middle-aged, and young staggers, or, rather, opera-goers, by giving *Martha* with a remarkably good, and in the case of NED DE RESZKÉ, an exceptional caste. Just now, than MARIE ENGEL, no better representative of the



Engelish *Martha*, whose *petit nom* is "Patty," a joke which escaped both *Nedreszké* - *Plumketto* (so printed, though surely it ought to be with an "n," not an "m"; but still, "N or M," as the case may be, there is more than one "Plum" in this part) and the amiable lover, *Lionello-Cremolini*, who, in the last act, might have substituted "*Patty! Patty!*" for "*Martha! Martha!*" to the well-known air. However, the opera went capitally without this slight alteration. Then again, the opera being an old one, and with one delightful typically English air in it, "*The Last Rose of Summer*," a second chance was lost by NED DE RESZKÉ-PLUMPUDDINGKETTO, when making up to the *soubrette* Nancy, played and sung with lady-like archness by Madame MANTELLI, omitting to sing "*I would I were with Nancy*,"

an innovation which, I am sure, Signor BEVIGNANI would have permitted, and would have orchestrated with the greatest pleasure.

The first scene of *Martha* is laid at Richmond, which at this date, somewhere about the time of ROBIN HOOD, to judge by the costume, was, it appears, overlooked by an Alpine range, including a suspicion of snow-capped mountains. The Surrey hills, always a fair scene, must have been very different then, as seen in this Fair Scene (in the second half of Act I.), to what they are nowadays. Evidently they have been considerably cut down since the time of *Plumketo* and *Sceriffo*, alias "Sheriff." NED DE RESZKÉ, with jovial drinking song and dance, obtained a tremendous *encore*. The dance did it. What a first-rate *Henry the Eighth* he would make! Let Sir DRURIOLANUS look to it.

The remainder of week given up to *encores* of already performed operas. In smooth water; and *Martha* again next Thursday.

A LITTLE MOSCOW-RAID.

[By a party of 170 revellers, led by an active chap-Perowne, who have visited Russia to witness the Coronation.]

To Moscow we've been, and the show we have seen,
And now we're returning to Britain,
Our tales to recount, despite the amount
Of stuff that's already been written.

We English all found, as we trotted around,
That the Russians were mightily civil;
The croakers' alarms at the troubles and harms
We should meet with might well be called "drivel."

If we photo'd or sketched, 'twas said we'd be fetched
By gendarmes and removed to Siberia;
While scribbling was banned by the law of the land—
All these warnings were simple hysteria!

Like Britishers bold, in each palace we strolled,
With our visiting cards as mere permit;
The police let us through, without further ado,
Surprised by our "cheek" as I'll term it.

We kodaked the Czar and his entry bizarre,
And felt not a qualm nor a trembling;
Quite free of all charge, we wandered at large
O'er the place I must spell as the "Krembling."

We came and we saw and were conquered—no flaw
Could we find in the pageant of wonders;
If we think we could beat this spectacular treat,
We make just the biggest of blunders!

If only they'd spend a few roubles, and mend
Those pavements that shake you to pieces,
To Moscow we'd burn straightway to return—
'Tis a town where delight never ceases!

And if ever the Russ should abolish the fuss
About passports, as done by BRITANNIA,
Why then, when we part, we could say from our heart
The Slav *au revoir*—"do svidanya!"

"NOT YSAYELY BUT TOO WELL."—I say that YSAYE's last concert takes place on Saturday next. Ysaye-turday? Why not say some other day, when it wouldn't clash (which is inharmonious) with the Sarasate Concert? If YSAYE were a Ysaye-acre, he would have made some other arrangement. Y saye this now? Never too late. Will YSAYE oblige, and play BACH's famous *Chaconne in D minor*? Forwards! always, but "try BACH," is the modern musician's motto. Perhaps some amateurs there be who do not care for the *Chaconne*. They should be "well Chaconne before taken" to hear the performance. But, after all, "*Chaconne à son goût*." And at this we leave it.

FROM ARMENIA TO CORNWALL.—The SULTAN's confidential emissary, the Ritter MICHEL VON NEWLINSKY—or, as he is a distinguished Austrian journalist, let us call him "the Writer MICHEL"—when he has settled the diplomatic difficulty, will take advantage of his name, which proclaims his Cornish origin (he was born under a "*Newlyn sky*"), to proceed to Cornwall and settle the Newlyn strikers difficulty. The artists there will welcome him at the Newlyn School.

CREAMERY AND CASH.—See the profits from ice-cream, lemonade, water ices, &c. About 500 per cent., according to case in Sheriff's Court. Why not a boom in ginger-beer? De Ginger-Beers much better than De Beers.



RATIONAL COSTUME.

The Vicar of St. Winifred-in-the-Wold (to fair Bicyclists).
THEIR HATS ON, ENTERING A CHURCH!

IT IS CUSTOMARY FOR MEN, I WILL NOT SAY GENTLEMEN, TO REMOVE
Confusion of the Ladies Rota and Ixiona Bykewell.

OUR OWN EASTERN QUESTION.

(A New Tale of a "Tub.")

["It is pitiable, and, indeed, intolerable, that the great population of Plaistow, Canning Town, and all the rest of South West Ham, should be destitute of such a necessity of healthy life as a public bath and wash-house."]

F. M. Marvin, H. M. Inspector of Schools.

"RATED up to the eyes," yet unblest with a bath! [Far East!]

That's a sweet pretty picture of London's A pleasant incentive to choosing the path That divideth the man, although poor, from the beast.

Our workaday London must be a nice pitch For the poor Plaistow victim of drudging and dirt,

Whose only cheap "tub" is a dip in a ditch, A "bath" which would soil e'en a Casual's shirt! [Lea]

The foul, stagnant sewage, that trickles from Into a marsh dyke, is a sweet sort of "tub"!

And life must be full of decorum and glee, Without chance of a plunge, without hope of a scrub! [bard,

Why even the dread "Purple East" of the Though bloodstained, is not grimed and bathless, like ours;

And WATSON might find our "Black East," Trade's backyard, Furnish fine themes for wrath, as the Turk and the Pow'rs;

Messrs. ALDEN and MARVIN might give him a text

For sermons in sonnets, with swear-words adorned,

And Wealth in the West, by scant water unvest,

Which the poor "Great Unwashed" has so oftentimes scorned, Might learn it is hard for the poor to keep clean,

With no baths, whether private or public, at hand.

When water is wanted to keep the earth green, [land;

Church petitions find voices all over the But who lifts a prayer for our poor tubless East,

And our Waterless Babies—as KINGSLEY might say?

This would be a theme for the author of *Yeast*,

Who pointed such pertinent lessons in play. Conceive, gentles all, in such weather as this,

A life amidst dirt, undispelled by a dip! A bathless existence! Sweet Sir, if you miss

Your dear morning tub, its cool lave, its nerve-whip,

How wretched you'd be, and how angry withal!

And what of a roll in a Regent's-lane ditch? *Punch* pities the poor in such plight, and must call

On the pity—and purse—of the bath-loving rich.

Mr. ALDEN, of Mansfield House, Canning Town pleads

To the West for the East! chance of plunge, dip, and scrub.

Give the Waterless East what that same sorely needs,

That's the moral of *Punch's* New Tale of a Tub!

THE NEW ORDER OF VALOUR.

THE parade-ground presented a scene of unusual brilliancy. All the rank and talent of the country were there to do honour to the gallant girl whose bravery was to be suitably rewarded. The gracious lady who had undertaken the task of giving the decoration to the courageous recipient wore an expression of satisfaction at having so pleasing a duty to perform. All was sunshine—atmospheric as well as mental.

The important moment arrived, and then the maiden, wearing the costume in which she had performed her doughty deeds—divided skirt, smart coat and waistcoat, and dainty straw hat—approached the dais. She bowed smilingly as the worthy rival to the Victoria Cross was fixed to her button-hole.

Then there came a mighty shout. Hats were waved, handkerchiefs were fluttered, and parasols were agitated, in token of applause. The enthusiasm was marvellous. Only one person was astonished in that vast throng—an intelligent foreigner.

"Can you tell me," said the stranger from afar, addressing a police-constable, "why is it that everybody is so pleased that that young lady has got her splendid decoration?"

"Because," returned the protector of the Law, "she has richly earned it. She has survived a forlorn hope."

"And what has she done?"

"She has gone through an entire London season on a bicycle without an accident, and is being decorated for her luck and valour."

And the foreigner, being intelligent, wondered no longer.



AN APPEAL.

INDIA. "I HAVE FOUND THE *MEN*, SAHIB!—WHY SHOULD I FIND THE *MONEY TOO*?"
JOHN BULL. "'PON MY WORD, MY DEAR, I REALLY DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD!"

THE CHAPERON'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Now that the London season is at its height, I suppose it may be assumed that you are becoming weary?

Answer. Not so much as might reasonably be expected, as habit is second nature, and the duties of a chaperon are practically continuous.

Q. But do you not obtain rest in the country?

A. Not when one's charge has been out for more than a year, and has no time to lose.

Q. Has it not been suggested that chaperons are superfluous?

A. The idea was imported from America, but was discarded when the New Woman was voted out of date.

Q. Then a *débutante* still requires a guide?

A. Certainly; who should also be a philosopher and a friend.

Q. What are the duties of a chaperon to her charge?

A. To attend her to garden-party, concert, opera, or ball, and to suggest a vague superintendence over her movements.

Q. May a chaperon indulge in any of the pleasures of her charge?

A. Until recently she might dance at balls, but the mode is now considered antiquated.

Q. Is it permitted to her to sleep on duty?

A. The correct answer to this question depends on circumstances. If an eligible *parti* is present repose is sometimes not only permissible, but beneficial; but a chaperon can never be sufficiently wideawake in the neighbourhood of a detrimental.

Q. Is not the wear and tear of a nightly tour of revelry trying to health and strength?

A. Yes; and consequently Sunday entertainments are to be deprecated, as an addition to a burthen already sufficiently irksome.

Q. Can you suggest anything



A DRESS REHEARSAL.

L-rd Ch-f J-st-ce (to Sir H-nry Irv-ng). "YOU SEE, WE ARE GOING 'ON TOUR' IN THE STATES, AND SO—(diffidently)—YOU ASK HIM, L-CKW-D."

Sir Fr-nk L-ckw-d, Q.C., M.P. "WELL, ME AND MY PARDNER, SO TO SPEAK, WANT TO KNOW IF YOU AND J-HN H-RE CONSIDER OUR 'MAKE UP' AS CORRECT FOR THE BUSINESS?"

Sir H. I. "WELL—UM—(to J. H-re)—WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

J. H-re (pleasantly). "I THINK THEY LOOK 'A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.' BUT (apologetically) THAT WAS A BIG SUCCESS IN THE STATES."

[*Seance closed.*]

better than supper after the play, to be followed by a couple or so of crushes and a drive home by daylight?

A. Yes; a day off at home, yielding a good night's rest.

Q. If the functions of a chaperon are so trying and disagreeable, why are they assumed?

A. Because, as the mother or nearest friend of her charge, the chaperon, naturally, is either actuated by duty or affection.

Q. And what is the highest aim the chaperon has in view?

A. To secure for her charge a suitable marriage.

Q. What is a suitable marriage?

A. One giving wealth, rank, and an easy-going husband.

Q. And having secured these boons for her charge, should a chaperon be contented?

A. Entirely. She should be happy with a happiness saddened only by one painful reflection—that at some distant date the charge she has chaperoned may become, poor girl! a chaperon herself.

A FULFILLED PROPHECY.

"WHEN American fruit's on the run"

Was my tip. And the biscuit or bun

By my foresight was easily won—
As every race-goer owns—

So I beg that the gents with the winnings

Won't neglect to stump up on my innings.

Cheques payable to

DARBY JONES.

APROPPOS COINCIDENCE.—The Princess of WALES and her daughters dined at Derby House on Wednesday, June 3.

IN THE BRITISH LION'S DEN.—Captain DANN, ringmaster at the Agricultural Hall.

GOOD GOLFING GROUNDS.—The North and South "Fore"-lands.

THE "FOURTH" FORM AT ETON.

BY JOYNES MINOR.

FOURTH of June a fine day, all the finer for being also a *dies non*. Much pleased with my new "bags," especially ordered for the occasion; ditto with jacket and white waistcoat: altogether a triumph of BROWN'S. Sorry I threw that bale of cloth at his head the other day. My button-hole—a red rose—most effective, and "matches my complexion"; Major, who is up at Cambridge now, said combination reminded him of history reversed, viz., the roses of the Warre. Check this! Sweltering heat during speeches in Upper School; bust of PORSON positively perspired. Don't particularly care about speeches, but went in hope of seeing CROAKSON, my sixth-form fag-master, make an ass of himself. He did so—stumbling all over his speech from ARISTOPHANES' *Frogs*; was delighted—served him right for calling me a "lazy little skug."

Shirked "absence"; if complained of, shall say I was "staying-out," suffering from absent-mindedness. SKINNY and LIL minor, shirked too; prospect of a "swiping" for us to-morrow: never mind, we shall "swing, swing together," as our boating song says. My new "patents" rather painfully tight, so went with Major to rest my Tibbles for a moment, and have an ice in a "sock" shop. Met our "people," and lunched with them at the *White Hart* (people rather a bore, but, of course, unavoidable). Father, as usual, got up in execrable taste; feel inclined to ask him where he got that hat, but, being hopeful of substantial tip, don't. Paid off old tick at

JOBY'S out of *Persimmon* winnings; by the way, so glad the Prince won, believe the whole school was "on" him. Watched the dry-bobs in Upper Club: Major assumes superior air of cricket connoisseur, just because he was twelfth man at Lord's last year (I hope to get my "sixpenny" myself this summer). Take Major down a peg by mentioning how "Buns" THORNTON hit him over the trees for six twice running. He does side so much about his "slows."

Saw little SKIPPY NIGHTMAN (the "beak" on a "bike") come such a cropper off his wheel in crowded High Street; grinned with joy, and "capped" him respectfully. Am "up to" him for mathematics, and shan't forget in a hurry his keeping me in "after twelve" on St. Andrew's Day, to do a beastly "extra work." Spoke to young KOSMO WILKINSON, cox of the *Thetis*, who was bursting with pride (and strawberry squash) on account of his admiral's uniform and "cabbage," which he called a "bookie." Followed the procession of boats in a steam-launch to Surley Hall, where we dined.

Ripping race home to Brocas, where BROCK'S fireworks "went off" brilliantly. Appropriately to result of yesterday's great race, the leading boats were the *Victory* and the *Prince of Wales*. Father gave me a fiver (hardly sufficient atonement for his hat, though), which Major at once wanted to borrow. Not much! Said "Good-bye" to people, and saw them safely off. Then met LIL minor and SKINNY. Went to "tap," and recklessly attempted the "Long Glass." Back to my dame's at 11 p.m.—one hour after "look-up." Let us eat, drink, and be merry to-day, for to-morrow we—are swished. Floreat Etona!



THE POLITICAL "FIVE O'CLOCK."

THE NEW ARRANGEMENTS ARE DAILY ATTRACTING A "FRESH-ARRIVED AND WELL-ERED" COMPANY TO THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE DIFFERENCE.

Cochman. "NOW THEN, CABBY, GET ALONG, WILL YER!"

Cabby. "WHY, WHAT'S YOUR 'URRY? YOU AIN'T PAID BY THE JOB!"

OUR DERBY PROPHECY.

WHERE be your Prophets now? And where be your "Profits," if you did not avail yourselves of the Tip *par excellence* given in *Mr. Punch's* Derby Cartoon last Wednesday? Oracles are for the wise, and is not a veil, a Derby Day veil, a part of the Prophet's attire? Was not H.R.H.'s *Persimmon* evidently *Mr. Punch's* "tip" as clear as the noonday sun? A prophecy to be read by those who ran, or who were interested in the runners. *Mr. Punch* takes this, his earliest opportunity, of heartily congratulating H.R.H. on the most popular event of the year. Winners, on this occasion, win with additional pleasure, and losers felt their losses less. Wrote "PAVO" in the *Morning Post*: "So far as the tip was concerned, *Punch's* remarkable cartoon, with its admiration of the Prince of WALES as 'a good sportsman,' in 'wishing him luck on his first Derby,' will go down to posterity as one of the most triumphant predictions ever published." Wasn't it evident to the astute Reader of Riddles that there was a "Purse" in *Persimmon*?

The Onus of Obstruction.

(By any Party Politician.)

OBSTRUCTION for our side hath no seduction;
For when we're out it is not called Obstruction!
When we are in Obstruction blares and bellows,
But then the fault is with—those other fellows!

QUESTION FOR NEXT YEAR.—Cannot the "Royal Military Tournament" be put under the management of Sir DEUBIOLANUS, and be brought up to Olympia or Earl's Court? Or why could there not be a big circus temporarily erected for the show in Regent's Park?

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—Mr. BARLOW, the new Member for the Frome Division, owes his election entirely to the popularity of his pupils, Messrs. SANDFORD and MERTON.

LORD DUFFERIN'S FAREWELL SONG.—"Parigi O Cara!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 1.—Back after Whitsun holidays; at least some four or five score of us. The SQUIRE still lingers at Malwood amid the other June roses. PRINCE ARTHUR looked in at question time; as soon as light railways were brought into station, got himself shunted. Quiet, business-like sitting tempered by CALDWELL. Began to count number of speeches he made; providentially fell asleep midway in computation. When I awoke CALDWELL was moving to insert in Clause 4 "when required in the interests of agriculture."

Principal attraction found on the Terrace. Transformation scene in one respect. ROBERT, who used sometimes to bring you the tea you had ordered but generally to take it to someone else, has been superseded. In his place trips neat-handed PHYLLIS in black frock, white apron, and spotless cambric cap. HENRY HOWORTH gloomily surveys scene from doorway. Nothing will induce him to cross the threshold.

"What we are coming to," he said in muffled tones, "I really don't know. The other day we had women in possession of Westminster Hall. To-night they swarm the Terrace. One thing I am grateful for is that my old friend and companion dear, DICKY TEMPLE, hasn't lived to see this day. Of course I mean lived in a Parliamentary sense. Outside the House he's younger, handsomer, and more vigorous than ever; ready to succeed ELGIN at Calcutta and Simla, if the MARKISS insists. Anyhow he's out of Parliament, and a happy man at that. This engagement of waitresses on the Terrace is opening the door of the House itself to the thin end of the wedge of Female Suffrage. Shall go off and write letter to *Times* on subject. Haven't given them anything lately."

As for Colonel MARK, uncle (on the Coldstream Guard side) of FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., he sat at a table all by himself, surveying the scene which owed its inception to his fertile brain, its execution to his discriminating hand. With new cork hat pushed to miraculous angle at back of his head, he sat, a wan smile flickering over countenance of scholarly pallor.

"On occasions like this, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "prose won't do for me. I must drop into poetry. Don't be afraid. Under new

Kitchen Committee regulations no extra charge. "O Woman," he continued, reverentially removing the cork hat, without which he never ventures to cross the Channel—

"O Woman, in our hour of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Come, brave the cooling Terrace breeze,
And serve our five o'clocker teas."

Business done.—Light Railways advanced along report stage; rate not exceeding eight miles an hour.

Tuesday.—Cap'en TOMMY, marooned in the early Forties on an island in the Corsican Archipelago, wore through the weary hours by mastering the Italian tongue. Comes in useful now; enables him to master contents of Green Book issued by Italian Government, setting forth communications passing between the MARKISS and Italian Foreign Office on subject of Soudan. Apparently only two copies of precious volume in London. The CAP'EN has one stowed in his hammock; GEORGE CURZON spends his nights and days at Foreign Office studying the other. CAP'EN to-night paid out long cable of questions culled from Green Book. JOHN MORLEY, DILKE, and SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE chimed in. These easily put on one side. At least they haven't got the Green Book, and speak only by hearsay. The CAP'EN literally speaks by the book. No more shaking him off than was found possible by the wedding guest in the case of another Ancient Mariner.

The Under Secretary could not choose but hear. Some choice left him in matter of answering questions. Elected to make none, or hardly any. Scene closed with vague impression that there is something wrong at the Foreign Office; that the X rays of Cap'en TOMMY's remaining eye have pierced the veil; that the MARKISS has been thrown into a state of extreme nervous unrest; and that even GEORGE CURZON's imperturbability has been punctured as if it were merely a pneumatic tyre.

"I wonder at you, of all men, CAP'EN," said SARK. "You have your little flare-ups from time to time; but you sit behind your leaders, and are too old a salt not to know the respect due to the Admiral. Remember I was once staying down at Middle Hall, in Worcestershire, with old friend THOMAS PHILLIPPS. Going through his library, he showed me precious fifteenth-century manuscript, being the *Itinerarium* of AMBROSIIUS CAMALDULENSIS. The manuscript is, in the main, written in Latin. But, as Sir THOMAS pointed out, when the learned General of the Camalduli monks came to record the peccadilloes of monks or nuns of his own order, he wrote in Greek. Do you see the pretty moral that underlies this story? and don't you think it is applicable to conduct of a good Ministerialist?"

The CAP'EN's eye, which, long-scanning the ocean, has taken on a shade of its colour and assumed some of its depth, glistened.

"I see," he said, rubbing the side of his nose with the hook that better serves him than an ordinary man's right hand. "But Greek wouldn't suit the tack I'm sailing, so I haven't stowed any."

Business done.—Light Railways through Committee.

Thursday.—Who was it of whom the poet remarked that he was Problematically pious, but indubitably drunk?

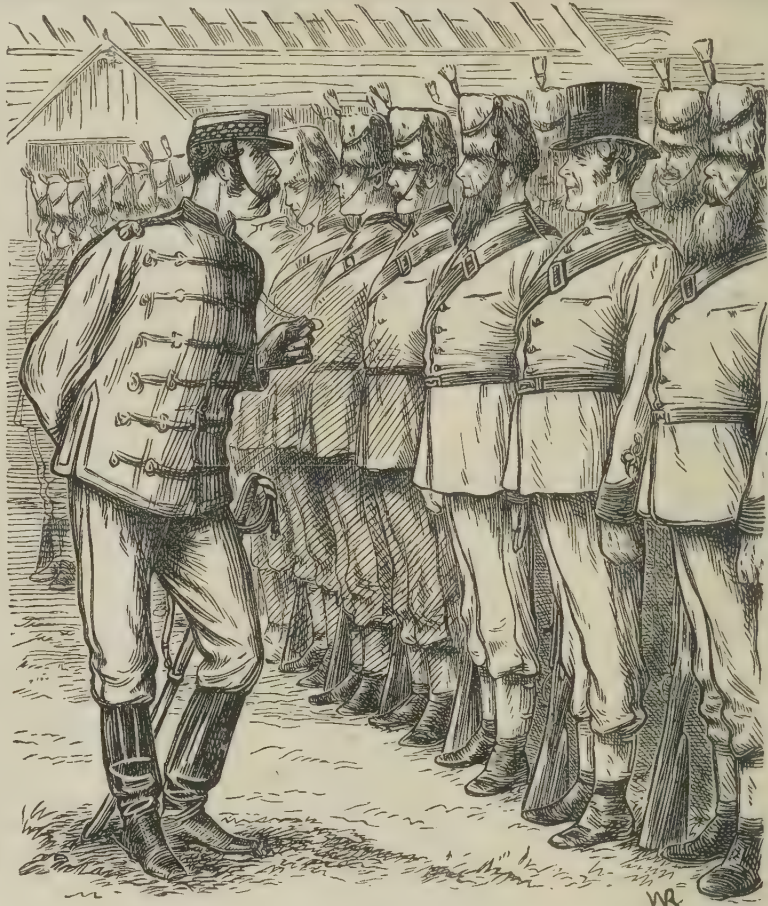
No one in the House of Commons, I'm sure, whether big or little, having cathedral connections, or chumming in chapel. Line recurs to SARK's inconsequential mind as he yawns through the slow hours, and from time to time awakes to the conclusion that the House is problematically busy, but indubitably dull. Light Railways on again. Started very well with RITCHIE in guard's van. At first seemed as if it would reach terminus "on time," as they say in the United States. At junction with Clause 13 line blocked; for more than hour train didn't advance a yard. Steam-whistle blown for Closure; no notice taken by signalman in box at table. Another long wait; steam-whistle on again; this time signal answered; points closed; train moved on—to be blocked again, and so laid up for the night, with destination still far off.

"Talk about your Big Wheel," said RITCHIE; "it's quite a revolving cataclysm compared with trying to work an innocent Bill through this House now the Opposition, having tasted blood at an all-night sitting, have won two seats at bye-elections. If these things are done in the dry of a Light Railway Bill, what will it be in the green of the Education Bill?"

Lighting his short black clay, doffing his lantern with a jerk, and muttering an unparliamentary remark about the early time at which workmen's trains on the Underground are knocked off, the irate guard set off on his weary walk home.

Business done.—Light Railways Bill blocked again.

Friday.—Chairman of Committee on Private Bills wandering about House in forlornist mood. Looks as if he had lost his way down one of the hills that girdle far-off Fingen. SARK says he is



Adjutant. "HULLO, WHAT'S THIS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY APPEARING IN A DASHED POT HAT?"

Volunteer (coolly). "FACT IS, I'VE NO OTHER, AS MY WIFE MADE A MUFF OF MY BUSBY!"

huffed about that hat. It is his business to be in attendance every day at three o'clock. Takes seat on Treasury Bench. Clerk reads out list of Private Bills. FINGEN, making response, lifts his hat and says, "To-morrow," "Thursday," "Monday," or whatever day may be fixed for further procedure. This all very well once in a way; but to go on day after day through a list of Bills as long as a mountain path tells upon a hat, however stout the brim. At beginning of Session proposal talked of that provision should be made in Civil Service Estimates for two new hats per Session for Private Bill Committee Chairman. Nothing came of it, not even a Glengarry.

"Bother the hat!" said FINGEN, with petulance unusual in man of angelic temperament.

"Ah," said SARK, watching him as he went down the corridor, meaning to go into the library and, losing his way, straying into the newspaper room, "I know what it is. It's LOWTHER. Pulled him up, you know, the other night when he was discoursing on Light Railways Bill; warned him of irrelevance; finally ordered him to resume his seat. Nice position this for Chairman of Private Bills Committee. Worse than the beasts of the field. Dog won't eat dog, but Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means is not above trampling upon Chairman of Committee on Private Bills. No wonder FINGEN's upset." *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

Rhyme on the Relief Bill.

(By Mr. Ch-pl-n.)

I FONDLY hoped sweet Frome would say
"For this Relief much thanks!"
But no! Frome coldly turns away,
And—joins the ROSEBERY ranks!
Alas! that any Bill of mine
Should help to swell that "thin Rad line"

A PUZZLER.—"For the life of me," exclaimed Mr. MATTHEW MUDDER, "I cannot understand what the 'Christy Minstrelsy' can have to do with foreign politics." Nor did it seem clear to anyone until some person more enlightened than the others suggested that for Christy Minstrelsy should be substituted "the CRISPI Ministry." "Of course!" said MUDDER; "that's it."



A FALSTAFFIAN TREE IN THE HAYMARKET,
AS SEEN BY RÖNTGEN RAYS

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

"ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM."

OCCASIONALLY, when I have been suffering from the terrible reaction caused by reading a bad book, a fearful temptation has assailed me. Something, not myself, that makes for righteousness (or, to use Mr. HALL CAINE'S word, for rightness), seems then to whisper to me, "take your pen in your hand, seclude yourself from the world and its pleasures, and write a compendium or dictionary of bad books. Thus shall you profit the public, and gain for yourself favour and an immortal fame." So the tempter whispers, but a few moments of reflection banish the pleasant idea by convincing me of the hopelessness of the task.

THERE were once two barristers-at-law, vigorous young men of a high spirit, and it occurred to them, as they divided their swift minds now hither now thither in search of professional advancement, that no one had yet written a Digest of Overruled Cases, a dictionary, so to speak, of bad law. So they set to work, secured a kindly publisher, and in the space of three years produced a monumental work, in which they brought together in a convenient shape the decided cases which a later and more enlightened judicial opinion had robbed of authority and consigned to destruction. By an ingenious application of the method known to racing men as "Form at a Glance," you were enabled to see how a case had run in public since it was foaled up to the moment when, broken down and decrepit, it had been dismissed by an elaborate dictum of Rhadamanthus, Chancellor, to the knacker's yard. On the analogy of this Digest I figured to myself a *Digest of Disapproved Books*, and my mind, pursuing the pleasant imagination, seemed to see some such entry as the following:—

"THE SATANIST'S SUICIDE, 3 vols., 189—. Commented on by daily press *passim*; reviewed by GRANT ALLEN; disapproved by ANDREW LANG, 'a book that might have amused the last moments of an Aztec on his way to the sacrificial stone, and might still satisfy a Fijian's yearnings for culture'; finally overruled by A. T. QUILLER COUCH."

BUT the task, as I said, is hopeless, and I had always to abandon it. It were otherwise if we appointed our critics as we do our judges, if,

for instance, Mr. ANDREW LANG, by public decree, duly printed in the *Gazette*, were one fine day to be promoted to a seat on the Bench of the High Court of Literary Justice, with a proper emolument and any amount of ermine. I can picture the scene. Lord Chief Justice LANG would take his seat on the morning after his appointment, and the Attorney-General of Literature—the editor, let us say, of the *Weekly Mentor*—would rise in his place, and, in a few well-chosen words, congratulate the judge on his appointment, recalling the days when, as young men, they had struggled side by side in many a hard-fought review. Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE would add his congratulations on behalf of the Junior Bar, and, without any further formality, the new Chief Justice would immediately proceed to dispose of the first book on his list.

THIS, however, being a mere dream of authority, we must content ourselves with the best substitutes we can devise. Therefore I welcome, with all proper cordiality, Mr. A. T. QUILLER COUCH'S *Adventures in Criticism*, lately published by CASSELL & Co. If I should ever, for my sins, be compelled to draw up a list of "Books that have done me good," I should keep a very high place for this delightful book. It has sanity, tolerance, and, above all, a fresh and abundant spring of humour. With a light and graceful touch, Mr. QUILLER COUCH ranges from CHAUCER to THOMAS CAREW, thence to M. ZOLA, and so on to the "Attitude of the Public towards Letters," to Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, Mr. DU MAURIER, and Mr. FRANK STOCKTON. His air is so gay, his conversation so agreeable, his whole manner so affable, that you needs must follow where this easy and attractive guide leads you, thanking your good fortune that gave you so charming a companion.

LET it not be assumed from anything that I have said at the outset of this paper that Mr. QUILLER COUCH assumes an Athanasian attitude towards his authors. On the contrary, he is apt to praise—but to praise with discrimination. I do not always agree with him. For instance, I doubt if he is fair to CALVERLEY, and to others I am convinced that he is more than fair. But as to CALVERLEY, I confess that I distrust my own judgment as an infallible guide; for a youthful enthusiasm leaves its traces in maturity, and the grown man shrinks from depreciating that which delighted him as a boy. For me CALVERLEY is unapproachable, not merely when I think of him as a writer of light verse of the most extraordinary finish and felicity, but also when I remember his beautiful version of THEOCRITUS.

STILL, even when one disagrees with Mr. QUILLER COUCH, one disagrees with hesitation, and a moment afterwards disagreement is certain to give place to a hearty assent. After reading his book I feel as if I had cleared my mind of all manner of humbug and nonsense. There is more sound sense in (to take only two instances) "The Attitude of the Public towards Letters" and "The Poor Little Penny Dreadful" than in all the pompous and magistral sermonisings that pass for criticism with the great Public, and are afterwards republished and forgotten. Without wishing to tread upon the dangerous ground of comparison, I may say that Mr. QUILLER COUCH'S essays produce upon my mind a sort of mixed effect of HAZLITT and CHARLES LAMB. He has something of the penetrating directness of the one and not a little of the whimsical playfulness of the other. And he has his own qualities peculiar to himself which make his writings a pleasure.

DARBY JONES ON THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

HONOURED SIR,—Despite the fact that no cheques or postal orders have rewarded my singular talent in discovering the Royal winner of the Derby, obedient to your command I venture to place before you and your readers an inkling, written in pencil, as to the successful candidate for the Hunt Cup at Ascot. Here it is:—

"At Ascot I'm a Mascot,
Don't quarrel with the Easter boon I tip,
Though I own a sheep's condition
May disclose the imposition
Of a quack who can't a young-old man outstrip."

In the above Homeric lines you have, I fancy, the essence of this great event faithfully Liebigged. Hearing that you have, since the Epsom victory, been feeding your dog *Toby* on mutton chops, while regaling yourself with magnums, not *in parvo*, I take leave to remind you that crumbs from the table of DIVES are not despised by
Your obedient Servant,
DARBY JONES.

"A Case for the Victoria Cross."

ON Wednesday, June 10, "The Contents Bill" of the *Daily Telegraph* had the following announcement,—

CAPTURE OF SUARDEH

BY OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Alone he did it!! Shall such daring bravery go unrewarded?



Linley Sambourne del. & sculp.

ROSEBERIGO THE ANTI-TORYADOR.

[“Lord ROSEBERY has come back from Spain in capital spirits. . . . The ex-Premier will address a great Liberal Meeting in London before the end of the present month.”—*Westminster Gazette* June 10.]

A BALLADE OF FASHION.

(By an unwilling Volary.)

AWAY from here, among the flowers,
By quiet country hedge-rows trim,
Would I might roam away the hours,
All unregarding Fashion's whim.
But throttled in her clutches grim,
I saunter stiffly down the Row—
Confound my collar's iron rim!
Il faut souffrir pour être beau.

I love to wander, head all bare,
On mountain fell, across the flat,
To feel the breezes kiss my hair,
Or storm-winds twine it in a mat.
But my poor head has Fashion gat
Fast in her vice, where'er I go—
Confound my thrice accurst top-hat!
Il faut souffrir pour être beau.

A "social function" might have grace
But for the jostle and the squeeze,
The Park might be a pleasant place,
Could people dress as just they please.
If one might sit beneath the trees,
Bareheaded, flannelled, cool!—but no,
To slaves of Fashion farewell ease,
Il faut souffrir pour être beau.

Envoi.

This truth comes borne with ball and rout,
At Lords, at Ascot, in the Row—
By night and day, in doors and out,
Il faut souffrir pour être beau.

PARTICULAR TO A SHADE.—They call
the SULTAN "The Shadow." Solid JOHN
BULL does not desire to be considered
"the Valet of the Shadow."

THE GREATEST RELIEF TO A PARCHED
THROAT.—Lemon-aid.

WHO TO ASK ABOUT CARPETS.—Why,
ax-Minster, of course!

THE BOWER OF PERFECT BLISS.—Kew
Vicarage.



ONE WAY OF STOPPING HIM.

"HAIR VERY DRY, SIR!"
"YES, YES. DOCTOR'S ORDERS. EVERYTHING
DRY. GOUTY TENDENCY!"

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

THE "Nonconformist Conscience" cynics
chaff,
And its vagaries sometimes raise a laugh
In minds that no mere mockeries care to
fling.
But the Conformist Conscience—curious
phrase!— [praise,
An honest mind can neither blame nor
Because—there is, and can be, no such
thing! [fiction.
A conscience that conforms? 'Tis a mere
Non est in fact, in terms a contradiction!
For conscience that conforms—to power
stronger,
Or practice popular—conscience is no
longer.

A PLEA FOR PROOF-CORRECTORS.

["Proof-correctors are a race to whom
authors have constantly expressed indebtedness.
... Efforts are now being made to endow a
second pension for widows of proof-correctors,
in connection with the Printers' Alms-house
and Orphan Asylum."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

INDEBTEDNESS? Yes! Where's the
scribe who won't bless,
Like BROWNING, the service extreme
which they render?
How many a "masterpiece" were a mere
mess
But for that true Argus, so vigilant,
tender?
"Proofs before letters" may fetch a big
price,
But "letters before proofs" (and sharp
proof-correctors)
Would go at a discount. If Genius is nice
'Twill acknowledge—and back up—its
own best protectors;
And even mere talent contribute its mite
To that pension for widows, deserving
as any,
Mr. Punch, too, will see that fund swell
with delight
By many a "Gratitude's true Golden
Penny!"

A CLASSICAL FRAGMENT.

["A fresh inscription has just been discovered at Delphi giving circumstantial details concerning the method of training the various competitors at the ancient Olympic Games."—*St. James's Gazette.*]

We are enabled to furnish our readers with an early translation of such portions of the inscription as are legible.

... Wherefore not only by those who drive the chariots, but also by those contending in foot-races, is it necessary that certain and fixed laws be observed, else not first, but rather behind the others, will their feet bring them to the wished-for goal. When earliest rosy-fingered morning touches the skies, they shall leave the couch and perform the lustrations that are seemly. Concerning these ablutions, moreover, let them use the washing-tablets of one maker only, taking pains that the report of their so doing be noised abroad. For then that maker, being not unapt at advertisement, will furnish them with his best, no return of drachmæ having been asked, especially if they be athletes of widespread fame. Thereafter let them breakfast, eating the flesh of the hinder part of oxen, not overmuch cooked. ...

Very much especially indeed is it necessary that they inhale not the smoke of herbs,* which at other times indeed is comforting; but for those who are being trained pernicious above all else. Let them take warning by the fate of that Argive youth of whom HERODOTUS makes mention, who on the eve of the race in which he was to row, himself the eighth, against the Academy of Athens, was detected by his instructor breathing the smoke of the dew of Hymettus.† Being, as it were taken in the act, he prayed for pity, alleging that he did but cherish his pipe in honour of Pan. "Ungrateful and wicked wretch!" replied his master; "listen to my words." ... † So they buried the youth amid much lamentation, more especially from those who had staked their obols, for the crew from Athens conquered by

* This passage finally disposes of RALPH'S absurd claim to have been the discoverer of tobacco.

† Evidently an early kind of "honey-dew."

‡ It is impossible to translate the awful language which occurs here.

the length of many boats. By this example, then, let warning be taken. ...

It is the part of the wise man to treat all his neighbours with kindness, but most of all these who are to serve as judges in the race wherein he runs. Some there are who complain of this practice, alleging that it is unjust. But the illustrious SOCRATES has proved it to be otherwise, for, as he says, we offer sacrifices to the gods to win their favour, so that we, rather than our antagonists, may succeed in our business. Why then should we not give gifts to the umpires, who are indeed in the place of the gods at the Games, and award the prizes to those whom they think fit? Wherefore it is good that the runner offer sacrifices of drink to the umpire, and so, perchance, even if he arrive last at the goal, all his rivals will be disqualified. ...

Concerning those who contend with clubs and ball, care is needful that they be trained to speak discreetly, not allowing words winged with anger to fly from their tongue. For indeed it is a shameful thing for a man to speak unseemly things because, the earth having been seventeen times smitten with the club, the ball remains in the bushes. Rather let him pursue his way in the silence of the philosopher, perchance sacrificing one or two of those who bear clubs, § to appease the wrath of the gods. Nor let these competitors be allowed, as the manner of some is, to bewail, on their return, the great misfortunes which have brought them defeat, or the excelling skill which has gained them the victory. For those who thus talk, let hemlock be mingled with the evening drink.

As to the throwing of the disc, and other sports ...

[The fragment ends abruptly at this point.]

§ Perhaps "caddies."

LAST WEEK'S LATEST AND VERY BEST NEWS.—"So well did Sir JOHN MILLAIS appear yesterday morning that it was decided to issue one more bulletin and then drop them."—*Times*, Saturday, June 13.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Sir JOHN GORST on his scarlet runner.

OLD THYME AND ROSEMARY.

MESSRS. PARKER AND CARSON'S *Rosemary* is not as strong as Mr. PINERO'S *Sweet Lavender*; yet 'tis a very pretty play. The authors' delineation of the central figure gives just that sweet-homely (a compound adjective, somewhat suggestive of "sweet omelette") and peculiarly English domestic flavour to the dish which has rarely ever been known to fail in its effect on the sentiment of the genuine English playgoer; and more especially telling is it with the less experienced playgoers. The craze for the costume of the earliest

part of the nineteenth century was, some years ago, started by KATE GREENAWAY and RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, and has long been recognised in the Academy as the happy hunting grounds of MARCUS STONE, BOUGHTON, and ORCHARDSON; and though by now the flame has well-nigh flickered out, except for the Academicians above named, yet there still exists an artistic feminine curiosity, which is anxious to learn exactly how their grandmothers and great-grandmothers looked at eighteen years of age, when Her Gracious MAJESTY, now happily reigning, ascended the throne. It was a period of side-curls, large bonnets, and short skirts,—not so very unbecoming a costume, after all, if we are to judge by the appearance of Miss MARY MOORE as *Dorothy Cruickshank*, aged 18 in the year 1837. But the attire of the young lover of that period, aged 21, is hopelessly absurd; and if *Dorothy* had possessed any of the artistic talent associated with the name of CRUIKSHANK ("GEORGE" of that ilk), she could never have allowed her intended to go about town in so ridiculous a suit of clothes, even though they were "of the period." Just look at the sketches by "Phiz," and CRUIKSHANK, and others, illustrating the earlier works of "Boz," who, it seems, was at this time just bringing



Miss Rose-Mary Moore in the Nineteens.

out, in numbers, his *Nicholas Nickleby*.

In this piece you have the costume of three periods: that of the old people, like *The Naval Captain* and *Professor Jogram*, both of whom seem to belong to the time of *Commodore Trunnion*; then that of *Sir Jasper*, who is, I should say, about twenty years their junior; then you have the Dandy-Sadlerian old post-boy; and, to finish up with, we see the costumes of the Queen's Jubilee year, when there are French waiters in London, and *Sir Jasper*, a nonagenarian (that is, if he was forty years of age in the first act, the last act being fifty years after), appears in the dress of an old gentleman, a *viveur*, quite up to date. But *Sir Jasper* at forty, in Act I., seems quite young enough, in spite of his evidently assumed paternal air, to become the husband of *Dorothy*, aged eighteen. Yet he is not; and when *Jogram*, being interested in the Squire's remaining a bachelor, points this out to him, the Squire perceives that disparity of years is a bar to happiness in marriage, and sensibly gives up the game, subsiding, nay, collapsing suddenly, into "the sere and yellow." This, by the way, is not the doctrine of CHARLES DICKENS as set forth in the touching episode where "Mr. Dick fulfils my Aunt's prediction." And here is exactly where the play is thin; so thin, that, in the last act, it is whittled away to nothing. Now in this third act, *Sir Jasper*, aged 90, has to find, in a hole in the wall, a paper placed there by him fifty years before. When he does come across it, at first it recalls nothing, although the occasion of his hiding the paper was the event of his middle life. Gradually

it recalls the sprig of rosemary which *Dorothy* had divided with him. Now a strange thing happens. *Sir Jasper* produces the pocket-book in which fifty years ago he has placed that very sprig of rosemary, and which, with the sprig in it, he has, it must be assumed, invariably carried about with him; yet, in spite of this ever-present memento having been with him through all mortal changes of coats, fashions, and pocket-books, he has, up to this minute, quite forgotten the unique occasion when it was given him, and when he, on the impetus of the moment, purchased the house which would be "*in perpetuam memoriam rei*." In these circumstances, such inconsistency—in a man who is not like *The Headless Man* in any other respect save that, when we first see him, he, from sheer light-heartedness, does not trouble himself to remember names,—is simply impossible. Had he lost the sprig for years and recovered it, had the house passed into other hands, and had he never revisited it till this moment, then, by some extraordinary inspiration, the whole scene might have been reproduced in his imagination, or (and very effective this would have been), in a dream, as he sat there, the solitary *viveur*, *Marius* among the ruins of a dead past, the touching scene could have been re-enacted. In fact, the action of the play just barely develops a hint of an excellent idea which might have been "so infinitely better expressed."

The acting all round leaves nothing to be desired. CHARLES WYNDHAM is at his best. Miss MOORE is charming. Mr. BISHOP, wonderful; and Mr. BARNES as stolid as could be wished. Miss ANNIE HUGHES is delightfully fresh in a bright bit of character that recalls her excellent performance of the youthful grand-niece of the ancient Waterloo veteran at the Wellington Street Theatre; while Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON gives us a quaintly pretty study for an early-nineteenth-century picture. Messrs. PARKER and CARSON may be quite satisfied with the result of their work, and as "the young person" and the "reverend gent" can see it without fear of being startled out of their propriety, and, as there is just a touch of DICKENS in it, if the authors interchange initials and style themselves "CARKER and PARSON," it will satisfy all the requirements of the case.

Of course the costumes "of the periods" go for much, picturesquely, towards the success. But if success in comedy were to be dependent on costume, what a fine chance, as far as novelty goes, would the costumes of the Noah's Ark period have, with the characters in the long coats of SHEM, HAM, and JAPHET, as they still appear (when found) in toy Noah's Arks. Our artist has shown Mr. WYNDHAM in the "Nine-ties," but as a fact he was only in the "one-tie," which was round his neck as usual.

HIS LORDSHIP OF "WIDE-AWAKE-FIELD."—Dr. How, Bishop of Wakefield (*Dr. Primrose* was never raised to this dignity), destroyed Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S latest book. Was it his latest, or a "rather too previous one"? No matter, it was destroyed by Bishop How. How, when, and where destroyed, deponent sayeth not. There was in it *trop d'Hardiesse* for the Bishop. We shall be glad to hear that Dr. ANY How has made it up with the novelist, and has said with NELSON, "HARDY! HARDY! Kiss me, HARDY!" And so, *Pax*.

A PLACE FOR "SPOONY" COUPLES.—The "Old Deer" Park at Richmond.



"Last act of all that ends this strange, eventful history."

Mr. Wyndham in the Nineties.

BOUNTEOUS GUY.

A Song for Hospital Sunday. After Sir Walter Scott.

["The founder, THOMAS GUY, a citizen of London, and a bookseller and publisher, invested his money so that for 150 years the income derived from it was quite sufficient to carry on the great work he had devised. . . . At last, however—fifteen years ago—there occurred the great fall in the value of land, in which, according to the will of the founder, the entire capital bequeathed has been compulsorily invested. Then, for the first time, the endowment proved insufficient. . . . Money remains our one indispensable requirement."—*The Prince of Wales at the Festival at the Imperial Institute in aid of the Funds of Guy's Hospital.*]

AIR—"County Guy."

AH! Bounteous GUY, the hour is nigh,
When needs, in £ s. d.,
Have evil power to mar the dower
Kindly bestowed by thee.
The land to-day no more doth pay
As in those years gone by;
That happy hour when first did flower
The boon of Bounteous GUY.

No thought or thrift will make the gift
Do now its destined work.
But shall our hand, for fall in land,
A glorious duty shirk?
True THOMAS, no! Let bounty flow.
From low and eke from high.
And still fulfil the gracious will
Of brave and Bounteous GUY!

How many a heart hath felt the smart
Of pain and anguish less,
Through healing care long lavished there
With glorious success!
How many a soul, denied that goal,
Turns with a grievous sigh.
Too late, alas! the gates to pass
Thrown wide by Bounteous GUY!

Though boons abound, though GLADSTONE'S
fund,
And INGLETON'S great gift,
Their coffers swell, they still must tell
Of sorry need and shift.
One hundred beds for stricken heads,
Reluctant, closed!—and why?
Because sheer lack of pence must slack
The gift of Bounteous GUY!

Sure this is shame! A Royal name,
A Prince's fervent plea,
Have done their part to move the heart
And stir up Charity.
Think of the need! Put by cold greed!
To suffering's rescue fly!
Say, shall we stirk the splendid work
Begun by Bounteous GUY?

The gentle maid may well have prayed
The kindly cit to hear;
And Beauty high is not too shy
As almoner to appear.
The plea of Love, all pleas above,
Sounds soft 'neath Summer's sky.
Let high and low its influence know,
And second Bounteous GUY!

RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION TO THE HEIR-APPARENT.—The Evangelical Free Churches of Roehdale, Heywood and district have forwarded a resolution to the Prince of WALES, stating that "This conference views the institution of racing as a fruitful source of moral disease in this country, and on this account respectfully implores the Prince of WALES to withdraw his powerful patronage from this monster institution of gambling of the worst order." Suggested telegraphic reply by H.R.H. "Just won the Derby. Am delighted. Hope to pull off the Leger."



WHY, NATURALLY.

'COOK, OUGHT I TO WRITE SALVATION ARMY IN CONVERTED COMMAS?'

POURQUOI?

MONSIEUR,—J'arrive, il y a quelque temps, de la France. Ah, la chère patrie! Cependant, après la douloureuse traversée, je trouve votre pays aussi très-charmant. C'est gai, c'est riant, votre département de Kent-shire. Mais Londres est un peu triste. Une grande ville sans boulevards! Nom d'une pipe, ça m'étonne, car moi je suis on ne peut plus boulevardier!

Eh bien, j'arrivai, et je m'installai dans votre Hidpare, là au coin, où tout le monde se promène et se repose pendant les grandes chaleurs de l'été en Angleterre, entre le Riding Row et l'allée où les Anglaises, si belles et si gracieuses, montent à bicyclette, ce qu'on appelle en anglais un "bik." J'endossai un nouvel habit vert, et j'attendais impatientement le moment où je vendrais le *Time*, le *Dailygraph*, le *Morning-Graphic*, le *News*, le *Saint-James-Globe*, les *Extraspéciales*, et tous les autres journaux anglais—surtout, *Monsieur Punch*, le magnifique journal qui porte votre digne et vénérable nom. J'attendais, je dis. J'attends toujours. Et il paraît que j'attendrai encore, lorsque tout le *highif* s'en ira à Goodwood et à Coves. Peut-être au mois d'août je commencerai. Mais alors—saprستي!

Ainsi, *Monsieur Punch*, c'est à vous que j'adresse ma petite réclamation. Pourquoi, je vous demande—pourquoi Monsieur le First Commissionnaire of the Work fait-il venir un étranger, qui attendait toujours une vie des plus gais sur les grands Boulevards de Paris, et qui reste planté là dans le Hidpare, sans rien faire et entouré de palissades, comme l'illustre *M. Picnic* dans le pound?

Recevez, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

LE NOUVEAU KIOSQUE DU HIDPARC.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE WINNER OF THE ASCOT STAKES.—*A flet.*

THINGS NO HIGELANDER CAN UNDERSTAND.—Breaches of promise.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A MAN ON A STEAM-LAUNCH BEWAILS A LOST COMPANION.

UPON the sweet familiar tide,
My heart goes back from now to then;
I curse my folly born of pride
That makes me wretchedest of men.
But Hope suggests that even yet
We may renew the long ago,
That you may pardon and forget,
That I may pay the debt I owe.

Sweet thought! to dream that once again
Together we shall onward steam,
And, oarsmen treating with disdain,
Rush madly up and down the stream.
For you I'd make the boiler glow,
Regardless of official ire;
Fined heavily, I think you know
I still should burn with fiercest fire.

"On! On! O launch, you bear my bride!"
I'd cry unto my willing craft;
Swift through the water she would glide,
And maledictions leave abaft.
What matter if the banks should fall
All crumbled by our rapid rush?
What matter if the anglers bawl
Strange blasphemy that makes us blush?

This unconcern for stranger woes
Befits the part I mean to play;
Shame on the loon who feebly rows!—
The corsair needs a launch to-day!
You are not here, and yet I feel
The realism, fervent, true—
Your dainty hand should turn the wheel,
The skipper you, and I the crew!

That I was wrong I own, but still
You reason gave for jealous fears;
'Twas love that made my heart grow chill,
'Twas love that drew your bitter tears.
That fellow JENKINS, low-bred man,
Was cause of all our dreadful tiff;
I see you now—By Jove! I can,
And JENKINS with you, in a skiff!

BOER OPINION.—That Mr. CECIL RHODES used the Cape as a cloak.



PREMATURE.

Mamma (looking at her watch). "HOW LATE PAPA'S TRAIN IS—NOT EVEN YET IN SIGHT! I HOPE THERE HASN'T BEEN AN ACCIDENT!"
Molly (after thinking a while). "WOULD YOU MARRY AGAIN, MUMMIE?"

'OFFICERS ONLY.' A VOICE FROM THE RANKS.

YEARS ago, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, you had a splendid cartoon about two officers who had been turned out of the service for bullying one of their mess comrades. It was in the days, Sir, when the Duke had just been made General Commanding-in-Chief; and since then, and if it comes to that, before then, you were, and have been, the truest of true friends to the British soldier. Not only to Tommy in the ranks, Sir, but to the Johnnies in the ante-room. And we all of us know that, Sir, because the Regimental Library contains your series from Vol. One to Vol. Over-a-hundred.

And this being so, Sir, I take the liberty to ask you to say another word, and, if I am not confusing expressions, in the same direction. Thanks to the School Board, I am a better hand at learning than the boys who have passed into the Reserve, or, it may be, into the cemetery. Speak the word in the same direction, and show the way the wind blows. Sir, there was a deal of bullying fifty years ago, and if you read *Truth*, you will find there seems to be a lot of it flying about even now. Last week as ever was, Mr. LABOUCHERE told, in his paper, how two young lads belonging to a light cavalry regiment were simply forced out of their profession by the persecution of their brother subalterns. So far as we can make out, it was simply because they were, neither of them, considered rich enough to bear the expenses of life in barracks. One of these lads was asked where he was going to keep his hunters and racers, and when he said he didn't intend to have any, he was questioned as to why and wherefore he had joined the regiment. Then, when the answers were considered unsatisfactory, his fate was made an unhappy one. He was ducked in a horse-pond, and all his things were made into hay. That is how the case is put, Sir—one surely calling for explanation.

Now *Mr. Punch*, Sir, in these days, when the purchase system is abolished, and a lot of us rankers look forward to getting away from the canteen into better quarters, it is a matter of importance that those above us should not be only officers but gentlemen. If the only qualification for the stars and crowns on the shoulder-straps is lots of money, any prosperous pawnbroker (if he begins early enough) can get into the *Army List*. But we have always thought that it

wanted something more than cash to earn the Queen's Commission. The cavalry don't draw omnibuses, so the force doesn't require cads to be on the strength of the establishment. And as this is so, subs who can't behave themselves had better take to driving cabs, if the cab-drivers will tolerate them. Speaking for myself—for when on furlough I now and again indulge in a hansom—I don't think they will. Cabby, as a rule, is a good fellow, and doesn't care to associate with sweeps, wealthy or otherwise.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, we know from your Cartoon what happened when the good old Duke was at the Horse Guards. His Royal Highness has a successor; and, although there are many new-fangled ways coming into fashion, there should be no difficulty about following the precedent set nearly half a century ago. I give the tip as "a word to the wise"—take the matter up to head-quarters.

Of course, Sir, discipline is discipline, and it is not for the likes of me to give orders to our superiors; still I do think that now flogging is abolished as "degrading," the prestige of the Service should be farther maintained by allowing the rank-and-file to be commanded, as in days of yore, by gentlemen. So, as a pretty strong charge has been made, there should be a searching inquiry. And that is the opinion of all of us—front rank, rear rank, and supernumeraries.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, Sir,

Yours, coming smartly to attention,

THOMAS ATKINS (Private but not confidential).

Eve of Waterloo Day, 1896.

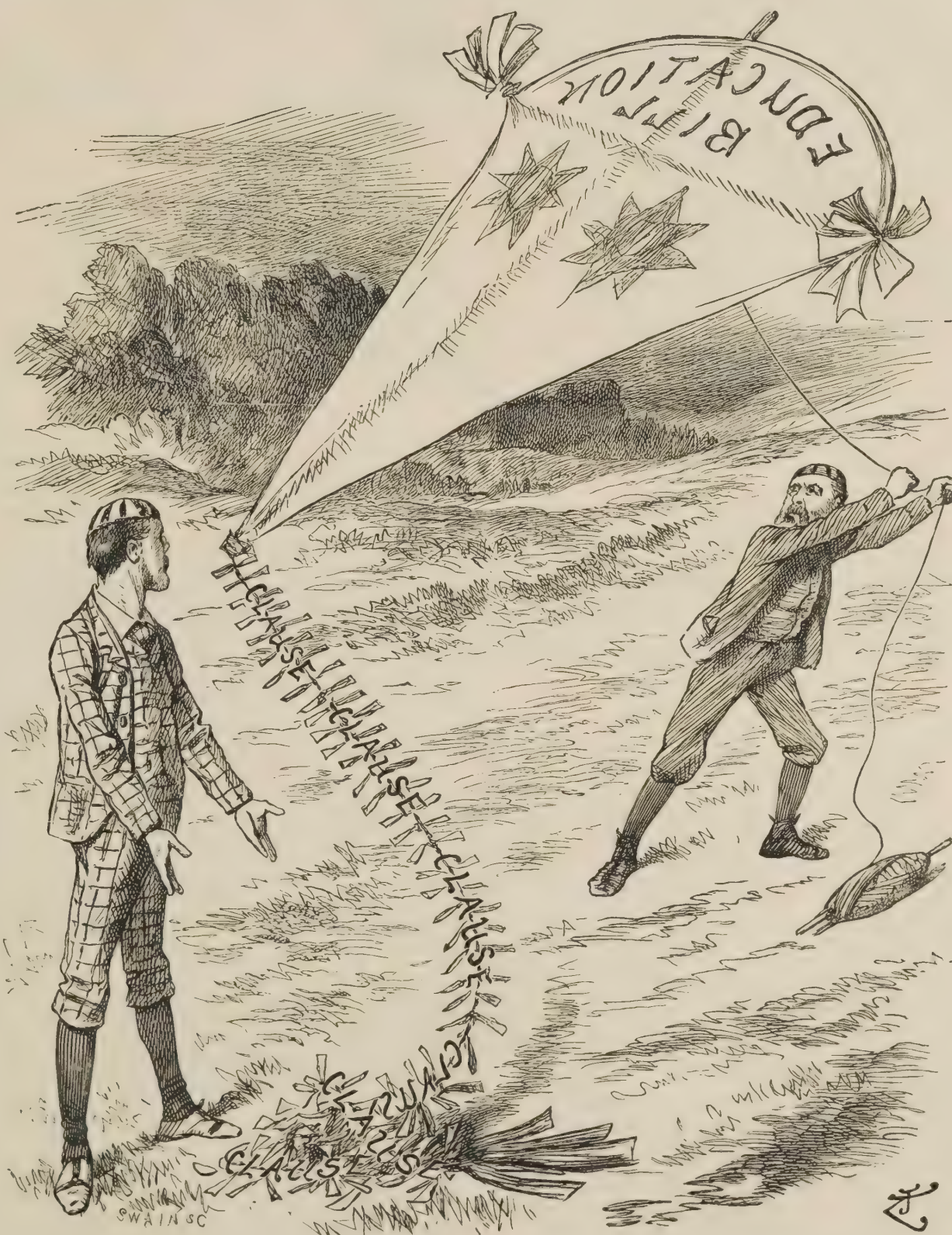
"WE NEVER SPEAK" UP TO DATE.

Brisket (of the Meat Market, to Cornizzi, of the Baltic). I thought you knew KRAMMER, of the Stock Exchange.

Cornizzi. I did once; but now we are not on telephoning terms.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—It is announced that Parliament will rise about the middle of August. So will the grouse.

PAX IN BELLO.—"Our War Correspondent" still reviews the Egyptian troops in Fleet Street.



A TANGLED TAIL.

MASTER ARTHUR B-L-F-R. "I SAY, 'JOHNNY GORST, WE SHALL NEVER GET HER UP WITH ALL THIS!
I MUST CUT OFF ABOUT *HALF* OF HER *TAIL*!"

ENCORE, SARA!

"L'ABSENCE est le plus grand des maux," quoth Adrienne, reciting "la fable des deux pigeons"; and, remembering this, Madame SARA returns to us, and gives a short series—far too short—of her best. Her Adrienne comes to us

COMEDY THEATRE.



MADAME SARA, "JUST PASSING THROUGH."

"How do you do and good bye! Can't stop! Can't stop! Can't stop!"

with all its ever-fresh charm, and her reception was as enthusiastic as ever, perhaps a "trifle more so"; for "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON was fortunate in two respects when writing the volume published under the title *My Confidences*. The first is the conception of its scheme. In a second title he describes the work as *An Autobiographical Sketch addressed to my Descendants*. Incidentally it is published by SMITH, ELDER & Co., and all the world who have fifteen shillings to spend, or can borrow the book may read it. So careful was the diarist that his children and his children's children should have the confidences presented in most perfect, polished form, that he had the MS. set up in type, and bestowed upon it final affectionate revision before he died. Still it holds the privileged position of a communication privily addressed to a family circle. If the public don't like it, they can leave it. In spite of the printing and proof-reading, it was not meant for them, only for "my dear children," to whom any trivial incident in the daily life of a revered parent is interesting, any little exhibition of vanity a sacred weakness. Thus the gifted author may indulge in impulse of his most trivial moods, none daring to make him afraid. Happily in Mr. LOCKER's case this condition is controlled by a kindly heart, a bright intellect, and a highly cultured mind. We are privileged to look on at the playtime of a courtly, scholarly gentleman, and frankly share his innocent satisfaction in the really wide circle of acquaintance among members of the aristocracy and less eminent personages, such as DEAN STANLEY, ALFRED TENNYSON, MATTHEW ARNOLD, Mr. LECKY, and MILLAIS, "who etched my portrait." This last does not appear to have given supreme satisfaction. "There are points," Mr. LOCKER writes, in one of those delightful asides that reveal his nature, "where MILLAIS almost surpasses the great Dutchman, FRANZ HALS. But he wants charm, and I do not see in his faces that passing look, that exquisitely evanescent expression which appears about to change even as we gaze." When we read Sir JOHN's "Confidences," perhaps we shall hear what he thought of Mr. LOCKER as a subject. Meanwhile the book is one to be read right through. My Baronite thinks the gem of the collection will be found in the exquisitely humorous account of Mr. LOCKER's defeat in his attempt to complete his SHAKESPEARE folio of 1623 by purchase of the missing leaf with BEN JONSON's verses. The other good fortune, in addition to the happy design of the book, is in the choice of editor. Mr. BIRRELL, who fills that position, has doubtless supplemented Mr. LOCKER's affectionate revision of the typed sheets. But, save by a preface strictly limited to the measure of a sonnet, he does not obtrude his personality by a single note. This modesty is rarely precious in the editor of a biographical work.

There seems no limit to the capacity of CLARK RUSSELL to produce stirring stories of the sea. He has so long and so closely communed with the illimitable ocean that he has acquired something of its power and its infinite variety. His latest story, *The Tale of the Ten* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is as good as anything he has yet written, which is high praise. It is better than some, inasmuch as

M. DEVAL, as *Maurice de Saxe*, is well able to support, physically and artistically, the divine SARA. M. CHAMEROY, drily amusing as *Prince de Bouillon*; which name, "Bouillon," to English ears, is suggestive of the part being appropriately given to a "souper." M. LACROIX a capital *Michonnet*, very humorously tragic in his desire to be a "Sociétaire."

Friday.—*La Tosca*. Same charm as ever, the torture and assassination scenes being wonderfully given. But the climax, when *Tosca* prefers to leap before she looks, is not startling. The leap does not give anyone "the jumps": it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and would have been fatal to any other actress save the Favourite SARA.

When this brief notice appears there will remain but four nights more of SARA B. in London. Of this chance we strongly advise all lovers of true dramatic art to avail themselves; for to see and hear SARA, and to get a French play well played in town, "is a liberal education in itself." 'Tis a wonder to many of us theatre-goers that in London there should not always be a French theatre, with a first-rate working company, giving the newest Parisian successes, with the occasional visit of a "Star" as an additional attraction.

If ever man could manage it, his name is MAYER, and if he has failed, then there is small probability of any one else being successful.

SUITABLE BREAKFAST FOR A LEADING LITERARY CRITIC.
—Log-roll with a pat of butter.

APPROPRIATE AIR FOR HARD-WORKERS AT ETON.—
"Voi ché sap-ete."

the action is more rapid. Once started with the story, my Baronite found it difficult to lay the book down till he had seen comfortably shot, or hanged, every one of the Ten. This desire is, through a series of breathless incidents, fulfilled. Like the Ten Little Niggers of earlier fame, the rogues drop off one by one, "and then there were" only just enough to send to Norfolk Island. The story, skilfully constructed, graphically told, is adorned with some of those marvellous descriptions of the many moods of the sea in which CLARK RUSSELL is unapproachable.

THE BARON.

PASTRY OF THE PAST.

SIR,—The "Elderly Correspondent" of the *Lancet* who asks where is the pastry of our youth, "the crisp and saccharous tartlet, the delicate puff, the imponderable dumpling," has hit on a real grievance. As for tartlets, I feel inclined to sing with Mrs. HEMANS (I think), "O call those tartlets back to me!" Puffs—well—I believe that these are sometimes heard of still, in literary circles, but they are never "delicate," and the kind sold at the confectioners' ought to be used for ship ballast—they're fit for nothing else. What's the good of a new Education Bill, technical classes, and all that, if cooks aren't taught to use the rolling pin? Why, it's

PUFFICKLY MONSTROUS.

SIR,—This crusade against modern pastry is most excellent. But it should also include modern sweets. I ate some almond toffee the other day, and, would you believe it, it nearly made me sick! It never did that when I was a boy, sixty years ago. How well I remember munching it on our playground while looking on at our first eleven heroes licking (at cricket) the contemptible fellows sent by some other school to play us! The Bath pipe that I and SNIGGLINGS junior swore eternal friendship over—where is that sort of Bath pipe now? Vanished—in smoke! Gone out—with a puff!

Yours, PUFF COLLUSIVE.

SIR,—It is quite true about the pastry and the rolling-pin. But the real reason why pastry doesn't agree with us nowadays is because of all the nasty foreign ingredients put in it. Russian flour, French butter, German eggs—how can you expect a thing made in Germany to be digested in England? And that leads me to the chief point of this letter, which is to say that we must have PROTECTION! I generally manage to bring all arguments round to that, and I'm glad to have been able to do so in this instance.

Yours hopefully,

JIMMYLOWTHERITE.

SIR,—My boy tells me it's all rot about the puffs at confectioners not being as good as ever. He asked for sixpence to go and try, in order—as he said—to "make quite sure about it," and as he felt a little doubtful at the end of the experiment, I gave him another sixpence to complete it. He finished them all! Yet there are people who declare that modern pastry can't be digested!

Yours,

PATER SUPERBUS.



SO INVITING!

THE THIRD KING OF CRICKET.

Jupiter Pluvius to Sol on the "Bowler's Match," M.C.C. v. Australia, June 11—12, 1896, won by M.C.C., on wet wickets, in one innings, with 18 runs to spare. (See "The Two Kings of Cricket," "Punch," p. 267, June 6.)

THE Cornstalks all out for Eighteen! Ah, King Solly,
You see your "too previous" vaunting was folly,

Since I've had a go at the wicket.
"The Two Kings of Cricket" read all very fine,
But sure you forgot a third monarchy—mine!

Whilst "Ju Plu"'s to the fore, why it 'tisan't all shine
(Ask young SHINE of Cambridge) at cricket!

Eh? eight, four, a six, and — eight
"ducks" in a row,
Ha! ha! good Old Solus! And likewise ho! ho!
Eight wickets for nix! That's a corker!
There isn't a bat in that team who's a duffer,
But with sodden wickets plus JACK HEARNE and POUGHIER,
The steadiest bat with the slogger may suffer,
And fall for a duck to a yorker.

Great Scott! 'Twas a regular basket of "eggs,"

The Bowler a day—now and then—fairly begs,

He got it this time, and no error!
The "trundler"—'twas nothing but right—had his turn;

What HEARNE left to POUGHIER young POUGHIER didn't spurn,
And if 'twasn't POUGHIER, why then it was HEARNE,

And each seemed a fair holy terror!

A "rot"? That's all rot. 'Twas but cricketer's luck!

Not pleasant to sleep on! But sleeping brought pluck!

SID GREGORY, DARLING, and EADY
Got even such bowling as that "in a knot."
Though POUGHIER and HEARNE might be still "on the spot,"

Though 'twas too late to win, EADY put on the pot,
And Australia's DARLING was steady.

A win—in one innings—with eighteen to spare!

And IREDALE and TRUMBLE two brace had to share!

Don't scoff at Ju Plu after that, Sir!
A victory well earned—or I should say well HEARNED!

You see Cricket's Third King—King Rain—can't be spurned.
For 'tis plain that the victory often is turned,
By a shower, to the Ball from the Bat, Sir!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—La Tra-la-la-viata. Madame ALBANI as *Violetta* simply excellent. "Never berrer," as *David Copperfield* observed at the end of his first dinner-party. At finish of third act, magnificent bouquet handed up to prima donna by Signor BEVIGNANI.

When bouquets are handed up publicly, the names of donors should be announced also publicly. This would add to the value of the bouquet. Signor BEVIGNANI would announce "Bouquet from H.R.H., owner of *Persimmon*." (*Enthusiasm*.) "Bouquet from Mr. GLADSTONE." (*Cheers*.) "Ditto from Lord SALISBURY." (*More cheers*.) "Bouquet from BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, regular subscribers." (*Applause*.) Several other bouquets, the names being undecipherable by Signor BEVIGNANI; and, finally, a splendid bouquet from *Mr. Punch*. This last presented in a scene of indescribable excitement, cheers, tears, and applause, amid which Madame ALBANI was led off the stage by Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, attended by the ever-faithful Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, carrying the bouquets: a Flowery Bower-meisteress for this occasion only. ANCONA good as *Georgy Germont*; and Signor LUCIA uncommonly good as *Alfredo mio*, "*le petit bonhomme plus petit que ça*." Except *Manon's* lover, is there any lover in operatic history who is such a nincompoop of a character as this 'Alf-and-'Alf-redo!

Tuesday.—Die Meistersinger as before.

Wednesday.—Aida, by the ever-Verdy VERDI. As there are hardly any recitatives, the libretto cannot be called what the music is, "werry Wordy." Magnificently put on the stage. Odd effect of polyglot "version of Verdi," as ALVAREZ, representing *Radames*, Captain of Egyptian Guards, sang in French, whilst some others gave their words in English, thus representing what ought to have been the joint occupation of Egypt, where the scene is laid, by the united forces of France and England. DRURIOLANUS always has an eye to the events of the moment, and this evidently struck him as being peculiarly up-to-date.

Great enthusiasm after finale of second act only equalled by perturbation of singers, who, like *Barkis*, were "willin'," but could do nothing, as BEVIGNANI had "gone out with the tide," and had disappeared to his mysterious hiding-place under the stage "far from the madding crowd." Madame ADINI, a splendid specimen of an Ethiopian slave, who would have made a fortune as Principal of a Female Christy Minstrel Company. Grand evening. Rise in Egyptians.

Thursday and Friday.—Flotow's Martha, and GOUNOD's *Roméo et Juliette*. Nothing new. *Tout va bien*; and Masterful MANCINELLI and Beneficent BEVIGNANI are satisfied.

Saturday.—Warbling WAGNER's Hookey-Walkire, or *Les Promeneuses*, as to-night it is given by Le Chevalier DRURIOLANUS, in French. Happy Thought to show us these Lurline-like water-sprites on so hot a night. ALVAREZ excellent; Mlle. BRAZZI fine; and Madame LOLA BRETH will be heard to greater advantage in something lighter. Her first appearance here. Of course, the ever-useful-and-ornamental Mlle. BAUERMEISTER delights us as a water-aprite. Masterful MANCINELLI must be congratulated on magnificent musicians.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 8.—"Man and boy," said SARK, "I've lived in House of Commons for twenty-five years. Never till to-night was I so sharply struck with sense of the innate nobility, the pure unselfishness, the impulsive generosity of Members."

What caused SARK's voice to falter, almost brought tears into his eyes, was the readiness shown from unexpected quarters to forward public business by closing debate on second reading Irish Land Bill. Arranged when House met that two nights should be given up to talk round subject. PRINCE ARTHUR, apprehensive that even that allotment of time would be insufficient, gave notice that he will to-morrow move suspension Twelve o'clock Rule, so that debate may, if need be, continue all night. Suddenly movement in favour of completing debate at current sitting had birth. Rapidly grew till, by ten o'clock, Bill read second time, leaving two hours to discuss proposal to refer it to Grand Committee.

It was TIM HEALY began it. After long absence, TIM back again at corner seat below Gangway, envied by loving friends. On his left sits dark-visaged JOHN DILLON; behind him plump JOHN REDMOND. Perhaps it was these sunny circumstances that melted the icy truculence that sometimes seems to grip TIM's manner. However it be, having spoken for something over half an hour (and said all he had to say) TIM gladdened heart of Ministers by protesting that he really did not care about extending debate.

"Take your Closure at once," he said. "It is not we who will oppose it or cry 'Gag!' when it is granted from the Chair."

Not to be outdone in generosity, Colonel SAUNDERSON, who followed, took the same line. No use carrying debate over second day. Why not pass second reading forthwith, and get to work in Committee?

Peculiarity noted in action of both Members was that at the time they protested this indifference to prolongation of speech-making, each had made his own. Members who had prepared orations, and were waiting for opportunity of delivering them, not quite so enthusiastic in approval as was PRINCE ARTHUR. That a detail. Nothing could resist influence of lofty aspirations of TIM and the Colonel for dispensing with idle talk and getting to work. So, they having concluded their speeches, House listened with impatience to a few others, which the authors would not willingly let die. Members who had gone off to dinner, understanding that to-morrow night would also be given up to second reading debate, came back at ten o'clock to find Bill read a second time, and House embarked on fresh debate upon new issue.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—Since to-night wasn't wanted for Irish Land Bill, it is given up to Irish Estimates. Occasion serves to show the change wrought by hand of Time. Ten years ago the House, in Committee on Irish Estimates, would have been liveliest spot in town. To-night it is one of the dullest. Member after Member gets up to tell moving story of how he has been attacked by Royal Irish Constabulary. Seems first thing happens to Irish Member on temporarily revisiting his native land is that he is set upon by the police, and more or less severely beaten. SWIFT MACNEILL, with tremor of genuine emotion in voice, held forth for over half an hour in succession of blood-curdling stories about the police. WILLIE REDMOND, modestly presenting

himself to favourable consideration of Committee as "a bit of authority on rows," gave graphic account of a Sunday morning spent in bosom of his constituency. This place of repose was literally represented by the middle of the main thoroughfare, where the hon. Member, flat on his back, off which his coat had been torn, seems to have spent a pensive hour, with the policeman who had knocked him down of trusively standing over him.

Bitterest reflection was that he had reached this recumbent position whilst bent upon an errand of peace. Coming together in the quiet streets of Clare on a Sabbath morning, WILLIE R.'s constituents and the police had incontinently "gone for" each other. The Apostle of Peace interposing, straightway found himself in the recumbent position described. It was nothing to him; he seemed quite used to spending his Sunday morning in such circumstances. What vexed him was (1) that his recumbent position prevented his pursuing his mission of peace; (2) that the overhanging policeman was not conveniently numbered as are his colleagues in the

streets of London. Whence ensued insuperable difficulties in recognising him and bringing him into a position where the ground of his almost rude conduct might be inquired into.

After this elaborate story, PATRICK O'BRIEN's modest narrative of how, upon a certain occasion, he received "a blow on the cranium" from a policeman's *bâton*, fell a little flat. Mr. O'BRIEN mentioned that his "cranium" still bore evidence of the concussion. Languid Committee temporarily stirred by flush of expectation as he put his hand to his head. Expected that he was about to show Chairman of Committees exact spot of the tragedy. Apparently couldn't find it. Anyhow, after fumbling round for a moment, he gave up quest, and proceeded with speech.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee.

Thursday.—Pity established custom is against Members making up for particular parts, as they do on the stage of other theatres. Loss felt with peculiar acuteness in case of JOHN O'GORST. To-night we get into Committee on Education Bill. As Cap'n TOMMY, who has been heaving the lead, genially announces, there are exactly 1335 Amend-

ments already printed. Consideration thereof means some weeks' hard labour for House in general, and in particular for Minister in charge of Bill. So JOHN O'GORST, taking seat on Treasury Bench to-night, assumes stricken air of patient resignation pathetic to look upon.

Where defect appears is in his complexion. The consequence of going about his Ministerial duties on a vermilion-hued bicycle has been to reflect upon his countenance a ruddy tinge incompatible with the character he desires to assume. If, as is the case in preparation for another stage, our leading man of the hour were permitted use of powder-pot, effect on progress of Education Bill in Committee would be appreciable. As it is, there is obvious incongruity, distinctly deleterious.

GORST does his best in the circumstances; is obviously determined not to add to length of debate. When Amendment moved, he states, in phrase of freezing brevity, insuperable objection, and sits down. Argument all very well in some cases. JOHN O'GORST is conscious that he has behind him overwhelming argument in form of majority varying from 170 to 249. As the advertisement says, "Why pay more?" JOHN O'GORST certainly won't. Having said what he has to say he sits down, folds fragile arms over timid breast, puts on look of preternatural pensiveness, patiently listens whilst others talk.

No lack of supply. At end of hour and a half constitution of audience considerably altered. Members freshly arrived from pro-



Mr. Field (President of the Irish Cattle Trades' and Stockowners' Association, Vice-President of the National Federation of Meat Trades) introduces to the House two "Bulls" of his own breeding.

longed tea on the Terrace look upon the grey-haired figure on the Treasury Bench, and wonder why it doesn't speak. Member after Member rises wanting to know why the Vice-President of the Council

has no reply to give? A pleasing prospect this, capable of indefinite prolongation. At five o'clock, Minister stated his objections to amendment; speeches go on for hour and half. At 6.30 a new audience has gathered. Weren't present when Minister interposed; insist on his speaking again. Minister re-states his objection. Another hour-and-a-half's talk. 8 p.m., fresh audience. "Why doesn't the right hon. gentleman state the Government view on this important point? Why treat the House with marked discourtesy?" Angry cheering from Opposition. Minister meekly makes his speech a third time. Fresh audience fall to; discuss it with undiminished vigour.

9.30 p.m. Changing and shifting, another new audience assembles. Motion to report progress by way of resenting contemptuous silence of insolent Minister; and so on, till the morning and the evening are another day.



"Received 'a blow on the craynium'!"
(Mr. P-tr-ck O'Br-n.)

This legislation by shifts, as work is sometimes carried on in collieries, evidently has its disadvantages. JOHN O' GORST early checks it. "I have stated my objections," he said, when pressed a fourth time to set them forth. "Hon. Members who were not present when I spoke may read the remarks in the papers tomorrow morning."

Opposition horribly shocked at this; but, after all, if we are to get forward with our work, there seems something in it.

Business done.—In Committee on the Education Bill.

Friday.—The *Codlin* and *Short* business of Irish Leaders sometimes a little hard on House. Habitually tends in direction of inflicting two speeches where one would have done; and that, as R. G. WEBSTER says, is very different from making two blades of grass grow where formerly there was a dust-heap. When JOHN REDMOND makes a speech, JOHN DILLON feels bound to put in appearance, and *vice versa*.

JOHN REDMOND, resolved to show Ireland that in her interest he neither slumbers nor sleeps, urged PRINCE ARTHUR to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule so that Irish Land Bill might, if necessary, be debated all night. PRINCE ARTHUR, for reasons inexplicable, except on ground of extreme hot weather and consequent languidness, consented. JEMMY LOWTHER interposed; saved House from objectless sacrifice. On Wednesday, JAMES's heart stirred within him by what an ordinary person would have called flat robbery. J. L. denounced the project as "deletion of the Eighth Commandment."



He was invited to row on the Piræus.
(Mr. McK-nna.)

To-day he, with equally magnificent manner, successfully withstands

PRINCE ARTHUR's temporary weakness. Motion to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule not proceeded with. Waste of time upon a Bill no one pretends to see carried through Committee thus limited to midnight. *Business done.*—Eight hours talk round Irish Land Bill.



METEOR II. DAZZLES THE YACHTING WORLD, AND WINS THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE SURF!

"A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY."

(Extract from a Note-Book found near Islington.)

HAVEN'T much time for jotting down impressions. More's the pity, as, with my School Board learning, I am getting quite a dab at composition. But what with tent-pegging, musical rides, sword and bayonet contests, and the rest of it, there's quite enough to do. It pleases the public, I suppose, and the funds go to some Service charity or other, so *that's* all right, and the Intelligence Department says it "promotes recruiting," so *that's* all right, too. And then the management is re-organised. Not too much of the Volunteers—just a noble C.O. of the auxiliaries thrown in to give a civilian but aristocratic flavour to the show—and *that's*, from a Service point of view, all right again. But as the Commander-in-Chief was using one of his precious new brooms and sweeping some more of the old traditions away into the dust-hole, why didn't he get rid of "dressing-up"? Of course, I don't mean the dressing-up of the barrack-yard, but the painting-your-face-red dressing-up of Mr. CLARKSON, or some other eminent *perruquier*.

It's all very well to show the ten-shilling seat-holders "the sons of the Empire," but if darkies run short, that's no reason why Tommy Atkins should have to black his face as if he were waiting ready for an engagement, not on the battlefield, but at St. James's Hall, Regent Street and Piccadilly. The Military Tournament, no doubt, is quite right and proper, especially now that the Viscount has kindly taken it under his own special patronage, but surely the line might be drawn at blank cartridge, and not quite so low as burnt cork. How can a self-respecting soldier-man hold himself in proper personal esteem if he has to daub his face as if he were a perambulating nigger on Margate sands?



Country Cousin (looking at Index of R. A. Catalogue). "UNCLE, WHAT DOES 1, 3, 6, 8, AFTER A MAN'S NAME, MEAN?"
Uncle (who has been dragged there much against his will). "EH! WHAT? 1, 3— OH, TELEPHONE NUMBER!"

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

PREPARING to go to the seaside under the impression that the sultry weather will continue until your arrival by the sad sea waves. Making arrangements to remain in town on the chance of rain setting in at the coast.

Leaving England for a tour on the continent in the belief that you can see better pictures abroad than at the National Gallery, or more remarkable *objets de vertu* than those at the South Kensington Museum.

Becoming a Fellow of the Imperial Institute on the chance of obtaining the benefits of Colonial Federation *plus* the glories of a rival to Olympia.

Taking tea on the Terrace of the House of Commons to secure peace and quietness, in preference to asking for the same refreshment at your pet club.

Reading the intelligence from South Africa in the newspapers with a view to "fluttering" on the Stock Exchange to your own advantage.

Lastly, taking decided action in any matter at a time when the most reasonable course to pursue is to settle down on a sofa under a punkah and go to sleep.

A RETIRING NAVAL OFFICER.

IN the *Times* for June 17, Admiral P. H. COLOMB writes *à propos* of "The Higher Policy of Defence":—

"For myself, I am eminently content with the part I have played, and recognise with pleasure the arrival of a time of rest."

But his readers won't be of the learned Admiral's opinion. May the time be far distant when the COLOMB will be half or a quarter of a Colomb in the *Times*, and still farther distant when he comes to a full stop.

WITH THE ACCENT ON THE PENULTIMATE SYLLABLE.—A French diplomat, in proposing Lord DUFFERIN's health, hoped that his Lordship would find some pretext for *Duf-fer-rin*' his departure from Paris.

A HARROWED ETONIAN.

SIR,—In your edition of June 13, you published an essay on the Fourth of June, purporting to be the work of "JOYNES MINOR." I don't know if the writer, by appropriating the name of an honoured bygone preceptor, endeavoured to pose as an Etonian, but if he were so, indeed, he must have been a very old one. His reference to JOBY savours of the pliocene age, that excellent judge of small beer having long been gathered to his fathers. Then he talks of KOSMO WILKINSON, cox of the *Thetis*, arrayed in an admiral's uniform! Shades of all defunct Captains of the Boats! Who ever saw the steerer of the *Thetis* in a cocked hat? The garb of NELSON is reserved for those who hold the lines in the Upper Boats. And then "JOYNES MINOR," for the sake of reference to the Heir Apparent's success at Epsom, has the effrontery to say that the leading boats were the *Victory* and *Prince of Wales*, whereas every real Etonian knows that the ten-oar (the only one on the river) is always the *Monarch* of all it surveys, being stroked by that most magnificent personage, the Captain of the Boats! Lastly, "J. M." wrongly makes the Brocas the scene of BROCK's fireworks, which did not go off "brilliantly," owing to the proverbial rain. Sir, I know not with whom to be the more indignant, you or "JOYNES MINOR," whose father must have more money than sense, if he did indeed tip him a "fiver"!

And then he talks of "Buns" THORNTON. "Bun and Jam" was the *sobriquet* of our great slogger. "Buns" was a later reading, invented by those, who did not share his effective society at the College of the Blessed Virgin. The sham Etonian is as readily detected as is the false nobleman. He may be able to talk about "absence," "swishing," "tick," and "drybobs," but there are certain little passwords which he can never get hold of. For instance, I will bet a sovereign to a halfpenny that Lord GRANBY or Lord ARTHUR WELLESLEY would know in an instant at what house I boarded, when I state that my room at my dame's was on "the lower sarg." In my opinion "JOYNES MINOR" hails from Harrow, where, possibly, at "Ducker," or whatever the hill-top lads call their swimming bath, he picked up a few light-blue expressions from the renegade (no offence meant) WELLDON.

Your obedient Servant,

HUGGS MAJOR.

APHORISMS BY OUR OWN JUDICIOUS HOOKER.

'Tis a long worm that has no turning.

Spare the rod and spoil the rise.

The original Senior (Wr)angler. ISAAC WALTON.

Gentry who do not grumble at checks. Bank fishermen.

The Hook of Holland is attached to the Great Eastern Line.

Every jack has his gill.

Highland inventions. Reels.

Not associated with salmon-catching. Penny gaffs.

Fish which are never cowed. Bull trout.

Theatrical accessories. Floats and flies.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday.—Splendid *Roméo* of JOHNNIE DE RESZKÉ. Excellent *Juliette* of MELBA'S. MELBA looking and singing uncommonly well. Great enthusiasm. *Melba-Juliette* called before curtain about ten times in all, and received about half that number of bouquets. Names of donors not mentioned. Franciscan Brother EDWARD DE RESZKÉ very pious and pleasant. Masterful MANCINELLI to be congratulated. Rumour in lobby of indisposition of Sir DRUBIOLANUS OPERATICUS. General sympathy from all, *et ab omnibus vox*.

Saturday.—Good old *Lucia di Lammermoor*. MELBA excellent as *Lucy*,—not "HENRY" of that ilk, but another.

INTERESTING LECTURE AT SOUTHWARK.—The Bishop, lecturing on the restorations at St. Saviour's Church, forgot to say that in 1106 there was here a Priory of St. Mary Overy, so called because it furnished a hospital to such afflicted persons as felt "all over-like." His lordship also omitted to mention that at the dissolute time of the dissolution the Austin canons, who showed considerable mettle, were all either melted down or sent to the Tower to defend the battlements. At the Tower the canons were loaded with chains and abuse, but were none of them let off. The Bishop, as "Boss of the show," exhibited much emotion in showing his predecessors, "the bosses of the oak ceiling, which still exist" (!!).

"A HOPEFUL Future M.P." writes wanting to know "if, in the House of Commons—which, as a matter of course, includes 'Short Commons,' and is equivalent to a German 'Diet'—the larder supply of meat is under the supervision of the 'Standing Joint Committee'?" Also, how long is a Joint allowed by such Committee to stand? Likewise whether hot or cold?"



MASTER JOEY'S LITTLE FLIRTATION.

["If we decide to give advantages to the Colonists such as those mentioned by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in consideration of their abandonment of Protective duties against British goods, are we sure that the masses in this country will be prepared for such an object to tax foreign foodstuffs and foreign raw materials?"—*The "Times" on Mr. Chamberlain's Speech at Congress of Chambers of Commerce, advocating a British Zollverein.*]

A SPORTING PARALLEL.

[Lord ROSEBERRY's *Quarrel*, by *Discord—Free and Easy*, won this year's Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot.]

Lord ROSEBERRY ruminates:—
QUARREL, by *Discord*, lands me a win,

On the summer-parched turf in the Hunt Cup at Ascot! Humph! Are revenges about to begin? [*Mascotte?*]

Soon shall I hold a (political) *Discord*, from *Quarrel*, upset me last year.

Quarrel, from *Discord*, now hurries my foemen,
And *Free and Easy*—dear ARTHUR!—I fear

Breedeth this *Quarrel*. Now is this an omen?

HARCOURT and Option—ah well, never mind!

Let bygones be bygones! It cost him his Derby,

But BALFOUR must be amazingly blid

To course that is lumpy, to wires that are barby,

If he does not see that "his Royal Hunt Cup"

Is far from a certainty now with his *Quarrel*.

He stands in more risk than I did from *The Tup*,

E'en from his own stable! Now what is the moral?

Strongly-backed "certs" are bowled over sometimes,

Flouted outsiders do romp in good winners;

And colts charged with allequine follies and crimes

May score at the finish, though doubtful beginners!



Fair Philistine. "I THINK AN ARTIST'S LIFE IS PERFECTLY CHARMING—TO BE ABLE TO GO ABOUT FROM ONE SEASIDE PLACE TO ANOTHER, AND SKETCH ALL THE PRETTY BITS!"

A QUICK CHANGE ARTIST.

["I have known an old gentleman to get up at five o'clock every morning to arrange one flower pot, one chair, and one screen, so that they should vary each day, but still be in strict artistic harmony with each other all the time. There is where the Japanese differ from us."—*Mr. Mortimer Menpes to Correspondent of "Daily News" in Japan.*]

An ancient Jap it seems at five
Each day gets up—his daily lot
In cunning fashion to contrive
A chair, a screen, a pot.

How nice to see him as he sets,
With trembling hands and loving care,
To work until at last he gets
A screen, a pot, a chair.

And if that does not satisfy,
A wondrous change comes o'er the scene,
Artistic sense is set straight by
A pot, a chair, a screen.

How brain-exhausting it must be
To this old Jap—each day has got

To have its own device, e.g.,
A screen, a chair, a pot.

Himself in seeking to adorn
The early minutes he'll not spare,
For here's the labour of his morn—
A pot, a screen, a chair.

And whether in the mart I mix,
Or walk alone 'mid pastures green,
I ever see him strive to fix
A chair, a pot, a screen.

A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

SCENE—A Masked Ball. Enter a Fair Mask, in a wheat-tinted domino, and a keen-faced Pierrot.

Fair Mask. What, JOEY? Why, I hardly knew you in Pierrot motley.

Pierrot. And may I know you—without your mask?

Fair Mask. No, indeed—at least, not yet. But can you not divine?

Pierrot. Perhaps that were impolite, or, at any rate, impolitic!

Fair Mask (sighing). Possibly! For some time I have not been a persona grata with you and your friends.

Pierrot. My old or my new ones?

Fair Mask. Both, I'm afraid! The difference is, that the new ones only "dissemble their love"—for obvious reasons—whilst the old ones would fain "kick me down stairs." With which class am I to rank you now, JOSEPH?

Pierrot. It is easier to dissemble love than hate. Do I show any signs of the latter?

Fair Mask (softly). Well, I admit you have changed considerably of late, and are ever so much nicer than you were—to nous autres—than when you associated with the Hawarden Set, and railed about Ransom. Now, tell me (seductively), are we also not much nicer than you fancied?

Pierrot. Mutual knowledge breeds mutual liking—often. And if I knew you better—

Fair Mask. Perhaps that were dangerous. I am terribly taboo to all your old friends—and some of your new ones, I fear. Even the Marquis admits—with sorrow, no doubt—that he sees no chance of my being cordially received in decent political society again.

Pierrot. Humph! That depends—on the name.

Fair Mask. Well, I have been called by several names. "Protection," "Reciprocity," "Fair Trade,"—oh! all sorts of amiable and attractive aliases.

Pierrot. Thanks! That is almost as good as lifting your mask. But what do you say to Miss ZOLLVEREIN?

Fair Mask. Humph! Sounds a leetle foreign, doesn't it?

Pierrot. Pooh! We are all cosmopolitan now—in speech. Perhaps "Customs Union" would please you better. It sounds less neat, but

means practically the same. I am not one to squabble over names. But what are the wise man's counters are the current coin of fools.

Fair Mask. I fancied "Fair Trade" would fetch them, but—

Pierrot. It is rather "blown upon" by this time, I fear, like "Bimetallism." As to "Protection," that, as SALISBURY says, is impossible—now. But if, by a new name, we can only associate you with Patriotism, even you will soon become popular! Imperial Free Trade Protected against the Foreigner! Surely that would "fetch" both the "orthodox Free Trader" and the Jingo.

Fair Mask (archly). And yourself, my dear JOSEPH?

Pierrot (blandly). Do I look irreconcilable? Don another dress, assume a new name, mask, a new fan, and—who knows? "What I want to impress upon you is, my personal conviction that you would not be met with a blank refusal by the people of this country."

Allow me! [*Exeunt arm-in-arm.*]

"A BLUSH ROSE."—Miss ROSA KENNEY gave a capital recitation of Mr. F. ANSTEE-GUTHRIE's *Burglar Bill* at Steinway Hall. Approbation from *Mr. Punch* is praise indeed, and should bring the blush to the cheek of a Rosa, that is, if she possessed "cheek," which she doesn't, but she has talent and discretion.

BY OUR WELL-INFORMED CONTRIBUTOR.—Last Thursday, at Mercers' Hall, was held "The Apposition" dinner in connection with St. Paul's School. The rule as to the speeches at this "Apposition dinner" is, that all remarks must be "apposite." Hence the name.

ASTRONOMIC.—Mrs. DOUBLE LENS writes to say that she had a splendid view of the Osculation of Jupiter with the Moon, and hopes that they enjoyed themselves.

EXCELLENT CHURCH-WORK.—Professor CHURCH has undertaken to restore the Statue of JAMES THE SECOND in Whitehall Gardens. As Professor CHURCH has never taken it away, it is all the more difficult for him to restore it. But he is making the noble attempt to restore JAMES who abdicated, and whose effigy will once more be *in statu quo*.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XV.

Mr. Jabberjee is asked out to dinner. Unreasonable behaviour of his betrothed. His doubts concerning the social advantages of a Boarding Establishment, with some scathing remarks upon ambitious pretenders. He goes out to dinner, and meets a person of some importance.

THE pleasing impression produced by this humble self upon both Mister and Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT at the wedding of their eldest daughter became speedily prolific of golden fruit in the request of the honour of my company for dinner at 8.15 P.M. on a subsequent evening.

Incidentally recounting this prime compliment to my lovely JESSIMINA, I was astounded that she did not share my jubilations, but was, on the contrary, the sore subject at not being included in such invitation, which, as I explained, was totally irrational, seeing that the inviters remained unaware of her nude existence. She, however, maintained that I ought to have mentioned that I was an affianced, and have refused to sit at any banquet at which she was fobbed off with a cold shoulder. This again was absurd, since the moiety of a loaf is preferable to total deprivation of the staff of life, and moreover, in my country, it is customary for the husband-elect to take his meals apart from his bride that is to be; nor does she ever touch food until he has previously assuaged his pangs of hunger. Notwithstanding, she would not be pacified until I had bestowed upon her a gold and turquoise ring of best English workmanship, as an olive-branch and calumet of peace.

But, outside Porticobello House, I have been close as wax on the subject of my flowery chains, and it was especially inconceivable that I should inform my friend HOWARD of same, since he has frequently bantered me in wonderment that a respectable Oriental magnate should reside in such a very ordinary and third-rate boarding establishment, where it was an impossibility to gain any real familiarity with smart and refined English society.

And who knows that if I should introduce Miss JESSIE into company of a superior caste, some haughty masculine might insult her under my very nose; and lack-a-daisy! where would she find a protector?

I am certainly oppressed by an increasing dubiety whether Mrs. MANKLETOW is verily such an upper crustacean and *habituée* of the *beau monde* as she did represent herself to be. It is well-nigh incomprehensible that any individual should seek to appear of a higher social status than Nature has provided; but my youthful acquaintance, ALLBUTT-INNETT, Jun., Esq., informs me that this is a common failing among the English classes, who fondly imagine that nothing is needed to render a frog the exact equivalent to an ox except an increased quantity of air, forgetting that if a frog is abnormally inflated, it is apt to provide the rather ludicrous catastrophe of exploding from excessive swellishness!

However, *revenons à nos moutons—id est*, the dinner party.

I intended to be the early bird at Prince's Square, but, owing to a rarity among the hansom cabs, did not arrive until most of the guests were already assembled, being welcomed with effusive hospitality by the household god and goddess, Mr. and Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT, who begged leave to present to me all the most distinguished of their friends.

Then—*pop*, and *à l'improviste*—the door was thrown open, and a butler announced *ore rotundo*, Sir CHETWYND CUMMERBUND, whom, in the wink of an eye, I recognised as an ex-Justice of the very court in Calcutta in which my male progenitor practises as a mook-tear, or attorney, and who, moreover, was familiar with myself almost *ab ovo*, having been more than once humbly presented to his notice by my said father, with a request for his patronising opinion

of my abilities, and the feasibility of my education at a London Inn of Court!

Oh, my gracious! I was as if to sink through the carpet, and sought to draw in my horns behind a column, when, to my uncontrollable dismay, my hostess led him towards me, with the remark that he was probably already acquainted in India with His Highness Prince JABBERJEE.

The Hon'ble Retired Judge at this did merely smile indulgently, observing that India was a country of considerable extensiveness, and inquiring of me in my own tongue where my *raj* was situated, and the strength of my army, though with a scintillation in his visual organs that told me he knew me perfectly well.

And I, realising that honesty was my best policy of insurance from his displeasure, did throw myself frankly on the mercy of the Court, protesting volubly in native language that I was an industrious poor Bengali boy, and had always regarded him as my beloved father; that I was not to blame because certain foolish, ignorant persons imagined me to be some species of Rajah; and earnestly representing to him that our kind mutual hostess would be

woefully distressed by any disclosures. "Let your Hon'ble Ludship," I said, "only remain hermetically sealed, and preserve this as a trade secret, and my sisters, sisters-in-law, and aunts shall always chant hymns on the Ganges for your Honor's felicities!"

His Honor, laughing good-naturedly, did tell me that if I liked to assume the plumes of a daw, it was no affair of his, and kindly promised to respect my confidences—at which I was greatly relieved. Indeed, throughout the evening, nothing could exceed his affability, for, being seated on the other side of the hostess, opposite myself, he showed me the greatest honour and deference, frequently requesting my views on such subjects as Increased Representation of the People of India, the National Congress, and so forth; upon which, being now perfectly reassured and at my ease, I discoursed with faundity, and did loudly extol the intellectual capacity of the Bengalis, as evinced by marvellous success in passing most difficult exams., and denouncing it as a crying injustice and beastly shame that fullest political powers should not be conceded to them, and that they should not be eligible for all civil appointments *pari passu*, or even in priority to Englishmen.

Wherein his Honor did warmly agree, assuring me with fatherly benignancy of the pleasure with which he would hear of my appointment to be Head of a District

somewhere on the Punjab frontier, and mentioning how a certain native Bengali gentleman of his acquaintance, Deputy-Commissioner GRISH CHUNDER DÉ, Esq., M.A., had distinguished himself splendidly (according to the printed testimony of Hon'ble KIPLING) in such a post of danger.

I replied, that I was not passionately in love with personal danger, and that in my case *cedant arma togæ*, and my tongue was mightier than my sword, but that there was no doubt that we Bengalis were intellectually competent to govern the whole country, provided only that we were backed up from behind by a large English military force to uphold our authority, as otherwise we should soon be the pretty pickles, owing to brutal violence from Sikhs, Rajputs, Marahas, and similar uncivilised coarse races.

And Sir CHETWYND expressed his lively satisfaction that I appreciated some of the advantages of the British occupation.

Thus, through my presence of mind in boldly grappling with the nettle, I turned what might have been a disaster into a conspicuous triumph, for all the company, seeing the favour I was in with such a big wig as Hon'ble CUMMERBUND, listened to me with spell-bound enchantment, especially my friend HOWARD's sprightly young sister, a damsel of distinguished personal attractiveness, who was seated on my other side. Her birth-name is LOUISA-GWENDOLFN; but her family and intimates, so she did inform me, call her "WEE-WEE."

Of the dinner itself I can speak highly, as being inexpressibly superior, both in stylishness of service and for the quality of the



"Some haughty masculine might insult her under my very nose."

food, &c., to any meals hitherto furnished by Mrs. MANKLETOW'S mahogany board. Nevertheless, I wondered to find the ALLBUTT-INNETTS behind the times in one respect, viz., the lighting, which was with old-fashioned candles and semi-obsured lamps, instead of the more modern and infinitely more brilliant illumination of gas! Here, at least, though in other particulars of very mediocre elegance, I must pronounce Porticobello House the more up to date.

In taking leave, I did thank Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND CUMMERBUND profusely for so discreetly retaining its feline contents within the generous bag of his mouth, whereat he clapped my back very cordially, advising me to abstain for the future from a superabundance of frills, since the character of a diligent legal native student was a precious lily that needed no princely gilding, and adding that he was indebted to me for a most entertaining and mirthful evening. This I do not understand, as I had not uttered any of the facetious puns and conceits wherewith it is my wont—when I will—to set the table in a simper.

But possibly I may have spoken rather humorously unawares, and it is proverbial that these exalted legal luminaries are pleased with a rattle and tickled by a straw.

On my return I did omit to mention Miss WEE-WEE to JESSIMINA; but, after all, *cui bono*?

* This is a fairly sample specimen, though I have frequently surpassed it in waggishness and drollery.—H. B. J.

SERVICE INTERNATIONAL.

[At the Hôtel Cecil the curry is served by a Hindoo in native dress.]

A NOVELTY this, which in time might extend

Till all on the menu was handed *comme ça*,

And every country its waiters would send

To offer its own individual *plat*.

The olives by Spanish attendants be brought—

Their bull-fighting dresses at first would look odd;

A Scotchman would serve you the salmon he caught,

A Doggerbank fisherman hand you the cod.

The plan even might be improved, like the House

Of Commons—have waitresses, certain to please.

The North would send maidens to bring you the grouse,

And neat little Swiss girls would offer you cheese.

But who could hand turtle? That soup, without doubt

Quite English, an Englishman surely should bring,

But he is, since Germans have crowded him out,

The dodo of waiters, a quite extinct thing.

Rosbif would be easy, that foreigners' dish

So little seen here, foreign waiters could hand;

Bouillabaisse, *macaroni*, one also might wish

To taste as the product of some foreign land.

One waiter hotel-keepers could not engage;

This system would happily stand in the way;

Unless German sausage became all the rage,

The *Diener* from *Deutschland* would vanish away.

DICKENS'S DOMBEY AND SARDOU'S SARA.

SIR,—Last week your critic gave a brief notice of SARA BERNHARDT in *La Tosca*. Every one conversant with the play remembers the great situation when *La Tosca* clutches up the knife from the supper-table and confronts her would-be lover, the "bold bad man," chief of the police, with the cruel smile and the lustful eyes. Happening, by merest accident, to take down from a book-shelf CHARLES DICKENS'S *Dombey and Son*, what do I find in the scene between *Edith Dombey* and *Carker* of the gleaming teeth? This:—

"He was coming gaily towards her, when, in an instant, she caught the knife up from the table, and started one pace back."

The exact situation in *La Tosca*. Only—*Edith* did not stab *Carker*. SARDOU went a step farther than DICKENS, and made the hit dramatically. But as "Todgers's could do it when it liked," so DICKENS, when going in for melodrama, could come out uncommonly strong, and did so, too.

By the way, let any one who comes across this note refer to that chapter (it is the twenty-fourth, in the second volume), and, after noting how carefully the supper for two had been prepared, let him wonder *who ate it*? *Edith* didn't; *Carker* didn't. Did *Dombey*, arriving late, get it? Or did the waiters collar it, by way of perquisites, next morning? Also, who paid for it?

But genius is above details. Simply we come back to the situation where *Edith Dombey* is the forerunner of *La Tosca*, as we see it played by SARA SIDDONS BERNHARDT. Yours, JOE BAGSTOCK.

WHAT CAPTAIN S-M-NDS, THE L. C. C. FIREMAN, FORGOT.—To invent any escape for himself. But his friends will provide him with one.

HENLEY REGATTA IN 1900 A.D.

[“The foreign entries at Henley are more numerous than ever.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE usually quiet little Oxfordshire town of Henley has been the scene of some regrettable disturbances resulting in a loss of life, which it is, at the present time, impossible to compute. At the moment of sending this despatch, comparative peace has been restored, owing to the presence of two



infantry regiments and one of cavalry, together with a battery of artillery. These have occupied all the training quarters of the crews, while detachments are constantly parolling the principal streets. Further reinforcements have just been sent for at the urgent request of the Mayor of Henley, who waited on the Colonel commanding with a bandage over his right eye and his arm in a sling. These injuries were received by him in the courageous execution of his duty as chief magistrate

of the town. The stewards of the Regatta, those of them, that is to say, who survive, are in permanent session in the Town Hall, the walls of which have been strengthened by sand-bags, while a guard of 500 picked men is disposed in and about the building.

It is difficult in the excited state of public feeling to arrive at the exact truth of what happened. It seems, however, that in the first heat of the Grand Challenge Cup for Eights, the Matabele Argonauts (with the Bucks station) were drawn against the Sons of the Nile from the Soudan. In the second heat the Ojibbeway Leanders were to compete against the lately formed Eskimo Boat Club. Owing, however, to some mistake, arising, probably, from a defective knowledge of English, the Ojibbeways came to the post in the first heat, and insisted on starting. The Matabele oarsmen and the Sons of the Nile, naturally enough, protested, and their protest was backed by the Umpire, who ordered the Red Indians off the course. They refused to move, and their stroke, SWINGING BUFFALO, in a moment of intense irritation, clambered out of his racing ship on to the launch, and, before the horrified spectators could realise what was happening, he had scalped Mr. FRANK WILLAN, and was waving his bloody trophy frantically in the air. Directly afterwards he fell, pierced to the heart by a well directed assegai, hurled by the arm of OOMATORLOPOGAS, the coxswain of the Matabele Eight. In a moment all was confusion and carnage. The spectators on the banks and in the water took up the quarrel, and a hideous scene of promiscuous massacre ensued. The air became black with the arrows of the Ojibbeways, the assegais of the Matabele and the spears of the fierce Soudanese Arabs. The local volunteers and the county police were powerless to quell the conflict, which raged without interruption for three hours. The river is strewn with the wreckage of house-boats and craft of all sorts, and dead bodies to the number of three hundred and sixty-two have already been taken out of the water and laid in rows for identification. It is gratifying to note that on this occasion Russians, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Dutchmen, Spaniards, Americans, and Englishmen forgot their international rivalries, and fought side by side in defence of law and order. The incident has, unfortunately, rendered it necessary to cancel the Regatta fixture, and all entrance-fees will be returned to the captains of crews, or to their executors and administrators.



DARBY JONES RIGHT AGAIN.

RESPECTED SIR,—Just a few lines to remind you that the old man was again on the spot, and wrote—

“Don't quarrel with the Easter boon I tip.”

Thus did I place the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot first in the field. Then I go on to say—

“Though I own a sheep's condition
May disclose the imposition
Of a quack.”

The *Tup* ran third. But remember that in each and every contest the first will always be Yours respectfully, DARBY JONES.
P.S.—I have something “snug” for the Newmarket July Meeting. £10 a head for information.



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE.

Weary Chaperon (1.45 A.M.). "HOW INSUFFERABLY HOT IT IS, MAUD—AND HOW RIDICULOUSLY CROWDED THE ROOMS ARE!"

Maud. "OH, IT WILL BE MUCH BETTER IN ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO, AUNT MARY!"

MR. PUNCH'S PLEA

On Behalf of the Elizabeth Rundle-Charles Memorial.

[Mrs. ELIZABETH RUNDLE-CHARLES, the much-esteemed authoress of that fine book, *The Schomberg-Gotha Family*, took a deep interest in the North London Hospital for Consumption. As a fitting memorial to an excellent writer and most charitable lady, it is proposed to endow in that hospital "The Elizabeth Rundle-Charles Bed," thus at once honouring her, and "forwarding the work so dear to her heart."]

A GENTLE lady and her generous task
Honour and help at once! And [who could ask

Pleasanter double duty?
Her life was like her books, divinely moved
To service of the two high things she loved,
Charity and chaste beauty.

Her words spake to the world, but those sick
wards
Best knew her work, which also was her
Lord's,
Unselfish help and healing.
The sick, the suffering, the fate-stricken
poor,
Will see that sympathetic smile no more
Through grief's grey shadows stealing.

Punch asks his friends to help perpetuate
The light of a life's labour, dedicate
To heaven and to humanity.
Let this Memorial be the public care,
In honour of true heart and talent rare,
For these things are not vanity!

Subscriptions to be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, BASIL WOOD SMITH, Esq., Branch Hill Lodge, Hampstead Heath, N.W.

OOM! SWEET OOM!

AIR—"Home! Sweet Home!"

'Mid castles and palaces tho' he mayn't boom,
Though his dress may be humble, there's no
boss like Oom.

Fine skill in his play seems to score and to
scare,

Which diplomat *nous* cannot equal else-
where.

Oom! Oom! Cute, cute Oom!

There's no PAUL like Oo-om! There's no
PAUL like Oom!

Though Joe's invitation might tempt you in
vain,

O come, PAUL—says *Punch*—to our shores
o'er the main!

The Boers, whom *Punch* honours, won't
question his call,

So throw over LEYDS! You'll be welcomed
by all!

Oom! Oom! Tanta and Oom!

There's no guest like Oo-om! There's no
guest like Oom!

THE LIQUOR COMMISSION.—So valuable was the evidence given by Sir HARRY BODKIN POLAND, Q.C., Recorder of Dover, during his three days' examination, and so full of information was it as to such intricate questions as the meaning of "entire" and "fine ales," that seeing how Kent is, *par excellence*, the Hop County, no other County being so Hopulent, and as it has quite a Hop-population which may be considered as represented at Dover by a "bare Bodkin," Sir HARRY'S name and title is in future to be "Sir HARRY HOP-POLE-LAND, Q.C."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A THIRSTY SOUL AT ASCOT TOASTS HIS
MISTRESS.

THE burning sun with cruel ray
Pours down on my too tender head;
The scene is lively, joyous, gay,
And yet I wish that I were dead.
I will not Phoebus so malign
As now to pray for pelting rain;
No! No! my comfort I'll resign,
And pledge your eyes in iced champagne.

Just now I said I would that I
With life had ended; but that *vin*
Has quite revoked my wish to die—
But then I have backed *Arlequin*.
A "monkey" is a pleasant thing
To help one from a settling mess.
That cork sends forth a tempting ring,
Your health, my love, in B. and S.

A noble drink! you look superb
With lace and lawn: a bishop's bride!
And smile upon the "youths imberb"
With CLEOPATRA's aspic pride.
Another winner! *Sauce Tartare*
To life now adds an extra zest;
Here's what we ought to be and are,
The betters quaffing of the best!

'Tis most unkind of you to sneer
That luck has made me drunk with joy
My happiness, of course, is clear,
But is not caused by too much "boy."
Now listen. You on Tuesday next,
Shall, well cheque-mated, sally out.
There, dearest, you're no longer vex'd,
But—Christopher! that twinge of
gout!

"THE GENEROUS GIFT OF £100,000 FOR
A TOWN HALL AT EDINBURGH."—Every-
where, nowadays, we hear that "the school-
master is abroad"; therefore is it an
exceptionally beneficial thing for Edinburgh
to have an Usher at home.



PUNCH AT PRETORIA.

MR. PUNCH (*Universal Secretary of State*). "THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, FOR YOUR GENEROUS TREATMENT OF THE PRISONERS. IF YOUR HONOUR WILL REFUSE TO FOLLOW 'UNFRIENDLY LEYDS,' AND CAN SEE YOUR WAY TO PAYING US A VISIT NOW, WE SHALL GIVE YOU A MOST HEARTY WELCOME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 15—"Tout est perdu, fors—les vacances," said the Member for Sark, dropping into the tongue still spoken among his constituents.

That certainly seems to be result of Session at epoch reached by PRINCE ARTHUR's speech to-day. Been great meeting of Party at Foreign Office. Summons by Ministry of day to their followers to come and talk matters over has ever been the last resource of noble minds. To-day's proceedings supply no variation to rule. Matters in Commons reached muddle out of which there is no issue with programme as it stands, cum determination to adjourn in time for grouse.

PRINCE ARTHUR feels himself personally and directly pledged to break up school on or about the 12th of August. If performance of pledge involves breaking up of Education Bill also, and total abandonment of other measures, so much the worse for them. Thus it comes to pass, as SARK says, all is lost save the holiday.

PRINCE ARTHUR has pretty way of fronting exceptional expectation with countenance and manner of preternatural unconsciousness. Of course, everybody (especially those who were not present) knew all about Foreign Office meeting. House crowded in anticipation of what the Leader would say thereanent, and how he would phrase his communication. When SQUIRE OF MALWOOD asked whether he had any statement to make, the PRINCE regarded him

"If the Clergy come on my platform, I push them off," (Major B-n-s.)

with air of puzzled interest. What could he mean? After moment's pause, he rose and mentioned, quite incidentally, that whole arrangements of Session were remodelled. Would go on for further fortnight in Committee on Education Bill; would then hang it up to dry till January; would proceed to pick up any crumbs of legislation that might have fallen from the table; would in any case adjourn for holidays about middle of August.

This a pretty piece of acting, though not easy to see why it should have been thought necessary or appropriate to occasion. Better still a couple of hours later, when JOHN O' GORST, leader in the Education Bill tandem, turned round, and ominously pricked up his ears under nose of driver on box seat. Last Thursday PRINCE ARTHUR threw over GORST on important amendment of Education Bill. GORST, as Minister in charge of Bill, resisted ROLLING-STONE ROLLIT's proposal to add the Councils of boroughs of 20,000 inhabitants to number of local authorities created by Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR, blandly observing that weight of argument was in favour of Amendment, straightway accepted it.

JOHN O' GORST said nothing then, but to-night took it out of his esteemed Leader. Only thing needed for completion of scene was presence in Peers' Gallery of GRAND CROSS. June seems to be the month when JOHN O' GORST lets himself go. It was in June, 1891, he delivered the famous Manipur speech, the most exquisite and boldest piece of irony ever spoken in the Commons. To-night he out-manipured Manipur. PRINCE ARTHUR not in his place when what SQUIRE OF MALWOOD wittily called the boomerang was let fly. Pale scouts went in search of him. As he walked in, he could only guess what had happened. There sat the Opposition, quizzical, hilarious, closely watching. PRINCE ARTHUR strolled to his place, with just the slightest flush on his fair cheek, with carefully manifest attempt to suppress a yawn, with general air suggesting that if he were at the trouble to address the Chairman he would observe, "Dear me, Mr. LOWTHER, don't you find it oppressively hot?"

Business done.—The Education Bill's.

Tuesday.—Major BAKES (3rd Essex Artillery Volunteers) limbered up just now; got range of Treasury Bench; raked it fore and aft

with murderous fire that nearly blew JOHN O' GORST into arms of PRINCE ARTHUR. In times of peace, when the Major makes his helmet a hive for bees, he is a wharfinger and bonded warehouseman, of Mark Lane and Wapping. Even when in mufti, military strategy instinctive with him. Thus to-night, thermometer being 77° in the shade, he thoughtfully denuded of the letter "h" all words which, according to common practice, give it precedence in their orthography.

"I 'ope Sir JOHN," said the Major, mopping his glistening forehead, "won't leave West 'Am out in the cold."

West Ham is all very well for a Winter Session; in these tropical days West 'Am is distinctly more agreeable. Just approaching dinner hour. Whether designedly or not, Major's way of putting it suggested all a sensible man would care for dinner on such a night. A slice of cold 'am, a crusty roll of bread, and a pint of Pommery, not too much iced, but iced enough.

That an idle fancy born of approach to eight o'clock. The Major thinking of something much more important than dinner. Is concerned for the interests of forty thousand school children, in a great constituency that knew a good man when they met him on a wharf or in a bonded warehouse. So placed Major at head of poll without his going out of way to solicit vote. That was what nerved the Major to raise flag of revolt against his own leaders. A fine figure he presented as he stood on back bench below gangway, his white waistcoat gleaming in the gathering twilight, his face flushed with honest emotion, his left hand in his pocket, his right beating the air with copy of the Orders of the Day, tightly rolled up so as to represent the linstock of the gun he had just fired off at Education Bill.

"I want to see Voluntary Schools assisted," said the Major, "but don't want to see Board Schools degraded. We all know where the evil influence at the bottom of this business comes from. It comes from the Church," he added, feeling in his trowser pocket for another cartridge. "The Government has got very bad advisers. The Clergy are not men of business—never were. If they come on my platform, I push them off." Here a vigorous wave of the linstock which had, early in the oration, cleared the space within range of its movement, Members preferring to watch the action from safe distance.

Business done.—Education Bill having bad time.

Thursday.—"Been in the House forty-two-six years," said big JOHN KENNAWAY. "Often said a few words in its ear; never till to-night discovered that I am born Parliamentary orator. Feel like that chap in the French play who suddenly found out he'd been talking prose all his life. So I find that GLADSTONE isn't in it with me, and, as for HARCOURT, I can give him ten minutes' start and a beating. Pleasant to be recognised, even though a little late in the day. Shall give 'em some more since they seem to like it."

Sir JOHN's speech certainly made sensation: roused Opposition to loftiest heights of hilarious cheering. Ministerialists ominously dumb. Treasury Bench empty, save for JOHN O' GORST and GEORGIE HAMILTON. Sign of the times that G. H. has broken out again in old passion for tearing up slips of paper into minutest fragments. Carefully, with precise measure of forefinger, he tears off slip from Orders of the Day, folds and re-folds it as if life depended upon exactness of size, then sedulously rends it.

"Looks stupid, I know, dear TOBY," he said. "Thought I'd got over it; but it's like the passion for drink. Kept the pledge for months: suddenly break out and am as bad as ever. But what would you? Fancy Prince ARTHUR putting me in charge of JOHN O' GORST and this precious Education Bill whilst he goes off and thinks matters over. JOHN or Bill, taken singly, enough to wear a man out. The combination appalling. Why should it be me?"



"Too big to be settled in a hurry."
(Sir John Kennaway.)



Brown. "CONFOUND IT! DONE AGAIN! I LOSE ON EVERY RACE. (To Barber.) HERE'S YOUR SHILLING."

Barber. "COULDN'T THINK OF TAKING IT, SIR. JUST WON £500 ON THE HASCOT CUP!"

What has the Secretary of State for India to do with the Education Bill? 'My dear GEORGE,' said Prince ARTHUR, when I put it to him, 'you see, we must be consistent. We brought the Indian troops to the Soudan, and on same principle we bring Secretary of State for India to relief of Education Bill muddle.'

KENNAWAY's speech that made such sensation was delivered from Ministerial Benches dead against Education Bill. That's why Opposition shout and throw up their caps. No more esteemed man on Conservative side than JOHN KENNAWAY. If he turns and rends the Ministerial Bill, its case seems hopeless. So SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and HENRY FOWLER take the burly baronet in hand, and rub him in, as it were, on PRINCE ARTHUR, who, as usual when the music grows louder, has been brought back to face it from the Treasury Bench.

Business done.—A lively night in Committee on Education Bill. JOHN KENNAWAY mutinies under command of Major BANES.

Friday.—After week's fitful fever, House sleeps well in Committee of Supply on Army Estimates. Quite refreshing this thirsty weather to have GEORGE WYNDHAM coming in with bottle of pop in one hand, and sample of home-made soda-water in other. As WILFRID LAWSON says, if he'd only a flask of brandy in breastcoat-pocket, and some crushed ice in neighbourhood of his coat-tails, we might make a night of it.

GEORGE, it seems, has some friends in the mineral water way. In certain canteens at Dover the young officers, commendably

anxious to avoid giving Satan a chance, have occupied otherwise idle hands in brewing ginger-beer and similar recondite refreshment. WYNDHAM's friends resent this as interfering with business. BRODRICK explains that Secretary of State for War has spent restless nights in thinking matter over. Commander-in-Chief takes long solitary rides revolving it. At present not disposed to revolutionary steps. *Business done.*—Talk about ginger-beer and soda-water, think about Education Bill and probable next move.

HOW SHOULD A LADY ALIGHT FROM A BIKE?

THE *Westminster Budget*, after giving some doggerel lines instructing ladies how to mount their bicycles gracefully (*ugh!*), asks, "Will some other rhymster tell them how to get off their machines gracefully?" Why, certainly!

To quit the wheel with perfect grace,
Your trotters on the pedals place;
See that your lover is around
To save from impact with the ground.
Then gradually, without fuss,
Deprive the bike of impetus.
Your hands then quit the handle-bar.
(Too dainty for its grip by far.)
Then feel your feet, until you see,
Quite close, the not impossible He.
Then, without haste, or jerk, or fright,
Fall in his arms! He'll hold you tight!
Then vow, when the dismounting's o'er,
Never to mount the horror more!

A WILD AUTUMN;

Or, Sport versus Party.

["The graceless Member of Parliament says to his clerical friends and supporters:—'I am very sorry, but you must go on with the intolerable strain, for an Autumn Session is to me an intolerable strain. Grouse in August, partridges in September, pheasants in October, then foxes, and then we shall be very well disposed to consider the Clergy, the Voluntary Schools, and the Children.' We are in for a wild autumn."—*Mr. John Morley at Manchester.*]

Sporting Patriot loquitur:—

WELL, what is there here that's affronting?
Just fancy the folly of shunting,
For parsons and schools
(They must fancy us fools),
The pleasures of shooting and hunting!

That were a "wild autumn," by Jingo!
When sport is the only true stingo
'Twere mighty absurd
To miss barrel and bird

For the sake of—JOHN MORLEY's stale lingo!

The parsons are all very proper.
To plump Mother Church's lean coffer,
And smash the School Board,
Summer days I'll afford,
But Autumn I really can't offer!

We cannot go shooting by proxies!
Grouse, partridges, pheasants, and foxes
To miss once again,
Under Unionist reign,
The prospect were dark as old Nox's!

ECHOES FROM THE THAMES.

SCENE—*House-boat in a good position. TIME*
—*Evening during "the Regatta week."*
PRESENT (on deck in cozy chairs)—He and She.

She. Very pretty, the lights, are they not?
He. Perfectly charming. So nice after the heat.

She. Yes, and really, everything has been delightful.

He. Couldn't possibly be better. Wonderful how well it can be done.

She. Yes. But, of course, it wants management. You know a lot comes down from town.

He. Will the stores send so far?

She. Yes, and if they won't others will. And then the local tradespeople are very obliging.

He. But don't the servants rather kick at it?

She. No, because they are comfortable enough. Put them up in the neighbourhood.

He. Ah, to be sure. And your brother looks after the cellar so well.

She. Yes, he is quite a genius in that line.

He. And it's awfully nice chatting all day.

She. Yes, when one doesn't go to sleep.

He. And, of course, we can fall back upon the circulating libraries and the newspapers.

She. And so much better than town. It must be absolutely ghastly in Piccadilly.

He. Yes, so I hear. And then there's the racing!

She. Ah, to be sure. To tell the truth, I didn't notice that very much. Was there any winning?

He. Oh, yes, a lot. But I really quite forget what—

She. Oh, never mind. We can read all about it in to-morrow's papers, and that will be better than bothering about it now.

[*Scene closes in to soft music on the banjo.*]

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG FOR
HENLEY REGATTA.—Yale! Columbia.



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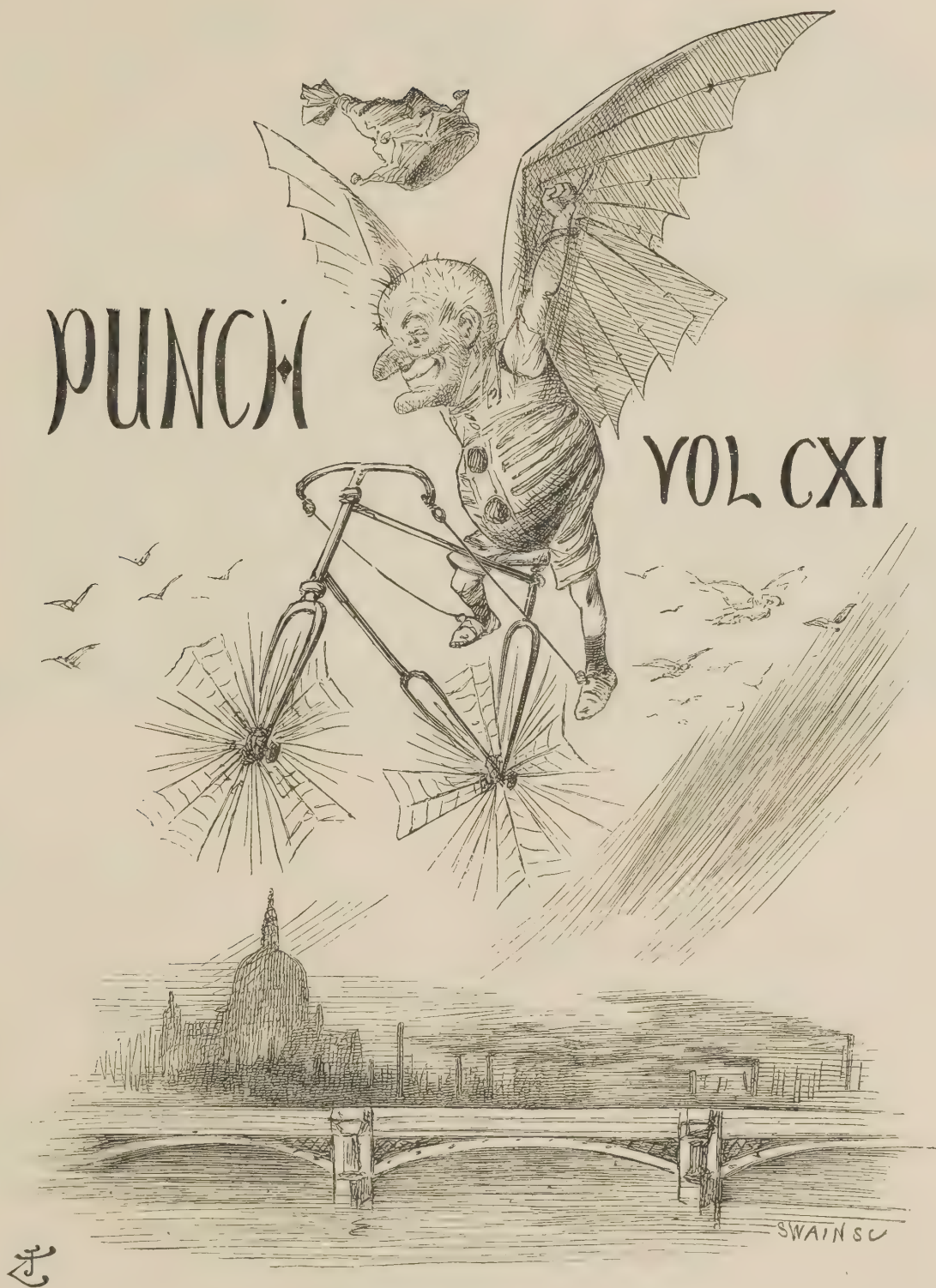
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PUNCH

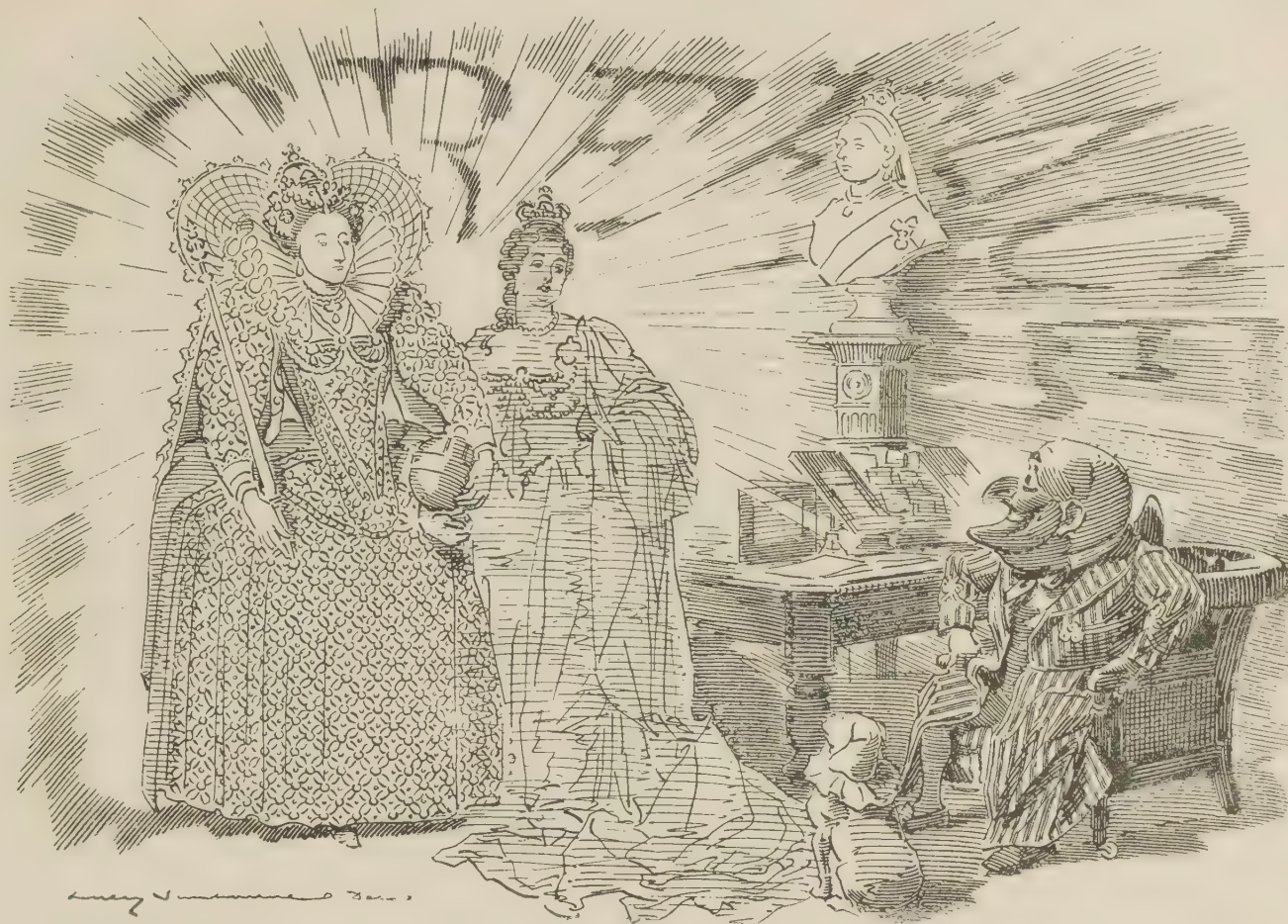
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IT was New Year's Eve once again; the clock in Mr. PUNCH's sanctum was fast "ticking out the little life" of the Year of Grace One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-Six. Big Ben was within measurable distance of announcing, in his sonorous, superhuman-toast-master fashion, the advent of 'Ninety-Seven,—as who should shout over the silent city roofs and towers, "My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, pray silence for your noble guest, the New Year!"—Mr. PUNCH, alone, save for his inseparable TOBY, was loyally engaged in concocting a steaming bumper in which to drink the health of that coming guest, associating it with the honoured name of his well-beloved Sovereign Lady Queen VICTORIA, whose counterfeited presentment, in the sixtieth year of her glorious reign, stood in the place of honour before him.

"Sixty years!" mused England's Mentor. "And *what* years! Her Gracious Majesty eclipses all predecessors, cuts all records, distances all competitors on—not the cinder-path, but that truly royal road, the path of glory!!"

"—in our rough island story
The path of Duty is the way to Glory,"

sounded a high, if rather harsh-toned voice at PUNCH's elbow. Mr. PUNCH bowed gracefully to the high-nosed, stiff-stomached, plenteously be-ruffed Tudor Titaness, whom he thus bespoke:—

"Your own unofficial but immortal Laureate, the divine WILLIAM, could hardly have beaten our own ALFRED the Great—TENNYSON, *bien entendu*!—in prettily turning a patriotic sentiment. Nor could

The spacious times of great ELIZABETH
surpass in splendour and marvel the astonishing era of Her who doth indeed

—hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth,
Could give the warrior kings (*or* queens) of old."

"He is right, BESS!" said a smaller but solid and homely-stately figure at the Tudor's side. "Her record beats even ours, as haughty SARAH herself would perforce admit, her mighty MARLBOROUGH notwithstanding. Do you know *me*, Mr. PUNCH?"

"Thou, great ANNA,' as one poet called thee, art fitting companion for the 'great ELIZABETH' of another," quoted Mr. PUNCH, politely and pertinently.

"Mnemonic miracle!" murmured the Virgin Queen. "Gallant as LEICESTER, courteous as RALEIGH, sage as CECIL! Beshrew me, 'tis verily no wonder our Cousin VICTORIA hath, in her sixty years of sway, surpassed mine in power and ANNA's in splendour, since she hath had *you* as her contemporary and counsellor!"

"The year 1896-7," said Mr. PUNCH, "must be more of an *annus mirabilis* than even that 'Year of Wonders, 1666,' so thrasonically glorified by 'Glorious JOHN,' though then DRYDEN hyperbolically declared that

—all was Britain the wide ocean saw."

— "Time hath favoured the third of England's triad of great Queens," said ELIZABETH. "Sixty years! I was allotted but forty-five, and ANNA here only a poor twelve. The Third HENRY merely touched fifty-six, and even the Third GEORGE, with his bare sixty, fell short—how far is 'on the knees of the gods'—of your happy VICTORIA, of whom, as her great Laureate aptly said—

A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

I was never the two former, alas!" sighed the Valorous Virgin of the West, pensively; "but," drawing herself stiffly up, "by the splendour of heaven, I *was* the latter!"

"Who deniges of it, BETSY—I mean BESS?" said Mr. PUNCH, slyly.

The haughty Tudor bridled, scowled, muttered something about traitors and the Tower, and seemed about to explode upon Mr. PUNCH as though he were a mere recalcitrant LEICESTER, when "Great ANNA" whispered something in her royal ear, and that verjuicy virginal face broke up into a genial smile.

"ANNA bids me ask you 'What the Dickens you mean?'" she chuckled. "Whatever my demerits, Mr. PUNCH, you can hardly call me a *Prig*! Yet, for the sake of the Season, and its great celebrator CHARLES—another glory of the Victorian Era—I'll forgive you."

The two Queens gazed admiringly at Mr. PUNCH's presentment of the Third, still happily reigning.

"She hath no SHAKSPEARE to illume her stage, and render eternally illustrious her annals," murmured the Tudor, turning tenderly the leaves of a Book of Plays in her royal hand.

"Nor hath she been called 'AUGUSTA'—as *I* was," said ANNA, caressing her *Spectator* affectionately.

"No!" admitted their host, cheerfully. "But our well-beloved liege Lady hath had that which neither of you was blessed with, which SHAKSPEARE would have extolled and ADDISON admired."

"Beshrew me, what may *that* be?" cried the startled Virgin Queen.

Mr. PUNCH stooped to pat TOBY,—and to hide his mantling blush. "On their own merits modest men are dumb," he quoted pointedly.

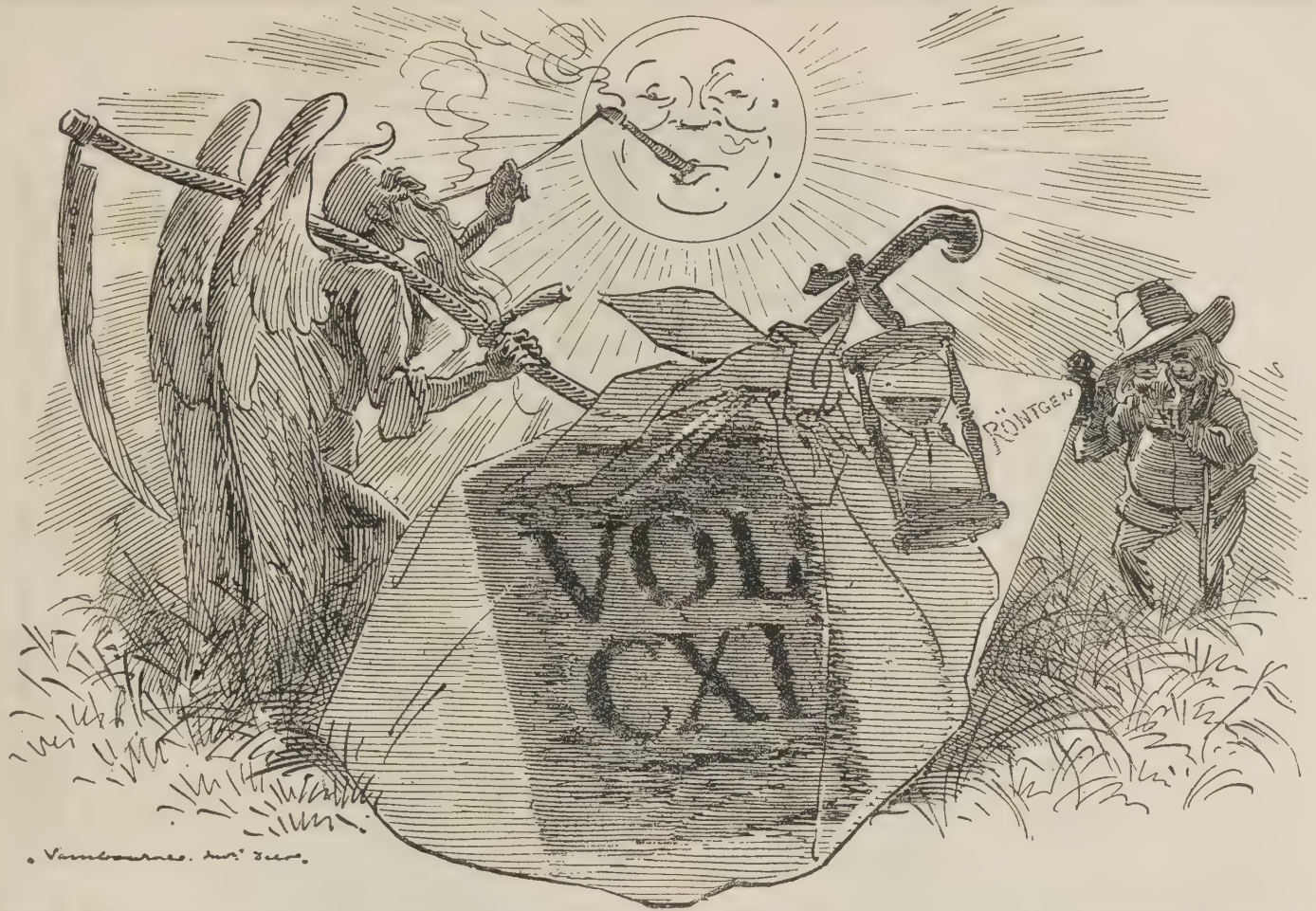
"Marry come up! what meaneth the man?" began Queen BESS, when ANNA again whispered in her ear, and again her somewhat shrewish features relaxed into a smile.

"I suppose you are right, now as always, Mr. PUNCH," she replied. "But, O great Victorian Sage and Scientist, Patriot and Pictor, Champion and Councillor, Pundit, Poet and Wit, have you not a homely proverb to the effect that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating'?"

"Precisely!" responded Mr. PUNCH, with electric promptitude. "And that is why, to save time, to spare me uncongenial self-assertion, to illustrate to you the matchless glories and graces of our VICTORIA's Sixty Years' Record, to make you love and admire your sister Queen as much—if possible—as I and all my countrymen do; and, finally, to give you both a good time when you get back to the Shades, and tire occasionally even of days and nights spent with SHAKSPEARE and ADDISON,—I hand you, as the neatest of New Year's Gifts, my

One Hundred and Eleventh Volume!"





PRO BONO PUBLICO.

(Page from the purely Imaginary Diary of a Noble Licensed Victualler.)

SORRY I was unable to attend the Irish Tourist Association. However, they are sure to be pleased to hear that "not having been able to make other satisfactory arrangements I have decided to try the experiment of taking the hotel at (suppress place, for fear it might be thought I was attempting to obtain a free advertisement) into my own hands, and hope that in this way I may be able to promote in some degree one of the objects of the Society."

Of course "one of the objects" is to make travellers in Erin comfortable at their inns. Shall call mine the O'Hartington. Nothing like a little local colouring. Now that is all right must get myself up as ideal Irish hotel-keeper. Own toggery will do, I think, with a pipe in my white hat, and a red waistcoat (like the late DION BOUCAULT in the *Colleen Bawn*), just to give the necessary Hibernian flavour.

Must be ready to receive my guests at the door of my hostelry. No reason why I should not have an arm-chair. Got one with plenty of cushions. Made myself additionally comfortable by resting my feet on a foot-stool. Now prepared for all emergencies.

Ah, here come a party of tourists. Take off my hat and wave my hand. Fortunately no ladies, so need not get up. Feel every inch a landlord, but, after all, rather hate superfluous exertion.

"Have I got any rooms?" Why, to be sure I have. Must ask one of my waiters. They are all good fellows. Sure to know all about it. Call for Pat. One of my fellows must be called Pat. "Pat," national name.

My guest rather unreasonable. Wants to know "why I don't get up and take his carpet bag." Of course would be only too pleased, but it looks rather a heavy one, and some other fellow could take it just as well as I could. Most likely better. Dare say I could drag about a heavy portmanteau; but don't know. In point of fact have never tried.

"Why don't I look sharp?"

Now I really think that isn't complimentary. Implies that I

appear to be inactive. True I generally sit with my hands in my pockets, with my hat tipped over my eyes. But why not? Perfectly simple and easy attitude. Calculated to give fullest rest to the body. And if body is not being bothered, best chance for the mind. Intellect can be uncommonly energetic if body has nothing to complain of. Ah, here is Pat. He retires with the tourists. There! Now, if I hadn't taken the hotel into my own hands, what would have become of them?

Suppose I must have been asleep. Hallo! Here come the tourists. Hope they won't bother me any more.

"They want a looking-glass, and curtains to the window." Why, of course. Let them have them, by all means.

They say, "That its all very well to put them off like that, but if I am the landlord of the hotel I ought to behave as such."

Argue with them. What's the use of a row. If they will ask Pat or some other fellow they shall have anything they please. Only don't bother me. Such nonsense.

They say "they have asked Pat to get them the looking-glass and the curtains; but he knows nothing about them, and referred them to me."

Fancy Pat must be rather scanty of resource. However, suppose I must come to the rescue. "Tourists had better order looking-glass and curtains from some local universal provider." Probably some O'Whiteley in the neighbourhood. By all means have what they please; but why bother me?

Thank goodness! They have gone. Enjoy the scenery once more. Very fine. Close my eyes.

Awakened with a start. What's the matter now? Same tourists. They say that "the steak is underdone." Well, why shouldn't it be? Some people like steaks underdone.

They say "they don't." Well, I can't help that. Better go and have dinner somewhere else. Know a first-rate hotel where I frequently feed myself. Give the address and they are off. Capital! Shows how much better it is to take things into one's own hands. Going to sleep again, when Pat informs me that my guests have gone off with their luggage.

Capital! No one in my inn! Further need of waiting in the hall unnecessary. So shall return to the House of Lords.



CATCHING A CRAB.

The T-m-s (on bank). "HULLO, STROKE! THAT WAS A NASTY ONE! IF YOU DON'T PAY MORE ATTENTION TO YOUR WORK, THERE MAY HAVE TO BE A CHANGE!"
J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n (No. 3, aside), "IF HE CAN'T STROKE THIS BOAT, I THINK I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO CAN!"

Lucy S. S. S. S. S.



THEY GOT TIRED OF HORSES—IT IS WHISPERED THEY ARE GROWING TIRED OF BICYCLES. HOW WOULD IT BE TO COMBINE THE TWO AMUSEMENTS IN THE ABOVE DELIGHTFUL MANNER?

"THE FOLLY OF"—HICHENS.*

EUSTACE was twenty-two when he was beginning to attract attention. People had begun to notice his way of walking down Piccadilly on his hands, and his odd habit of living entirely on the poached eggs of plovers, together with his curious fondness for sweeping crossings on rainy days, giving to every passer-by who deigned to use his crossing a penny or even more, had already caused people to discuss him with a certain interest, even a certain wonder. The medical journals mentioned him often as a case whose peculiarities were not devoid of interest. He affected, one season—was it, perhaps, sincere?—to think he was the Emperor of CHINA, and received visitors in a pig-tail and a fan. During another season, although in excellent health, he refused to leave the asylum even for the ordinary exercise in the grounds, declaring all movement, with the single exception of flying, to be bad form, and unsuited to a gentleman. When he saw a goose standing on its head, he declared it was a swan. He played with air-balls a good deal at this time, and wrote rather curious post-cards to his aunt at Putney. Over the tea-leaves of convention he poured the hot water of originality, the result being a curiously weak and ineffective infusion of eccentricity. Society loves absurdity if it is sufficiently absurd. EUSTACE became popular. The feather of laughter waved in the big black hat of Society. But the garden-roller of science crushed the green hopes of London's budding grass. And EUSTACE fell in love with WINIFRED.

He met her at a fancy ball. It was given to amuse the inmates, and, by way of humouring them, each was allowed to wear the costume of the person, or the object, that he imagined himself to be. The first prize was taken by a gentleman who appeared as a gong, and struck terror into all by striking himself at the hours of meals. Poor EUSTACE dressed himself up as what he imagined himself at the time—a gentleman of the nineteenth century. In the lonely lunacy of his black coat and white tie he felt ill at ease as WINIFRED gazed at him with her big brown eyes. (She was dressed as a bicycle.) He looked very odd in his gloomy, quiet attire amid the picturesque crew.

To WINIFRED, existence was one long search after apricot

* See *The Folly of Eustace and other stories*, published by W. HEINEMANN, and written by ROBERT HICHENS, but we have nothing to do with the other stories.—ED.

jam. She forgot the butter of life, and in doing so too often lost its bread. The silent processes of such a woman's mind! Ah, what great male writer would not give half-a-crown to watch them, as the fisherman, taking a line, watches the struggles of the minnows, or the amateur photographer, snapping his Kodak at the world, watches the development of the plate. WINIFRED was the Bath-chairman of life, dragging Society as a Bath-chair after her, the smart world sitting in it as a weary invalid, cursing the East wind. WINIFRED thought that the Marble Arch turned in its marble archness to gaze at her, and the Albert Memorial blushed a deeper gold as she gazed at it.

Together, they did the oddest things; flew kites, played with Noah's Arks, spread butter-slides, and did crochet-work. Soon, she began to elude him in a maze of imaginary entertainments. She went (or so she said) to every Punch-and-Judy show, fifth night, and public view, moving perpetually in the phantom processes of imaginary society, surrounded by grotesques, mimes, and monkeys. But he, in time, became a bore to her, with his perpetual, rather tedious arguments on radishes and palmistry, and his unnecessarily long letters to the Emperor of GERMANY about the Salvation Army. She grew daily more and more tired of him. Sometimes she wondered, now, if she could remain in the same asylum.

The doctor entered the padded-room with a note. EUSTACE took it, opened it, and read:—

"This is to say good-bye. By the time it reaches you, I shall have left Hanwell. Not alone. I am going, with a keeper, to Colney Hatch. I have seen your portrait in the *Sketch*. It is like you. And your biography. I find you were born in Bayswater.

"How like Bayswater!

"WINIFRED."

AT THE 'VARSITY CRICKET MATCH.—*Newcomer (to Gent in front)*. If you would kindly move your head an eighth of an inch, I think that by standing on tip-toe I might be able, between the box-seat and body of that carriage, to ascertain the colour of long leg's cap.

RATHER HARD ON THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.—Our Mr. WAGSTAFF, M.P., insists upon describing the withdrawn Bill as a Gorst-ly failure.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XVI.

Mr. Jabberjee makes a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Shakspeare.

I HAVE frequently spoken in the flattering terms of a eulogium concerning my extreme partiality for the writings of Hon'ble WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. It has been remarked, with some correctness, that he did not exist for an age, but all the time; and though it is the open question whether he did not derive all his ideas from previous writers, and even whether he wrote so much as a single line of the plays which are attributed to his



"It was here," I said, reverently, "that the Swan of Avon was hatched!"

inspired nib, he is one of the institutions of the country, and it is the correct thing for every orthodox British subject to admire and understand him even when most incomprehensible.

Consequently I did cock-a-hoop for joy on receiving an invitation from my friend ALLBUTT-INNETT, Jun., Esq., on behalf of his parents, that I should accompany them on an excursion by rail to Stratford-upon-Avon, where the said poet had his domicile of origin.

And so great was my enthusiasm that, during the journey, I declaimed, *ore rotundo*, certain select passages from his works which I had committed to memory during the salad days of my schoolboyishness, and with such effect that Miss WEE-WEE ALLBUTT-INNETT (who is excessively emotional) was compelled, at times, to veil her countenance in the recesses of a pocket-handkerchief.

Having at length arrived at that hallowed and sacred spot, the very name of which sends a sweet and responsive thrill through every educated bosom, our first proceeding was to partake of a copious cold tiffin.

This repast we ordered at an old-fashioned hostelry, whose doorway was decorated by a counterfeit personment of the Bard, and I observed that similar effigies were placed above several of the shops as I walked along the streets. These images somewhat resemble those erected to Buddha in certain parts of India, being similarly bald, but terminating—not in crossed legs, but a cushion with tassels. However, I was not able to discover that it is the custom for even the most ignorant inhabitants to do anything in the nature of a poojah before these figures any longer, though probably usual enough before CROMWELL, with the iron sides, ordered all such baubles to be removed. In a hole in the upper wall of the Town Hall there is a life-size statuery of SHAKSPEARE, with legs complete, showing that he was not actually deficient in such extremities and a mere gifted torso; and it is presumable that the reason why only his upper portions are generally represented is, that marble in these parts is too precious a commodity to be wasted on superfluities.

We visited the church, and saw his tomb, and there again was the superior half of him occupied with writing verses on a cushion in a mural niche, supported by pillars. Upon a slab below is inscribed a verse requesting that his dust should not be digged, and cursing him who should interfere with his bones, but in so mediocre a style, and of such indifferent orthography, that it is considered by some to be a sort of spurious cryptogram composed by Hon'ble BACON.

On such a *vexata questio* I am not to give a decided opinion, though the verse, as a literary composition, is hardly up to the level of *Hamlet*, and it would perhaps have been preferable if the poet, instead of attempting an impromptu, had looked out some suitable quotation from his earlier works. For, when an author is occupied in shuffling off his mortal coil, it is unreasonable to expect him to produce poetry that is up to the mark.

When I advanced this excuse aloud in the church, a party of Americans within hearing exclaimed, indignantly, that such irreverent levity was a scandal in a spot which was the Mecca of the entire civilized universe.

Whereupon I did protest earnestly that I meant no irreverence, being *nulli secundus* in respect for the *Genius Loci*, only, as a critic of English Literature, I could not help regretting that a poet gifted with every requisite for producing a satisfactory epitaph had produced a doggerel which was undeniably below his usual par.

This rendered them of an increased ferocity, until Mr. ALLBUTT-INNETT good naturedly took them into a corner and whispered that I was a very wealthy young Indian Prince, of great scholastic attainments, but oppressed by an uncontrollable *naïveté*, after which they all came and shook me by the hand, saying they were very proud to have met me.

Afterwards we proceeded to the Birthplace, where a very gentlewomanly female exhibited the apartment in which the Infant Bard first saw the light. Alack! there was but little light to behold, being a shockingly low and dingy room, meagrely furnished with two chairs and a table, on which was another of the busts. As I came in, I uttered a remark which I had prepared for the occasion. "It was here," I said, reverently, "here that the Swan of Avon was hatched!" At which Miss WEE-WEE was again overcome by emotion.

The room was greatly in the necessity of whitewash, being black with smoke and signatures in lead pencil. Even the window-panes were scratched all over by diamonds, on seeing which, and being also the possessor of a diamond and gold ring, I was about to inscribe my own name, but was prevented by the lady custodian.

I indignantly and eloquently protested that if Hon'ble Sirs, WALTER SCOTT, LORD BYRON, ISAAC WALTON, WASHINGTON IRVING and Co. were permitted to deface the glass thus, surely I, who was a graduate of Calcutta University, and a valuable contributor to *London Punch*, was equally entitled, since what was sauce for a goose was sauce for a gander, and Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT urged that I was a distinguished Skakesperian student and Indian prince, but the custodian responded that she couldn't help that, for it was *ultra vires*, nevertheless.

However, while she was engaged in pointing out the spot where somebody's signature had been before it was peeled away, I, snatching the opportunity behind her back, did triumphantly inscribe my autograph on the bust's nose.

In the back-room they showed us where SHAKSPEARE's father stapled his wool, which caused Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT to remark that she had always understood that the poet was of quite humble origin, and that, for her part, she thought it was all the more creditable to him to have done what he did do.

We also inspected the Museum, and were shown SHAKSPEARE's jug, a rather ordinary concern; the identical dial which one of the clowns in his plays drew out of a poke, and a ring with W. S. engraved on it, found in the churchyard some years

ago, and, no doubt, dropped there by the poet himself, while absorbed in the composition of his famous and world-renowned elegy.

There were several portraits of him also, all utterly unlike one another, or only agreeing in one respect, namely, their total dissimilarity from the bust.

We likewise saw the very desk SHAKESPEARE used, after creeping unwillingly to school with a shining face like a snail's. I was pained to see evidence of the mischievousness of the juvenile genius, for it was slashed and hacked to such a doleful degree as to be totally incapacitated for scholastic use!

I myself was sprightly in my youth, but never, I am proud to say, to the extent of wilfully damaging my master's furniture! Before leaving, we walked to visit the residence of SHAKESPEARE's wife, which turned out to be a very humble thatched-roof affair, such as is commonly occupied by peasants.

But, as Mrs. ALBUTT-INNETT said, it is a sad fact that distinguished literary characters often make most imprudent marriages. Which put me in a wonderment whether she had heard anything about myself and Miss MANKLETOW.

At one of the bazaars I purchased a beautiful Shakspearean souvenir, in the form of a coloured porcelain model of SHAKESPEARE's birthplace, which can be rendered transparent and luminous by the insertion of a night-light.

This I had intended humbly to offer for the gracious acceptance of Miss WEE-WEE, but having thrust it into a coat-tail pocket, I unfortunately sat upon it in the train as we were returning.

So I presented it as a token of remembrance to JESSIMINA, who was transported with delight at the gift, which she said could be easily rendered the *statu quo* by dint of a little diamond cement.

"THE LIGHT (OPERA) OF ASIA."

THE attraction of *The Geisha* continues. Miss MARIE TEMPEST, as *O Mimosa San*, delightfully coquettish, and singing better than ever. Mlle. JULIETTE NESVILLE, once the French Miss *Decima*, now a brilliant *Juliette Diamant*; and clever little LETTY LIND, with voice as small as her twinkling feet, singing confidentially to most attentive audiences, and charming those among them who cannot catch her words by expressive pantomime and graceful dance. Miss MAUD HOBSON towers above the girls as a Juno among the lesser goddesses. Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE looks very funny, and would be equal to his looks if he had anything to do or say; but in doing, saying, singing, and dancing, Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, as the rascally heathen Chinese, takes the tea-house cake. The popular HAYDEN-COFFIN appears as



Daly's Mikado. "I've got no work to do—o—o!"
Savoy Mikado. "Well, I don't think much of him!"

the usual kind of go-as-you-please-semi-comic opera lover of vague purpose and undulating action; and Mr. LOUIS BRADFELD is gradually gaining confidence in attempting the Arthur-Roberts-cum-Leslie-Playfair manner, out of which muddle it is to be



"AH, POLLY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR FATHER LATELY. WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?" "SIX MONTHS, PLEASE, SIR!"

hoped he will emerge successfully with an artistic style of his own.

To Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, who has chosen the caste and placed the piece on the stage most effectively in every way, is its extraordinary success mainly due. Mr. OWEN HALL's book is light, and decidedly not strong in plot. The lyrics by Mr. HARRY GREENBANK are the best portions of the piece, whilst the music of Mr. SIDNEY JONES leaves nothing to be desired, except that he should have been sufficiently prodigal of his talent to have given the public a few melodies to take away with them. Perhaps what cannot be picked up the first time, those who will return again and again to hear it, may stand some chance of carrying away with them. *The Geisha* will run till she drops; but when that will be would be difficult to say, and very unwise to prophesy.

Japanese atmosphere being conducive to developing a fair hunger—a supper-fare hunger and a most decided thirst—*Happy Thought*: Visit "The Cecil" for supper. The Cecil new to present company, limited to four. From Daly's to Strand. Suddenly we are in court-yard of first-class continental hotel. Most effective entrance: ours, and Hotel's. Visitors sitting about and enjoying the summer night, "far from the madding crowd." *Tableau Vivant*. Expect a chorus. Music heard in distance. Supper ready. Excellent orchestra, invisible, discoursing melodies. We drink and eat, not without a strain—of music.

So "All's well that ends well."

Suggested Signals for the Naval Manœuvres.

Is that Red Fleet in the offing? Cannot be, as carefully arranged before starting that Red Fleet was not to approach Blue Fleet for twenty-four hours.

Why have you got out of your position to larboard of *The Ginger Pop*? Considered the place better from a tactical point of view than the one originally adopted, and acted on my own responsibility.

Resume station instantly: keep to programme. Have obeyed signal: where are we now? Question will be answered in due course on further information being received from Whitehall.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

He. "I SUPPOSE, NOW THAT THE LONDON SEASON IS COMING TO AN END, THAT YOU 'VE BEEN VERY GAY?"

She. "OH, YES—I HAVEN'T HAD A DULL MOMENT SINCE I SAW YOU LAST!"

BRITON TO BRETON.

(*Punch to Le Bon Curé of Molène and his brave fisher-flock in memory of their services of love in connection with the tragic loss of the "Drummond Castle."*)

"ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

Our SHAKESPEARE said. And English hearts are drawn

To "our fair neighbour France," by acts which win

Grateful affection, surely as the dawn Draws the flower faces to responsive glow.

But little less than kin, and more than kind,

The Breton aids the Briton, and must know

By our QUEEN'S message how her people's mind

Is moved by that good *curé* and his flock Of kindly fisher-folk to warmest thanks.

Heaven grant that never more in hostile shock

Brethren so bound may meet in armèd ranks.

"Under the Shadow of the Cross" there lies

Most precious pledge of mutual love and peace.

"God has no creed!" Oh, aptest of replies!

Abbé LE JEUNE, if national hatreds cease,

Such works of love as yours and those dear, brave,

And loving Breton women's, whose kind hands

Punch fain would grasp beside the island grave,

Shall bear the praise in great sea-sundered lands,

Unsundered else. So, brave BERTHELE, to you

And the good Bretons, Britons gladly send

The grateful thanks for such fair service due,

Clasping those kind French palms as friend grips palm of friend.

"PLENTY OF 'EAU,' BUT NONE FOR SHOW."

MONSIEUR LE REDACTEUR, — Accompanied by several of my brave comrades, I arrived this week in your splendid city of commerce to join in the magnificent demonstration which celebrated the victories of the limpid Water over the cruel and devastating Fire—elements ever at war and encouraged to fight à l'outrance by the bitter memories of tradition and history. All the sympathies of your land are with the aqueous fluid: your island rests upon the planturous bosom of the ocean, your skies are rarely free from a copious supply of tears, and you are never weary of boasting of your amphibious nature, while your great Lord WILFRID is, I understand, the incarnation of old *Père Tamise* filtered and potable.

I imagined then that my eyes would be gladdened by noble fountains—monuments of your cult—arranged in your public squares and verdant parks. Ah! Monsieur, how bitterly have I been undeceived! In that place on which you have bestowed the name of some successful skirmish where my nation was betrayed by the perfidious Spaniard, your hero NELSON looks down from an inaccessible pillar, like St. Simon Stylites, on a collection of extraordinary caricatures of humanity, which testify to your sense of statuesque

plaisanterie. But the Admiral also surveys, with complacent stoicism, the gambols of countless *gamins* beside two ignoble and lamentable ponds, defiled with paper and fruit refuse, whence some wretched *jets d'eau*, feebly pointing to heaven, seem to implore the clouds to try and renew their strength. These, I was told, were the most famous fountains in London!

Unable to believe my senses, I inquired of a respectable policeman. He answered me, with the respectable assurance of *un vrai Jean Boule*, that the metropolis was, on the contrary, renowned for its fountains, situated all over its immense area, and that they were devoted not only to the recreation and refreshment of the human race, as well as of horses, cattle, and even dogs. Then I know, that despite his grave exterior, this guardian of the law must be a *farceur*, and I set forth in one of your handsome cabriolets to endeavour to find some specimens of your hydraulic art. Alas! without that success, which every explorer hopes for. My landlord indeed told me that the *grands eaux* of Versailles were fairly rivalled at the Palais de Cristal on certain rare occasions, but that he knew of no other displays. I marvel, I am sad, even after consuming your exhilarating whisky and soda, and I implore you, Monsieur, to remedy this natural disgrace by your estimable influence. Agree, &c.,

JACQUES JOLIQUET
(*Pompier de Nanterre*).

WHAT THE GERMAN EMPEROR WOULD LIKE TO SING:—

"In my latest bark I glide
Swiftly o'er the Solent tide."



“ONE TOUCH OF NATURE—”



A TIMELY WARNING

"OH, BY THE WAY, YOU REMEMBER THAT OLD BORE, PROFESSOR DODDERINGTON, WHO TOOK SUCH A FANCY TO YOU ON THE LINKS AT ST. ANDREWS LAST AUTUMN? WELL, HE'S IN TOWN, AND DYING TO MEET YOU!"

"AH—IS HE? WELL, HE WON'T MEET ME IF I MANAGE TO CATCH SIGHT OF HIM FIRST!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Continued.)

WHEN I left off the story of my brother-in-law, HARRY, in these columns, matters had come to a desperate pass. This astonishing young gentleman seemed to have exhausted not only the discomforts and the luxuries of civilisation, but also all its resources, and there appeared to be no other course open to me but to support him for the rest of my life in various positions that made severe inroads on the balance at my bankers. Alice, of course, was delighted. "I knew," she observed to me, "when I married you that you would always be good and kind to HARRY, that you would take the place of his dear father—and Aunt MARGARET and Aunt ELEANOR knew it too. You mustn't think I am not grateful. I am deeply, deeply grateful to you, and so I am sure is HARRY. See what trouble that boy is taking to oblige you, to fall in with all your wishes. What more can he do?" As HARRY's trouble had for the most part consisted in accepting one after another the various amusements (together with their necessary cheques) that I had thought out for him, I was unable to answer my dear wife with the enthusiasm she evidently expected. "No matter," she said, "some day when HARRY has done something of which we shall all be proud, you will be ashamed of yourself for having ever doubted his capacity."

SOMETHING, however, as I said, had to be done, and I cast about for the means of doing it. I had not made up my mind what it was to be, but in my pleasanter day-dreams I pictured it as something that should finally take HARRY away and dispose of him. It happened just about this time that my old friend Sir GREGORY JOHNSTON came up to London from his place in the East Riding of Yorkshire and paid me his customary visit. Sir GREGORY is one of the bluffest, the cheeriest, and the best of country squires. He has been a member of the House of Commons, but at a recent General Election "those confounded agitators," as he calls his Radical opponents, were too many for him, and since the disastrous day that saw his defeat, Sir GREGORY has retired from active politics, for which, to tell the truth, he never cared, and has devoted himself to his family, to his neighbours, and to the management of his estate. Sir GREGORY, although as a youngster he had kept the dons alive at Oxford, and had afterwards had a short, but coruscating, period of service in the Grenadier Guards, is now a good, prejudiced, steady-going country gentleman of the most pronounced and orthodox type. In his part of the world—I judge by his conversation—the landed interest has been irretrievably ruined for years past, and as a necessary consequence the United Kingdom generally has gone to perdition, has become the laughing stock of foreign nations, so that now "any two-penny half-penny little foreign republic, Heaven help us, has only to show its miserable apologies for teeth, and we grovel, Sir, yes, grovel as if we'd been licked." But *au fond* Sir GREGORY, in spite of his prejudices and his violence, is one of the best and softest-hearted men I know, a man, too, of infinite good nature and admirable cheerfulness.

WHEN Sir GREGORY came into my chambers at the Temple the atmosphere of the place and the whole scene, indeed, seemed to undergo a magical change. In place of the shelf where I keep my law reports I seemed to see a well-kept stable with its stalls neatly covered in straw, plaited and bound at the edges, and a round dozen or so of sleek horses stamping and munching and drawing their head-stall straps with a run through the iron rings, while a tight-trousered, bandy-legged groom, his braces down and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, pulled back the horse-clothes and slapped the resounding flanks of the kindly beasts, My writing-table, with all its briefs, turned into a dog-kennel, and a dairy set itself up in the corner reserved for my textbooks. And over all there floated that combined aroma of cows, horses, dogs, corn, and stored apples which always lingers lovingly over those who spend their Sunday mornings at a country house in making the usual round outside. The impression was only momentary. As it dissipated itself I found myself grasping Sir GREGORY by the hand and interchanging with him the usual questions and answers.

"Look here, my boy," said Sir GREGORY, "you might be very useful to me. I've been trying to manage my confounded estate myself lately, but it's too much for me. Now if you know a young fellow, a presentable chap, of course, a good sportsman, and all that, who could come and help me—do a bit of land-agency, in fact, I should be glad to hear of him. I couldn't give him much in the way of a salary, but there's a good cottage and any amount of—" But Sir GREGORY never detailed the amount, for before he could go any farther, I had told him that the one man of all others in the whole world who would suit the place, who was designed by nature to be a land-agent, was my brother-in-law, HARRY. At any rate, to cut a long matter short, I shortly afterwards introduced HARRY to Sir GREGORY, who took a fancy to him, and in less than a fortnight HARRY was off to help in managing the estate of Sir GREGORY in Yorkshire.

(To be continued.)

FROM OUR OWN WELSH BRER RABBIT.

Unreported. "In the University of Wales," said Mr. GLADSTONE, M.A. ("Master of 'Arps"), "which, as I would not be accused of dropping my 'h's', I would spell 'Whales', there will of course exist a College of 'All Soles.'" ("Hear! Hear!") "While the cultivation of the racial language will be strictly attended to, Welshers will not be allowed to set foot within the precincts." (Cheers.)

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, speaking in the language of the Principality, said, "Heddyw Rhag bron yuall pa le bob amser iwodd lyk tobe mae yn dda genyf Y mae yn fyw andsov ery sppri wed Blodeno. Tri Hippipoorar fur der altesse Tywysoges!" (Loud cheering, and the degrees were conferred.)

MOST APPROPRIATE ATTIRE.—A "grass-lawn" tennis costume.



PARLIAMENTARY AGRICULTURISTS AT WORK.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Punch on the Popular Impresario.

[Sir AUGUSTUS HARRY GLOSSOP HARRIS (better and affectionately known as "Gus HARRIS") died on June 22, at the age of 44.]

DRURIOLANUS* dead! The town seems duller

For his departure, whose brief, active life

Lent to its grimness gaiety and colour,
And mingled mirth with its sad, sombre strife.

The Public's friend and favourite, hard he toiled

To give it the best rest—of recreation.
By loss undaunted, and by gain unspoiled,
Generous as shrewd, he served his generation

Better than some on loftier levels posing.

Thorough as enterprising and alert,
He lived each hour of that keen life whose closing

Comes to us with a sense of personal hurt.

We might have better spared a greater man,

Though a more genial host or cheerier guest,

More inexhaustible in scheme and plan

To give his loyal Public of the best,
More skilled, resourceful, keenly resolute,
Amusement's motley world will hardly know.

Its debt to him now lost who shall compute?

Actor, inventor, *impresario*;
Sound judge of art as of mere passing whim,

Of music as of modish phantasy,
Of drama as of melodrama, to him,
Showman or Solon of the stage, we're free

To own large debt, and owe most hearty thanks.

It may be long ere such another chief
As good "Gus HARRIS" graces Stage-
dom's ranks,

To whose green laurels *Punch* would add
his leaf.

* *Mr. Punch* bestowed upon the great manager the heroic title of "AUGUSTUS CÆSAR DRURIOLANUS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 22.—"Do you remember this night last year, my TOBY?" said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, as, having seen Education Bill withdrawn, he permitted himself rare luxury of going out to dinner. "I don't mean the precise day of the month, but this corresponding Monday in June last year. You were good enough to say that my speech to-night, following PRINCE ARTHUR's motion withdrawing Education Bill, was one of the best you have heard since you left the rural retirement of The Kennel, in your Barkshire home, and you add that is the view taken on both sides of House."

"Well, on this very Monday in June last year there was, by strange coincidence, another such scene as we have witnessed to-night, the principal spokesmen being PRINCE ARTHUR and I. House packed from floor to topmost range of galleries; the same throng at the bar; the same long lines in the side galleries; Peers crowding entrance to their seats, like mob at pit or gallery of Haymarket Theatre when *Tribby* is on; the same electric air vibrating through crowded chamber. All

the same, and yet a universe of difference. I stood then at other side of table; PRINCE ARTHUR rose from my place on front Opposition Bench. We were the vanquished then, discomfited on unexpected issue. To-day it is PRINCE ARTHUR who is unhorsed. 'Tis I who have had the poignard at his throat.

"All very strange, but marvel of coincidence completed by the concurrence of the days. It was on the third Friday in June last year that we got our great fall, blown out of the saddle by accidental discharge of cordite. Almost to a day twelve months later the most noble, the MARKISS HUMPTY DUMPTY got a great fall over his Education Bill. On the Monday after the cordite explosion, being the fourth Monday in June, 1895, I gave up my sword to PRINCE ARTHUR in presence of crowded House of Commons. On the fourth Monday in June, 1896, twelve months later to a day, PRINCE ARTHUR makes his great surrender, beaten by what he picturesquely describes as a comparatively insignificant and discredited Opposition.

"It is a very remarkable coincidence,

my good TOBY, and should not be without its moral lesson. Let us, on whatever plane we chance to find ourselves, walk humbly and circumspectly, ever bearing in mind that in the midst of Parliamentary life we are in death."

Business done.—Education Bill, read second time on 12th of May by majority of 267, to-night abandoned in Committee.

Tuesday.—When Mark Tapley accompanied his master to Eden, and discovered that the "city" was a hideous swamp, with here and there a miserable log cabin, the depth of hopelessness was plumbed by Martin Chuzzlewit falling ill of fever. "Now, Mr. TAPLEY," said MARK, giving himself a tremendous blow on the chest by way of reviver, 'just you attend to what I've got to say. Things is looking about as bad as they can look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And therefore, TAPLEY, Now's your time to come out strong; or Never.'"

Just now the strongest Ministry of modern times has received knock-down



'Bus Conductor. "EMMERSMITH! EMMERSMITH! 'ERE YE ARE! EMMERSMITH!"
'Liza Ann. "OO ER YER CALLIN' EMMER SMITH? SORCY 'OUND!"



ENCOURAGING.

Curate (who wishes to encourage local industry). "WELL, ADAMS, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON WITH MY WATCH?"

Adams. "WHY, IT BE NIGH FINISHED NOW, ZUR, AN' 'E DO ZEEM TO GO MORTAL WELL, BUT DANG ME, IF THERE BAIN'T A WHEEL AS I CAN'T FIND A PLACE VOR SUMMOW!"

blow. Have beaten the record in all ways possible to discredit a powerful Ministry. Now is time for MARK TAPLEY, M.P., to appear on scene. Comes forth in person of HENRY MEYSEY-THOMPSON, Bart. House on report stage of Agricultural Rating Bill. Opposition cock-a-whoop after unexpected victory. Ministerialists correspondingly depressed.

"What's it all about?" asks the AMEYSEY-THOMPSON, slapping himself on the breast as was Mark Tapley's wont. "What's happened? I'm just going down to see my constituents, and I'll tell you what I'm going to say to them."

That would have been delightful. Nothing House would have enjoyed more than having MEYSEY-TAPLEY-THOMPSON's speech to his constituents rehearsed. But SPEAKER inexorable. It had, he blandly said, nothing to do with Rating Bill. However interesting pleasure of listening, it must be foregone. So M.-T.-T. sat down with all his music in him. But mere interposition of his breezy presence had same effect as accompanied movements of Mark Tapley. Ministerialists plucked up courage. Opposition drew in their horns. SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY hung his white silk pocket-handkerchief another yard out of his breast pocket, and showed with fuller confidence how the three-card trick of the Rating Bill equally benefits Landlord, Farmer, and Labourer.

Business done.—Rating Bill at report stage.

Thursday.—"No use HENNIKER-HEATON trying to intimidate me by shooting at HANBURY," Duke of NORFOLK is reported to have said. These are brave words. But if HENNIKER isn't soon raised to peerage where he may face JOCKEY O' NORFOLK on equal terms, HANBURY must go there. It's terrible to be pelted night after night with pellets from pillar letter boxes. To-night HENNIKER insisted that HANBURY should, right off, explain why some postmasters charge "*bonheur*" as two words, taking the same iniquitous

course with "*alright*." Even case-hardened Secretary to Treasury must be touched by cruel disappointment undergone by fellow-creature who, probably as result of sitting up all night, invented word "*alright*," proffered it as part of a telegram, and found a penny charged for it, instead of a halfpenny as he had hoped.

HANBURY concealing his emotion, gave customary official reply. Thought ordeal over for night. HENNIKER down on him like a shot with another conundrum.

"Why is father-in-law charged as three words, and mother-in-law as one?"

"I was," HANBURY told me later, "going to reply that there is an instinct with a certain class of men that impels them to make as little as possible of their mother-in-law. Might have led to controversy; thought it better to say nothing. But must get rid of HENNIKER. Wonder if he'd accept mission to inspect and report upon telegraph service in Mashonaland? Lines in neighbourhood of Buluwayo and Fort Salisbury just now offer interesting field for man of active habits."

Business done.—Working through report stage of Rating Bill.

Friday.—Sad to watch demoralising effect of Ministerial defeat on faithful follower, JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG. All through his Parliamentary life has kept up fusillade against his compatriots of another faith sitting opposite. Ever ready to beat the Orange drum when need were to drown the music of the Catholic horn. But apparent ferocity only his fun. SARK, who knows them both, always insists that the two kindest-hearted, gentlest-mannered men in House are those redoubtable controversialists TIM HEALY and JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG.

Defeat of esteemed leaders on Treasury Bench has, only temporarily it is hoped, soured BALLYKILBEG's temper. The other night when JOHN DILLON was picturing period of millennium in Belfast, whereat Lord Mayor of the Orange City and the Roman Catholic Bishop solemnly

shook hands over an arrangement of the Corporation Bill, BALLYKILBEG interpolated the remark, "*PILATE and HEROD!*"

The House shuddered. Last time HEROD was introduced into Parliamentary debate he was followed by pointed reference to JUDAS, leading up to the famous free fight. Members held their breath and waited. Happily nothing came of it. But incident marks the deep stirring of a gentle nature, and shows how men's hearts have been riven by the event of a historic week.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A SYBARITE IN A DAMP PARK DEPLORES AN ASSIGNATION AT FIVE A.M.

THE nimble minutes fly apace,
And yet you do not keep our tryst;
The bracken springs with sprightly grace
Amid the silver morning mist.
The early bird on yonder lawn
Is sapient gourmet of the wood,
And hails the herald of the dawn
As tried purveyor of his food.

But I have not yet broken fast—
My drowsy vassals kept their rooms
When I descended, and o'ercast
A scene demanding air and brooms.
We were a merry crowd last night
Neath wit and whiskey's mingled spell—
I say "last night," but morning light
Was breaking ere we bade "Farewell!"

My comrades went to seek their rest
Like foemen weary of the fray—
If snoring of repose be test,
They'll wake refreshed for lunch to-day.
But I have never closed my eyes,
Remembering whom I now shall meet.
The love that time and temper tries,
Is one that makes us long to eat!

Yes! underneath this grand old oak
That seems for something hot to beg,
Where first our faithful vows we spoke,
Those birds suggest a new-laid egg.
That troutlet leaping in the stream
More pleasing would be on the grill;
That cow incites a wish for cream,
And bread is promised by yon mill!

Why don't you come?—Am I to wait
Till all mankind's restored to life?
Oh, for an omelette *tête-à-tête*,
And fork to dally with a knife!
Oh, for my coffee's fragrant steam,
Unchicoried, a liquid gem!
I'll read your words—great, ghastly
dream!

Your note says, "Meet me Five P.M.!"

A FALL IN LODORE.

["The Lodore Hotel and Falls were put up to auction the other day, but no sale was effected."]

YES! the same water comes down at Lodore,
Crashing and slashing,
And mashing and bashing,
And hashing and dashing,
And lashing and splashing,
But the moneyed men did not come down
for Lodore!

THE QUEEN AS UMPIRE.—HER MAJESTY has decreed "no ball" at Buckingham Palace this season, so no "long hops" will be in evidence.

FIRE AND WATER.—Surely the International emblem of the Fire Brigades ought to be the pump-kin.



"SANS ADIEU!"

Chartered Co. (to C-c-l Rh-d-s, who looks "rather resigned"). "SORRY WE'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO ACCEPT YOUR RESIGNATION, BUT WE KNOW WE CAN STILL RELY ON YOUR VALUABLE SERVICES. *AU REVOIR!*"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—Not too big a house for *Mefistofele*, with MARGUERITE MACINTYRE as two single ladies rolled into one, namely, *Margherita* and *Elena*: of course, a double attraction. EDWARD DE RESZKE magnificent as *Mefistofele*. CREMONINI not strong enough for *Faust*. But *Faust* was a rather weak person. BORRO's opera is a very remarkable work, and the Covent Garden Management is justified, "on this occasion only," in issuing a printed request to those of the audience who cannot remain till the end, to leave "during the interval preceding it." But audiences, especially operatic, do not approve of being dictated to. Also, liking to be considered as *habitués*, they flatter themselves they know when to come and when to leave without being ushered in or ordered out. MAGGIE MAC obtained a lovely bouquet. The quartette at end of Second Act was deservedly and vociferously encored. Mas-

terful *Mefistofele-Mancinelli* led his band to victory. *Mefistofele* notable as being one of the very few operas in which there is no part for Mlle. BAUERMEISTER.

Thursday.—*Carmen*. A grand performance. Is there a better *Carmen* than Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN? If so, name her. Watch her by-play, technically known as "business." It is a study; it is admirable. In the Third Act, M. ALVAREZ scored, not musically, but dramatically, as *Don José*, when, losing his temper with the perfidious light-o'-love *Carmen*, he dashes her to the ground. And how excellent in this situation was ZELIE DE LUSSAN! Scared, as if she were saying, "Well, I am dashed—to the ground! and dazed!" Admirable contrast in appearance is Madame EMMA EAMES, singing charmingly and winning a basket of flowers, handed up by Benignant BEVIGNANI. EMMA acted surprise on seeing this enormous pantomime basket, as who would say, "Lawks! is this for *me*, poor little *me*?" With the

Priest of Venus in *La Belle Hélène*, all sensible persons, "friends in front," exclaim "*Trop de fleurs!*" Perhaps the stupid custom will die out. If flowers are to be given, let it be by spontaneous action on part of audience carried away by some grand effort, and showering on *La Diva* the bouquets (if any, bouquets not being in fashion nowadays) they have brought with them. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER and BRANI very good, especially the former. A better *Escamillo* than Signor ANCONA is hard to find, and his rendering of the Toreador song gained a hearty encore, which ANCONA's dramatic and vocal merit richly deserved. Altogether a first-rate performance. *Vive Carmen!*

BRITANNIA AT HENLEY.

Oh, I am a wet-bob nurse, I am,
And I know my way by the Gut of Cam,
And the similar Gut of Isis;
And the one, they say, is the source of all
The nautical virtues, great and small,
And the other of all the vices.

But I think at the end of a four-mile show
That a margin of eight mere yards or so
Is a most exceedingly tight one;
And had both been reared on the self-
same ditch,
I'd have certainly backed—well, I won't
say which—

But certainly backed the right one.

But to-day our friends from the far, far
West,
Shall put, if they can, to a crucial test
The fame of our Old-world fettle;
For when Thames and Isis and Cam com-
bine,
There's work to be done if they'd take the
shine
From our polished Britannia mettle.

As a matter of faith I'm free to confess
That nothing succeeds like the old success,
In the track of a tried commander;
And with NICKALLS at need to pull them
through,
I pin my hopes to the crimson crew,
To the luck of our loved Leander.

But I pray that the pick of the lot may
win
Through the ding-dong rattle from Faw-
ley in,
When the throb of the heart goes
shorter;
When sister Britannia's well-known throat
Sends back like thunder her best top-note,
To the yell of the Yale supporter.

They may yell "Yale, Yale!" as they
yelled "Cornell!"
Till they're black in the face and as hoarse
as—Hades,
On the boom for the bold Uitlander;
But I guess that my best top-note is
worth
A couple of lengths and the inside berth,
To the backers of old Leander.

WHAT SIR TATTON SYKES GIVES FORTH
TO THE WORLD.—That in so far as he is
concerned *La Flèche* may go to—Lord
MARCUS BERESFORD.

RARA AVIS IN TERRACE, NIGROQUE SIMIL-
LIMA CYGNO.—One of the new waitresses
at the House of Commons.

MR. SPEAKER'S (UNAUTHORISED) DEFINI-
TION OF UP-TO-DATE M.P.'S.—Poll-parrots.



THE LOVING CUP AT HENLEY!

Father Thames (drinking to the health of the Yale crew). "HERE'S TO YOU, BOYS! DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU!"



"TO THE RESCUE."

Damsel in distress. "HELP, JACK! HELP! TOMMY IS GOING TO LIE DOWN, AND I CAN'T SWIM!"

THE YACHTING SEASON.

(Examination for a Master's Certificate.)

1. CAN you dance a hornpipe? if so, which? (*Vivâ voce.*) If dancing unaccompanied by fiddle, whistle the first eight bars of College Hornpipe. Also, dance the three first figures of the hornpipe, announcing the distinctive name of each beforehand.
2. Explain the terms "Ahoy!" "Avast!" "Belay!" Whence derived? Also of "Splice my main-brace." Is "main-brace" a part of rigging, or of sailor's costume? Which? If neither, what? Is "Lubber" a term of opprobrium or of endearment? State varieties of "Lubber." Give derivations of the terms "Bumboat woman," "Marlin' spike," "Son of a sea-cook," "Dash my lee-scuppers!" "Pipe your eye," "Tip us your grapplin' iron."
3. How many Mates may a Sea Captain legally possess at any one time?
4. Is "Sextant" the feminine of "Sexton"?
5. How often do "the red magnetic pole" and "the blue pole" require repainting? At whose expense is the operation performed?
6. Are only Royal Academicians eligible as "painters" on board?
7. Is it the duty of the Surgeon on board ship to attend the "heeling"?
8. In case the needles of the compass get out of order, will pins do as well?
9. At what time in the day, whether previous or subsequent to dinner, is it necessary to "allow for deviations"?
10. Draw a picture of "Three Belles." Give classic illustration from the story of Paris.
11. What rule is there as to showing lights on nearing Liverpool?
12. When in doubt would you consult "the Visible Horizon," "the Sensible Horizon," or "the Rational Horizon"? Give reason for your selection.
13. Can sailors ever trust "the Artificial Horizon"? If so, under what circumstances?
14. Is "Azimuth" an idol, or something to eat?

15. Would "Mean time" always refer to lowering wages or diminishing rations?

16. Presuming you know all about the "Complement of an Arc," explain that of Noah's.

17. Who was "Parallax"? Give a brief sketch of his career.

18. Give example of "Meridian Altitude of a Celestial Object," by drawing a picture of the Chinese Giant who was over here some time ago.

19. Give history of "the Poles." Who was KOSCIUSKO? Is this spelling of his name correct?

20. "Civil Time." Illustrate this term from English History.

21. Can a "First Mate's ordinary Certificate" be granted by Doctors' Commons or the Archbishop of Canterbury?

(On these questions being satisfactorily answered, the next Examination Paper will be issued.)

COMPLIMENTARY CONVERSATION À LA CHINOIS.

(Arranged for the reception of a coming illustrious visitor.)

MAY your Excellency stay in London a thousand years, and be accompanied to all the sights in town every day and night for a century.

China is more civilized and important than all the powers of Europe put together, and the entire British Fleet is not comparable with the smallest junk from Peking.

Your Excellency is infinitely wiser than Prince VON BISMARCK, more accomplished than the German EMPEROR, and quite as astute as the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

The words that your Excellency will speak will be treasured a million times more dearly than the conversation of H. M. the late Sovereign of Persia, and your sojourn amongst us, however prolonged, will be quite as pleasing as the flying visit of the SHAHZADA.

Compared to China, England is but a valley beside a mountain, a small potato near a pie of pumpkins.

But your Excellency understands the proverb, "compliments butter no parsnips," and, as the *Times* sensibly observes, "will like us the better if we do not overvalue either you or your country."



The Doctor's Daughter. "OH, GILES, I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM MY FATHER. HE SAYS YOU MUST TAKE SOME QUININE IN ALL THE WHISKEY YOU DRINK."
The Village Toper. "LOE, MISSY, I'D BE FEARED O' DOIN' MYSELF A INJURY, TAKIN' QUININE IN SUCH QUANTITIES!"

FINANCIAL ADVICE.

(From the Poppleton College Gazette.)

DEAR JACK,—Business matters have been fairly quiet this week, although prices have fluctuated considerably. Money is less abundant than it was a few weeks ago at the beginning of the term. JONES major, however, one of our most dashing speculators, expects a visit from an uncle at the end of the week, who is not unlikely to furnish him with a fresh supply of capital. It is rumoured that, with the aid of this, JONES intends to create a corner in white mice. As these commodities are very cheap at their present price (two cakes or a pocket-knife), you will do well to purchase as many as possible, with a view to unloading later. Another security that I can honestly commend as a sound investment is KELLY'S CÆSAR CRIBS. They are, I know, at a considerable discount

just now, but the price is sure to advance greatly in a few weeks' time, when the examinations are close at hand. BOHN'S gilt-edged ditto are also cheap, but, from the fact that they cannot easily be concealed under the coat, are not likely to do as well as KELLY'S. There has been some movement in catapults, owing to the confiscation of a large number by one of the masters; indeed, they rose 2½ points (from 4½d. to 6d.) on Tuesday. But I cannot recommend them, except as a speculation, for it is not unlikely that the introduction of the cheap home-made substitute will bring down the price with a run. I may also repeat my warning to you to beware of such purchases as JEW'S harps and the like. The boom in these invariably is very short-lived, and the rash buyer of any quantity will only be enabled to realise at an enormous loss. On the other hand, I should hold silkworms for a rise.

I must refer once more to the very unsatisfactory report of the Potted Meat Syndicate, Limited. This company was floated, as you will remember, with the object of providing its shareholders with potted meat at tea for the whole term. A very large number of half-crown shares were applied for, but the potted meat supplied so far has been insufficient in quantity and inferior in quality. And now SMITH major and his fellow-directors have issued a further call of one shilling per share! All the shareholders are naturally disgusted at this result, and I hope a searching inquiry will be made into the manner in which these self-elected directors have managed the Syndicate's affairs. Under these circumstances, the failure to float the School House Pocket-money Trust is not to be wondered at. Its originators proposed to take the pocket-money of every boy in the House for three weeks, in order to provide a grand feast at the end of term. But the chance of any dividends seemed rather remote to the majority of speculators. Trusting that you will find my hints of service to you in your financial transactions, believe me, my dear JACK,

Yours affectionately, TOMMY.

Harriet Beecher-Stowe.

(The Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" died on July 1 at the advanced age of 85.)

["Let us never doubt. Everything that ought to happen is going to happen."—Speech of Mrs. H. Beecher-Stowe on her Seventieth Birthday.]

AH, sunny optimist, whose pen
 Was gay at three score years and ten,
 Would all could share such sunniness!
 But life looks grey, and hope grows chill.
 Yet youth and generous hearts will thrill
 O'er thy Great Book, its large goodwill,
 Its fervour and its funniness.

That book from China to Peru,
 And lands that JOHNSON never knew,
 Thy name and fame have taken.
 A tale that helped to free the slave!
 From Uncle Tom's untimely grave
 Came thoughts that stirred the kind and brave,
 And left hate's stronghold shaken.

Let all else pass, words to regret,
 Unwisdom all would fain forget,
 One book, large, humorous, human,
 Abides to move the best in man;
 Of authorship American,
 In spirit cosmopolitan,
 True work of a true woman!

England v. Australians.

Shakespeare's Advice on the choosing of the All England Eleven.

"WILL none but HEARNE or HUNTER serve your turn?"

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Sc. 5, amended Cricket version.

A FAMILIAR CRAFT AT HENLEY.—The "open-house" boat.

THINGS TO WHICH CRICKETING MEMBERS OF THE ANTI-GAMBLING LEAGUE ARE ADICTED.—"Pitch" and "Toss."

PETER THE HERMIT.—The Chairman of the County of London Sessions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is a little late in the day to mention ARTHUR MORRISON'S *Tales of Mean Streets* (published by MATHURON), but personally I find that, at this season of the year, "late in the day," that is the cool of the night, is just the very best time for quiet reading, when the busy man, having "cornered himself" comfortably, can peruse at leisure—without fear of interruption. This was my case—my book-case—after a delightful day on the river in the launch of the WELL-RED DOUGLAS, of that ilk, in the open air, on the lovely river. Then, bodily fatigued, mentally active, I sat down to two stories out of *Tales of Mean Streets*. By this time everyone knows them. The first story, "Lizarunt," is Zola-esque. It is written, however, with a humour that ZOLA possesseth not, and it is this quality that saves it from being hideously repulsive. Without knowing from personal experience that the sketch is true to life, the reader feels that it must be so, as such brutality cannot be imagined, or, if imagined, could not be put into dramatic action, or on record. "Horrible, most horrible," as the immortal WILLIE hath it. "But humorous, most humorous," aye, and most Charles Dickensly humorous is the bigamistic story of "That Brute Simmons," which is, as it were, a kind of Enoch Arden tale, admirably burlesqued. However, the book is "connu," and I come in late with my praise. No matter, "Better late than never."

With possibly unpremeditated, certainly effective, art, Mr. FISHER UNWIN, in publishing Mr. FITZGERALD'S *Climbs in the New Zealand Alps*, has produced a volume almost mountainous in size, magnificent in get up. The story is worthy of its framework. Mr. FITZGERALD, weary of the comparative commonplace of the European Alps, turned for fresh worlds to conquer amid the grim, little-known sisterhood in far-off New Zealand. Here are still to be found virgin peaks with hoary heads, never caressed by human hand, soaring into clouds which, according to Mr. FITZGERALD'S account, continually do rage. Why a man having a moderately comfortable home to dwell in should wish to spend a few nights and days on the top of a mountain, whose attraction is apparently increased by its grim inaccessibility, is a matter my Baronite cannot understand. Mr. FITZGERALD during his ascents of Mounts Sefton, Tasman, Sealy, Haidinger, and other uncomfortable places, was snowed upon, rained upon, blown about, dropped into crevasses, suspended by ropes over fathomless chasms, and, when not thus actively enjoying life, slept in a bag after having had nothing particular for dinner. Temptation to quote far exceeds possibilities of space. But here is a brief passage descriptive of the delights of mountaineering:—

"Our clothes, beards, and hair hung with icicles, while the rope between us was covered with ice, rigid like an iron bar. The mist was so thick that it was at times impossible to see each other."

Through this and other experiences the small party—which, in addition to Mr. FITZGERALD, consisted of a Swiss guide and a New Zealand porter, who chiefly spent his time in getting in the way whether of man or mountain—doggedly, even cheerfully, struggled, winning their way to the desired heights. The narrative is picturesquely told. The volume is enriched by a valuable map, and is illustrated with rarely beautiful pictures drawn from photographs taken on the spot. THE BARON.

A SUGGESTED SPEECH.

["The Poet Laureate will unveil a statue of ROBERT BURNS at Irvine on July 18."—*Daily Papers*.]

GUID FRIEN'S,—Ye ken I canna mak' ye a lang speech, bein' mair a wanchansie mon, ram-feezeled wi' writin', than a skirlin', tapetless glib-gabbet. It's been an awfu' fash tae me, bein' a Southron, tae prepare a' this in your Scottish language, but a's weel that ends weel. It's a bonnie thing tae hae a wee bit quotation whyles, gin ye can, baith Latin an' English. Aiblins ye've read some o' my prose writin', whare ye'll find mony whig-maleeries and whirligigums frae the auld Latin.

Ye maun ken that I'm the Poet Laureate. That's an unco high an' exalted state. Your puir poet BURNS had na sic a paughty title. I wad be laith tae rin him doun, but ye maun ken that he was nae Poet Laureate, like mysel' an' my predecessor. I doubt na but ye've read "*Jameson's Ride*." I'll na fash mysel' tae tell ye o' my mair o' my poems. But BURNS was nae feckless gowk, sae it's a pleasure tae me tae unveil this sonsie statue.

Before I wish ye a guid-e'en an' gang awa', I may say ye've mony guid things in auld Scotland, ye've haggis, an' pibrochs, an' phillibegs, an' parritch, an' banks an' braes, an' mony ither vera guid things baith for eatin' an' drinkin', but ye've ne'er had a great Poet Laureate o' your ain. Ah weel, then ye maun be satisfied wi' puir BURNS. There's mony waur.



INFANT AGONIES.

Small Boy. "AUNTIE! AUNTIE! HAS GOOSEGOGS GOT LEGS?"

Auntie. "No!"

Small Boy. "BOO-HOO-HOO! THEN I'VE BEEN AND SWOLLERED—A BEASTIE!"

"Red as a Rose is She."

[A fashion paper says that much of the auburn hair now worn is collected from the heads of uncleanly and uncomely women in Germany.]

THOSE lovely locks of true Venetian red,
That catch the sunlight in their carmine skein,
Once decked some ugly peasant's unkempt head,
Sweet auburn! loveliest pillage of the plain!

SOUTH AFRICAN METEMPSYCHOSIS.—It is reported that Mr. CECIL RHODES is becoming haggard. Can the ex-Premier of the Cape have taken on him the semblance of the author of *She*?

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO ERIN.—Should English tourists act up to recent suggestions and invade Ireland, the incursion is sure to be regarded by the natives as a *tour de force*.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!—Our irrepressible joker writes (from prison) to say that Hen-lay has always been celebrated for its egg-shell boats.



UP TO DATE.

Mamma. "I CAN'T HAVE YOU PLAYING WITH MY PURSE, JACKY. THERE'S YELLOW MONEY INSIDE."

Jacky (who collects new Farthings). "I'VE GOT YELLOW MONEY IN MY PURSE, TOO, MUMMY!"

Mamma. "WELL, MIND AND DON'T MIX THEM UP. MINE HAS GOT A MAN ON HORSEBACK ON IT."

Jacky. "MINE HAS GOT A WOMAN ON A BICYCLE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sorrowing Swain at Henley to a Faithless Damsel who has accepted Central American Security.

THE houseboats and the launches are mingled once again,
Singing, "Heave to! a merry place is Henley!"
The mandolin and banjo, too, repeat the same refrain,
Singing, "Ting! tang! a jolly place is Henley!"
The flowers are more beautiful than e'er they were before,
They glow upon the river bed, and nod along the shore,
Each beckons with its petals like a floral semaphore,
Singing "Well met! 'tis sweet to be at Henley!"

And you, my love, are looking like a water-lily fay,
Singing, "Grass-lawn's the thing to wear at Henley!"
You've a hat that is defiant of the Sun-God's ardent ray,
Singing, "Fair skins must never brown at Henley!"
You've a skiff, a punt, a gig, and the cosiest canoe,
Canadian by birth, and it's only made for two—
So together we will paddle in and out this floating Zoo,
Singing, "No cares or tears are known at Henley!"

There'll be racing, there'll be shouting, but we'll never heed the fray,

Singing, "Pull well! amuse yourselves at Henley!"
But for us the gentle languor of a listless, loving day,
Singing, "Dear heart! 'tis thus we'd be at Henley!"
So if London take Grand Challenge, or the "boys" the Ladies' Plate,

Or if Dutchman, Gaul, or Yankee prove his oar is up to date,
Yet these contests cannot vie with one—the match for which I wait,

Singing, "Love wins! We're happiest at Henley!"

Last night I left you warbling of the ever constant stream,

Singing, "Sea foam! I come to thee from Henley!"
Your voice kept coming back to me like music in my dream,
Singing, "Sleep on! I slumber, too, at Henley!"

This morning I was wakened with a tonic, not *sol-fa*,
Caused by the wailing accents of your horrified mamma.
She says that you have fled with HIM to Nic-a-rag-u-a!
Singing, "Heigh ho! we've had enough of Henley!"

TIPS FOR FARMERS.

STICK to wheat. It was good enough for your forefathers, and ought to be good enough for you.

Clamour for protection. There is not the slightest chance of your getting it, but it can do no harm to ask for it, and it takes your mind off such comparatively unimportant subjects as rent, compensation for improvements, and so on.

Leave your soil alone. Don't spend money on nitrates or other new-fangled devices for increasing its fertility. If it grows weeds, as it probably does, it can grow other things if it likes. Don't humour it.

Never plant a fruit tree. Fruit encourages birds (and boys) to steal. If anybody suggests jam, tell him "you are not a grocer," and see what he says. The probability is, that he can say nothing in face of such a smashing retort.

Never co-operate with neighbouring farmers, in spite of what Lord WINCHILSEA urges. That sort of thing may suit the poor despised Dane, but not the free Briton. As a rule, the worse terms you are on with brother-farmers, the better.

Eggs are entirely beneath your dignity. So are poultry. So are most other things. You might do a little stock-raising, but only in a casual way. Cows are a nuisance; let nothing tempt you into the absurd "fad" of dairy-farming. It's the sort of thing for milkmaids and milksops, not for you.

Keep no accounts. Never read anything about your business. If the world moves, decline to move with it. You will find this course the simplest, and the Official Receiver a very pleasant gentleman, after all.

"*Maxima debetur pueris*," i.e., "Young volunteers ought to practise with maxims."



NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

COSTER ARTH-R B-LF-R. "'ERE Y' ARE! 'NAME YER OWN PRICE! WE'VE GOT TO GO 'OME D'RECTLY!
TAKE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM!"



A LESSON IN POLITICS.

WHAT ARE TORIES AND RADICALS, GRANDPAPA?"

"TORIES, MY DEAR, ARE PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO HAVE A QUEEN, AND LORDS, AND BISHOPS, AND MORE OR LESS REMAIN AS THEY ARE—WHILST RADICALS OBJECT TO HAVING A QUEEN AND A HOUSE OF LORDS, AND ARE DISSATISFIED WITH EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY, JEALOUS OF ALL WHO ARE BETTER OFF THAN THEMSELVES, AND ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO ROB THEM OF THEIR PROPERTY, AND, IN FACT, THEY'RE A PACK OF INFERNAL ROGUES AND SCOUNDRELS!"

"AND WHICH ARE YOU, GRANDPAPA—A TORY OR A RADICAL?"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Continued.)

How is it, I have often asked myself, that youngsters of a more or less proved incapacity, turn, as a last desperate resort, to the occupation and calling of a land-agent? The greatest thickhead in the world, supposing him, let us say, to fail after repeated attempts to secure a Commission in Her Majesty's forces, will as a rule tell you that there is something within him that makes him certain he would shine in land-agency. He seems to imagine that the business consists merely in riding good horses, in interviewing an occasional refractory tenant, in shooting, and in paying visits to the Metropolis. Of the keeping of accounts, of the orderly management of a great estate with the hundred details that go to it he never thinks. Only let him be a land-agent, and he sees himself fixed for life in comfortable quarters with good food, and as little to do as is compatible with continued existence.

HARRY, at any rate, had no scruples of any kind. "My dear old man," he had said, when I communicated Sir GREGORY's offer to him, "it's the very thing for me. I always told you that was my line of business. If I don't make things fairly hum

up in Yorkshire I'm a Dutchman." This seemed to me to be hardly the spirit in which such an offer should be accepted, but the great point was that HARRY was disposed of, and there was a reasonable hope that he might really do well in his new position, and cease to be an incubus on me. There were just a few little bills, he had hinted, that he would like to pay off before starting, so as to begin with a clear record. There was, for instance, a rascally cigar merchant who had stuck him with a cabinet of Cabanas, there was a clamorous jeweller who had made a mean insinuation with regard to a writ, there were tailors, bootmakers and haberdashers. The total staggered me, but as this was really to be the last time, I resolved to pay and look as pleasant as I could. ALICE said I had acted as I ought to act, and that it would have been a sinful thing to send the poor boy to Yorkshire with a millstone of debt round his neck. Thus handicapped, she declared, it would not be possible for him to take a real interest in his new pursuit—besides, she had read only last week a distressing account of a market-gardener who had committed suicide because he couldn't pay his rent, and she knew that HARRY had the proud and sensitive nature which was peculiar to all the members of her family, and who knew what might have happened if I had refused to pay. With these and other arguments, all equally convincing and irresistible, did my wife prove to me that I had in paying taken the only course which was open to me as a gentleman and a brother-in-law.

THUS HARRY set off for Halesworthy Hall, and for a time everything seemed to be going well. Sir GREGORY was pleased, HARRY was delighted, and a blessed feeling of relief pervaded all my domestic arrangements. All this was much too good to last, and accordingly, in the fourth month after HARRY's departure, I received from him the following rather startling letter:—"MY DEAR TOM,—Don't be surprised at what I'm going to tell you. The fact is, I never had an idea there was going to be such a mortal lot of grind and sweat about this blessed business. I don't get a single moment to myself, and I had to chuck three good shooting invites all in one week because there were estate accounts to be made up. I never was much of a hand at figures, you know, and Sir GREGORY expects me to know no end about heifers and sheep and things. So I've told him that for both our sakes I thought we had better part. Of course I put it as nicely as possible so as not to hurt the old boy's feelings, because he's a good sort, though he doesn't know a decent bottle of wine from rank poison, and smokes the beastliest cigars in the world. I shall be sorry to leave this place, for there are some very jolly people about, and no end of pretty girls, and the partridges this year are first-class; but after all a fellow must deny himself something, so I'm coming back in a day or two. I hope you won't mind giving me the usual shake-down till something else turns up. I've got my eye on two or three things already. There's a Bicycle Company they want to shove me into as a director, but I haven't made up my mind about it yet, as it wants some looking into. If it's good I shall join. I met a chap the other day who invented a new pedal or something, and he's made a Company of it, and they tell me he's worth a hundred thou. That's the sort of thing that would suit me down to the ground. Love to ALICE. By the way, if you could lend me about a hundred I should be awfully obliged. Things have been pretty expensive here in one way and another. I'm sure to be able to pay you back before the end of the year as I've got a couple of good young horses that ought to fetch three times what I gave for them. See you soon. Ever yours, HARRY.

P.S.—I've got another bit of news for you that'll make you smile, but I'll keep it till we meet."

FOUR days afterwards HARRY turned up sure enough, and informed us, with the utmost cheerfulness, that he had been privately married a fortnight ago to the eldest daughter of one of Sir GREGORY's tenants. "Simply a ripping girl," he said. "Can play no end of good comic songs, rides like an angel, and is as pretty as paint." But I didn't seem to be able to smile as HARRY had expected.

(To be continued.)

Question for an Exam. Paper, by a Senior Wrangler in Love.

WHY is an oval figure generated from the section of a cone by a plane cutting both sides of cone, and meeting with the base, when produced like a kiss?

Because it is a lip tickle (elliptical).



FRED

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE THE MERE ACCIDENT OF PHYSICAL STATURE MAKES IN OUR PUBLIC MEN. TALL MEN MIGHT QUITE WELL HAVE BEEN SHORT AND SHORT MEN TALL!

HYDE PARK ITSELF AGAIN.

(Thanks to the new Code of Rules.)

An end of cant,
And rot and rant,
That made our parks and gardens hideous;
We've heard enough
Barn-stormers' stuff,
Low jests and blasphemies insidious!

Henceforth Hyde Park,
By day and dark,
Exists for recreation decent;
The noisy gangs
Who spout harangues
Are silenced by these orders recent.

What with the screeds
Of rival creeds,
'Twas like a cat show in Kilkenny;
Salvationist,
And atheist,
Each brayed to catch the needful penny.

We'll feel disgust
No more, we trust,
At sot and satyr, crank and vandal.
They're well put down—
No foreign town
So long had stood so grave a scandal!

EXTRACT FROM THE CIRCULAR OF A LARGE
CYCLE MANUFACTURING FIRM.—“We now
do business on the *pro rotâ* system.”

The Apple of Discord.

OBSTRUCTION goes rightfully far, but one
feels
It is fast getting over the border,
When DALZIEL to old Standing Orders ap-
peals
In the interest of Standing Disorder.

NOT A TENDER FOOT.—HENRY ALL-
CORN has been convicted of stealing boots.

LORDS AND LADIES.

(After the Oxford and Cambridge Match.)

As usual, they were there in hordes—
The truth, I am afraid, is
That the attractiveness of Lords
Somehow appeals to ladies!

The spanking drive, the splendid catch,
Good things beyond all mention,
I missed them all throughout the match
Through some “fair” intervention.

The constant bobbing up and down
Of giant hats and feathers,
The unnumbered rustle of passing gown,
The ceaseless flow of “blethers”—

These things make hasty men say “Blow!”
Words stronger they must smother—
Although I heard a parson go
So far as to say “Bother!”

So, though I'm rather fearful lest
Our friendship it may sever,
Let me prefer one small request—
'Tis better late than never.

If, PHYLLIS, you your place must take
Between me and the wicket,
Don't chatter, and for goodness' sake
Sit still and watch the cricket!

THE RESULT OF “ALL-NIGHT SITTINGS.”
—Brooding legislators.



Enthusiastic Briton (to seedy American, who has been running down all our National Monuments). “BUT EVEN IF OUR HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ‘AREN’T IN IT,’ AS YOU SAY, WITH THE MASONIC TEMPLE OF CHICAGO, SURELY, SIR, YOU WILL ADMIT THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, FOR INSTANCE—”

Seedy American. “WAAL, GUESS I DON’T THINK SO DURNED MUCH OF YOUR THAMES EMBANKMENT, NEITHER. IT RAINED ALL THE BLARMED TIME THE NIGHT I SLEP ON IT.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 30, 8.20 A.M.—Just come home with the milk. At least, I thought I had, but find it's been here nearly an hour. Which, as SARK says, shows the milk has more sense than I have. SARK has more still. He went home at one o'clock this morning, just as House was settling down to all-night sitting. He says it was the eggs. Last time we had all-night sitting there was nothing to eat between one o'clock and five in morning. At that hour, manager of Commissariat Department took four-wheel cab made tour of all fried-fish shops in New Cut, brought back four-wheeler full of oily scraps. Doesn't sound appetising; but you should have seen us gobbling them up!

At one o'clock this morning whisper

ran round that manager had taken time by the forelock and eggs by the hundred.

“Eight hundred eggs,” said TANNER, beaming; “mostly fresh.”

It was then SARK cleared out. “We shall see those eggs long before breakfast time,” he said. “There must be an end of supply of argument even on Agricultural Rating Bill. When arguments are exhausted they'll take to eggs. I'm a man of peace, so I'll say good night.”

Nothing of the sort happened. On the whole, intensely dull. New Members, who had heard of all-night sittings in good old times, when JOSEPH GILLIS was still with us, and thirty-seven Irish Members were strung up within forty minutes, bitterly disappointed. Only lively person on premises was SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Sat it all through; from time to time stepped down and stirred the stagnant pool. Once made his brother SQUIRE OF

BLANKNEY quite wild. Twitted him with inexperience.

"I have been a Member of this House as long as the right hon. gentleman," said SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, looking more than ever like Jove as he turned frowning countenance on his brother agriculturist opposite.

"We were born together," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, sweetly.

That upset BLANKNEY altogether. "I beg the right hon. gentleman's pardon,"



"We were born together!"

(Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Chaplin.)

he roared. "He has the advantage of me by about twenty-five years." Seeing that BLANKNEY was born in 1840, whilst that modest flower, WILLIAM GEORGE GRANVILLE VENABLES VERNON peeped forth from the glades of Newnham Park with other flowers of the Autumn of 1827, the sum won't work. It only shows how young the SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY feels, and how muddled we get at all-night sittings.

"There are," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, repeating observation he addressed the other day to CRANBORNE, "two things I envy the right hon. gentleman. One is, his youth, the other, his inexperience."

Business done.—After sitting of seventeen hours, got Agricultural Rating Bill through Report Stage.

Tuesday night.—SARK strangely moved by experience of friend of his from above Gangway. By four o'clock this morning felt he'd had enough of all-night sitting. Happy thought: Go home. Gas still flaring from roof on pallid Members struggling round Clause 9 of Rating Bill. Outside SARK's friend, M.P., found fair, fresh June morning. Thought he'd walk home. Crossed Westminster Bridge as WORDSWORTH did on a September morning when century was a puling chit not quite three years old. M.P. regarding scene recalled the matchless verse:—

This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Cab crossing bridge. After all, a little late, better drive. Walk another time. Hailed cab; man pulled up.

"Ouse still a sittin'?" said cabby, with gesture of elbow towards terrace, where small groups of Members strolled to and fro sucking eggs.

"Yes," said M.P., pleased at this interest shown in proceedings. "We've had rather a hard night of it."

"D'ye mean to sy," persisted cabby, "that instead of going to yer beds like

sensible men ye've been a sittin' up all night argyfyng?"

"That's about it," said M.P., smiling. Without another word cabby jumped down from his perch, made for balustrade of bridge, and before M.P. quite knew where he was he found himself holding on to cabby's left leg, the other, and part of cabby's body, being flung on opposite side, plainly with suicidal intent.

"Most extraordinary sensitiveness on part of cabman," M.P. said to SARK. "Nothing to him personally, of course: but mere idea of 670 more or less picked men deliberately sitting up all night to make laws for him, his family, and his chums, suddenly striking him, temporarily upset his brain, and he became possessed by irresistible longing for oblivion. Touching incident; same time, wish it had been you or some other Member that happened to cross bridge at moment and want a cab. You've no idea how exhausting it is, early in the morning, having had only two eggs since midnight, to hold on by one leg of a cabman till a policeman saunters up. Moreover than which, when the policeman did come, instead of going home I had to accompany my friend to police-station, and was there bound over to return at ten o'clock and give evidence in case. Hardly in bed when I had to turn out and make my way to police-court. All-night sittings very well; but if PRINCE



"The Member for Sark."

ARTHUR wants another, I hope he'll patrol Westminster Bridge himself."

Business done.—After all-night squabble Board of Conciliation Bill appropriately taken in hand; read second time.

Thursday.—"It would be an odd thing," mused CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, "if, after dropping Education Bill, and carrying Rating Bill through two all-night sittings, the strongest Ministry of modern times should accidentally slip on blotch of cocoa-butter, and break their blessed neck A year and a week ago this very day

cordite looked as innocent as a quarter of a pound of cocoa-butter. But see what came of it.

Situation certainly not without danger. This not the less effective because, as a once popular domestic commentator used to say, it is "Wropped in mystery." House, which thought it had done with Committee on Budget Bill, found itself once more considering Ways and Means. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER assumed off-hand manner which did not deceive EWBANKE KEARLEY. "A mere nothing," said ST. MICHAEL. Been overlooked by predecessors at Treasury; but his eagle eye, surveying scene, perceived that cocoa butter was sliding in without paying duty. Simply proposed to clap on tax.

House puzzled. Margarine it knows, and has heard of what DAVID JAMES used to call "a pat of Dossit." But what this new butter might be, and how it should disturb the whole Budget arrangements was beyond comprehension. KEARLEY seemed to know all about it, but his portentous references only deepened the mystery, added to the perturbation, LOUGH also knew; severely cross-examined CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER as to how many pounds of butter were yielded per hundredweight of cocoa. ST. MICHAEL's painfully halting answers did not reassure Committee. In end resolution agreed to only upon understanding that matter should come up again a week hence. Meanwhile, distinctly uneasy feeling engendered. Possibly only reflex of earlier excitement round Education Bill and Rating Bill. But there it is.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Friday.—WILFRID LAWSON wants to know under what authority drinks are sold within precincts Houses of Parliament? AKERS-DOUGLAS can't tell him. 'Has only to do with the fabric; nothing with any mixtures that may be compounded inside. WILFRID LAWSON not to be put off that way. Means to prosecute some one. Thinks now CHAPLIN has got Rating Bill off his hands, he would be the man.

SARK says all very well LAWSON talking like that. But are his own hands quite clean? Is it true that in neighbourhood of Epping Forest there is a public-house called the Wilfrid Lawson Arms? Is the hon. baronet aware of this? Was it done with his knowledge? has it his approval? SARK will put down these questions for an early day.

Business done.—Foreign Office vote taken.

The Short-Story Boom Summarised.

I'LL tell you a story all gloomy and gory,
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another all sexual pother,
And now my story's done.
(Mem.:—All must be scrappy, with endings unhappy,
And void both of Beauty and Fun!)

Punch to the American Pilgrims.

Good luck to the new Pilgrim's Progress!
Hate is a monster, Strife an ogress.
The Mayflower's gone, but, with good-will,
Our mutual love may flower still.

A DISTINGUISHED ORIENTAL VISITOR
WITH AN UNPROFITABLE NAME.—LI HUNG
CHANG. Absit omen.



REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE SPREAD
OF CIVILISATION IN AFRICA.

SCARCELY FIGURES OF FUN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Everybody has a serious side to his character, and I take it that your character (a most excellent specimen of the article) is not the one that proves the exception to the rule. And this being so, I appeal to that side on a matter of the greatest moment to myself and thousands of equally unfortunate ratepayers.

Most kind Sir, I live in a parish named after the patron saint of my native land, with the addition of a well-deserved compliment to the integrity (*id est*, the squareness) of the House of Hanover. It is not because my dwelling is situated in this "most desirable neighbourhood" (as the estate agents describe it) that I select it for notice, but because it is a fair sample of many other localities equally favourable for letting purposes, inclusive of that purpose which lets gold and silver out of the pockets of the habitual residents. Once a year my Vestry send me what they call "an important notice card." My Vestry, no doubt firmly believing in my simplicity, give me not only the dates when I *must* pay my quarterly rates, but casually inform me that if I like I can pay the four quarters' rates in advance. Having thus testified to a belief in my child-like innocence, my Vestry take me into their confidence. My Vestry tell me that they have estimated that the ratepayers will have during the year 1896-97 to produce £493,639 9s. 10d.

On learning this, I naturally accept, with cordiality, the 9s. 10d., but kick at the odd, very odd balance of £493,639; and, knowing that I will kick at it, my Vestry proceed to inform me that "they have estimated that they will be called upon to pay £397,658 4s. 1d. towards expenditure over which they have no control." Again, I make no fuss about the "four and a penny," reserving my resentment for "the more than a third of a million." By an act of arithmetic (showing what rapid strides the School Board have been making) my Vestry come to the conclusion that there will be a balance under their control of £94,958 5s. 9d., which will go to pay "the deficiency of last year," and "Paving, lighting, cleansing, watering, and maintenance of roads, for local sewerage, sanitary expenses, &c." No doubt the "5s. 9d." will be exhausted by the "&c."

Having given a general idea of the situation, my Vestry are good enough to enter into particulars. They tell me that I must pay 3s. 7d. in the £ for a Poor Rate, which covers all sorts

of strange items, including "police, and county rates, and charges under London Equilisation of Rates Act," and 1s. 10d. for a General Rate. This latter takes 9½d. in the pound for "General Vestry Purposes," and over a shilling for "School Board Charges." Then, to make up my pleasant little "5s. 6d. in the pound," a penny is thrown in to defray the cost of the Local Sewers' Rate. I don't mind the penny so much. It would have been even welcome if it had come without its irritating five and fivepence. But, alas! it doesn't!

But my Vestry are sympathetic. They say "that they much regret the serious increase of threepence in the £ in the amount of rates for the year." They explain that it is owing "to the requirements of the L. C. C. and the School Board," which they pathetically add "were largely in excess of the amounts estimated." Then, as a sop to public opinion, they sternly insist that "under no circumstances whatever are the men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade allowed to collect money." They show by this fierce announcement that although they have no control over the L. C. C. and the S. C., they can at least "larn" certain individuals what it is to be "men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade."

And with this declaration of their rather imperfect independence, they bring their "important notice card" to what, under all the circumstances of the case, may be kindly called a spirited conclusion.

Now, my dear Mr. Punch, I do not believe that my worth is placed at too high a value by any one, but, for all that, I sign myself, with confidence,

AN OVER-RATED MAN.

Address—after Quarter Day—the Workhouse.

SPELL AS YOU PLEASE.

(By Our Cockney Correspondent.)

["Poor spellers will be rejoiced to know that an eminent British philologist, Professor EARLE, believes that the rules of spelling are a great and useless mental tyranny, and holds that literature and true education would be advanced by allowing every person to spell as he liked."—*Evening News*.]

WELL, it's bin a long time coming, but I knowed 'twould come at larst.

The larst bonds from the free neckses of the Britons 'as bin carst.

Britons never, never, never shall be slaves—to spellin'—more! As hemancerpation's welcome, though it *might* ha' come afore. "Great and useless mental tyranny!" Perfessor EARLE, old chum,

You may be a filologist; at least, you're not a hum.

Rules o' spellin' is all rubbish, as all clever writers know.

Jest you twig a page o' CHAWSIR,—wich 'e scribbled long ago,—Or a pome of EDMUND SPENSER, and you'll find that neither chap

For wot Skool Boards call good spellin' cares a blessed single rap.

Wy should *we*, then? EARLE 'as 'it it, yus, in once, and no mistyke.

Let us all spell as we like, and let the *heaviest* cop the kyke! Them "Three R.'s" 'as ruled us long enuff an' oughter 'ave the chuck,

Fussing erbout vees, aitches, and sech fair tongue-tanglin' muck.

Wot's the hodd's 'ow words is spelt so as you spell 'em as you choose.

Whether like CHAWSIR, SPENSER, WIKLIFFE, the *Fonetik Nuz*, Or a bloomin' Board Skool bounder wiv 'is harbitrary code?

I say jest "Go as you please, boys," and the spellin' book be blowed!

There is lots of college toppers, and fine lydies, I 'ave 'eard, As know Latin, Greek, and Frongsay, yet carnt *spell*. Now, that's absurd!

Wot the dickens *do* it matter, if you know yer wy erbout, Whether you spell hambition with an haspitate or without?

Wy, even good hold SHYKESPERE would ha' funk'd these Skool Bored days,

Seein' 'e spelt 'is grand old nyme a duzzen diffrent ways.

Yah! If you're nuts on libberty and littery ease,

Cry, "Bully for Perfessor EARLE and spellin' as yer please!"

Exam. Question for Tourists' Guide Paper.

MENTION distinction between an incendiary who sets light to a farmer's hay-stack and a passenger by the L. C. & D. line to a well-known sea-side resort? *Solution*.—The one goes to burn hay, and the other goes to Herne Bay.



"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST!"

J. Bull, Hon. Artillery Company of London (to Brother Gunner of the Ancient and Hon. Artillery Company of Boston). "AU REVOIR! I HOPE YOU'VE HAD A GOOD TIME IN THE OLD COUNTRY!"

THE NEW CRICKET.

["The first and only principle of the game is that the players should do their best to win it, subject to a strict adherence to the letter, and, if you will, to the spirit of the rules."—*Lord Cobham on Cricket.*]

"TWIXT letter and spirit there ever was strife;

The latter, we know, is the thing that "gives life";

It certainly would do to cricket, If, "stooping to conquer," the man with a bat

Might stand on his head, stop the ball with his hat,

Or purposely fall on his wicket.

And as for the man with the ball, why, of course,

The new argument there has equivalent force.

A trundler judiciously bowling To give away runs, might send "no balls," and "wides,"

Until "Mr. Extras" outnumbered both sides.

Then the game—as a farce—would be howling!

Why not play in motley, with comical masks?

Indeed, "The New Cricket" most certainly asks

Command, not of bowling, but features. A good corner-man, with his face painted black,

(To hide awkward blushes) would beat the old "crack."

"C. C." would mean "Comical Creatures!"

Mere "playing the game" is confoundedly slow,

But playing the fool is so fetching, you know!

And cricketing ought to mean clowning. Just look at "the ring" when a match is run close!

How every mouth clenches, how every eye glows,

How brows are all knit as in frowning!

All silent, all eager, all watching "the play"

As though 'twere a tragedy! Does that sound gay?

It might suit top-hatted old "stodges," The MYNNS and the BELDHAMS, the NYZENS and CLARKES.

What "modernity" wants now in cricket is—larks.

And Jeremy Diddler-like dodges.

And who but serene university swells Should set the example? What matter the yells

Of the multitude—who may have wagers?

No; let the "New Gentlemen" shape the "New Cricket,"

And we shall have fun and low farce at the wicket,

That well might astound mere Old Stagers!

ENFIN!—The Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Bill passed third reading in the Lords (and Ladies) by a majority of thirty-eight last Friday. Bravo! This is another feather in the plumage of that Early Bird, the Not-to-be-Dun-raven, who issues forth triumphantly with his bill in his beak.



"SPARE A COPPER, LIDY?"

"VERY SORRY, BUT HAVE ONLY SILVER IN MY PURSE."

"ALL RIGHT, LIDY. I CAN GIVE YOU CHANGE!"

VICE VERSÂ.

OUR strongest of Governments seems to be doomed

To one of the saddest of fates.

The weight of their Measures was vauntingly boomed,

But now 'tis all Measures and—*Waits!*

A SHRIEK FROM THE SHIRES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do you know what we unhappy country people are now threatened with? The plague has begun down here near Bristol, in Gloucestershire and Somerset, and will soon, unless checked, spread everywhere. It is nothing less than the *abolition of rural rambles!* For who would care for a walk through fields if he might not pick a primrose, or a blackberry, or a cob-nut? Trespassers are to be taken in hand by a brand-new co-operative agency, which removes all trouble in the matter from the farmer's shoulders, and places threatening notices, all worded

the same, in every field. The old moss-grown board about "trespassers will be prosecuted," which nobody regarded as serious, will be changed into a real rural Board of Works! And half our rustic pleasures will go by that board.

Whene'er we hunt the hazel-nut,
Or drag the brambles down
With blackberries ourselves to glut,
The fine is half-a-crown,

—or very likely twenty shillings and costs! The youth who breaks hedges shall himself be broken. Much as we all sympathise with agriculture, this surely is not the way to cure agricultural depression—it only adds to ours. The real defect from which farmers suffer is—too much (country) side! Please order these new boards to be taken down.

Yours appealingly,
INNOCUOUS STROLLER.

THE MOST POPULAR ASSOCIATION AT STOCKBRIDGE.—The Buy-(straw)-berry Club, members unlimited.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XVII.

Containing some intimate confidences from Mr. Jabberjee, with the explanation of such apparent indiscretion. Also some notes on the Academy.

BEFORE proceeding to set down sundry critical jots and tittles upon the Royal Academical Picture Exhibition of current season, I am about to whisper confidentially in the gentle ears of the sympathetic reader certain particulars relating to this humble ego of mine.

Since writing my latest contribution I have folded up my tent



"Unaccustomed to dark-complexioned gentlemen."

like an Arab, and silently moved away from Porticobello House, this independent hook being taken under the ostensible and colourable pretext of a medical opinion that the climate of Bayswater was operating injuriously upon my internal arrangements, but the real *causa causans* and *dessous des cartes* being a growing disinclination for the society of select male and female boarders.

Miss JESSIMINA was naturally bathed in tears at the announcement of my approaching departure, although I fondly sought to console her by assurances that my residence in Highbury, Islington, though beyond the radius and of inaccessible remoteness from Ladbroke Grove, should not obliterate her brilliant image from the cracked looking-glass of my heart, and that I would write to her with weekly regularity, and revisit the glimpses of her moony presence at the first convenient opportunity.

I do correspond with effusiveness and punctuality through the obliging medium of a young intimate Indian acquaintance of mine, who does actually reside at Highbury, and has kindly undertaken to forward my *billets doux*.

This stratagem is necessitated by the circumstance that (as a matter of fact) I am dwelling under a rose at Hereford Road, Westbourne Grove, which is in convenient proximity to Prince's Square and the stately home of the ALLBUTT-INNETT family, with whom I am now promoted to become the tame cat.

In Hereford Road I occupy garishly genteel first-floor front

and back apartments at rupees fifteen per week and the Lady of the Land has entreated me to kindly excuse the waiting-maid for jumping with diffidence whenever I pop upon her unpremeditatedly on the stairs, being a nervous girl and unaccustomed to dark-complexioned gentlemen—though, her own countenance, from superabundance of blacking and smuts, being of a far superior nigrity, it is I myself who should be more justified in jumping.

However, she is already becoming the *habituée*, and seldom drops the crockery-ware now—except when I simper with too beaming a condescension.

Certain of my readers will perhaps hold up the hands of amazement at my imprudence in disclosing my whereabouts, and other private concerns, in the publicity of a popular periodical—but there is method in such madness; they do not take in *Punch* at Porticobello House, considering that one penny (or even the moiety of that sum) is more correct value for funny and comical illustrated journalism, while the ALLBUTT-INNETTS, although they see *Punch* weekly do not peruse the literary contents, especially in the season, when, as Mrs. A. I. frequently remarks, they are in such a constant whirl of social dissipation that they have absolutely no time for serious reading.

At first I was severely mortified that—so far as my acquaintances were concerned—these tittlings and jottings should be thus written with water, but I have since made the discovery that my cloud of disappointment is internally lined with precious silver.

Now I will proceed with the criticism of the Royal Academy, to which I lately escorted Miss WEE-WEE and her elegant Mamma. I shall not deny that I was pleased with the majority of the pictures, which are of a magnificent newness and brilliancy, and in frames gilded with a lavish superbitude. But, being many thousand in number, it is obviously beside the question that I am to mention each individually in praise or blame, and I can only single out a few—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—and at the hazard of Hap.

There was a representation of the "*Besieged City of Mansoul*," apparently in India, and bombarded by Hon'ble BUNYAN in the Holy War, according to the index. Not being desirous of seeming the ignoramus in Miss WEE-WEE's eyes, I averred that I knew it well, and it was captured in the Indian Mutiny, where one of my relations had highly distinguished himself by his official fidelity to the Government.

In No. 3 Gallery there was a picture which Mrs. A. I. said we must not forget to look at, being one of the pictures of the year, and purchased by a request from the Court of Chancery. It was entitled "*The Man with the Scythe*," though by far the most conspicuous characters consisted of a woman and a small feminine child asleep in a chair. My companions agreed that the title was enigmatic, but Mrs. A. I. observed that the child was of a delicate appearance.

Another subject was called "*The Confession*," and presented an individual of a careworn and conscientious type cloaking his eyes with his fingers, while unfolding the harrowing tale of his misdemeanours to a very beautiful but sickish young lady, who was listening with a very proper expression of shocked and fascinated disapproval. But, with all humility, I would suggest that the interest of the picture would be greatly promoted by the Catalogue containing some more definite details of the sin which formed the head and front of his offending.

In No. 6 Gallery was a very fine portrait of a nun in the act of genuflection under a tree, with a good and bad angel in the background. Speaking for this poor self, I did consider the bad angel the more attractive in comeliness of the couple, though Miss WEE-WEE made a smiling reproach of my naughtiness in expressing such a preference.

The adjoining gallery contained a picture which Mrs. A. I. said we must be sure to remember to stop at, being the depiction of the funeral of RICHARD THE THIRD. However, she was of the opinion that for so lugubrious a subject it was not sufficiently sombre, as it was notorious that crimson was not correct Court mourning. Regarding Queen ANNE, I suspect that she has been considerably flattered by the painter, as I have always understood that she was elderly and of a puffy habit, and by no means as pretty as paint. But the painter was probably of the gallant opinion that *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

I was greatly entertained by a picture called "*Alone*," which showed a senile gentleman of rather greedy disposition, who had stolen slyly back with some dogs at the conclusion of a banquet for the purpose of finishing up the leavings, &c.

Also I noticed a curious painting of a youthful connubial couple, who had been, very imprudently, occupying themselves

in blowing large bubbles from a small kind of open boat during a tempest. This was shortly called "*Whither?*" Now *Davus sum, non Œdipus* (if I have employed this particular classical quotation *supra*, its adaptability and universal popularity with scholars must excuse me), but to such a question—the party being totally deficient in oars and sails, and the vessel being further impeded by nude characters of both sexes who were endeavouring to upset it—the answer must infallibly be: To DAVY JONES's locker!

Another equally fanciful subject was the delineation of a mermaid at the bottom of the sea, who was serving several fishes with drink out of a shell. Now it is indubitably the case that a fish is used as a synonym for a thirsty—but surely it is opposed to common sense to suppose that creatures who are naturally surrounded by unlimited liquid should be under the necessity to sip such refreshment from a shell!

As Mrs. ALBUTT-INNETT remarked, and I had the honour to concur, it is pitiable that artists should select such impossible subjects as the two above-mentioned, and should take so little pains to observe Nature!

But in one particular I can cordially commend the conduct of the Academy at this Exhibition—they have generously withdrawn their clause insisting upon the deposit of all sticks, umbrellas, *et hoc genus omne*.

This is Enlightenment and real Artistic Progress, and I will venture confidently to predict that it will increase their receipt of custom.

A FLY ON THE WHEEL.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Interviewer.)

"AND how about the railway race to John o' Groats?" I said, as I introduced myself to the cheery skipper of the Starboard route, and fell unasked into his favourite arm-chair.

"Race?" he answered, "what race? Know nothing of any race on our line. Tell me all about it."

"There is a popular impression," I replied, "that you and the Larboard line propose to resume your go-as-you-please contest. That, no doubt, is false. But you will admit that last season your John o' Groats Through Scorchers was getting a little previous in its arrival."

"A faint rumour of this scandal did indeed reach me," he admitted. "But, in the first place, it is not true that we ever raced; and, in the second place, the Larboard began it. We aimed simply to reach the irreducible medium of friction, and to perfect our system of punctuation. We have arranged this year to have only one full stop, and that at the end. For the rest, there will be but two commas and a semicolon."

"Race or no race," I said, "may I ask whether you are conscious of an irresistible public feeling in favour of being turned out on a hard Gaelic platform three-and-a-half hours before breakfast-time?"

"You would never believe," he replied, "how strong a sporting instinct lies latent in the breast of the British passenger. Among busy men who cannot get away from town for more than one consecutive day, there is a growing demand for an hour or two with the grouse at John o' Groats. It is for these that we hope to cater. In the old system, the morning up-train was timed to leave the north long before the arrival of the down. By a careful economy of time, and a more free use of the finer varieties of train-oil, we expect to obtain so handsome a margin on the right side, that a keen sportsman, leaving London the night before, may walk over a moderately-sized moor on the extreme confines of the Highlands, bag a brace or so before the birds are really awake, and get back to town in time to eat them at dinner in the very bosom of his family. And all within twenty-four hours."

"But your locomotives," I interrupted, "will they not suffer from what I may perhaps call the prolonged strain of this *Sturm und Drang*?"

"On the contrary," he answered; "we shall have fresh relays posted along the route. The same machinery—a sort of glorified mail-catcher—that picks the old engine off the line will drop a brand new one in its place. We hope, also, to obviate the difficulty of refreshments in the following way. By an ingenious arrangement of troughs (the Larboard, I may say, will have nothing like it) our passengers will be enabled to lap up buns and things while the train still urges on its unbridled career. A member of our *personnel* will be present to check off the amount consumed."

"Then, again, we have the advantage in point of gradients."



Country Barber (affably, to total stranger). "VERY TRYIN' WEATHER THIS SIR. MAKES YOU FEEL AS IF YOU'D LIKE YOUR BODY IN A POND, AN' YOUR 'EAD IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE!"

None of ours so much as approach the perpendicular. I may tell you, in confidence, that a rise of even two feet in three is a strain upon the most willing of locomotives, even when followed only by a second locomotive, two tenders, and a go-cart, the best possible combination for an ideal train."

"If," I said, "you will pardon a suggestion from a mere layman, it has often seemed to me that needless friction is caused by allowing the wheels to come in contact with the metals. Would it not be feasible to ignore the rails altogether, or only bring the train to ground occasionally for the purpose of correcting any lateral aberration?"

"You may be sure," he affably replied, "that this happy idea of yours has not escaped our consideration. By another season we hope to have made experiments in that direction as well as in the use of pneumatic tyres for minimising the shock of these intermittent descents. At present we are engaged over another problem, namely, the best method of dealing with the signalman of the Auld Lights Junction, where the Starboard and Larboard routes converge. It will be within your memory, that one night last year he ran us heavily into a siding while he put the others through. He may or may not have had a trifle on the result. We are anxious, however, not to dispense altogether with signals, as they give employment to a deserving class, and are a popular source of confidence."

"But," he added, courteously, "you must be greatly pressed for time in your profession. I have already detained you too long. Good day."

Not quite, but Something Like it.

Miss Longtooth. I'm so delighted, dear, that the American Artillerymen have come over to England.

Mrs. Quiverly. Why, love?

Miss L. (giggling). Because everyone knows that the Bostonians make the best "hubs" in the world.



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN (IF POSSIBLE).

Hostess (bringing up the rear with the Duke of Whortlebury). "IT SEEMS A PITY THAT A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE TO GO DOWN TO DINNER WITH AN OLD WOMAN LIKE ME!"

His Grace. "IT'S ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF HIGH RANK, YOU KNOW!"

HOLIDAY THEORY—AND PRACTICE.

[Dr. LOUIS ROBINSON, writing on "The Science of Change of Air" in the *National Review*, says that the reason why a holiday change does so much good is because man is naturally a nomad, and still keeps up the wandering instincts of his hunting ancestors.]

QUITE agree with Dr. ROBINSON. In fact, he seems to have taken my ideas—and without acknowledgment, too! Perhaps due to my never having told anybody about them.

Feel very nomadic to-day. Suggest

Margate to family. Family also nomadic, it seems. Only, why Margate? they ask. Why not some new place—say the Black Forest in Germany. Ah! A forest! Primeval instinct cropping up again. Family unconsciously reproducing passion of arboreal ancestors for tree-climbing. Very interesting. Must write to Dr. ROBINSON about it. Striking confirmation of his theory—or my theory, rather.

Black Forest abandoned—too dear. Then whither? Everybody suggests a different place. Excellent! What could be more nomadic than that? Family,

however, must depart from primitive precedent and all go away together, I fear. Expensive to divide forces. Jolly for nomad ancestors not to have to think of expense. Wonder if, when they changed woods, they paid nuts to a new monkey-landlord? Must ask Dr. ROBINSON what he thinks about it. But isn't what I think equally important? Certainly.

Thought it would be Margate, after all! Old hunting instincts come out wonderfully during search for lodgings. Charges high—perhaps due to elevation at which lodging-house-keepers' ancestors lived. Our landlady delightfully primitive and nomadic—shown by her instinct for appropriating bits of our joints. Evidently her ancestors had flocks and herds of their own. Now she lives on other people's flocks and herds. Must mention her case to Dr. ROBINSON—if I write to him.

Fancy I am more nomadic than rest of my family. Feel a craving for Boulogne; and why not Paris? Off by *La Marguerite*. Didn't know how strong instinct was before. Jolly casino at Boulogne—"petits chevaux," too! Must have had very sporting ancestors! Probably they gambled for nuts on tree-tops, because—there goes my last five-franc piece!

Up a tree—more nomadic than ever! Hang Dr. ROBINSON. Why does he start these absurd theories? Pawn watch, and so back. What an ape I have made of myself!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Jilted Etonian becomes amorous once more at the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match.

A VERY long, long time ago—
How long it is I scarcely know—
I met you on a coach at Lord's.
You told me that you'd never seen
A sight so splendid, as this green
Surrounded by such joyous hordes
Of fashionable folk. And you
Were fairest blossom—true light blue—
"Forget-me-not!" was your adieu!

The years rolled on, our ways apart.
I kept the farewell of your heart
Among the things to be redeemed.
Again we met, no longer boy,
I saw you Fashion's latest toy,
And not the girl of whom I dreamed.
But still you wore dear Eton blue,
Though in the scene no longer new.
Forgotten was your first adieu.

And now to-day by that same flag
I see you on the self same drag—
Not younger than you were before.
But always, as you were to me
In that first year—'twas something-three—
Why fix a date, for you and me,
When Time is running up our score?
Life's chances may be very few,
Then why not that sweet vow renew?
You are forgiven—but what's that blue?
Harrovian! Perjured maid! Adieu!

WEATHER STATEMENT.—The heat has been so great that we are informed (on excellent authority) that the 'bus-drivers all over London have been enabled to light their pipes on their own boxes.

A SLEDMERE SONNET.

MATRIMONIAL cares oft are wove in a mesh,
Sir TATTON with Wedlock is shot by *La Flèche*.

A WORD TO THE Y.'s AT HENLEY.—Try again; you will be Yale-fellow, well met!



“JOHNNY GILPIN!”

(MARKIS OF S-L-SB-RY

John Gilpin.)

“THE HORSE WHO NEVER IN THAT SORT
HAD HANDLED BEEN BEFORE,

WHAT THING UPON HIS BACK HE'D GOT
DID WONDER MORE AND MORE.”



A 'SPARE' MOMENT IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n. "YES; NO DOUBT WE ARE VERY MUCH ALIKE. HE WANTED ONLY THE EYEGLASS!"

HINTS ANENT THE A. H. A. C. OF BOSTON.

(At the Service of those who take down Ladies to Dinner.)

For Maiden just out.—Yes, sweetly pretty uniform. Dark blue tunic with light blue overalls. Picturesque kepi. Perhaps they are a little elderly, as they belong to the Veteran Company. Most of them family men. Or at least, have cousins and aunts. Certainly are accompanied by their women folk. Don't know much about them personally, but read an exhaustive description of them in the *Daily Telegraph*.

For Maiden very much out.—Most interesting. Recruited from the best families in America. No doubt plenty of millionaires amongst them. Fancy some of them went over to the United States originally in the *Mayflower*. From this take it that they will be glad to get back and settle at home.

For Wife of a Political Economist.—Ought to do a great deal of good. Create friendly feeling between the two branches of the English-speaking race. Most satisfactory that the expense is not thrown upon the rates. Not certain, however, that ratepayers belonging to the H. A. C. of London will agree with me.

For Wife of a Poet.—Charming idea altogether. Certainly a subject for LONGFELLOW, or the only Englishman worthy to wear his mantle. Quite a pity if the idea is anticipated by the Poet Laureate. Should be more popular than *Miles Standish*. Very touching, the *rapprochement* of the old and the new. "Rule, Britannia," and "Hail, Columbia"; but it is on this occasion that Britannia is the hailing party. Of course this is only the rough idea, but in capable hands the theme might be worked up into something tremendous.

For Widow of a General Officer.—Yes, a fine body of men. But discipline apparently slightly slack. The idea of the rank and file electing their officers, preposterous. Quite true the British army would never have been the British army if its generals had been made in that fashion. Still, the force must be meritorious because HER MAJESTY received them at Windsor.

For sensible Lady of average abilities.—Truth to say, have never seen them. Believe they are quite as interesting as any other body of citizens of the United States. Seem to be more

or less a club. Well, lots of good clubs everywhere. Inclusive of the House of Commons. Quite as good a subject of conversation as the opera, or the Royal Academy, or Hurlingham, or Henley, or Goodwood. Perhaps even better, for during the next nine days (while their visit remains a wonder) the topic will be fresher!

THE MEETING OF THE (HARROGATE) WATERS.

A Tribute from One who has tried them.

AIR—MOORE'S "Meeting of the Waters."

THERE is not in old England a high land so sweet
As that plain where the Eighty (or more) Waters meet,
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the good that they did me shall fade from my heart.

I went there a wreck, with my liver all wrong,
And I left, in six weeks, feeling jolly and strong;
And whenever I'm chippy I mean to go back
To the Old Sulphur Well and the guidance of BLACK.

Don't tell me of Homburg and Aix-la-Chapelle!
The waters of Schwalbach are all very well;
But on good Yorkshire soil I salvation have found,
And Harrogate suits me right down to the ground.

Oh SLINGSBY of Knaresb'ro! there's many a saint
Whose halo seems dim and whose memory grows faint;
Who to canonisation had not as much right
As you, first spring-finder, and "eminent knight."

When you dropped—happy hour!—on that old Tewit Well—
(Led, no doubt, by the nose, for those waters will smell)—
That chance treasure-trove did more good to the rice
Than the quarry of which you were doubtless in chase.

Then they cleared off the Hewra-gate forest, and found
That Hygeia in Harrogate dwelt—underground;
And there the dear goddess resides to this day,
Within hail of the Bog-Field, and sight of the Stray.

And there the (medicinal) waters meet still;
Coming goodness knows whence, threading grit-moor and hill,
And bright bubbling up through the grey and the green
In founts more health-giving than old Hippocrene.

There Sulphate, and Chloride, and Carbonate come,
With Ferruginous friend, and Chalybeate chum,
Whom a modern and myth-making Muse well might sing
As nymphs of the fountain and sprites of the spring.

But chemists have killed all our poesy out,
And Sodium Sulphydrate leaves fancy in doubt.
One would gladly indulge dithyrambical games,
Had they pleasanter odours, and prettier names.

But the strong sulphur water of Harrogate—pheugh!!!
You can't call it sweet, if you care to be true.
A pint before breakfast, all hot from the spring,
Does not, at the moment, tempt poets to sing.

Yet Hylas—if "livery"—surely would find
These nymphs, if less sweet and seductive, more kind
Than those of Ionia, who stayed the boy's breath;
For Harrogate's naiads give life and not death.

And that's why with lyrical fervour I greet
That sulphurous spot where the bright waters meet.
And why at the "Crown" in the Maytime I'd dwell,
Within easy reach of the Old Sulphur Well.

Yet it is not that Nature has favoured the Stray,
That niggers there sing, and that minstrels there play;
'Tis not you *soprano* so strident and shrill,
Oh no—it is something more exquisite still!

'Tis that ROOSE, BLACK, and Sulphur, a trio most dear,
Restored me to health when I felt precious queer.
And I know how the best charms of Nature seem lost
When my mirror reflects me a face like a ghost.

Sweet region of Sulphur! How calmly I rest
Since I drank of the waters which meet in thy breast.
My gratitude, Harrogate, never shall cease,
Since my gout seems all gone and my liver's at peace.



HONEY-MOONINGS.

Angelina. "AND HAVE YOU BEEN THINKING OF ME WHEN YOU WERE AWAY?"

Edwin. "YES, DEAREST. I WAS THINKING ABOUT YOU SO, ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK YESTERDAY AFTERNOON!"

Angelina. "HOW SWEET OF YOU, DARLING! DO TELL ME HOW AND WHAT YOU THOUGHT!"

Edwin. "WELL, MY OWN ONE, I THOUGHT HOW FOND YOU WERE OF LOBSTERS—AND—AND I HAD ONE!"

A BIRTHDAY CARD.

Punch to a G. E. M. of purest ray serene.

[Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN was sixty on July 8.]

THREE score, my dear JOSEPH! Dear me, you don't say!

So chirpy you look, and so youthful! Well, here's "Many Happy Returns of the Day."

With heartiness earnest and truthful! Three score! Well, you've scored all the way, my dear boy;

Like GRACE, you're a stunner at scoring.

A long not-out innings *Punch* hopes you'll enjoy (although the Boer bowling is—boring).

You're growing a G. O. M., too, bit by bit.

Time brings the best rider a cropper. May you ne'er by your brethren be left in the pit,

And never play "JOE in the Copper."

We won't call you "Old JOE," you don't look the part, though you "kick up before and behind," too.

You'll yet, I've no doubt, play with excellent art,

Jeune Premier—when you've a mind to. Meanwhile, oh, you Grandest of Elderly Men,

You honour to Britain and Brummagem, May you shine as clean-cut up to eighty, and then

E'en to envious foes, you'll become a G. E. M.!

NOT INDICTABLE FOR PERJURY.—A visitor to St. James's Hall may safely swear that White is black.

TENNANTS FOR LIFE.—The Member for Berwickshire and the Lady Inspector of Factories.

LIGHT LITERATURE.—Books read in bed by night.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Aida, with the dotlets on her one "i," failed to draw the people away from such outside shows as Henley (just clearing off), the Indian Exhibition, *où l'on dîne*, the Crystal Palace Gardens, the terrace of the Star and Garter, Richmond, and, indeed, from any other place where one can remain out of doors on a tropical summer night and breathe as much of the balmy as is to be obtained by Londoners of moderate means and healthy aspirations. VERDI's Egyptian pickle opera appropriate to season, but season not satisfactory to light tenor, very light tenor, LUCIGNANI by name, who came out as *Radames*. EDWARD DE RESZKE fine as *Ramfis*, or "Rum phiz," on account of his "make-up." ANCONA was fiercely barbaric as *Amonasro*, and Signor ARIMONDI, in English 'ARRY MUNDY, a good king, which it is ever difficult to be. Poor MAGGIE MACINTYRE, as *Aida*, conscientiously made up to represent a character in Egyptian pottery of the period, "looked the part," that is, if *Aida* was intended to look like that: but the part itself does not suit her. Madame MANTELLI came out vocally and dramatically strong. No opera perfect without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, and here she is as "*Una Sacerdotessa*," probably the happy wife of some still happier Egyptian curate. Beaming BEVIGNANI never worked harder to achieve success, and succeeded. On Tuesday, July 14, appear again JOHNNIE and NEDDY DE RESZKE. Then they're off, and are "heard no more" (SHAKSPEARE) this season. *Sic transit*.

After Henley.

WELL rowed from start to finish, oh, ye gallant youths of Yale! With such brave bid for victory 'tis no disgrace to fail. There was a time when Britons felt hope flopping down to zero. If the winners were "Leanders," sure each loser was a "Hero."

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—Fancy "Twenty-Brass Bands" all in full blow, competing for a prize at the Agricultural Hall. This was announced for last Saturday, and the struggle for life continues till Tuesday, July 21. On a very hot day get a ticket for the windy side of London.

WHEEL AND WOE.—A Brooklyn inventor has patented a cycle-hearse.

A PERSON WHO NEVER EARNS HIS DAILY BREAD.—The Loafer.

ITALIAN POULTRY.—Some of the tough bipeds imported from King HUMBERT's kingdom to this country are believed to be the results of the lays of ancient Rome.

ONE WHO NATURALLY OBJECTS TO FIRE BRIGADES.—BURNS, M.P.

CRY OF THE TRAVELLING SMOKER.—*En briar root!*

OUR NO-BALL GAME!

(Cons for Cambridge Cricketers.)

Question. When is a ball not a ball?

Answer. When it is a "no ball"!

Q. What is the narrowest possible win?

A. A win by a wilful "wide."

Q. What is the difference between the letter and the spirit of the laws of sportsmanlike cricket?

A. A "wide" difference!

Q. What American novel is likely to be popular with Light Blue Cricketers?

A. "The Wide, Wide Whirled!"

Q. What is the Light Blue version of the celebrated True Blue couplet?

A. "Let good old cricket laws and customs die,

But leave us still our new no-ball-ity!"

HORTICULTURAL INFORMATION.—The antithesis to the fir-cone is the pine-apple.

THE GOD OF EGYPTIAN SPECULATORS.—Jupiter Mammon.



A NICE POINT.

The Lady Ermyntrude. "WELL, I CERTAINLY DO NOT INTEND TO GO ANOTHER YARD!"

The Lady Dorothea. "AND I CERTAINLY INTEND TO GO ON!"

The Ladies E. and D. (together). "WHICH DO YOU INTEND TO DO, MAJOR?"

[*The Major (an accepted authority on etiquette) hasn't the faintest idea.*]

SHABBY IN OUR "BABBY."

(*The Average Briton to Mr. Balfour.*)

OH! BALFOUR, you are brave and smart
(Though self-dubbed a mere babby);
But meanness grieves the Briton's heart,
And gives the laugh to LABBY.
There's scarce a Briton in the land
But feels your reasoning flabby.
To make poor India pay a part
Of rich BULL's debts is—shabby!

Your argument seems little worth,
'Twas thus we lost the Yankee!
The policy of the chill (Lord) NORTH
Won't suit our East,—no, thankee!
JOHN BULL has blundered in his time,
Been greedy, grasping, grabby;
But blunder bungles into crime
When 'tis unjust—and shabby.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.—Pretty to see DON JOSE on Treasury Bench just now whilst his esteemed colleague, GEORGE HAMILTON, was tracing all the sorrows of the Soudan back to action of Cabinet in 1880—85. In those far-off days our Colonial Secretary was a leading spirit in the Cabinet of Mr. G. A Government—so G. H. described it—responsible for the necessity, year after year, of sending large expeditions to the Soudan, leading to nothing but profitless bloodshed, involving heavy burden alike on Egyptian and British taxpayer. Fortunately, at this moment, DON JOSE was fast asleep; arms folded over tranquil

breast; faint smile hovering over gently closed lips.

"Hush!" said SARK, when I nudged him, pointing, as did JOHN MORLEY a little later with more emphatic gesture, to propinquity of the Ministers. "You know that pretty legend which explains the cause of a babe sometimes smiling in its sleep? 'The angels are talking to it' they say. I think the angels are talking to DON JOSE."

Perhaps they were. All we heard was GEORGE HAMILTON uplifting his voice in denunciation of the Cabinet of 1880—85. And that, SARK admits, is quite another thing.

JOHN MORLEY, when he spoke, fitted the cap on heads of DON JOSE and the statesman who at the time alluded to was Marquis of HARTINGTON, specially responsible as Secretary of State for War for operations in the Soudan. Duke of DEVONSHIRE, in accordance with his genial habit, came in too late to hear this passage. Was in his place over clock a quarter of an hour later, in time to hear ghosts of his former self summoned from vasty deep of blue books to confront his present colleagues, and condemn their action in charging India with cost of troops recruited for the Soudan. No one looking at impassive face surveying House from seat in gallery immediately over the clock would imagine that its owner had remotest interest in personage whose written words were cited and commented upon. The House, its interest quickened by presence of the Duke whilst the Marquis was quoted, pricked up its ears.

His Grace, after listening for a while, became unaffectedly bored. He yawned

whenever JOHN MORLEY, mentioning "Lord HARTINGTON," proceeded to quote from his speeches or despatches. Soon his head drooped on right shoulder. Convenient to his elbow was division of bench between Peers' Gallery and that set apart for Foreign Ministers. As J. M. continued, the Duke laid his head on his hand, and in full view of crowded House he slept—slept so soundly, that, unlike his colleague on Treasury Bench, he was undisturbed by problematical visits from the angels. If on sultry July night House of Commons cared to know what the Marquis of HARTINGTON thirteen years ago said about wisdom and equity of charging on Indian revenue expenses of Indian troops serving abroad, they might stay awake and listen. As for the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, he publicly fell asleep.

Business done.—Attempt to relieve India from Soudan war charges defeated by majority of 85 in House of 465.

Tuesday.—The Right Hon. JEMMY LOWTHER came down to-day in high spirits. Budget Bill in Committee; LLOYD-GEORGE had put down amendment exempting from duty tea grown in any part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions. Here was a rift of sunlight in a long sullen sky. If it was not Protection it was, as oratorical Member once said, opening the door to the thin end of the wedge. JEMMY not the man to miss an opportunity. He would put his shoulder to the door and help to drive the wedge further in.

It proved a night of disappointment. First of all, enough to break spirit of ordinary man, LLOYD-GEORGE proposed to withdraw his amendment. There, at least, JEMMY had the whip hand, and used it.

Did Committee suppose that having prepared lecture nearly an hour long, taking as text particular amendment on the paper, that because amendment not moved his speech would not be made? If he might not deliver it on amendment being moved, he would set forth every word of it on motion for leave not to move amendment.

In this effort grievously hampered by action of kinsman in the Chair. Time was when the LOWTHERS all hung together—at least, as many of them as were caught by gentry in whose cattle they had taken a personal interest. Now, J. W. LOWTHER, in Chair of Committee of Ways and Means, from time to time interrupted speech of J. LOWTHER, standing at corner of bench below Gangway, and insisted he should confine his remarks to certain narrow line. JEMMY, in the largeness of his heart and fulness of his knowledge, wanted to range all over the tea table. J. W. said he must strictly confine his attention to his own particular cup of tea. Ribald House uproariously laughed when from time to time the LOWTHER in the chair solemnly rose and in gravest voice called to order the LOWTHER below the Gangway.

JEMMY an old Parliamentary hand; knows all the ropes; intimately acquainted with procedure. Finding one hole stopped, the old fox got away in another direction. Sight of COURTNEY reminded him of Cobden Club dinner. Cobden Club suggested Free Trade. Why not discuss speeches at Cobden Club dinner? Hardly started when Chairman up again. More hilarious laughter on benches opposite. JEMMY harked back to tea; had scarcely stirred his first cup when Chairman down on him again. By this time had nearly got through his notes; so with indignant

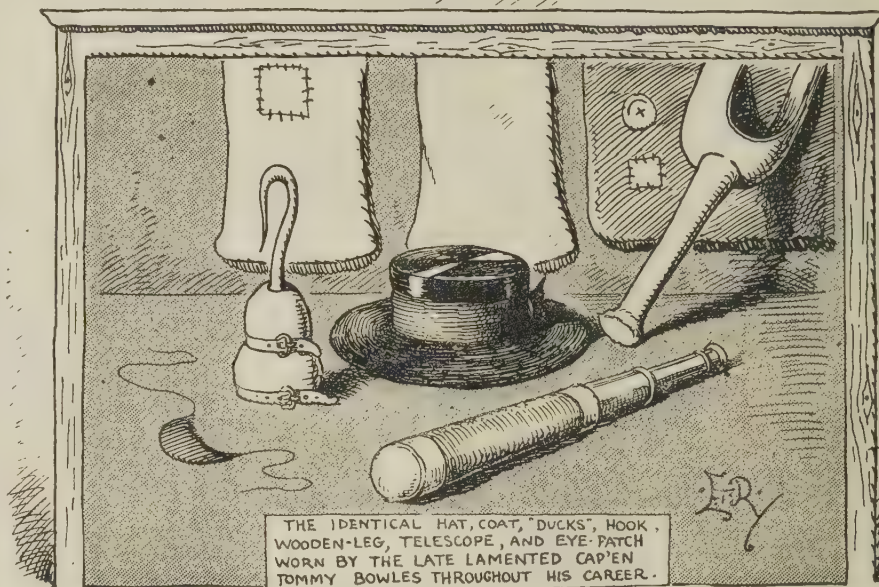


Tied to Tea!
(Mr. J-mmy L-wth-r.)

filing at rules of debate that "would not permit him to approach question fair and square," he finally sat down.

Business done.—Budget Bill discussed.

Thursday.—Budget Bill again; talk of all-night sitting, but with thermometer at 82 in shade doubt whether the thing will work. With exception of coolness suddenly sprung up between SQUIRE OF MAL-



"Objects of National and Historic Interest!"
(Exempt from Duty.)

WOOD and his sometimes faithful follower, Dr. WALLACE, the only cool thing in view from the SPEAKER'S Chair is the CAP'EN. He has shipped his ducks; slewed on coat of cool grey; rigged a fan from the hall-wards of the bent spar that serves him for a right fist; whilst others fume and fret in tropical heat, he, in the very wantonness of luxury, pulls his trowser well up the length of his wooden leg, and smiles at the Chairman of Ways and Means.

The CAP'EN, whose knowledge of finance is extensive and peculiar, has taken active part in debate on Budget now drawing to its close. On Clause 16, which exempts from estate duty works of art which appear to the Treasury to be of scientific interest, he posed Committee with suggestion that laid bare weakness of clause. His old comrade, who used to rank as PRIVATE HANBURY, now represents Treasury in House of Commons.

"Fancy," said the CAP'EN, waving his hook in dangerous proximity over head of Secretary to Treasury reclining on bench below, "my hon. friend here having to decide whether or not my portrait is of historic interest!" Committee affected to laugh, but the seriousness of the position was not to be disposed of by sniggering over it.

Business done.—Budget Bill through Committee.

House of Lords, Friday.—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill down for third reading. (SARK says he never heard of a deceased wife's sister named BILL. But they don't know everything down in the Channel Islands.) House crowded in anticipation of lively debate and critical division. Bishops in abundance. The McCULLUM MORE not been here lately. Comes down to-night, and to audible delight of bishops fulminates against proposal. An eloquent speech, but confess I never see his Grace now without thinking of what an Oban innkeeper said to me when I was last autumn in those parts waiting for the express to the South.

"The Duke of ARGYLL," he said, "is in a verri deeficult poseetion, whatever. His pride of intellect will no let him associate with men of his ain birth, and his pride of birth will no let him associate with men of his ain intellect."

Business done.—Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister Bill read a third time by majority of 38.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

FLOWER AND WEED.

By my side in a shady garden bower
I have all that a man can need—
The last new book, and a sweet fresh flower
(Which are both "just out"), and a weed.

My book lies idly upon my knee,
And I hardly pretend to read,
For the flower is all I care to see—
Though I also love the weed.

If to burn and be burnt be the heart's desire,
Then mine is fulfilled indeed;
For the flower sets all my heart on fire,
While I—set fire to the weed!

And "Dick, you old chimney, that's
number three!"

I hear, yet I do not heed;
But I smile at the flower that smiles at me

Through the smoke of the burning weed.

So I while the summer hours away,
From all worry and trouble freed,
And the only boon from the Fates I pray
Is—"Give me flower and weed!"

For it's my belief that a garden nook—
Most certain of all true creeds—
Is the place where flowers their sweetest look,
And the place for burning weeds!

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.—In playing *The Liar*, Mr. BOURCHIER seems to have struck the right note. *The Liar* is to go into the evening bill, and then Mr. BOURCHIER will, we hope, "Foote it" to a pretty tune.

BEFORE MR. JUSTICE DAY.—Wonderful how clear the most misty case becomes when Day-light is let in on it.

THE CONSTANT MEAL OF ILL-ASSORTED COUPLES.—Tiffin.



MELTING MOMENTS.

(Temperature 95° in the Shade.)

Friend. "How does this weather suit you, Old Chap?"
Bankrupt Proprietor. "Oh, down to the ground! You see, I'm
IN LIQUIDATION!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Concluded.)

WELL, there was no blinking the fact. HARRY was married, and loud were the lamentations and indignant the snortings of all his tribe of aunts when the news pervaded to their ears. Now at last, they declared, the boy was ruined: all his previous escapades were merely the conventional sowing of wild oats, from which a youth of his gifts, spirit and lineage might have been expected to reap an abundant crop of success. But this marriage was too terrible. HARRY might have allied himself to rank and wealth, for a lad of his looks and family could have aspired to any alliance outside the circle of royalty—but a tenant farmer's daughter! No, the boy had made himself impossible, and henceforth—so they affirmed in effect—they were no aunts of his.

HARRY took the ostracism decreed against him by his aunts with perfect calmness. The old cats, he said, had never done anything for him, and he didn't care two winks of a sparrow's left eye-lid what they thought of his actions. If they didn't care for his missus they would just have to lump it, and after all, she could give the whole lot of them a hundred-weight and a beating for looks and manners, and that was all he was going to trouble his head about. So HARRY was codicilled out of several wills, and accepted, with his wife, an invitation from my wife to stay with us for a week or so while they looked out for nice cheap lodgings in a quiet part of the town, and settled what they were to do for a living. For ALICE, I must say, behaved like an angel to her brother. "I will never give HARRY up, no, never," were her words. "If he were to commit a murder I would hide him, and now that he has really done a fine action, as well as a sensible one, I mean to stand by him

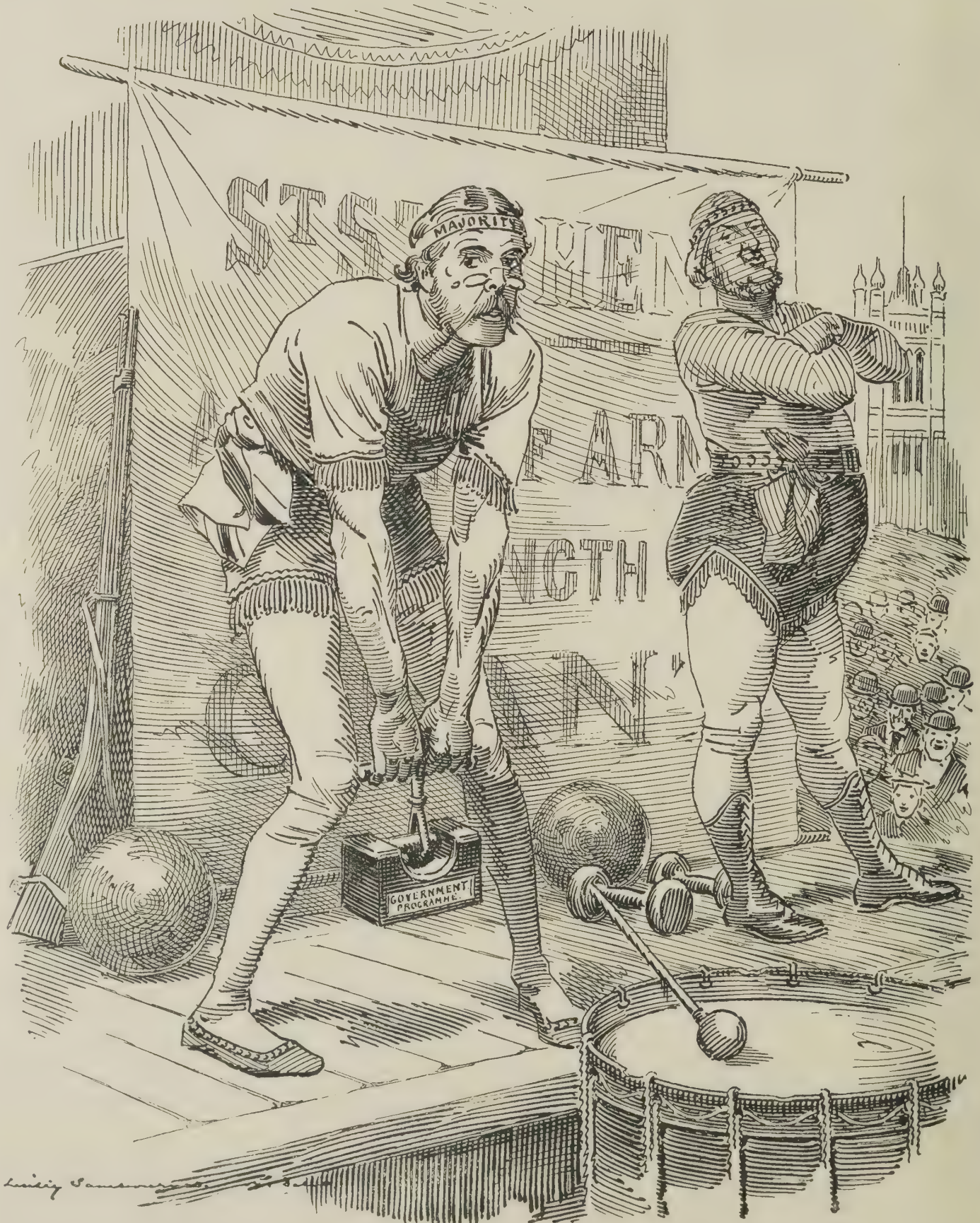
more than ever. That girl will be the making of him, you'll see if I'm not right. All he wants is a feeling of responsibility, a sense that someone depends upon him, and who could give him that better than a wife? You know how often you've said yourself that you could never have got on without me, though I'm sure I know little enough of your horrid old law-books, or your stupid cases—and I'm sure it'll be just the same with HARRY, if we can only get him started. And with your influence you must be able to get him something." Thus did the wife of my bosom address winged words to me, and hence it came that we shortly afterwards received the visit of the young couple.

AND now, as Mr. RIDER HAGGARD says, a strange thing happened. I must confess that I had looked forward with some apprehension to my first meeting with Mrs. HARRY, and my wife—though she would have gone to the stake, or suffered herself to be torn with red-hot pincers rather than admit it—was not without her share of nervousness. For after all, when a young man has never in his life deviated into a wise action, one is not inclined to credit him with any special discernment in so momentous a matter as the choice of a wife. And somehow or other, the idea associated in my mind with a farmer's daughter was of a clumsy, heavy, buxom, blooming, and not too refined girl. But the reality was totally different. In place of the common displeasing vision we had conjured up we saw a modest, charming, and extremely pretty girl, dressed simply, but with perfect taste, and of a style of address and manners that would have fitted her to take her place in any society. After she had been with us for half an hour I was won over to her side for good and all, and my wife, as she embraced her for about the eighth time, cast a triumphant look at me, as much as to say, "didn't I tell you so all along, and will you ever dare to doubt my foresight again, and aren't you really rather foolish ever to have thought ESTHER would be anything but delightful?"

As for HARRY, he was fonder of his wife and prouder of his own cleverness in having captured her than I could have conceived it possible for so giddy and thoughtless a young man. "Look here, old man," he said to me, with considerable solemnity, "of course I know I've played the fool all my life, but that's over now. I'm going to buckle to like beans, you see if I don't. Something must turn up, and whatever it is I'll take it, and ESTHER will help me, bless her heart, right through. You don't know what ideas that girl has got, she's full of 'em. Why, I'm a baby to her." Never was praise better deserved, for certainly ESTHER was as practical as she was pretty and fascinating, and her quiet influence began to have an extraordinary effect on HARRY in curbing his extravagances, and reducing his ideas to the level of his means.

I AM sorry to have to end this little story in a happy way—but truth compels. The secretaryship of the Bucephalus Club fell vacant about this time, and the Committee of that great institution were inundated with applications for the post. It had been my good fortune on one occasion to be able to render a considerable service to the Bucephalus, and for some years I had had a place on the Committee. I took up HARRY as my candidate, worked for him, canvassed for him, wrote letters on his behalf, and, in the result, secured his triumphant election. The defeated minority hinted darkly at a job, but HARRY has justified me and his other supporters. No better club secretary exists. He is punctual, courteous, and a model of secretarial industry, and, further than that, I don't suppose there is a happier couple in London than HARRY and ESTHER. Their wants are moderate and their means are sufficient. I do not wish it to be inferred that I recommend everybody to get a seemingly ne'er-do-well brother-in-law married to the daughter of a tenant-farmer. All I can say is, that in this particular case the experiment has been an unqualified success, and must for ever stand to the credit of womankind.

TRILBY's poor tootsies have ceased to run on the boards of the Haymarket, but she now reappears in a West Australian mining venture, not in company with *Svengali*, but united to *Little Billee*. The Mining Co. is known as "The *Ivanhoe Consols Amalgamated, Trilby, and Little Billee*," so that O my eye *Trilby* is in excellent company with *Thackeray's Little Billee* and *Scott's O-my-I-vanhoe*. If "Our *Trilby*," or rather "*Trilby Mine*" has the success of the book, the speculators will be fortunate.



TOO MUCH FOR HIM

Hercules (the rival Strong Man, to Arthur Balfour, the Giant). "WHAT! CALL YOURSELF A GIANT, AND NOT LIFT THAT LITTLE LOT!"



DECIDEDLY UNCOMFORTABLE.

AWKWARD POSITION OF MR. NEWFANGLE, WHO, WHEN HALF-WAY UP A STEEP HILL, DISCOVERS BY THE SUDDEN RETROGRADE MOVEMENT OF THE AUTOCAR THAT THE MOTOR HAS BECOME EXHAUSTED.

MR. PUNCH AT A GARDEN PARTY.

A Plea for the Birds to the Women of England on the Princess Maud's Wedding Day.

AN Eden à la mode! Nature's charms and Fashion's code

Sweetly blent!

Manners "smart" and pretty frocks. Sure there's nothing here that shocks Calm content.

Beauteous women and brave men! It would tax a modiste's pen To portray

Culture and chiffons fine under summer's hyaline

Gathered gay.

Yon's a popular princess, in a most delicious dress,

Smiling sweet;

And the daughters of the land, gentle, gracious, bright and bland, Mix and meet.

And the dresses, ah! the dresses! Man his impotence confesses

At their sight.

Man may epics pen, or plays, but the sumptuary maze,

Rainbow-bright,

His descriptive power transcends. What a charm the frou-frou lends

To the scene!

Modish music is the sound of soft raiment rustling round

'Midst the green

Of the leafy summer bowers, and the summer-scented flowers.

And the plumes!—

Ah!—the plumes! There comes a thought with grave melancholy fraught, Which o'erglooms

All the gladness of the time. Can a cold, inhuman crime

Throw its shade O'er a scene so bright as this? It is like a serpent hiss

From a glade Flower-decked and softly fair. O'er that young girls golden hair

Float the sprays From a slaughtered egret torn! Fashion rules they must be worn.

She—obeys! Yes, despite the sweet princess—whom to-day we toast and bless

On her bridal,— There they wave. And can it be Nature's protest, Pity's plea,

Still fall idle? Punch would whisper in your ears, stately dames and pretty dears,—

Whom he loves,— That from forth MAUD's marriage-morn egret plumes should be foresworn.

Dainty doves, Darlings, to deck whose forms nesting birds in countless swarms

Fall and bleed,— Use your own brown tender eyes. Heed not Fashion's selfish lies.

Rather heed Punch and kind Sir WILLIAM FLOWER! Gentle heart is dearest dower

For a maid. How the birds your vow will bless! Never mind the claims of dress, Or harsh trade,

Think of all the woe and pain of the birds in myriads slain

Near their nests, Just to make your head look smart, at the cost of your kind heart.

Love's behests Scarce should want such seconding. Let the egret be a thing

Never worn O'er an English maiden's tresses! That's a vow which, while it blesses

You, will crown our dear Princess's Marriage-morn!

A Constant Reader's Question.

SIR,—All over the country as I go along the lines, and ever reading between them, I see "Somebody's Little Liver Pills" advertised everywhere on boards displayed in various fresh fields and pastures new. Are these places "the Congested Districts" just now attracting the attention of our legislators? And is this the Parliamentary method of dealing with them?

Yours, VIATOR.

TO GAZE ON THE ECLIPSE.—MR. MUDLER thinks, he says, of going out with GAZE's special cruise to see the collapse of the sun in August.

AT BISLEY.—During the past fortnight our rifle rangers have been Bisley engaged.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD COMPANIES.—The Real "Mining-gain Troupe."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XVIII.

Mr. Jabberjee is a little over-ingenious in his excuses.

SINCE shaking the dust off my feet at Porticobello House, I have not succeeded to pluck the courage for a personal interview with Miss JESSIMINA, and my correspondence, duly forwarded per Mr. BHOOBONE LALL JALPANYBHOY, of Highbury, has consisted mainly of abject excuses for non-attendance on plea of over-study for Bar Exam, and total incapacity to journey due to excessive disorderliness in stomach department.



"Ascended his bicycle with a waggish wink in his eye."

This, unhappily, at length inspired her with the harrowing dread that I was on the point of being launched into the throes of eternity, if not already as dead as Death's door-nail, and so, with feminine want of reflection, she performed a hurried pilgrimage to Highbury.

Now, whether on account of the beetleheadedness of a domestic, or Baboo JALPANYBHOY's incompetency in the art of equivocation, I am not to say—but the sequel of her inquiries was the unshakable conviction that I had not struck root in the habitation from which my letters were ostensibly addressed.

And in a subsequently forwarded letter she did reproach me pathetically with my duplicity, and accused me of being a fickle—by which I was so unspeakably cut up that I abstained from the condescension of a rejoinder.

Next I became the involuntary recipient of another letter in more temperate style, menacing me that with a hook or a crook, she would dislodge me from the loophole in which I was snugly established, and that several able-bodied boarders were the hue of a full cry in pursuit.

Since Hereford Road is in dangerous proximity to Ladbroke Grove, I was sitting tight in my apartments on receipt of this grave intelligence, with funk in my heart, and the Unknown hovering above me, when my young friend HOWARD ALBUTT-INNETT, Esq., arrived with his bicycle, like a god on a machine, and, perceiving the viridity of my countenance, inquired sympathetically what was up.

At first, being mindful of the excessive liveliness with which he had bantered my residence in a boarding-house of such mediocre pretensions, I was naturally disinclined to reveal that I was in the plight of troth with the proprietress's daughter; but eventually I overcame my coyness, and uncovered the pretty

kettle of fish of my *infandum dolorem*, and my ardent longing to hit upon some plan to extricate myself from the suffocating coils of such a Laocöon.

"My dear old chap," he said, kindly, after I had unfolded the last link of my tale of woe, "I will put you up in a dodge that will perform the trick. Don't see the young woman, or she will get round you with half a jiffy. Write to her that you are not worthy of a rap, and no more a Prince than I am!"

Hearing his last words, I started, and did, like the ghost of *Hamlet* Senior, "jump at this dead hour," being convinced that young HOWARD had found out (perhaps from Hon'ble CUMMERBUND) that my title was a bogus, and anticipating that, if he divulged the skeleton of my bare cupboard to his highly genteel parents, I should infallibly experience the crushing mortification of a chuck out.

However, I hid the fox that was nibbling my vitals by inquiring, in a rather natural accent, what he meant by such a suggestion.

"Are you such an innocent, simple old Johnny, Prince?" he said, with reassuring *bonhomie*, "as not to catch the idea. Do you not know that European females in all ranks of society—alack, even in our own!—are immoderately attracted by anyone possessed of riches and a title—or of either of the two? As an *au fait* in the female temperament, I shall wager that it is nine out of ten that if you spoof this mercenary young minx into believing that you are merely a native impecunious nonentity, and not to be shot at with powder, she will instantaneously drop pursuing such a hot potato."

To this speech (reported *verbatim* to best of my ability) I did shake my head sorrowfully, and reply that I greatly feared that JESSIMINA's devotion to this unlucky self was too severe to be diverted, or even checked, like a cow that is infuriated or *non compos mentis*, by the mere relinquishment of such tinsel and gewgaw wraps as a title or worldly belongings, having frequently (and that, too, prior to our engagement) protested her preference for very dark-complexioned individuals, and her vehement curiosity to behold India.

But he, as he ascended his bicycle with a waggish wink in his eye, repeated that I might try it on at all events.

Still, I could not induce myself to adopt his spoofish strategy, for I reflected that, though it might convince her that I was unmarried, it would only increase her fury and the vengeance of her champion boarders. So at length I composed a moving epistle, as follows:—

INCOMPARABLE—THOUGH LACKADAISY! INACCESSIBLE—JESSIMINA!

Poet SHAKESPEARE has shrewdly observed that "a true lover never did run a straight course," and the sincerity of present writer's affection is incontestably proved by his apparent crookedness of running, and keeping dark outside the illuminating rays of thy moon-like countenance. The cause is the unforeseen cataclysm of a decree from my family astrologer or *dowybogyee*, whom I have anxiously consulted upon our joint matrimonial prospects. [MEM. TO THE READERS.—This was what young HOWARD would term "the bit of spoof." I am no *ninnyhammer* to consult an exploded astrologer!] *Miserabile dictu!* the venerable and senile pundit reports that such an alliance would infallibly plunge us into the peck of troubles, since the sign of your natal month is the meek and innocent Lamb—while mine is the more ferocious Lion!

A very slight familiarity with Natural History, &c., will show you the utter incompatibility of temper between such an uncongenial couple of animals, and the correctness of said astrologer's prediction that it must infallibly be the Lamb who would be whiplanded in the unequal conflict.

In consequence, though I am beating the floor with my head as I write, and moistening the carpet with the copiousness of my lachrymations, I must bid you the final and irrevocable adieu and *au revoir*, since I am unwilling to act as a selfish. Think of me as "a prince out of thy star," to quote the reference of SHAKESPEARE's character, *Polonius*, to *Hamlet*, under precisely similar circumstances. You will please forget me *instantly*, and accept this as my last solemn so-long, which I utter on the threshold of preparation for the stern and dreaded ordeal of Bar Exam. In frantic haste,

Your ever faithful and broken-hearted Baboo,

HURRY.

P.S.—No answer required.

But after an interval of a very few posts, in spite of my strict injunctions to contrary, I got the answer that she was deeply touched by my self-sacrifice, and had never loved me more. Having been brought up in a Christian disbelief of all astrology, she was not in fear of my "dowybogy" or any other native bogies, and nothing should part us, if she could help it.

She added, that I had been seen about Westbourne Grove recently.

On receipt of this touching and beautiful communication I was again in the stampede of panic, and realised that I must have immediate resort to some stronger description of "Spoof."

It is calamitous that I cannot find a card up my sleeve with the single exception of my young friend's Howard's dodge, which I fear will prove too filamentous.

However, a faint heart never got rid of a fair lady!

PEN AND PATER IN THE WORLD OF SPORT.

[We suspect that this article must have been intended for one of our sporting contemporaries. But, as it came to this Office, we have seized the opportunity of adorning our columns with it.—ED.]

IF FAITH the elements were not of the most favourable sort at the late Henley Regatta. Sunshine there was, but

Rude Boreas blew with blustering force,
Fav'ring the Bucks side of the course.

Thus the poet hath it in memorable words. But the stalwart sons of England blenched not. When was a gallant "wet-bob" known to quail in face of odds? Let the "faddists" and "spoilsports" take heed to the lesson conveyed by the glorious race between the lads from New College, who in the Oxford "Mays" had secured the proud position of "dux" of the eight-oared races, and the "brilliant" of the famous Leander Club. 'Twas in sooth a battle of giants when

Stantes in puppibus altis

the coxswains swayed the yoke-lines of their frail galleys, and urged their crews to renewed efforts. As the witty French marquis put it on a celebrated occasion, "*rien succède comme le succès*," and no saying of greater aptness can be drawn from the "*arcana*" of "*res gestæ*." My congratulations go to the "Novi-collegians" not less than to the tried and trusted representatives of the "premier" Metropolitan Boat Club on a splendid race. But "*revenons à nos moutons*."

Egad the "Antipodean" wielders of the willow go from strength to strength. 'Tis not easy to see why foolish carpers should ever have set them down as an aggregation lacking in any of the necessary merits of a magnificent team of first-class "dry-bobs." 'Twill be remembered, that from the beginning I never held with such, but cautioned our cricketers against the national vice of under-estimating the market value of their doughty antagonists from the "under-world." Still, with our veteran champion and such "sports" as the dusky little Prince "RANJIE," we can "take up arms against a sea of troubles," and by giving them the necessary opposition, bring them without difficulty to a satisfactory termination. So mote it be. And here a whisper in your ears, good Sirs. Whatever may betide, play the game as 'twas handed down to us by our sires.

Of many other notable events I must speak anon.

VIEUX BLEU.

"FIFTY LITTLE DOCTOR BOYS."

["Fifty young doctors have started work in the tenement-house district of New York, under direction of the Board of Health. They are part of the usual summer corps of physicians who are instructed to look out for violations of the sanitary laws."—*Evening Paper*.]

YOUTHFUL New York medicos, zealous, smart, and fifty,
Told the slum folk how they could be good, and clean, and thrifty.

Several street larrikins much preferred being naughty—
Hurled some half-bricks jovially—and then there were forty.

Other aborigines resented being called dirty—
Rolled the doctors in the mud—and then there were thirty.

To each Sawbones quoth his friend—"Mind, *festina lente*!"
But a whiff of lively germs reduced their ranks to twenty.

Twenty leeches with their lancets bled some Irishmen
Coming straight from Tammany—and then there were ten.

For their fees—in gold—the ten did their patrons dun;
The Silverites got hold of them—and then there was none!

LATEST FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.—Welsh music on the Terrace in summer will be succeeded by Welsh rabbits in winter, and possibly poached eggs for the Anti-Game Laws M.P.'s.



"'T WAS WHISPERED IN HEAVEN."

(Hottest Day, Tuesday, July 14.)

First Swell (languidly). "HOW ARE YOU?"

Second Swell (still more languidly). "'OT! VE'Y 'OT! TOO GREAT TROUBLE TO ASPIRATE!"

A CASE FOR SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know that you have a tender heart, and therefore I implore you to bring my sad complaint to the notice of the public, who, I believe, buy your paper. I don't always, for I read your charming effusions at the most convenient Free Library. But the Free Libraries are of no use to me in my distress, which is, that last Wednesday evening I arrived at Richmond (in Surrey, not Yorkshire) and wanted to buy some comestibles for dinner, but, alas! was unable to do so owing to an early closing movement, of which I was quite unaware, as I had just come from Harlesden, where the same idea prevails on Thursday. To-morrow (Friday) I am going to Staines, and possibly this day may be selected by the inhabitants for their weekly junketings.

I really cannot object to the young men and women, who so courteously attend to our wants, appropriating every sixth day as well as Sunday for their amusement, but I do ask their employers round about London to fix on the same date for this relaxation. Then, again, I notice that the butchers—always so prodigal of fat and bone—have apparently formed an association for putting up their shutters on Mondays. Is this because New Zealand lamb and mutton are not delivered on Sunday? I have no wish to offend the susceptibilities of these gentlemen, or, indeed, of any other traders, but a little time-table of their various movements would be so convenient to

Your faithful servant,

MARTHA MACKITTLE.

(A housekeeper of fifty and three years' service.)

A SIMPLE DOMESTIC QUESTION EASILY ANSWERED.—Q. "What's to be done with our flies?" A. "Catch 'em alive, oh." N.B.—Some flies turn out to be "growlers" when captured, but always eventually succumb to the attentions of the Stick'it Minister.



"TRAIN UP YOUR PARENTS THE WAY THEY SHOULD GO."

"YOU KNOW PAPA HAS BEEN ASKED TO PLAY IN THE 'FATHERS AGAINST THE BOYS MATCH?'"

"YES, MOTHER. BUT I HOPE THE BOYS WILL WIN THIS YEAR. IF THE FATHERS WIN AGAIN THEY'LL BE SO BEASTLY COCKY!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

MASSNET'S *Manon* in French, and the thermometer down to a pleasantly low degree, filled Covent Garden on Thursday night with a right royal crowd. MADAME MELBA was the most fascinating of *Manons*. Her exquisite voice was heard to perfection in the beautiful music. A monster basket of flowers was presented as a tribute to her charms. Then it seemed as though some one had taken

Mr. Punch's hints on floral offerings, for a small ordinary buttonhole bouquet was also handed up. M. ALVAREZ is always an artist, but although *Des Grieux* will not be one of his very best parts, it was a fine performance. PLANCON was impressive in his masterly way as the usual mournfully moral operatic father. M. ALBERS was a little stiff for an *insouciant Lescant*, but he sang well. M. GILBERT was amusing as *Guillot*, a regular robust, gay dog. And of course the

beaming BAUERMEISTER was charming. For the rest, the energetic MANCINELLI, hard at it as usual, kept his orchestra splendidly together. No doubt the reply to the question, "Was a success scored by *Manon*?" would be (in excellent French), "*Mais, oui.*" But to give proper point to the answer, the opera would have to be pronounced "*May non*," in spite of its introduction in July.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

AN OLD SMOKER SOLILOQUISES.

I SIT surrounded in my den
By tokens of the Now and Then.
They tell of days when baccy jars
Were meet companions of cigars;
When cigarettes were voted trash
Not worthy of cremation's ash;
When meerchaum's coloured face evoked
A certain draw for him, who smoked;
When Latakia's fragrant bloom
Would mix with bird's eye's rough perfume.

Here is the fragrant jewelled pipe
Whose stem exhales the "cherry ripe,"
Whose amber mouth-piece back to me
Brings kisses of a Northern She!
And here the merry black dhudeen—
(Yes! then I loved you, dark colleen!)—
And there that hookah's fatal coil
Reminds me how my blood would boil
To see you flirt! What futile trouble,
You were not worth the hubble-bubble!

In fair Bordeaux you worked that case
With silken cord and golden lace,
A kind of net that held me, dear,
For just a quarter of a year.
'Twas something like that velvet bag
That's filled with cavendish and shag.
I valued it all gifts above,
And knew in smoke it told of love,
An emblem of the purest heart—
The bill came in. I had to part!

Just underneath those Afghan spears
There hangs a case of "Cavaliers,"
Poor little things of common clay,
But records of a splendid day.
My ancestor—God! save his name,
Unknown to proud historic fame!—
Was with his fellows smoking those
When burst on them a troop of foes!
The Roundheads called the fray a fight,
But every slaughtered loyal wight
Had died face-front—his pipe alight!

Away with memories of the past!
I sat not down to blow this blast,
But rather to bring present things
In touch with Nicotinian rings.
You—(not the "you" of other days)—
Have often bade me mend my ways.
Well, this I am prepared to do,
Provided that the mender's you.
My "Reina," will you deign to grace
A "weed" grown at proverbial pace?

A CHANGE OF SIDES.—MR. BEERBOHM TREE last Wednesday spoke his farewell in his old theatre the Haymarket, and in the course of next year will reappear on t'other side of the road, where once stood Her Majesty's Opera House. We trust this is a step in the right direction. At all events it is the transplanting of a pop'lar Tree. *Floreat!*

WHY is a miser necessarily an offensive personage? Because he is too near to be pleasant.



“THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM!”

Mr. Punch (drinking to the Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark, quotes from the immortal Bard)—

“AND IN THE CUP AN UNION SHALL HE THROW.”

* * * * *
“IMPORTING DENMARK’S HEALTH, AND ENGLAND’S TOO!”



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE.

She. "I WANT YOU TO COME AND DINE WITH ME, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU ARE SO MUCH ENGAGED JUST NOW. HOW MANY DEEP?"

He. "I REALLY DON'T KNOW. SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

THE POLITE PILFERER.

["The brigands were polite and almost gentlemanly. Their chief was well educated."—*Evening Paper.*]

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will not be surprised at receiving a letter to which so suggestive a signature as the one I have adopted is attached. I would respectfully remind you that in your youth you were a member of the profession to which I have the honour to belong. I think I may safely say that we both were ornaments to our calling. You represented the old school with your *bâton* and fun, while I suggest the new with my skeleton keys and courtliness.

I write to you to propose that the companions of our fraternity should take a leaf from the note-books of our foreign colleagues, and imitate them in politeness.

I will assume that a successor to CLAUDE DUVAL (a most charming person, but, unfortunately, of French origin) wishes to enter a house with a view to replenishing his empty coffers in the customary fashion. With a proper regard to avoiding giving unnecessary trouble to the servants, he passes the front door without either ringing the bell or knocking. Of course, as his visit will be paid at night, when the household will be asleep, if he can come and go without attracting attention, so much the better. But should he be so unfortunate as to disturb the master of the mansion, then he should show that he was capable of being as considerate as businesslike.

"Pray do not be alarmed," he would reply, in answer to a question relative to his business to be present; "I will not stay more than a few moments. I want the jewellery and the plate,

and any cash that may be lying about. If you kindly give me your keys, I think the incident will pass off quite pleasantly."

If the master of the mansion is unreasonable, and threatens an alarm, then the visitor would have to adopt a sterner tone.

"Pardon me, but I think it only right to warn you that I carry a revolver. I would most reluctantly put you to personal inconvenience, but if you force me to shoot you I must."

Then while the visitor was searching the safes and emptying the cash-box he might carry on an interesting conversation with the master of the mansion, discussing the rise and fall of shares, were his involuntary host a stock-broker, or ecclesiastical architect if he happened to be a bishop.

"And now I think I will look into the library," the visitor would say, "and pray let me know if there are any volumes—such as school prizes and the like—that you would wish me to exempt from my seizure. Believe me, I am not grasping, and appreciate the claims of sentiment."

Thus, what is coarsely called "house-breaking," might be refined into a really inoffensive, if not absolutely pleasant, occupation.

And now I have to ask your pardon twice. I will beg of you to allow me to conceal my address, as I have no wish to give unnecessary trouble to the authorities of New Scotland Yard. Secondly, I would apologise for withholding my real name—as again I have no desire to put the police on the alert. You will allow, however, that the *nom de guerre* I append, if imaginary, is, at any rate, refined and appropriate. Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CHESTERFIELD DE SYKES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is sad to think that *Weir of Hermiston* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) should be added to the list of works which, like *Edwin Drood*, and the unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower, unfinished must remain. If STEVENSON had made choice of the moment at which he should lay down his pen, he could scarcely have bettered that to which the finger of Fate pointed. As he confesses in various letters, he held this last book to be his best. It is not seemly to dispute with the dead, and the legacy is rich enough to gratify any taste. In the editorial note (a difficult piece of work admirably done) Mr. SYDNEY COLVILLE sketches, upon the authority of the novelist, the course he had intended the story should run. It is a powerful plot, though my Baronite thinks the conclusion of *Archie* and *Kirstie* marrying after all, and going off to America, commonplace to the point of anti-climax. Had he lived, STEVENSON would doubtless have devised something better than that.

THE BARON.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

(*A Story of the last American Invasion.*)

RIP woke up with a start. He looked around him, and found a solitary individual watching him.

"Where am I?" was his natural question after his long rest.

"The same old place," was the quiet reply.

"Dear me!" said RIP. "It seems to me, stranger, that you speak the American language with a very English accent."

"Because I happen to be an Englishman."

Then RIP asked after a number of his old friends. He was fairly intelligent, and allowed for a generation or two, and took an interest in their descendants.

"Some of them been to Henley!" he exclaimed. "And others to London! How's that?"

Then the Englishman informed him that the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston had joined their comrades, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, and that the Yale Boys had been on the banks of the Thames.

"Then," concluded the Britisher, "there's an American school-boy cricketing eleven playing a series of matches against their cousins on the European side of the Atlantic."

"Well, to be sure!" cried RIP. "We all seem to be going back to the old country."

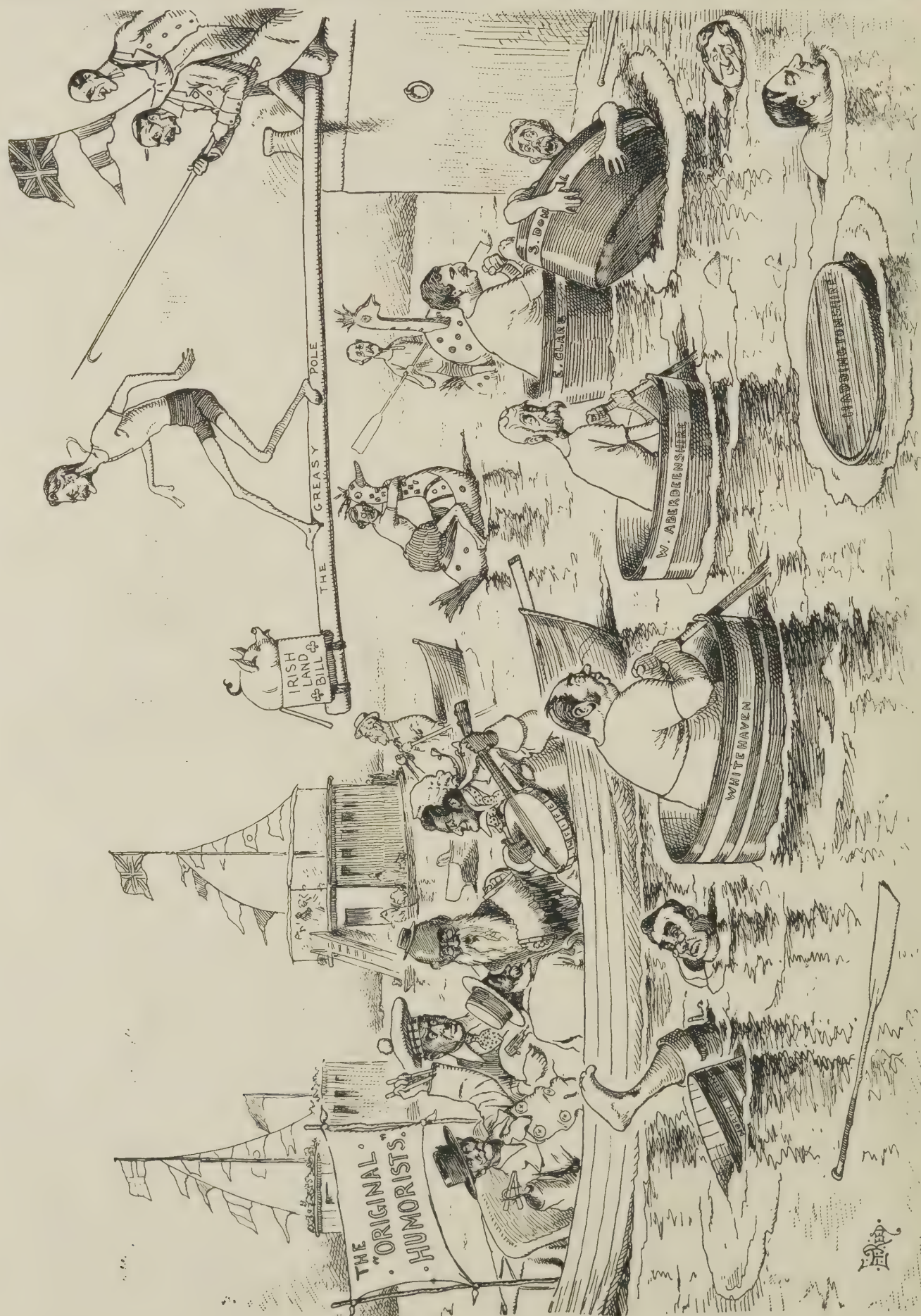
"Yes," acquiesced the stranger. "There are a tidy number of Americans in Great Britain just now."

"Well, I shall go myself," said RIP. "Come with me."

"Well, thanks, no," answered the Englishman. "As all your people have left your country uncared for, I may just as well keep an eye on it until they come back again."

"That's what I call neighbourly," cried RIP.

And so they parted.



A PARLIAMENTARY REGATTA.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 13.—Rather disappointed just now. Things pretty dull in House. Even CAWMELL-BANNERMAN can't endow debate on Scotch Rating Bill with gleam of fancy or glow of humour. Does his best. Makes House once more regret he takes so little part in debate. Comes in "only as a Utlander," as he said, the other night.

"Fatal mistake about CAWMELL-BANNERMAN—at least, as far as House and country concerned—is," says SARK, "that he is too well off. If he'd been brought up on a pound a week, and had to earn whatever more was wanted, he would have been Prime Minister to-day."

That not the particular disappointment of moment. Custom long worn off its edge. It's R. G. WEBSTER who has put me out. Looked forward this afternoon to cup of tea with him on Terrace, a cigarette, and a soul-lifting conversation. But RICHARD GRANT has other fish to fry. Has for some time had the Navy in his eye; taken note of inadequacy of men to ships.

"The dockyards," as he epigrammatically puts it, "can mak' a belted ship, a *Magnificent*, a *Majestic*, and a' that. But they can't make a crew."

Wandering about the wharves and docks of East St. Pancras, meditating on the gathering of ships under all flags that fill its courts and by-ways, the distinguished Member dreamed a dream. Its main feature was an apparently endless company of trained blue-jackets, a hundred thousand strong at least, who, by the magic of a short service system were ready to man more ships than could be built at Chatham Dockyard, even when CHARLIE BERESFORD was in command. At question time, to-night, R. G. asked JOKIM what he thought of it.

"If," answered JOKIM, evidently struck by prospect, "the hon. Member will draw up a scheme by which a thoroughly competent reserve may be provided at a very slight additional cost, and without impairing the efficiency of the regular Navy, I—shall be glad to consider it."

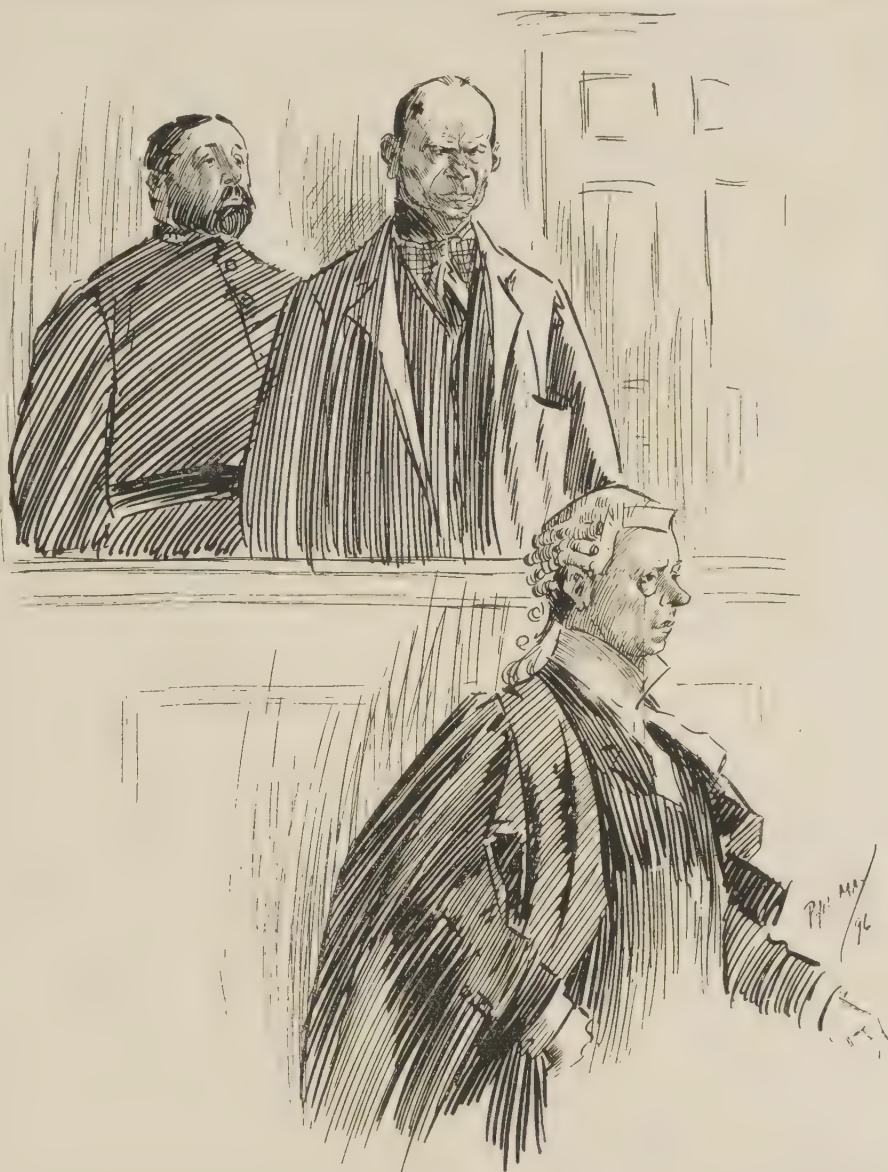
There spoke the cautious official, the prim First Lord of the Admiralty, with the ligatures of red tape drawing in his shapely waist. House laughed, but R. G. not discomfited.

"I'll do it," he said. "As CARNOT organised victory for France, so shall R. G. WEBSTER reorganise the Navy for Great Britain. TOMMY BOWLES thinks he knows a hand-saw from a marline-spike. I frankly admit I don't. But I'll let them see that I have in me the re-making of the British Navy. So if you'll excuse me, dear TOBY, we'll take a cup of tea together on another occasion. I would now be alone with my thoughts."

Business done.—Second reading Scotch Rating Bill.

Tuesday.—In Parliamentary relations there is no circumstance under which racial supremacy of Irish is more triumphantly asserted than when a Bill is to be obstructed. They sowed the seed through ten years following 1875; but all cannot grow the flower now. The Welsh have tried it; so have the English. To-night the Scots are at it. All by comparison fail.

Scotch Members resolved to prevent Rating Bill passing this Session. Situation complicated by circumstance that



"GENTLEMEN, I AM READY TO ADMIT THAT HIS CAREER IN THE PAST HAS NOT BEEN FREE FROM BLEMISH—"

Government offer them with Bill £200,000. Thing to do is to take the bawbees and leave the Bill. Inspired by this noble aim, Scotch Members close up their ranks; number off every man, with a speech in his knapsack. That was just what the Irish Members used to do in palmy days under PARNELL, when chuckle of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR echoed through the Chamber. The speeches are, moreover, excellent, full of pith and point. But somehow the thing won't work. Scene last night and to-night recalls an episode in the home life of the earlier Prince ARTHUR:—

When MERLIN sang in ARTHUR's hall
A week on end, with metrical
Exactness, his phenomenal
Insistence did the knights appal:
They yawned ever more and more.

So with us when Scotch Member succeeds to brither Scot.

Our PRINCE ARTHUR, out of luck of late, has had one stroke of good fortune. Through these two nights of Scotch debate he has been in grip of influenza fiend. Other Members, whom fickle fortune has overlooked, take the law into

their own hands, and stop away. The Terrace thronged; House almost empty. Lord Advocate, soothed by RENSCHAW's monologue, goes to sleep on Treasury Bench. Rather dangerous position in circumstances. His sole companion Solicitor-General for Scotland. All right if falling over in his sleep he chances to bend to the right. There FINLAY's stalwart shoulders will obstruct his fall. On other side, space of emptiness. But trust a Lord Advocate to know what he's about. Taking in situation at a glance, GRAHAM MURRAY flung right arm along Bench to right. A slight influence, but sufficient to determine side on which his still youthful figure, lapped in sleep, would fall. Ruse succeeded admirably. He bumped Solicitor-General occasionally. But House spared pain of discovering Lord Advocate, by sudden lurch, prone on Treasury Bench, what time debate was going forward on second reading of many-syllabled Rating Bill.

Business done.—Scotch Rating Bill read second time.

Thursday.—GERALD BALFOUR going to spend his holiday in County Clare, a por

tion of Ireland always invested with peculiar interest for the wandering Saxon. Years ago, Sir PAT O'BRIEN, now gathered to his fathers among the earlier kings of Ireland, alluded to an hon. Member opposite as "the young sea serpent from County Clare." **SPEAKER** objected on point of order. "Then, Sir," said PAT, with gracious wave of his hand, "I withdraw the sea serpent."

In later Parliaments, County Clare maintains its pre-eminence of peculiarity by continuing to send WILLIE REDMOND to Westminster. To-night more is heard of County Clare, deepening Chief Secretary's interest in his forthcoming visit. It appears that through vast tracts of the country is upheaved a backbone of rock on which famishing cattle graze, off which a starving peasantry scrape the mere crumbs of a living. To-night in Committee on Irish Land Bill TIM HEALY moves amendment designed to obtain for those grim wastes, locally known as crag or mountain farms, such benefits as the Bill confers. Attorney-General for Ireland put up to answer TIM with legally phrased *non possumus*. It's all a matter of intention, he argued. If a crag farm be let for pasture purposes, it will, *ipso facto*, come within scope of the Bill. If not, it is already excluded. "All a matter of intention," he repeated.

"What!" cried TIM, in tone of magnificent scorn, going, as usual, straight to heart of matter, piercing trappings of legal subtlety, "does the hon. and learned gentleman mean to say that any one intended to be born in County Clare?"

Committee broke into quick burst of laughter at the quaint fancy underlying this flash of humour, with its picture of the unborn babe surveying Ireland, debating with itself whether it would be born in County Clare, or whether it would favour some other locality. The Member for Sark, who chances to be in grave mood, says the conversation, interpolated for a few minutes in a long night of wrangling, shows afresh how close are the sources of tears and laughter. To his mind, nothing has brought home more sharply the hopeless difficulty of the Irish question than this limelight view, momentarily cast on walls of House of Commons, of the crag farms of cruel County Clare, a district of which Cromwellian settlers bitterly said it had not wood enough to hang a man withal, water enough to drown him, or earth enough to bury him.

Business done.—In Committee on Irish Land Bill.

Friday.—Another night with Ireland. Proceedings disclosed fresh injustice to that hapless country. As TIM HEALY was discussing Education Vote his eye accidentally fell on figure of CORPORAL HANBURY, half asleep on Treasury Bench opposite. Occurred to him he would call him "BARABBAS." No particular reason why he should; but name came to his lips; so he out with it.

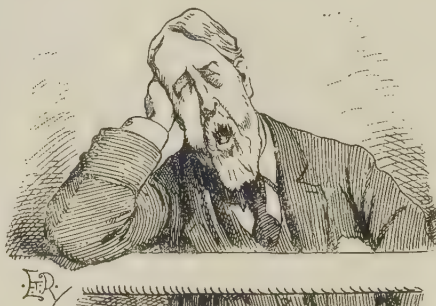
What does Chairman do but call him to order!

TIM, above all things logical, poses Chairman with question. "The Secretary for the Colonies," he said, "was allowed to call Mr. GLADSTONE 'HEROD.' Why should I not call Mr. HANBURY 'BARABBAS'?"

Why not? Or, to put it in another way, why should he? Chairman, at loss for answer on same strictly logical lines, took refuge in authority. Insisted TIM

should withdraw "BARABBAS," which after a struggle he did. But the whole thing showed how uneven-handed is justice in House of Commons, how there is one law for rich England and another for poor Ireland.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee.



The D-ke of D-v-nsh-re during the reading of the M-r-q-s of H-rt-ngt-n's speeches.

SCIENCE AT SEA.

[Report of higher *vivâ voce* examination for rank of master.]

SCENE—*Examination Room; high, long, dirty windows; smell of ancient whitewash; Examiners at green-baize table consult conflicting notes; solitary chair posing in centre; pale clock ticking laboriously. Enter suddenly astute youth, broad chest, broad face, broad boots. Examiners hastily conceal notes and reflect with much gravity.*

Senior Examiner (sternly, to astute youth). You wish, I understand, Sir, to be further examined—(pompously)—for the higher posts of your profession?

Astute Candidate (acquiring chair). That is so.

S. E. (wisely). Ah! Well—er—(consulting notes)—you are steaming ten knots, head to wind—er, on the port tack, that is—when suddenly, as the fog lifts, you see a large rock, right a-head. What do you do?

A. C. I should stop the engines.

S. E. Yes. (Acutely.) But suppose the engines are unmanageable, and will not stop?

A. C. (hesitatingly). Oh! well, in that case, I should of course instantly withdraw my previous order and allow them to—er—continue to revolve!

[*Examiners smile approvingly.*]

S. E. Precisely. That is a clever answer. But remember you are nearing the rock; what will be the next order?

A. C. (wildly). Hard-a-port.

S. E. Why a-port?

Second Examiner (waking up, suddenly). Why not?

S. E. (hurriedly, glaring at Second Examiner). Oh!—er—yes; hard-a-port; quite so, exactly. But your rudder, at this juncture, unfortunately becomes immoveable; what then?

A. C. Well, then—(hedging)—I should endeavour to do my duty by acting as circumstances might dictate.

S. E. Bearing in mind—?

A. C. That by every effort in my power I must endeavour to avoid the rock.

S. E. Do you then consider that, under the circumstances, there would be the smallest chance of your being able to effect this?

A. C. (decidedly). Not the slightest.

S. E. That is very good. You seem to have entirely mastered the situation. You run, then, on to the rock. What will be your next duty?

A. C. To close the water-tight doors.

S. E. Why do this?

A. C. To keep the water in.

S. E. In?

A. C. Exactly so.

S. E. (sarcastically). In what?

A. C. (promptly). In the sea.

S. E. What would chiefly impel you to take this course?

A. C. My knowledge of physics, which teaches me that no body of water, however large, can be in more than one place at one time.

S. E. How would this knowledge influence your action?

A. C. It would confirm me in the belief that if the water were kept in the sea it could not at the same time be in the ship.

S. E. A water-tight door, then, is never regarded as having kept water out?

A. C. Never among seamen.

S. E. And the theory that water-tight doors are useful for keeping water out may be regarded as exploded?

A. C. Entirely.

S. E. Ah! that is very satisfactory. (Pause.) Well, now, Sir, suppose you are in a sailing vessel that will neither wear nor stay, on a lee-shore in a gale of wind. What would you do?

A. C. Let go an anchor.

S. E. But your cable parts; what would you do then?

A. C. Let go another anchor.

S. E. But the bottom is rocky, and you find no holding ground; what then?

A. C. (rising slowly from his chair). I should then endeavour to compose myself to sleep.

S. E. (hard on scent, and not noticing movement). But, owing to the noise occasioned by the storm and the excessive motion of the vessel, you find that you cannot sleep. What would you do?

A. C. (desperately, and backing out of room). Sing a little hymn.

S. E. But, my dear young Sir, your anguish of mind is such that you cannot even remember a little hymn. What would you do then?

A. C. (disappearing through door). Let her go ashore and be d—d.

S. E. But suppose— 'M, thank you. That is very satisfactory indeed.

[*Scene closes.*]

Mem.—Full marks.

"A BOON AND A BLESSING."—It is well known to all readers of DICKENS that "Todgers's could do it when it liked," and so can the L. C. & D. line when it is really in earnest about whisking the jaded Londoner down to Ramsgate, dropping passengers at important intermediate stations, as it now does by starting from Holborn at 5.10, St. Paul's at 5.12, and reaching the breezy coast at the sensible hour of 7.5, punctually, giving landsman and yachtsman ample time for a stroll before dinner at 8. This is doing us all a good "Service," and one which should bring in "L. S. D." to the "L. C. & D."

MUSICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.—Among the first pieces played by the Austro-Hungarian Orchestra was SMETANA's *Der Kuss* (The Kiss). It needs no German to tell us that "the kiss" is not infrequently looked back upon as "the kuss."



L'ART D'ÊTRE PETIT-FILS.

'GRANDPA, DEAR—IF I WERE YOU I'D SAY 'THAT BOY LOOKS THIN AND PALE!' AND I'D GET HIM A PONY.'

REAL HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

PREPOSTEROUS of guard to put more than one person in a second-class carriage in weather like this. Yet if I had tipped him, he would have looked it like a shot. Railway company ought to put down such bare-faced corruption. Rather wish I had tipped him, now.

Anyhow, it is consoling to think that my Gladstone bag, on the seat beside me—and which I shall not move—makes that jackass who has just got in thoroughly uncomfortable.

My moral right to turn an ordinary compartment into a private saloon carriage would be recognised by every traveller who was really a gentleman.

Why that selfish, long-legged idiot opposite me, who looks like a half-starved "scorcher," won't keep his splay feet under his seat so as to allow me room to stretch my legs, I can't imagine.

Papers are cheap, so I shan't offer that consumptive-looking female in the corner one of mine. She should get one for herself.

Wish I hadn't accepted this invitation to those stupid bores, my Folkestone cousins, for a "fortnight at the sea-side." They ought to be jolly grateful for my condescension in visiting them.

In going through that long tunnel, I of course put up my window, but people at other end left theirs open! Lazy smoke-cured pigs!

By her movements I am positive that the lady with all the packages is going to get out at the next station. Must be

deeply occupied with a leading article, or I shall be obliged to soil my hands and make myself still hotter by opening the door for her.

The corner youth has brought out sandwiches and a flask! Why *can't* his master arrange to keep him at school all the holidays—with canings twice a day? What humbug it is giving boys any holidays!

Guard (the beast!) has shoved in a rank third-classer at last moment! I admire the democracy in the abstract, of course, but that does not prevent my thinking them loathsome and disgusting nuisances in the concrete. Thank heaven! He has taken his seat next to the consumptive female. Not to me.

(*At the end.*) How completely inconsiderate it was of any of the people who have been my travelling companions to-day ever coming into existence at all!

Con. for a Cricketer.

MISS NELLY sits cool in the cricketer's booth,
And watches the game, about which, in good sooth,

Her curious interest ne'er ceases.
She now wants to know of the flannel-clad youth,

However the wickets can well be kept smooth,

When she hears they are always
in creases!

NOTE BY OUR MAN OUT OF TOWN.—
Watering places—resorts where the visitor is pumped dry.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Man-about-Town is enthralled by a Clergyman's Daughter at a Country Fête.

For me no damsel prone to frown
On simple manners, country ways,
Whose chief delight is life in Town,
And Bond Street goal of all her days!
Whose knowledge of all sylvan scenes
Is bounded by the Goodwood boughs,
And deems seafaring pleasure means
To lounge upon the Lawn at Cowes.

Give me the girl bred up like you,
Beneath a Rectory's peaceful shade,
With many friends, yet known to few,
The model of an English maid!
Demure, not prim, beloved by all,
By instinct good, by nature kind,
The belle of every county ball,
Yet dear to every village hind!

How quaint to watch your artless airs
When circled round by ardent swains!
Your modesty disarms their stares,
Their compliments are empty strains!
I do not blame their boorish bliss,
'Tis meet that such a fair should be,
Since I've the greatest joy in this—
Your sweetest smiles are kept for me!

Too well, Blue Eyes, I understand
The glances from those bashful orbs.
You're treading on a sinking sand
That quakes and shivers, then absorbs.
Ah! little innocent, too late
The truth you'll know, but never rue.
I vow I cannot overrate
The interest I take in you.

"What Jones!" (a brutal Army thing).
"So glad!" (of him I hate the sight).
"Yes! come to hear FLO FANTAIL sing
'Miss Peccadillo's Last Good Night!'
"Which is the songstress?" "There she is!

Not seen her? Why, she's all the rage!"
"That lady there?" "Yes! A l biz."
"A parson's daughter on the stage!"

AVIS AUX VOYAGEURS.—In anticipation of the installation of the Premier as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Hotel at Dover, named after this puissant marine official, has been renovated, beautified, done up entirely, and thus saved from being "done up" altogether, by the Gordon Hollanders (Limited). The Messieurs HOLLAND—the amiable pair representing nominally the Double Dutchmen—are now in command of the coast at Margate, Dover, and, for ought we know, several other points. Of course, the chief cook in each of their seaside hotels is a *Gordon Bleu*.

A POSSIBLE CHANGE OF NAME.

[It is stated that during Goodwood Week Chichester becomes the *rendez-vous* of the worst scoundrels in the kingdom.]

SHAME that this old cathedral town
Should swarm with rogues, who come to pester!
'Twould ill become its fair renown
If Chichester were dubbed *Cheatchester*.

MOTTO FOR A FLAGELLATING SCHOOLMASTER.—*Semper hidem.*

A ROYAL GRANT.—The Secretary of the R. Y. S.



DOCTOR BISMARCK.

The Doctor. "HUM! LOOKS NICE! BUT—I'VE GOT NO PATIENTS NOW."

["Prince BISMARCK has been made Doctor Medicinæ Honoris Causâ by the University of Jena."—*Daily Papers.*]



OVER THE TRACES.

Mrs. Pogers. "NOW THEN, PETER, JUMP OUT AND PUT THAT TRACE AND REIN RIGHT! LOOK SHARP, TOO!"

[Peter wishes to goodness he had bought his Wife an Autocar instead of that tricky Tandem.]

WORK AND WAGES.

(Some Thoughts on Patriotism, Poverty, and Pay, suggested by the pitiful story of Mary Ould, of Peckham.)

"I have to buy my own material and pay my fare (2d.) in fetching and carrying back work. I worked till ten o'clock at night from Saturday to Thursday, and at 3d. per coat earned 3s."—Evidence of Mary Ould, of Peckham, tailorress, before Judge Emden at Lambeth County Court.]

Most learned economists, sages serene,

Who enlighten the State on Supply and Demand,

Such facts form a fine object lesson, which seen,

And fairly thought out, may astonish the land;

Your fine-spun abstractions a sedative prove

To such as can scarce see the thing through the sign;

But flesh-and-blood facts rather roughly remove

The idea that your "law" is scarce less than divine.

Ninence a dozen, three farthings per coat,

For buttonhole work which may take you an hour

For each garment! It fetches a lump to the throat—

Unless stern-faced Science has rendered you dour.

Picture the place out at Peckham where sits

That poor MARY OULD with her needle and thread!

She must envy the fly which at liberty flits;

She must envy the darksome repose of the dead.

The clothes-maker "has to cut things very fine,"

And fine does he cut them in truth, and, indeed,

As fine as the almost invisible line

Between death and such life as the needle-slaves lead.

Conceive the dull room and the piled tale of work

To be drudged at all day, slowly lessening down

As the morning glow fades into evening's grey murk;

And five days of such labour may earn—half-a-crown!

And these are the coats worn in "JAMESON'S Raid!"

Glory to-day must be gained "on the cheap,"

Like "heroes" we fight—in the interests of trade,

And trade pays its servants like this! Blood will leap

To the cheek at the thought that our soldiers are clad

At the cost of our white woman-slaves in such way.

With patriot fervour the idle go mad,

Sleek wealth does the shouting, poor toilers the pay!

Short sighted sentiment vainly essays

With rose-water sprinkling to sweeten foul lives.

Life is not moulded by lyrical lays,

Compassion with commerce half hopelessly strives.

But is there no heart in old England rebels

Against starving our toilers to feed full our glory?

There's surely no patriot bosom but swells

With anger and grief at poor MARY OULD's story.

PLAYING WITH COLD WATER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I make a suggestion? During the hot weather, why should not those of our dramatic companies still sojourning in London remove from their present quarters to the swimming baths? There would be plenty of room to rig up a stage, and the audience, appropriately garbed, might watch the performance from the tank. When a play became wearisome the spectators could take a dive, but plunges, of course, would only be allowed between the acts. Yours sincerely,

A PITITE IN A MELTING MOOD.

P.S.—With the thermometer at ninety something in the shade, I may insist that only managers need keep their heads above water.

THE MAIL SERVICE TO NEW YORK.—The New York correspondent of the *Times* takes the British Post Office officials to task for sending mails by slow boat *Britannic* when "the *St. Paul* would have delivered them two days earlier." Evidently the *St. Paul* ought to be the boat for carrying "epistles."

PRINCE BISMARCK has been made "Doctor Medicinæ Honoris Causâ" by the University of Jena. Will he now be called on by prescriptive right to advise the Emperor as to the "Diet"?

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XIX.

Mr. Jabberjee tries a fresh tack. His visit to the India Office and sympathetic reception.

In my last I had the honour to report the total non-success of my endeavour to nill my betrothal on plea of astrological ob-



"Pitch it strong, my respectable Sir."

jections, and how I was consequentially up the tree of Embarrassment.

I have since resolved that honesty is my best politics, and have confessed to Miss MANKLETOW in a well-expressed curt letter that I am only the possessor of a courtesy title, and, so far from rolling on the rosy bed of unlimited rhino, am out of elbows, and dependent upon parental remittances for pin-money.

For corroboration of said statements I begged to refer her politely to my benevolent friend and patron, Hon'ble Sir CUMMERBUND, Nevern Square, South Kensington; to whom I simultaneously wrote a private and confidential note, instructing him that if any young female person was to inquire particulars of my birth, origin, &c., he was to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, especially making it clear that I was neither a tip-top Rajah, nor a Leviathan of filthy lucre.

The rest (up to present date) is silence; but I have confident hopes that the manly, straightforward stratagem suggested by

my friend, young HOWARD, will accomplish the job, and procure me the happy release.

I am now to pass to a different subject—to wit, a visit I paid some time since to the India Office. The why of the wherefore was that, in conversation with the ALLBUTT-INNETTS, I had boasted freely of the credit I was in with certain high grade India Official nobbs, who could refuse me nothing.

Which was hitherto the positive fact, since I had never requested any favour at their hands.

But Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT stated that she had heard that the reception-soirées at said India Office were extremely enjoyable and classy, and inquired whether I possessed sufficient influence to obtain for her tickets of admission to one of these select entertainments.

Naturally I had to reply that I could indubitably do the trick, and would at once proceed to the India Office and interview one of the senior clerks, who regarded me as his brother.

So, after procuring a *Whitaker Almanack*, and hunting up the name of one of the most senior, I cabbod to Whitehall. Inside the entrance I found an attendant sitting at a table absorbed in reading, who rose and inquired my business, and upon my statement that I desired to see Mr. BREAKWATER, Esq., on urgent business, courteously directed me up a marble staircase, at the top of which was a second attendant, also engaged in brown study—for the attendants appear to be laudably addicted to the cultivation of their minds.

He informed me that I should find Mr. BREAKWATER's room down a certain corridor, and proceeding thither, I stopped a clerk who was hurrying along with his hands full of documents, and represented that I had come for an immediate interview with Mr. BREAKWATER on highly important matters.

He demanded incredulously whether Mr. BREAKWATER expected me.

This elevated my monkey, and I retorted, haughtily, that I was the bosom friend of said Mr. B., who would be overjoyed to receive me, and, following him into a room, I peremptorily demanded that he should inform his master without fail that Baboo JABBERJEE was there.

Whereupon, with the nonchalance of a Jack in an office, he rang a bell and desired an attendant to usher me to the waiting-room.

There, in a large gloomy apartment, surrounded by portraits of English and Native big pots, I did sit patiently sucking the golden nob of my umbrella for a quarter of an hour, until the attendant returned, saying, that Mr. BREAKWATER could see me now, and presently showed me into the aforesaid private room, where, behind a large table covered with wicker baskets containing dockets and memoranda, *et hoc genus omne*, sat the very gentleman whom I had recently taken for his own underling!

Formerly I should have proffered abject excuses, but I am now sufficiently up in British observances to know that the only necessary is a frank and breezy apology.

So, disguising my bashful confusion, I said, "I am awfully sorry that I took you, my dear old chap, for a common ordinary fellow; but remember the proverb, that 'appearances are deceitful,' and do not reveal a thin skin about a rather natural mistake."

Mr. BREAKWATER courteously entreated me not to mention the affair, but to state my business briefly. Accordingly I related how I was a native Bengalee student, at present moving Heaven and Earth to pass Bar Exam, and my intimate connection with the distinguished Bayswater family of the ALLBUTT-INNETTS, who were consumed with longing for free tickets to an official *soirée*. I then described the transcendent charms of Miss WEE-WEE, and my own ardent desire to obtain her grateful recognition by procuring the open sesame for self and friends. Furthermore, I pointed out that, as an official in the India Office, he was *in loco parentis* to myself, and bound to indulge all my reasonable requests, and I assured him that if he exhibited generosity on this occasion, the entire ALLBUTT-INNETT family, self included, would ever pray on the crooked hinges of knees for his temporal and spiritual welfare.

He heard me benignantly, but said he regretted that it was not in his power to oblige me.

"You are not to suppose," I said, "that I am a native TOM-DICK or HARRY. I am a B.A. of Calcutta University, and candidate for call to Bar. *In additum*, I am the literary celebrity, being especially retained to jot and tittle for the periodical of *Punch*."

Mr. BREAKWATER assured me earnestly that he fully appreciated my many distinguished claims, but that he was under an impossibility of granting my petition for an invite to the annual

summer *soirée*, owing to the fact that aforesaid festivity was already the *fait accompli*.

"How is that?" I exclaimed. "Have I not read in the daily press of a grand *durbur* to be given shortly in honour of Hon'ble HUNG CHANG?"

"But that is at the Foreign Office," he objected; "we have no connection with such a concern."

"The Foreign Office would be better than nullity," I said. "I will tell you what to do. Write me a letter to show to the head of the Foreign Office. You can state that you have known me intimately for a long time, and that I am deserving of patronage. Hint, for instance, that it is impolite to show favouritism to one Oriental (such as a Chinese) rather than another, and that you will regard any kindness done to me as the personal favour to yourself. Pitch it strong, my respectable Sir!"

He, however, protested that any recommendation from him would be a *brutum fulmen*.

"You are too modest, honoured Sir!" I told him, seeing that flattery was requisite; "but I am not the ignoramus of how highly your character and virtues are esteemed, and I can assure you that you are not so contemptible a nonentity as you imagine. Listen to me; I am now to go to the Foreign Office, and shall there assume the liberty of mentioning your distinguished name as a reference."

With benevolent blandness he accorded me full permission to go where I liked, and say anything I chose, recommending me warmly to depart immediately.

Seeing him so well-disposed, I ventured, on taking my leave, to pat his shoulder in friendly facetiousness, and to say, "It is all right, old boy. Remember, I have complete *bonâ fides* in your ability to work the oracle for me successfully." Which rendered him *sotto voce* with gratification.

But alack! at the Foreign Office, after stating my business and sitting like Patience on a Monument for two immortal hours, I was officially informed that the Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was not in, and that all the Private and Under Secretaries were equally invisible.

This, I must respectfully submit, is not exactly the correct style to conduct a first-class Empire!

THE CELEBRILET AT HOME.

(A Literary Interview—Latest Style.)

It was with awe and reverence that your interviewer climbed the topmost staircase of a certain house in Bayswater, and with a shortness of breath, due not only to the length of the ascent, but to the consciousness that in a few moments he would be standing in the presence of perhaps the greatest genius of the age. Barely seven years old, Master TOMMY TITTEBAT has already electrified the world by his matchless lyrics, and his "Rocking-Horse Rides" and "Dejection: a Sonnet on the absence of Jam at Tea," are already familiar as household words.

At the top of the staircase stands a beautifully carved wicket-gate, which serves at once to exclude the tumultuous rush of editors who come to clamour for contributions, and also to prevent Master TITTEBAT, in an excess of poetic zeal, from attempting to slide down the banisters. At my approach, however, the portal was flung open, and, escorted by a polite nursery-maid, I was ushered into the sacred shrine of the Muse, the nursery wherein the seven-year-old poet resides. A glance round the room suffices to assure you of the artistic taste of its occupier. On the walls hang some truly exquisite works of art, extracted from the Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers. Even more precious are certain other sketches scattered about the room, for these are richly coloured by Master TITTEBAT himself, and reveal the fact that you are in the home of a painter as well as of a poet.

I had barely time to glance at these, when a succession of loud yells from an adjoining apartment told me that the poet was close at hand, and, apparently, that he was vexed by one of those trifling worries which a highly-strung temperament feels so severely. From the fragments of dialogue that reached me, he seemed to be arguing a point with some vehemence. "I *shan't*, Eliza! . . . I tell you I *shan't*!" . . . "Hush, Master TOMMY—going on like that with a gentleman to see you and all!"

At this moment the door was flung open, and Master TITTEBAT appeared. Disdaining the formalities of an introduction, he began:—

"I'm a genius—the *Daily Chronicle* says I'm a genius—and



AMBIGUITY.

Scene—A HIGHLAND FERRY.

Tourist. "BUT WE PAID YOU SIXPENCE EACH AS WE CAME OVER, AND YOU SAID THE SAME FARE WOULD BRING US BACK."

Skipper. "WELL, WELL, AND I TELLED YE NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, AN' IT'LL BE NO MORE THAN THE SAME FARE I'M WANTIN' THE NOO FOR BRINGIN' YE BACK."

yet they wont let me go on the Serpentine by myself and be a pirate! Have you," he added, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "got such a thing as a chocolate about you?"

I regretted that I could not oblige him, and endeavoured to turn the conversation by inquiring about his literary works.

"Oh, I've done lots of new poems—lots," he answered. "One about a lead soldier whom I squashed; and one about a caterpillar, only it wouldn't rhyme properly. And then there's one all about papa. He calls me 'a little prig,' you know, so I've written a sit—no, a sat—What's the proper word?"

"A satire?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it—all about him, and it's going to be printed in the *Twinkler*. Won't he be wild, just!" And the poet danced with the delight of anticipation.

"Any more?" I asked.

"Well, I was just thinking one about Eliza, but it's not done. I wish I could write it with ink, but ink does make such messy blobs, you see. It begins like this:—

"I don't like not enough butter

Upon my bread,

I don't like having to stop playing

And go to bed;

But if you want to know

What I like least,

It's the nurse with the fuzzy hair they ca ELIZA—
I hate the beast!"

"Master TOMMY!" cried the indignant young woman, "come away at once. You shall go to bed this instant. Using language like that about me to the gentleman, indeed!"

And thereupon, in spite of his well-directed kicking, she carried off the poet by the scruff of his neck, and the interview came to a close.



THE HAT OF THE PERIOD.

Hyde Park Loafer. "WANT A GARD'NER, MISS?"

AMIENS' SONG AT THE HAYMARKET.

UNDER the BEERBOHM TREE
 'Twas fine to see *Tril-by*,
 And hear the mellow note
 From DOROTHEA's throat.
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall you see
 A *Sven-ga-li*
 Time cannot stale or wither!

But TREE's ambition's grown
 To have a house—his own—
 Where he can play with ease
 Great parts, and greatly please.
 SHAKSPEARE, go thither, thither!
 There shall you see
 Our BEERBOHM TREE
 As *Hamlet* in high feather!

If that do come to pass
 Our TREE will be first-class,
 Risking his wealth and ease
 The Public for to please.
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame! *
 There shall you see
 Our BEERBOHM TREE
 Match the Lyceum's fame!

* An invocation to call playgoers into a (dress) circle.

AN oppressed-by-the-heat poet, "a second *Dried'un*," writes thus:

"Thirty days hath September,
 August, June, July. Remember."

But at present he can't get beyond July.
 "Drink, pretty creature, drink."

AN ENCORE VERSE.

(To Poe's Poem of "*The Bells*.")

HEAR the blatant scorchers' bells!—

Biking bells!—

What a tale of torment tintinnabulant each tells!

On the air of day and night,

How they fill us with affright!

For we never know the way the things are coming, left or right.

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

All about and all around!

She who vends the "pennywinkle,"

They who "watercreases" sprinkle,

Call 'em brown—though they are yellow—

And their merits blare and bellow,

Have a less cacophonous sound.

Keeping time—erratic time

(Like to ALFRED AUSTIN's rhyme).

How they come in phantom hosts,

Like a lot of "scorching" ghosts!

How they burst from shadowy nooks

Like to pedal-pounding spooks,

On the elderly pedestrian all alone!

And the people, ah! the people,

Who come spinning down the steep hill.

And feel glory in a broken limb or dislocated bone

When belonging to a "duffer,"

Or a mere non-biking "buffer"!

Oh, those bells, how much we suffer

From their squealing

When the inconsiderate idiot devotes himself to "wheeling."

Oh, those bells!

And the hideous yahoo yells!

Shout *plus* tintinnabulation which unmusically swells

From the bounders who are sounders

Of the blaring bikers' bells,

Of the bells

Oh, the discumbobulation and the maddening aggravation,

And the ditherum-engendering, scorching confobustication

Of bike bells!!!

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

THAT the lodging-house keepers are on the look out for the weary Londoners and their boxes.

That the sea breezes will attract all the world from the Metropolis to the coast.

That Britons should prefer Ramsgate, Eastbourne, Scarborough, and the like, to Dieppe, Dinard, and Boulogne.

That paterfamilias should remember, when paying the bill, that a two months' letting barely compensates for an empty house during the remainder of the year.

That the shore is a place of recreation for all but the bathing-machine horse.

That the circulating libraries are stocked with superfluous copies of unknown novels waiting to be read.

That, finally, during the excursion season, 'ARRY will have to be tolerated, if not exactly loved.

ON DIT.—Rt. Hon. A. B-L-F-R is editing a new edition of SHAKSPEARE. He has already amended one line, which is now to be thus read:

"The course of business never did run smooth."

HISTORICAL (ENGLISH) NOTE ON "FOOD AND FEEDING."—The Tudors, especially "HENRY T" (not Sir HENRY THOMPSON, *à propos* of "food and feeding"), thoroughly enjoyed stakes and chops.



“THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.”

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFORD (*to himself*). “WHAT! IS SHE TIRED OF ME ALREADY?”

[An amendment on Clause 24 of Irish Land Bill was carried against Ministers by 99 against 86, on Wednesday, July 22.]



SECOND NATURE.

IT IS THE GREAT AMBITION OF LITTLE JONES (OF BARGAIN AND SALES, *THE DRAPERS*) TO BE TAKEN FOR AN ARTIST; BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE CANNOT BREAK HIMSELF OF THE HABIT OF PUTTING HIS PENCIL BEHIND HIS EAR!

DARBY JONES ON GOODWOOD.

HONOURED SIR.—Once more I append the lyrical result of my researches into the future. Goodwood needs no bush, so I at once get into my running rhymes.

Here 's my principal tip, and I give it with zest,
With ROTHSCHILD's all sportsmen their cash should invest.
In the Stewards an *Ugly* look out I can see,
Scratch a *Tartar* and p'r'aps you 'll find *Lady Sophie*.
And in one race at least 'tis a pound to a pin
Mr. HARRY McCALMONT has something to win.
And again do not afterwards say 'twas a fluke
When a nice little stake is picked up by a Duke.

By following my advice, no backer need get left in the Oof-birdless Grove. I need scarcely say that I shall be found on the old familiar spot with the latest cue in hand, and shall look out for my friends during the hour of rest on each day, when I shall supply them with many winning hazards. "The glorious vintage of champagne," I may remind my patrons, is always first favourite with your obedient servant,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I have reason to believe, honoured Sir, that certain valuable testimonials, addressed to myself, are now lying at your office. Please forward, carriage paid.

[The only testimonial received here was a thick oak stick, labelled "Please lay this over DARBY JONES's back." D. J. can therefore call and receive the same under the conditions annexed.—Ed.]

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (STILL IN PRISON).—*Question*. Of what fish is the Emperor of Russia most fond? *Answer*. Czar-dines.

REAL DOG-LATIN.—*Cave Canem!*

LAST OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday.—The season draws to a close. Next Tuesday, ere these few lines which end our record shall have appeared, the curtain will have been rung down on the Operatic Season of 1896. A good season if not a great one; a sad one to all who knew and appreciated our one and only DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS. To his energy the opera for many years has owed its success. He gave us English, Italian, German, French Opera; he was a cosmopolitan revivalist, and to him we owe the very pick of European celebrities on the operatic stage. DRURIOLANUS has shown the way; others may follow, and successfully, in his footsteps.

To-night, *Don Giovanni*, with excellent, though not an ideal, caste. Signor ANCONA is the *Don*, not perhaps all our fancy (and experience) painted: but still, just now it would be difficult to find a better representative of the traditional "wicked nobleman." Madame ALBANI, vocally and dramatically powerful as the unfortunate *Donna Anna* (whom the *Don* ought never to have cast off, as did she not invent the *pommes Anna* which made his table so famous?), gained a grand encore. There were no "floral tributes" offered—at least, "not when I saw it," as *Horatio* says.

Miss (or as in the bills, "Mlle.")—but why "Mlle.," as the young lady is not a Frenchwoman?) MARGUERITE MACINTYRE is a fine *Elvira*, physically and vocally; but she represents this unfortunate victim of the lively *Don Juan* as gifted with so keen a sense of the humorous as to prevent her from ever being really angry with her inconstant and undevoted lover. When she sings of her woes there is a "naughty little twinkle in her eye," as of one who still has pleasant memories of a happy past, and who has not altogether renounced the idea of trying her luck again, if only she can secure the volatile *Lothario* all to herself. Far am I from saying that this conception of the character is not the right one: I am inclined to agree with Miss MAGGIE MACINTYRE, on the ground that, probably, she knows best. I decidedly like her reading of this character. She has evidently arrived at it after close study. Only, if this be the character, MAGGIE might have thrown into it a little more action, and have given even greater piquancy to the humorous slyness of the quietly larky, but apparently very proper, *Donna Elvira*.

T'other MARGARET (not "MARGUERITE"), namely MARGARET REID is not *Zerlina*. Signor RINALDINI better than ever as *Masetto*. Signor CREMONINI "quite a nice young man" as *Don Ottavio*; and ARIMONDI a most distinguished personage, whether as the *Commendatore* alive, or as the statuesque ghost. Signor PINI-CORSI, as *Leporello*, is "funny without being vulgar," but his humour does not make me go beyond a "quiet chuckle."

Vive la Compagnie! Bon soir la Compagnie! Et au revoir to Signorini BEVIGNANI, MANCINELLI, and "all the talents" of 1896.

SHAKESPEARE TO A WORTHY COMMON COUNCILLOR.

"Heavens keep old BEDFORD safe!"

Henry the Sixth, Part I., Act iii., Sc. 2.

SUMMARY OF LORD ROSEBERY'S ADMIRABLE SPEECH ON BURNS.

"For a' that, an' a' that,
A man's a man for a' that,"

and, as the faithful GRIFFITH observed to Queen KATHERINE,

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

So sometimes, when due north, we put a little whiskey in it. But Lord ROSEBERY has found the real happy medium through which to view the poet. Will his lordship favour us with some more "where that came from" on BYRON and SHELLEY?

To Balbus of Birmingham.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN late laid it down as a law
That the Government cannot make bricks without straw.
Most true! But 'tis worthy of note in that quarter,
That Ministers cannot bind bricks without mortar.
If adhesiveness fails there may be a great fall
In what lately seemed like a Great Party Wall!

A SINGULAR AND VISIBLE PROOF OF THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY.—One of the horticulturists employed at Buckingham Palace.



FASHIONABLE AND SEASONABLE.

WHERE TO SUP *AL FRESCO* IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER. THE "WHELKOME CLUB."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE was a time in recent history when GEOFF HORNBY was the most important man in Europe. It was in the early days of 1878, when, in command of the British Fleet, he proceeded to the Sea of Marmora with instructions to pass the Dardanelles whether the Turk pleased or didn't, and steam up to Constantinople. The East of Europe was at the time strewn thickly with gunpowder, on which a spark alighting would, as a Member of the House of Commons once said, have let slip the dogs of war. Everything depended on the tact and judgment of the Admiral in command of the British Fleet. It was a serious trial, from which HORNBY came out triumphant. In his "Life," written by his daughter, Mrs. FRED EGERTON, and published by BLACKWOOD, the stirring story is simply told. The veil is lifted from Cabinet Councils, Ministerial vacillations, cold fits succeeding hot, and the other way about. HORNBY was, above all things, a man to be trusted, a sea captain of a type which, never failing in the British Navy, will keep it invincible as in DRAKE's time. Mrs. EGERTON makes no attempt at fine writing. The annals of her father's work are as simple and straightforward as was the life they record.

It occurs to me that *The Vanished Emperor* owes his existence to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The surmise may be erroneous. * I wish, however, that the idea of this romance, entitled *The Vanished Emperor*, published by WARD, LOCK & Co., had occurred to the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, instead of to Mr. PERCY ANDREA, who wastes his own and his reader's time on two-thirds of the book. Everything up to chapter twelve might easily have been told in a single chapter, or at most, in a couple. From the twelfth chapter up to the eighteenth and last, the story is told with considerable dramatic power, though marred as is the first part by tedious dialogues and apparently muddled-headed explanations. Well stage-managed, the scene of the Council of Royalties, the surrounding of the palace by the revolutionary mob, and the sudden arrival of the Vanished Emperor, would bring down the curtain on the third act to tumultuous applause.

THE BARON.

LAW AND TIME.—A "watching brief" must have much to do with second-hand information.

BRUNCH V. BLUNCH!

ACCORDING to the *Lady*, to be fashionable nowadays we must "brunch." Truly an excellent portmanteau word, introduced, by the way, last year, by Mr. GUY BERINGER, in the now defunct *Hunter's Weekly*, and indicating a combined breakfast and lunch. At Oxford, however, two years ago, an important distinction was drawn. The combination-meal, when nearer the usual breakfast hour, is "brunch," and, when nearer luncheon, is "blunch." Please don't forget this.

'Tis the voice of the Bruncher, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again!
When the clock says it's twelve, then perhaps I'll revive,
Meanwhile into bed yet once more let me dive!

The last meal I had was about 3 A.M.;
I'm a writer, so please don't such habits condemn!
This cross between supper and breakfast I'll name,
If you'll let me, a 'suckfast'—and 'brupper's the same!

Later on, too, a similar mixture I make,
And of 'five o'clock tinner' at seven I partake;
The term's *à propos*, for the fare is tinned meat,
With tea for 'ontray' and lump sugar for sweet.

While the small hours get larger I'm fit as a flea,
The sunrise I'm cheerfully ready to see,
With 'blunch' for to-morrow, and no trains to catch,
I don't need to repose with unseemly despatch.

Beauty sleep is a thing that ne'er troubles my head;
When the cock has done crowing I turn into bed,
Then peacefully dream of the virtues of 'blunch,'
And, on waking, I rise and indite this to *Punch*!"

Lost Telegram to Mafeking.

Wire.—"Finish Railway to Buluwayo."

Reply and inquiry.—"Why?"

Answer per wire.—"To make 'Road-easier.'"

[*.* Suggested by clerk, "If telegram delayed and somehow gone astray, wasn't it probably originally something about making *Raid easier*?"]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 20.—The Thanes fly from PRINCE ARTHUR. He sits on the Treasury Bench with a gallant smile on a worried face; they cluster below the Gangway and "say things." Colonel SAUNDERSON strategically aggravates situation by wearing an aggressive sky-blue scarf. This sheds ghastly pallor over face of CARSON sitting near him. Even makes WARING and SMITH-BARRY look like ghosts of their former selves. With reckless chivalry the Colonel stretches his warlock defiantly across his shapely head. If anyone wants his scalp, and can take it, don't let them say that he placed them at a mean disadvantage by giving them nothing to hold on by.

For years he has fought his countrymen on the Benches opposite. Now the adversary is parted only by the breadth of the Gangway. It is his once-loved but now lost leader PRINCE ARTHUR against whom the sharp point of his well-proven blade is turned. The Colonel, like another warrior (*Major Bagstock* to wit), is tough. But as he stood up to-night, and amid unwonted cheers from Radical throats announced his intention to vote against Government resolution to suspend Twelve o'Clock Rule for rest of Session, his voice faltered. An unwonted sigh trembled in his manly bosom. It is bad enough for CARSON, in the last Parliament PRINCE ARTHUR's prize new Member. But CARSON is a lawyer, accustomed to find himself in divers and occasionally contradictory moods of honest conviction, according to the terms of his brief. SAUNDERSON is a soldier, bred in habits of discipline. For him to mutiny,



The Brothers HEALY make their bow after their marvellous performance in Committee.

and life-long habits. But the call of duty is inexorable.

"I could not love thee, Prince, so much,
Loved I not Honour more."

Thus the Colonel murmurs to himself, gazing with dimmed eyes on LUCASTA, lounging with ill-affected ease on the Treasury Bench. Then, like LUCASTA's lover, he "goes to the wars."

Business done.—Twelve o'Clock Rule suspended for rest of Session.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY spent thoroughly agreeable night. Irish Land Bill in Committee. TIM, with his back to the wall, fighting the whole lot of them, landlords, Ministers, and Chairman of Committees. Sometimes when things flag he leaves protection of wall and dashes in among them. The crowd close round him; begin to think you'll never see TIM any more; when dust flies up; fragments of CARSON darken the sky; the Irish Attorney-General's coat is split right up the back; GERALD BALFOUR's hair is ruffled over his pallid face. Then TIM steps out of the *mêlée*, breathing a little hard, but otherwise incommoded. Puts on his glasses and looks up fresh references from erudite authorities designed to frustrate the landlords' knavish tricks and make them fall.

A marvellous spectacle of indomitable courage, ready resource, perfect mastery of subject. Soon after dinner CARSON threw up sponge. No use moving amendments, he said; clear they wouldn't be accepted. If they were, Ministers went back on their decision. So CARSON stalked forth; but TIM stayed on to end,

apparently as tireless at two o'clock in morning as he was fresh at four in the afternoon.

"I never watch TIM on the warpath," says PRINCE ARTHUR, "without feeling grateful for the present disposition of things. Suppose Irish party united as it was in PARNELL's time, with TIM, having rubbed off some of his angularities of temper, their leader. In such case, even with our majority touching three fifties, Ireland would get pretty much what she wanted. *Divide et impera.* They divide and we rule."

Business done.—Pegging away at Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—A better fellow than ROBERT THRESHIE REID, commonly called BOB, the House of Commons does not contain. Sorry to hear of his having taken a step that arrests, at full tide, an honourable and prosperous career. All done in a moment of pique, which makes it more remarkable on part of so level-headed a man as ex-Attorney-General. It's SARK tells me about it. Not sure I should believe it on any other authority. All arises out of private Bill which BOB found time to draft, and over whose Parliamentary fortunes he watched with more than paternal solicitude. Got it as far as Committee Stage. Expected it to run through unopposed in last half-hour of Wednesday sitting. When who should turn up and put spoke in wheel but HENRY FOWLER! Had it been TANNER, BOB wouldn't have minded. But a former colleague, an esteemed friend, a man not usually given to vagaries, it's that which



"The Waring of the Green."

to go over bag and baggage to the enemy, is a grievous wrench to inborn instincts

UNIONISTS WHO VOTED
AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT

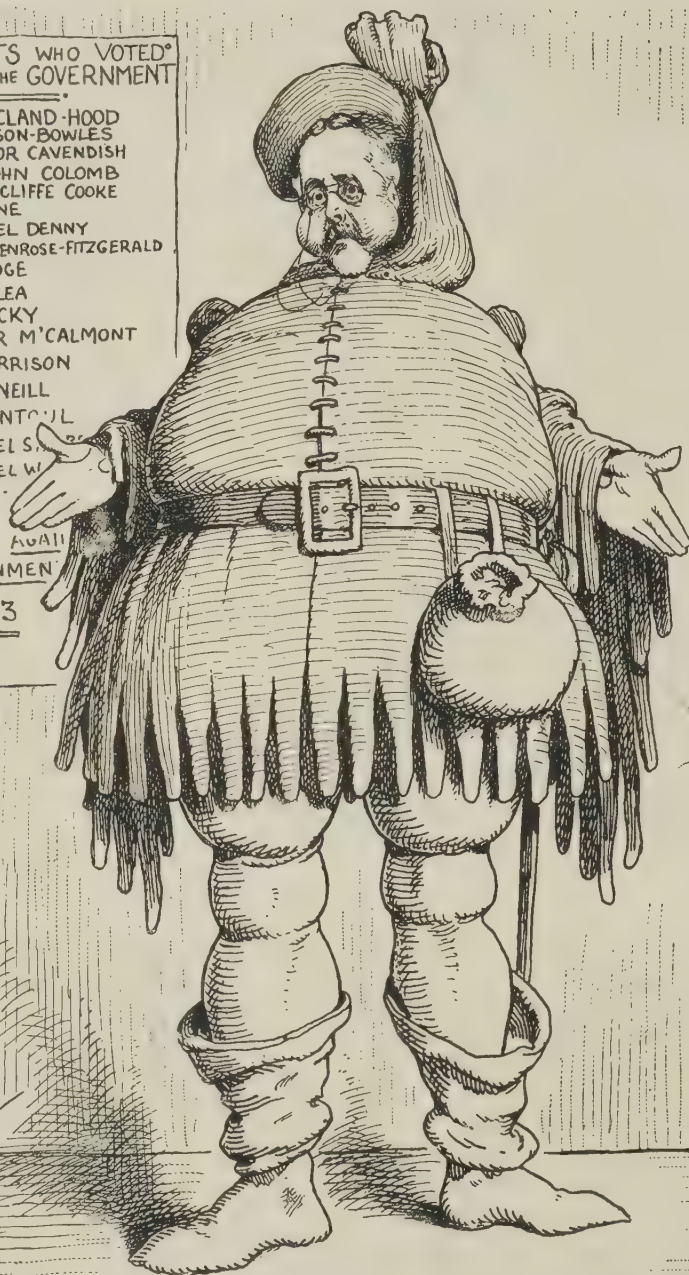
SIR ACLAND HOOD
MR GIBSON-BOWLES
MR VICTOR CAVENDISH
SIR JOHN COLOMB
MR RADCLIFFE COOKE
MR DANE
COLONEL DENNY
SIR R. PENROSE-FITZGERALD
MR GEDGE
SIR T. LEA
MR LECKY
MAJOR M'CALMONT
MR MORRISON
MR O'NEILL
MR RENTON
COLONEL S.
COLONEL W.

MAJORITY AGAINST
GOVERNMENT

13

JULY 22nd.

ER



Mr. Balfour (disguised as Falstaff). "Call you that backing of your friends?"

has suddenly but irrevocably convinced BOB REID that Parliamentary life is no proper sphere for him.

Action with him follows promptly upon decision. A week ago a prominent Member of the House of Commons, a leader at the Bar, he has now quitted the busy scene and settled himself down in dour but dulcet Dumfries. Has taken the Woodbank Hydropathic Establishment, and hopes, by civility and close attention to business, to merit continuance of past favours. Paragraph in all the papers states that his first guest is the ex-Premier. So like Lord ROSEBURY; always ready to help a friend in practical way. BOB is of course new to the hydropathic business. May be expected to be a little awkward at first with the wet pack. Can hardly in a week have mastered all the details of the management of a large

establishment. That will come in time. It's a good send-off to have Lord ROSEBURY. Still it's an odd move, and I hope BOB will not find cause to regret it.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill through Committee.

Friday.—PRINCE ARTHUR rather in low spirits to-night. Things still, on the whole, not going well. Bad enough to be defeated in the division lobby. But to have DON JOSE and ST. MICHAEL dining out and simultaneously setting about to crack him up as heaven-born leader of House of Commons is worse still.

"Call you that backing of your friends?" says PRINCE ARTHUR, looking as like Falstaff as nature will permit. "A plague upon such backing."

One gleam of sunshine is the passing through Committee of Irish Land Bill. At one time seemed hopeless endeavour.

Success largely due, as TIM HEALY graciously acknowledged, to tact and unfailing good temper of brother GERALD. Reflex of this happy state of things over Committee to-night. Irish votes through on stroke of midnight. So all go home; some to bed.

Business done.—Irish Estimates through Committee.

WHAT TO WEAR ON YOUR WEDDING DAY.

(By a Confirmed and Cantankerous Celibate.)

MARRIED in white,
You have hooked him all right.
Married in grey,
He will ne'er get away.
Married in black,
He will wish himself back.
Married in red,
He will wish himself dead.
Married in green,
His true colour is seen.
Married in blue,
He will look it, not you.
Married in pearl,
He the distaff will twirl.
Married in yellow,
Poor fellow! Poor fellow!
Married in brown,
Down, down, derry down.
Married in pink,
To a slave he will sink.
Married in crimson,
He'll dangle your whims on.
Married in buff,
He will soon have enough.
Married in scarlet,
Poor victimised varlet!

Married in violet, purple, or puce,
It doesn't much matter, they all mean—the deuce!

VOICES FROM THE SHADES.

SCENE—*The Immortal Grove.* PRESENT—*The Bards of the Majority.*

First Poet. "Take him all in all—

Second Poet (interrupting). Stay, WILLIAM. Quotation (especially from one's own work) is not permitted.

First Poet. But did you ever see the like? Did you hear his speech?

Second Poet. Yes; it was rather rough upon poor ROBBIE. But there's the danger of anniversaries.

First Poet. But surely such a thing was never done before?

Second Poet. Very probably; but unless he be promptly quashed, it's precious likely to be done again.

First Poet. Poor ALFRED! What a successor!

Second Poet. Poor ROBBIE! What a laudator!

First Poet. Well, pity it is true; but BURNS at least has a new epitaph.

Second Poet. He has! That after the hundred years he has been patronised by ALFRED AUSTIN!

[Scene closes in upon much lamentation and some hilarity.]

IN THE TRAIN.

Would-be Swell (to affable countryman (a perfect stranger) whom he wishes to over-awe). Couldn't leave town before. Had to wait for the royal wedding.

Affable Countryman. Indeed! I suppose the tips are very handsome on such occasions? I hope you did pretty well, Sir.

THE ANTITHESIS TO HORSE PATHS.—Cowes Roads.



A BITER BIT.

"BY THE WAY, SNOOKSON—I'VE GOT A BET WITH MY FRIEND BROWN HERE ABOUT THAT SATIRICAL POEM OF YOURS IN THIS WEEK'S *GADFLY*; I SAID I COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME SEE ANY POINT IN IT, AND HE DECLARES THERE IS NO POINT. NOW, WHICH OF US TWO IS RIGHT?"

MEMS. FOR COWES REGATTA WEEK.

1. OBJECT to paying more than five pounds a night for a frowsy attic with no carpet.
2. Never dispute fares with cabdrivers or boatmen. The best plan is to offer your purse to the Jehu or waterman, and ask him to help himself. This saves wrangling.
3. In event of calling on a friend at the R.Y.S., be sure and speak to the signalman at the gate with your hat or cap in your hand, and be servile in your manner, otherwise this Lord High Functionary may order your instant execution by means of the Commodore's pop-guns.
4. On the other hand, if you drop in at the London Yacht Club, do not forget that the building was erected for the benefit of the local aristocracy for fifty-one weeks in the year, and during seven days for the convenience of honorary members.
5. If you wish to make yourself popular with the ladies, take a wet retriever or poodle on to the Parade about 5 P.M.
6. Always suppose that every man you meet in a peaked cap and blue serge owns a yacht. If you have one of your own allude to it deprecatingly as "my little tub."
7. If fond of practical joking, suggest to any American acquaintances that the gates of Osborne are always open. But after their visit keep out of their way.
8. As the German Emperor is not coming to Cowes this year, state openly that His Majesty is an intimate friend, and imply that you are watching his interests. Sternly refuse to take any parties to inspect *Meteor*. State with truth that you have no authority to do so.
9. Make a point of inquiring daily at the Post Office if there be any letters for you addressed to the *Spoof* (or whatever

name you select for your cutter, schooner, or yawl). The postal authorities have little to do in Regatta week, and will like visits from yourself and similar querists.

10. The same idea can be worked out at the Marine, the Fountain, the Gloster, or any other hostelry.

11. On the day of your arrival tip all the itinerant minstrels. Thereafter you and your neighbours will never want for music minute by minute.

12. If a numismatist, buy a handful of the tokens in use on the Floating Bridge and send them to the British Museum.

13. If fond of meditation or mushrooms, travel by the Isle of Wight railways. You will have ample time to indulge in the former, and to pick the latter.

14. On Firework Night, charter a boat, and play at being Lord CHARLES BERESFORD at the bombardment of Alexandria. Your experience will be quite as exciting as that of the gallant commander of the *Condor*.

15. Feed yourself how you can and when you can. You will only get a chance now and then.

16. Always remember, that to a native of the island you are a miserable "overner" despatched from the mainland for his sole profit. He will therefore treat you as the spider does the fly. Why blame him? In one short week he manages to squeeze enough sustenance to enable him to bask in the sunshine of Fortune for three hundred and fifty-eight days.

THE MODERN BLACK FLAG.

(Fragment from a Romance that, in spite of recent comments, it is hoped will never become a reality.)

"THE engines are disabled, Sir," said the lieutenant, saluting his captain, "and we are within reach of the curse of the seas."

The commander uttered an exclamation of horror. He would have given way to dismay had he not been a brave man.

"Well, Mr. MAYNE BRACE, we must trust to every stitch of canvas and run before the wind."

"Aye, aye, Sir;" and the boatswain piped all hands to obey the necessary orders.

Then for the space of half an hour every glass was directed towards the shore. Would the good ship, *Court Capel*, escape the clutches of the much-dreaded craft to which the second officer had recently referred? Would she outsail the boat that had been called "the curse of the seas"? During thirty minutes nothing of moment happened, and then a small vessel put off from the shore.

"Crowd on more sail," cried the captain, "we have a good start and we may yet weather them."

The sailors obeyed the new direction with alacrity. The masts bent under the weight of the strained canvas. Never had such an effort been made before.

"From what are we attempting to escape?" asked a passenger, who, in the palmy days of the nautical drama, would have been rudely called "a lubberly landsman."

"We have no time for idle conversation, Sir," replied the master; "but as you are curious I will tell you." And then he gave the desired information.

"But surely you are mistaken!" exclaimed the passenger. "The men who form the crew of that boat are the pride of the English-speaking race. They risk their lives battling with the stormy seas. They are heroes, every one of them!"

"If you had read some recent articles carefully you would have learned, Sir, that such a view is erroneous. Salvage is the principal aim of the glorious crew. They may be brave, but they are also businesslike. We must not let them board us or their claim for compensation will be enormous."

The *Court Capel* sprang on like a greyhound. The ship advanced by leaps and bounds. The crew were grave and anxious. They knew their captain was a determined man, and would rather sink his ship than surrender.

"If worst comes to the worst," he murmured, "run the vessel on to a sunken rock and we sink together. It will be cheaper in the long run."

But fortunately there was no necessity for so extreme a course. The boat became smaller and smaller, and was at length scarcely visible.

"What was she?" asked another of the passengers. "From what have we escaped?"

Then came the reply, uttered in a tone of satisfaction: "We have escaped the lifeboat!" And with this the captain closed his glass and feared no longer.

VACATION CRICKET.—A Member of Parliament on the stump.



THE WANDERINGS OF LI HUNG CHANG;

OR, THE LATEST LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

(See p. 63.)



A STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

Dealer in Welsh Cobs (to bucolic buyer). "Now, GUV'NOR, WILL YOU BUY THAT ONE? A HEXACT MODEL OF THE PRINCE'S 'OSS PERSIMMON!"

THE WANDERINGS OF LI HUNG CHANG;

OR, THE LATEST LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

At a cursory glance you may say to yourselves,
 "That's the old willow pattern so long on our shelves!"
 But there you're mistaken, for modernisation
 Has touched e'en that plate; but as some explanation
 Seems needful to make it quite clear, I'll begin it,
 If you will oblige me by waiting a minute.
 If dished by this plate, I'll explain, as a chorus,
 One or two knotty points in the picture before us.

SONG.

AIR—"The House that Jack built."

(During the Song the Enchanter points to the different portions of the Plate referred to, beginning in the middle.)

These are the travels of LI HUNG CHANG!
 There are the Krupp shots all hung on the trees,
 That wobbledee, wobbledee, go in the breeze;
 And there is the Teuton, who's quite in a pet
 That orders for hundred-ton guns he can't get,
 Or pocket the profits he hoped to have made
 Out of the increase of commerce and trade,
 From the travels of Mandarin LI HUNG CHANG.

And there are the "turtle doves," German and Frank

(Who're rather like eagles a-hungered and lank),
 Who clapperclaw wildly in misty mid-air,
 And neither one wholly content with his share,
 Soaring above those remarkable trees
 That wobbledee, &c.

And there is the junk in which LI HUNG CHANG
 Is paddling away, bidding orders go hang,
 Past the Bridge of War, where three conquering Japs
 Are lugging the booty—ingenious chaps!—
 To their Far Eastern home, with delight immense,
 Past the awfully zig-zag diplomat fence,
 Under the Treaty Tree, queerest of trees,
 That wobbledee, &c.

And there is the Britishers' tight little isle,
 Where the lion reclines, with a genial smile,
 Under the shade of the wonderful dome
 Which overshadows his island home;
 Quietly waiting, in his own way,
 For the wily wanderer from far Cathay,
 With leonine nonchalance taking his ease
 Under the shade of the wonderful trees,
 That wobbledee, &c.

So having geographised most of the plate,
 For the rest I must ask you at present to wait
 (Like that western watcher, cute Uncle SAM);
 But would merely remark that no western flam
 Will take in the Mandarin LI HUNG CHANG,
 Who is wandering warily over the seas,

Looking round on the garden and round on the trees,
 That wobbledee, wobbledee, go in the breeze;
 But whose verdancy does not characterise
 That wily tourist with almond eyes,
 Our Celestial visitant, LI HUNG CHANG.

THE MAID AND THE MINISTER.

A New—Agricultural—Nursery Rhyme.

The Maid . . . AGRICULTURE.
 The Minister . . . MR. CH-PL-N.

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to ruin! fair Sir!" she said.
 "May I, well, sympathise, my pretty maid?"
 "In a practical fashion, kind Sir," she said.
 "What is your business, my pretty maid?"
 "My business is farming, kind Sir," she said.
 "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
 "My fortune's misfortune, kind Sir," she said.
 "And what can I do for you, my pretty maid?"
 "Oh! give me Protection, kind Sir," she said.
 "Humph! that is impossible, my pretty maid."
 "Then thank you for nothing, kind Sir," she said.
 "Will nothing else help you, then, my pretty maid?"
 "Pay my rates out of taxes, kind Sir," she said.

THE HOME OF PALM-ISTRY.—Kew Gardens.



Tommy (who has just begun learning French, on his first visit to Boulogne). "I SAY, DADDY, DID YOU CALL THAT MAN 'GARÇON'?" Daddy (with pride). "YES, MY BOY."
Tommy (after reflection). "I SAY, DADDY, WHAT A BIG GARÇON HE'LL BE WHEN HE'S OUT OF JACKETS AND TURN-DOWNS, AND GETS INTO TAILS AND STICK-UPS!"

CHINESE PROVERBS.

(Adapted from the English by an Illustrious Traveller.)

PERSONS who are brought to England in the midst of a Bank Holiday ought not to be expected to be too cheerful on the following morning.

A lodging at Carlton House Terrace is better than a mansion in Park Lane.

It is a weary tour that has no return-ing.

You cannot make a Shahzada out of an ex-Viceroy, especially in the off season.

Any sight will do to strike an Oriental with astonishment.

It is too late to open the Palace doors when every one has hurried away to the seaside.

Half an official welcome is better than an ill-bred mobbing.

A live recluse in Pall Mall is more valuable than a hunted-to-death lion in Society.

Look after the heads of the Government, and the contractors and the manufacturers will take care of themselves.

Lastly, you may bring a Chinese Bis-

MARCK thousands of miles to see London, but no power on earth will induce him to visit (if he does not desire it) the South Kensington Museum.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Our blissful honeymoon
Was over all too soon,
And then we settled down at home for good.

I sought, but sought in vain,
For courage to complain;
It's such bad form to talk about one's food.

At last I said, "My dear,
You will be vexed, I fear"
(I wanted to be kind, but *very* firm),
"I can't exist on sops:
I'm getting tired of chops:
We'll part, dear, with MARIA, at the term."

So down the tubes next morning
We gave MARIA warning,
And rammed the stopper in and did not wait;

And then we advertised,
As all our friends advised,
And told cooks to apply here after eight.

My poor wife interviews,
And I, to help her choose,
Remain behind a paper or a book;
But 'tis with pensive pain
I notice "good and plain"
Are qualities most valued in a cook.

They differ as to ages,
They differ as to wages,
But all object to washing,—which is strange;
They differ as to dress,
But one and all confess
They've left their places only "for a change."

They stickle for their right
To go out every night,
They're careful to observe Commandment Four;
But yet it seems they shirk
All kinds of menial work,
Like polishing the brasses of the door.

And some are withered crones
Reduced to rags and bones,
With toothless jaw, and bonnets all awry;
And some are fat and florid,
And some are grim and horrid;
But most are young and sensitive and shy.

And some are Plymouth Brothers,
And some are widowed mothers,
And very many say they're "Friendly Girls";

A few belong to missions,
A few are politicians,
With spectacles and bristling corkscrew curls.

At last my wife confessed
She felt herself depressed
By having heard five characters that day;—

And did I not feel sorry
I'd brought her all this worry?
And—*did I mind?*—MARIA said she'd stay!

She's impudent and lazy,
She burns the *poulet braisé*,
Her stews are tough, her jellies never clear;

Her puddings have no taste,
Her sauces are mere paste—
But we've raised her wages two pounds ten a year!

"HOW TO CELEBRATE THE LONGEST AND MOST GLORIOUS REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY."

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—How could we better celebrate the 23rd Sept., '96, than by giving a national holiday, and half-a-crown apiece—the half-crown being emblematical of loyalty to the Crown—to all employes? Let the masters pay their workpeople all the same, so that no man, woman, or child suffer thereby (except the said masters, and they don't count). Nothing could be more fitting—from our point of view. Yours obediently, AN EMPLOYEE.

SIR,—On this glorious day, let all employes take a holiday—at their own expense. Yours obediently,

EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.

↑ *H.M.'s Industrial Establishment, Princetown, Dartmoor.*

SIR,—As one who has long—too long—worn Her Majesty's uniform, I suggest that no more suitable way of celebrating this occasion could be found than by ordering the instant release of all gentlemen compulsorily connected with this establishment. Excuse the crest on this letter paper. Yours obediently,

WILLIAM SIKES.

Malabaleland.

SIR,—Could we not commemorate this great day by establishing a close time for nigger shooting? Yours,

A TROOPER.

SIR,—It would be a graceful act if all keepers of licensed houses were to open their bars, that day, to all the thirsty subjects of the Queen *gratis*. I approached one publican on the subject, but left (hurriedly, and through the bottle and jug department door) without waiting for any definite reply on his part. Perhaps you might meet with more success. Yours obediently,

A. BOOZER.

SIR,—I would suggest that all bookmakers should wipe off arrears to Sept. 23rd, when it comes (this would include the St. Leger), as a fitting memorial of the day. Yours obediently,

PLUNGER.

SIR,—I would like to suggest that all backers of horses should pay up all arrears of what they owe on Sept. 23rd. This would cause genuine rejoicing amongst a large and deserving class of the community. Yours obediently,

BOOKMAKER.

"WOULD-BE CYCLIST" suggests that half a million wheelmen should ride abreast up the Queen's front drive at Balmoral, ringing their bells as a token of loyalty. He would be happy to join in such a demonstration if Her Majesty will kindly supply him with a machine.

"A BALLOONIST" thinks that all the Board School children throughout the country should be taught to parachute between this and September 23rd, on which date a monster ascent of the whole population of London might be organised.

Several young ladies, born in 1887, and saddled with the name of JUBILEE, would like to change it for VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA, as it is so aggravating to have one's age proclaimed to all the world, and they are not going to stand it any longer, so there!

"SOCIALIST" would be satisfied with a free fight of twenty-four hours' duration, in Hyde Park, between the various sections of "Comrades" and "Fellow-workers," who recently gave expression in the Queen's Hall in similar fashion to their unanimity and solidarity. If any blighted brother-Anarchist likes to come on—(rest suppressed).

"PERFURVID SCOT" opines that the Queen's title should be altered to that of Empress of Great and Little Cumbrae, and of their adjacent dependencies, and that a sum not exceeding sixpence be spent in apprising Her Majesty of the fact.

"TOMMY" is quite sure that three weeks' extra holidays would be the best means of enabling him to realise that he has got to remember a new fact in English history, and by then the fruit season will be over.

And Mr. PUNCH considers that everybody might learn "God Save the Queen," the words of which not one person in ten can repeat correctly. The rhymes of the National Anthem might also be repaired.

At Cowes.

First Boatman. Well, the German Hemp'ror ain't a-coming after all!

Second Boatman. No; yer see, if he did a come arter this Dr. JIM business, 'twould be like hadding hinsult to hinjury.



THE H GRATUITOUS.

Lady. "CAN I BOOK THROUGH FROM HERE TO OBAN?"

Well-educated Clerk (correcting her). "HOLBORN, YOU MEAN. NO; BUT YOU CAN BOOK TO BROAD STREET, AND THEN TAKE A 'BUS!'"

THE PLAY IN PANTON STREET.

DALY's comedians, unlike the poor, are not "always with us." Perhaps one of these days they may "come to stay." At present their visits are flying ones. Mr. DALY's *Love on Crutches* has certainly "caught on," and had it a few weeks' chance, and favourable weather, it might have been in for a fairly long run. It is a pleasant adaptation from a German piece which has something in common with *The Adventures of a Love Letter*, taken from SARDOU's *Pattes de Mouche*. As in so many modern German pieces, there is an interviewing journalist. Miss ADA REHAN is very amusing as *Annis Austin*; her sudden transitions from grave to gay are most humorously natural. Miss SYBIL CARLISLE is a most elegant and charming widow. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, as her lover, seems to laugh at himself occasionally for being so dreadfully in earnest; otherwise he is excellent. Good, too, Mr. CHARLES RICHMAN, as the rather ill-used husband. How Mr. and Mrs. *Austin* ever came together, and how they then quarrelled, or were estranged, is not satisfactorily explained. But there it is; and, this being the foundation of the play, you must take it for granted, as in all problems some hypothesis must be granted, otherwise we should never start. Mr. JAMES LEWIS capital: his laugh is so cheery, and he enjoys it all so much. Quaint Mrs. GILBERT, disguised as a young person, would give more *vraisemblance* to sharp Mr. BITTEREDGE GRESHAM's mistake (he plays this part very well) were she to wear long, fashionable gloves, *gants de Suède*, with her evening costume. Hands tell tales as well as fortunes, and when he is meditating whether the disguised fair one is seventeen or fifty, the ungloved hand which he holds and caresses ought to decide him in a second. The company leaves us at the end of this week; therefore, to those remaining in town, and uncertain of what to do with their "evening out," I advise go and see *Love on Crutches*. But why on crutches?

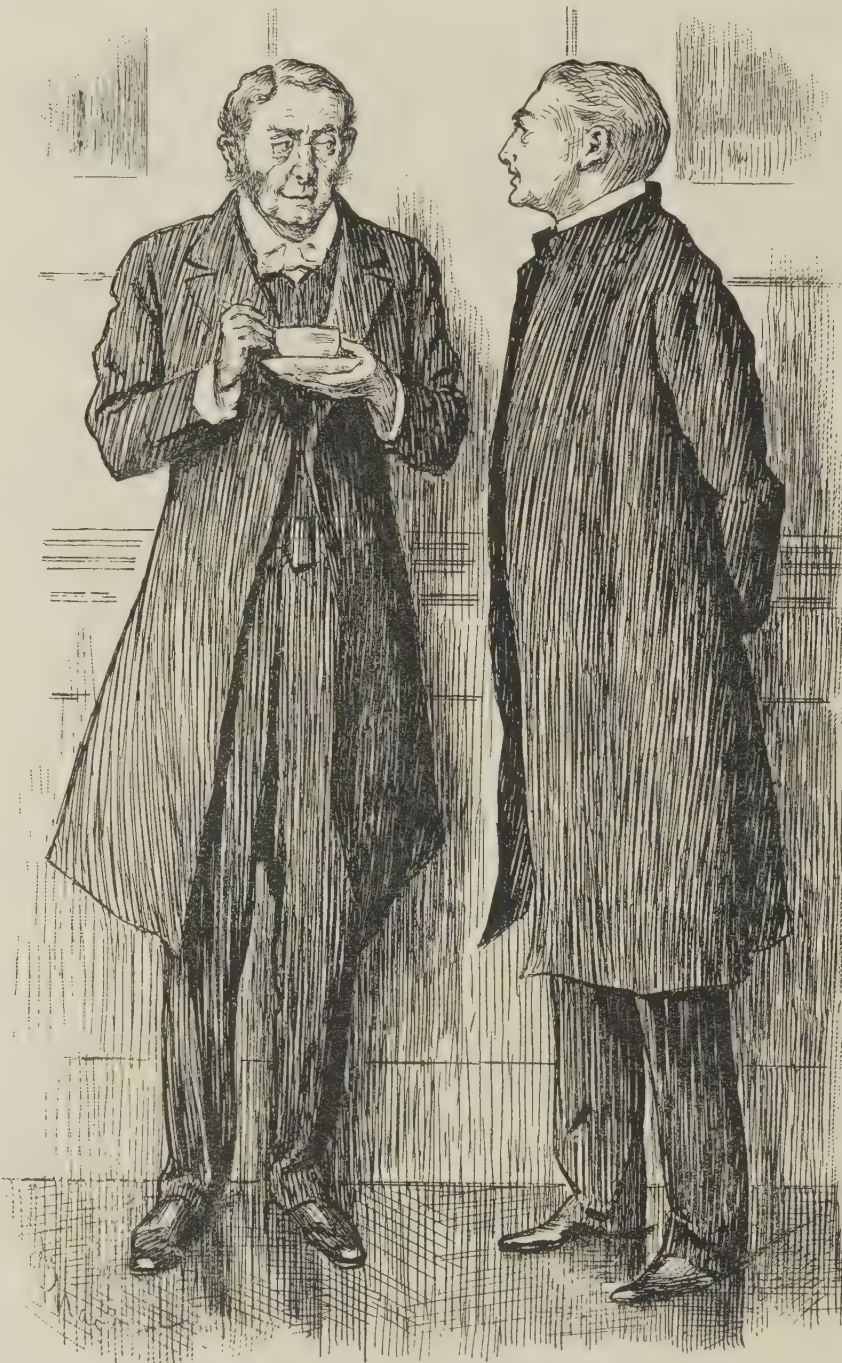
Regardless of the Temperature.

Facetious Australian (off Calshot Castle, to indisposed friend). What arm of the sea reminds one of a borrowed boot?

The "I. F." (feebly). Give it—anything—up."

F. A. Why, the Sole-lent, to be sure.

[The "I. F." is promptly carried below.



TANTÆNE ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ?

"WHAT A SHOCKING BAD APPOINTMENT TO THE DEANERY OF BARCHESTER!"

"OH—I DON'T KNOW. THE USUAL QUALIFICATIONS: OWN BROTHER TO A PEER, AND A FAILURE WHEREVER HE HAD BEEN BEFORE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Torriba, by J. CAMERON GRANT, is one of those books which had better not have been written, or, if written, better unpublished, an opinion evidently not shared by the Westminster Constable, who has taken it up and brought it out in one volume. Some of the idyllic scenes in the story are charming; but, personally, the Baron would be inclined to say that "*virginibus puerisque*," *c'est défendu*. Now when an opinion of a book has to be expressed in two foreign languages, so as to be unintelligibly intelligible, it may be gathered that "*caute legendum*"

would have to be written on the cover, or, say, on the page where there appears a motto to the work which may be supposed to give the key-note to the reader. Indeed, this story might well have been included, and have found its right place, in "*The Key-note Series*." It does not end unsatisfactorily, seeing that the victim is revenged. As for the hero, if hero he can be called, well, the weak-knee'd *David Copperfield*, placed in a position similar to that of *Senhor José* (there is a meaning intended by calling him "*José*"), would have shown himself a more manly specimen of the *genus homo*. The author has spoilt his improbable ro-

mance by writing with a bias and with a design, both of which he has been at great pains to make so unmistakably evident that, in doing so, he has defeated his own purpose, for which more than one reader who has taken up the book at haphazard will be grateful to him. At least so thinks, and says, as he thinks,

THE BARON.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Mariner at Cowes after a long day's cruising sings to his Lady-love.

ATHWART his golden Western bed
The sun has drawn his curtain red,
The breeze has gone, the day is dead,
Peace on the deep, darling, peace on the deep!

Our yawl swings idly with the tide,
That plashes gently 'gainst the side,
On no "white horses" now we ride—
Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

Like myriad gems the fair lights glow
On deck, around, aloft, below—
The jewelled boats glide to and fro—
A fairydom peep, love, a fairydom peep!

Enchanted seems this lovely isle,
That hour by hour renews its while.
Day has his laughter, Night her smile—
Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

Your voice with ever constant spell
In rich romantic theme can swell—
Or softer lays of love can tell
With accents that weep, love, with accents that weep!

No fickle Siren sang like you,
Your harmony is music true
That no Ulysses ever knew—
Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

That simple ballad—what a balm
It brings! a holy, happy calm,
The echo of some long-lost psalm!
Soothingly sweet, love, soothingly sweet!
But listening on this waveless sea
I feel a longing wake in me.
My languor's lost—I'm fancy free!
I must have—strange such things should be—
Something to drink, darling, something to eat!

"QUEEN'S DAY, 1896."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have seen so many plans promulgated for celebrating the long reign of our gracious Sovereign that I am quite bewildered as to whether the Queen intends to take off the income-tax or entertain all the world and his wife to high tea in Hyde Park. For my own part, I cannot but think that the most practical form of rejoicing would be for our beloved monarch to leave Balmoral and take up her residence at Kensington Palace, where both she and the Duchess of YORK were born. It is a roomy old house, and the Round Pond is famous for its regattas. I am sure that my idea is as good as any published, and quite as mixed.

Your obedient servant,
METHUSALEM MUDDLECHUMP.

A Suggestion to the Poet-Laureate.

OH! ALFRED chief of poets! why
Indulge your fancy mid the blues?
To green Ardennes then why not hie?
For there you'll find a cheerful Meuse!



EAST LONDON WATER SUPPLY!

COMPANY'S TURNCOCK. "NOW, LOOK 'ERE, DON'T YOU GO A WASTIN' ALL THIS 'ERE VALUABLE WATER IN WASHIN' AND WATERIN' YOUR GARDENS, OR ANY NONSENSE O' THAT SORT, OR YOU 'LL GET YOURSELVES INTO TROUBLE!"



"THALATTA! THALATTA!"

General Chorus (as the Children's Excursion nears its destination). "OH, I SAY! THERE'S THE SEA! 'OORAY!!"
Small Boy. "I'LL BE IN FUST!"

PRECIOUS PAVEMENT.

[*"The paving of the footway in front of Mr. VANDERBILT's house is said to have cost £10,000, the largest stone being worth over £2,000."* *St. James's Gazette.*]

Yes, Sir, there's a sidewalk to lick all creation;
 Yes, Sir, an Amuracan did it, you bet!
 Just greenbacks and dollars have done the tarnation
 Consarn, there are mighty few things they cayn't get.

No doubt, Uncle SAM, but one's senses are whirling
 With money so plentiful that, in the street,
 It thus can be scattered; ten thousand pounds sterling
 Should furnish stone paving quite nice for the feet.

So do not buy pictures, but paving—how stunning!
 Not sculpture, but stones—how surpassingly sweet!
 VELASQUEZ and REMBRANDT are not in the running,
 And feeble old PHIDIAS takes a back seat.

By Jove, what a notion for others to follow!
 In London some fortunate folks fortunes gain,
 And they, by their pounds beating dollars quite hollow,
 May offer to gild all the length of Park Lane.

Nay more, there's poor Italy burdened—that's clear, eh?—
 With ruinous schemes upon which she embarks;
 Perhaps, if some CROESUS would give enough lire,
 She'd sell him the paving she has in St. Mark's.

It's sadly uneven, but careful relaying
 Would make it quite flat, and it's old-fashioned art,
 But very expensive; so someone, by paying,
 Might make a new stable-yard awfully smart.

A VALLEY-ABLE HYDE-A.—Mr. S. H. HYDE, the Secretary of the Kempton Park Club, is trying to get the Thames Valley Line connected with the main South-Western System. Curiously enough, only water is in the way. But still, Mr. Punch hopes that Mr. HYDE will come off SCOTTER-free in this responsible right of way.

ADVICE TO YOUNG CROQUET-PLAYERS.

1. Always take your own mallet to a garden party. This will impress everyone with the idea that you are a fine player. Or an alternative plan is to play with one provided by your host, and then throughout the game to attribute every bad stroke to the fact that you have not your own implement with you.

2. Use as many technical terms as you can, eking them out with a few borrowed from golf. Thus it will always impress your partner if you say that you are "stimied," especially as she won't know what it means. But a carefully-nurtured reputation may be destroyed at once if you confuse "roquet" with "croquet," so be very careful that you get these words right.

3. Aim for at least three minutes before striking the ball, and appear overcome with amazement when you miss. If you have done so many times in succession, it may be well to remark on the unevenness of the ground. If you hit a ball by mistake always pretend that you aimed at it.

4. It is a great point to give your partner advice in a loud and authoritative tone—it doesn't matter in the least whether it is feasible or not. Something like the following, said very quickly, always sounds well:—"Hit one red, take two off him and make your hoop; send two red towards me and get into position." In a game of croquet there is always one on each side who gives advice, and one who receives (and disregards it). All the lookers-on naturally regard the former as the finer player, therefore begin giving advice on your partner's first stroke. If she happens to be a good player this may annoy her, but that is no consequence.

5. Remember that "a mallet's length from the boundary" varies considerably. If you play next, it means three yards, if your opponent does so, it means three inches. So, too, with the other "rules," which no one really knows. When in an awkward position, the best course is to invent a new rule on the spur of the moment, and to allege (which will be perfectly true) that "it has just been introduced."

6. Much may be done by giving your ball a gentle kick when the backs of the other players happen to be turned. Many an apparently hopeless game has been saved by this method. Leave your conscience behind when you come to a croquet-party.



LOST; OR, LUCID INFORMATION.

Kind-hearted Old Gent. "THERE, THERE, DON'T CRY! WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHERE DO YOU LIVE!"
Chorus. "BOOHOO! WE'RE DOOLIE'S TWINS!"

OTIUM CUM (ALSO SINE) DIG.

Elderly Relative. So you have finished your first term as a public school boy, TOMMY. And how do you like it?

Tommy. Oh! of course it's awfully swell, and all that, but—

E. R. (surprised). But what? Don't they give you enough cricket, eh?

Tommy. Enough cricket! I should think they did. I'm perfectly sick of the game. You know all games are compulsory, now?

E. R. H'm! Well, why not? An excellent thing, no doubt.

Tommy. Ah! but you wouldn't say so if you were there yourself. You can't birds'-nest, or go rowing, or cycling, or anything else. It's cricket—always cricket. Next term it'll be football. I like footer now, but they'll make me hate it!

E. R. (remembering jolly country birds'-nesting rambles when HE was a boy). It does seem a little hard. Hockey, now; they allow hockey, don't they?

Tommy. Not they! It's much too stunning a game to be allowed.

E. R. (trying to recall memories of his youth). I used to like marbles, I remember; and chestnuts.

Tommy. Marbles and chestnuts are bad form; only the junior school play at them.

E. R. (rather humbled, but trying to be cheerful). Well, anyhow, now you are at the seaside, you can go in for digging in the sands.

Tommy (shocked). Digging in the sand! I don't know what the fellows would think if they saw me with a spade. That's bad form, too. Oh! thanks, awfully (pockets it). And—er—you won't be offended, will you?—but would you mind

calling me "Tom" in future—not "TOMMY"? Sounds better, you know. Awfully obliged! Ta-ta!

[Walks off to moon about the pier and look at other people enjoying themselves, leaving Elderly Relative wondering whether boys hadn't more pleasure when they had less dignity.]

A BALLADE OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

How often it has chanced to me
 To be reduced to silence dead
 By some well-managed repartee,
 Whose author up to it has led.
 Alas! the neat retort unsaid—
 I think of what I ought to say
 Some hours afterwards in bed—
 The chances I have thrown away!

Some more examples, two or three—
 The rocketeer unscathed o'erhead,
 The golf ball fozzled at the tee,
 At billiards the unspotted red;
 The girl, with whom one thought to
 "thread
 The mazy dance," but made delay,
 Snapped up by some one else instead—
 The chances I have thrown away!

The sights it had been mine to see!
 The paths it had been mine to tread!
 The man it had been mine to be!
 The books, alone, I might have read!
 Alas the hours of sunshine fled,
 And all my crop of unmade hay!
 Alas! a lass I might have wed!—
 The chances I have thrown away!

Envoi.

A useless sermon! They have sped,
 The chances grave, the chances gay—
 Few men but say, as I have said,
 "The chances I have thrown away!"

JEAMES TO THE RESCUE.

[Lord WOLSELEY (giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the Military and Civil Expenditure of India) being asked "if India should pay every farthing of military expense," answered promptly, "Yes; and the Navy, too!"]

JEAMES loquitur.

PERCISELY so! I likes his style! The
 Harmy and the Navy!
 That just suits me and my hold chum,
 JOHN TOMMUS hof Belgravy.
 We reads our *Mornin' Posteses* round at
 the Runnin' 'Orses,
 And feels hourselves a sort o' part of Eng-
 land's loyal forces.
 The hinfluinks hof humiform is like a fellow
 feelink,
 It makes hus wondrous kind all round.
 Lord WOLSELEY's plump, plain dealink,
 Without no dabby, flabby, Labby-like
 hemotion, pleases me;
 And his flat-footed style of talk consider-
 ably heases me.
 We've too much sloppy sentimenk a-spil-
 lin' round permiskers.
 You'd think we wos all nusserly-maids,
 not men with wills and whiskers.
 This cosmypollitan mollslop do put me
 in a passion;
 I slaps my hand upon my breast—that
 milingitary fashion
 MATILDA-JANE so much hadmires—and
 feels like a Field-Marshal;
 And ditto to Lord WOLSELEY is my
 motter! I ain't parshal
 To furriners of any sort; I own it; and
 for niggers

I've your true Britisher's contemp.
 Black faces and slim figgers,
 Dark 'air and coffee-coloured heyes, may
 suit your Hexeter Hallers,
 But not Lord SOLSBURY and Me! I'd
 like to squelch the squallers
 Who cackle about Ingia's rights. She's
 honly what we give her;
 As though a place where snakes abound
 and a chap can't keep no liver
 Wos wuth a-worritting about! No doubt
 they're sly and dodgy,
 Like that chap with a rum name, wich is
 as near NOWRODGY
 As ain't no matter; but, Great Scott! the
 Baboos and their backers,
 Like Mister CAINE, ain't goin' to best hus
 Britons! Firework crackers
 About pore Ingia and her "rights," or
 Boers and theirn, is sickenin'!
 I think the fight 'twixt Britons and the
 furriners is thickenin'.
 Oh! drat the Dutch! Confound the
 the French! Flumbusticate the Ger-
 mans!
 And bust the Yanks!!! But for them
 cranks as spin hus soapy sermons
 About Baboos and other blacks, or browns,
 or drabs, or yallers,
 I ain't a mite c' patience with the un-
 patriot fallallers;
 No more's my friend JOHN TOMMUS, as
 aforesaid hof Belgravy,
 Nor yet Lord WOLSELEY, hevident! Your
 black's a decent slavey,
 But for a gent, or a gent's gent—wot
 snarlers call a flunkey—
 A nigger isn't no more fit than any coon
 or monkey.
 Pore Ingia! Bosh! Sich muck won't
 wash. Rupees and precious stonses
 Is wot they roll in, I believe, spite o'
 their whines and groanses,
 CAINE's cant and old NOWRODGY's rot.
 Let 'em pay hup and look plesink!
 Them's WOLSELEY's sediments, and mine!
 And so no more at presink!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 27.

—Quite pathetic to see SQUIRE OF MALWOOD drawn to-night into vortex of debate on Uganda. Not much of a maelstrom to begin with. Government proposed to take second reading of Bill authorising funds for Uganda Railway. The PROPHET OF OLD PALACE YARD (late the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE), leaving for awhile pleased contemplation of Westminster Abbey as viewed from his newly-opened conservatory windows, wants to know more about the railway and its prospects.

If GEORGE CURZON could, on his honour as Under-Secretary of State, say there was any prospect of a native COOK or an aboriginal GAZE establishing a touring company; if, moreover, he could assure the House there was on the part of the middle classes in Uganda any disposition to be personally conducted by rail to various watering-places on the coast, and to places of social and historic interest inland, opposition might be withdrawn.

GEORGE CURZON, anxious above all things to oblige, was not able to give this assurance. That was bad. Worse still was his assertion that the occupation of Uganda was a legacy from the late Government, and his declaration that if, regardless of possibilities of a Uganda COOK, we did not build the railway, Germany would. That more than the SQUIRE could stand. Was able to bear with equanimity the charge about responsibility for Uganda. There was the almanack to show that Lord SALISBURY's second administration preceded in point of date Mr. GLADSTONE's fourth, and it was under the friendly patronage of the MARKISS, in face of strong protest by the then Opposition, that the East Africa Company, moved by those purely philanthropic impulses avowed to-night by



Toby, M.P. (to our Distinguished Visitor from China). "Sir, as one of the Celestials, your Excellency's visits must be few and far between. I regret your Excellency has arrived when the Season is over, and Parliament just finishing. Though, between ourselves, Excellency, as to the latter, you haven't missed much, their performance having been very indifferent. Chin-chin!"

was the off-hand reference to Germany. Took the Under-Secretary in his teeth, as a mastiff might take a terrier, shook him carefully, so as not to hurt him, and replaced him on Treasury Bench.

"Nice boy, GEORGE," he said, when the lesson was finished. "Clever and, what is more valuable in a Minister, painstaking. Knows what he's talking about, and talks well. But a little friendly pawing over does him good. Besides, what did he mean by saddling us with Uganda?"

Business done. Quite a heap. Looks like getting away on 15th after all.

Tuesday.—Mr. MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN's maiden speech not a success exactly upon lines anticipated in domestic circle. Nevertheless it proved most delightful thing enjoyed this Session by bored House. Report Stage Irish Land Bill under discussion. One amendment talked about for full two hours. Dinner time coming on. Debate apparently played out. Hungry Members getting ready to rush through division lobbies, became conscious of tall figure upstanding below Gangway; left hand gracefully reposed in

trowser pocket, leaving on view abundant display of Sunday shirt-cuff; in other hand sheaf of notes promising speech of hour's duration.

A moment's pained pause; then Mr. FLAVIN's equanimity startled by outburst of angry roar for division. When it subsided, a voice shod in fine rich brogue heard to say, "Well, I'm not goin' to keep you more than ten minutes."

Ten minutes! Proposal enough to take away remaining breath. Ordinary Member confronted by similar circumstances says he won't take more than a minute. At most two. MICHAEL JOSEPH, critically eyeing bulk of notes, thinks he may get through in ten. This charmed House. When roar of laughter subsided, MICHAEL commenced. His leading idea was to show that prices of agricultural products are lower than they were sixteen years ago. To that end had spent days and nights sprawling over market tables. His notes crowded with parallel columns of figures. House cheered enthusiastically when he showed how barley was so much in 1880 and so much less in 1896.



"Beef——"
(Mr. FLAVIN.)

ex-Director BURDETT-COUTTS, settled in Uganda. What the SQUIRE could not stand

The Member for North Kerry blushed with conscious pride. House of Commons, after all, a body of fair men. His labour had not been in vain.

"Now oats," he said.

Tremendous cheering. Flurried by this generous applause, MICHAEL J. got his oats a little mixed. Process of re-assortment not assisted by shouts of laughter from Members opposite.

"Beef," Mr. FLAVIN roared, as if that were the next course, and there would be a cut all round if Members would only have patience.

At this stage SPEAKER interposed; pointed out that method of inquiry pursued by MICHAEL was a little minute for the stage of the Bill now reached. That was awkward. M. J., ignorant of Parliamentary prejudices, had filled his note with market prices. If they were tabooed, there was nothing left for him. Looked at his notes with rueful face, at sight of which House went off into another fit of laughter that threatened to create vacancies in boroughs and counties represented by gentlemen of apoplectic habit.

"Very well, Mr. SPEAKER," said M. JOSEPH, with voice choked by emotion; "I will give only a few more particulars. There's butter. Now, butter is an indirect product of the land. What was its price sixteen years ago?"

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted Members. Far above the tumult Mr. FLAVIN's voice, its mellifluous tones suggestive of a mouth filled with melted butter, pealed forth prices per pound in 1880 as compared with these overstocked days. Merry uproar so great it was difficult to follow line of argument. MICHAEL getting a little angry. Next thing heard as he waved his notes defiantly in face of Colonel SAUNDERSON was the battle-cry "Eggs fippence a dozen."

"Will anyone contradict me?" he shouted.

Certainly not. On the contrary, cry of "Agreed! agreed!" burst forth from all sides. That was worse than anything. There would be some comfort in contradiction. If they insisted upon agreeing with him, what was the use of setting forth these carefully collated, and, as far as the landlords of Ireland are concerned, damnatory figures? Still there they were, and Mr. FLAVIN's affection for them, his earnest anxiety that the beneficent effects of their companionship should be shared by the House, was pathetic.

"I am not giving these figures to satisfy my own curiosity," was one of the few complete sentences heard amid the storm of laughter.

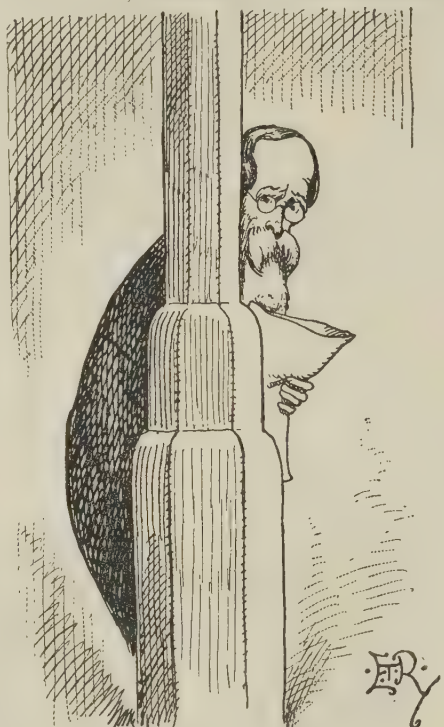
Mr. FLAVIN growing really angry. Had only just commenced his notes. From time to time he turned them over, evidently with desire to meet incomprehensible but unmistakable disinclination of House to have matter enlarged upon. But could not find in his heart to omit a line.

"There are pigs," he shouted, with sweep of arm indicating the full range of crowded benches opposite.

The gesture was accidental, certainly was not meant to be indicative. But these were last words of FLAVIN. The House roared for what seemed five minutes, at the end of which time the SPEAKER moving ominously in his chair, MICHAEL JOSEPH abruptly sat down.

Business done.—Another all-night sitting. Land Bill got through Report stage.

Thursday.—DON JOSE's statement to-night on moving appointment of Select Committee to inquire into Transvaal Raid an object-lesson for Members and



A Humble Interrogator.
(Mr. M.-c.-l.-se.)

Ministers. A ticklish question; situation bristling with difficulties; a string of amendments pendant from motion. Every prospect of prolonged debate appropriating sitting allotted to batch of useful Bills. DON JOSE the centre of attention in crowded House. All the world listening at the doors. Supreme opportunity for oratorical display.

Some people, who shall be nameless, would have risen to height of occasion; delivered oration an hour long, perhaps two. Within space of ten minutes DON JOSE had finished his task. Not a word too much. Not a sentence incomplete. Disarmed Opposition before opportunity was presented to draw the sword. Polemical debate, the worst possible thing in delicate circumstances of the case avoided. Nearly the whole sitting saved for practical work; above all, initial stage of delicate inquiry started free from blast of party conflict.

Business done.—Transvaal Committee ordered. Several Bills advanced.

Friday.—"And they say this Government has no sense of humour!"

Of course, no one had said anything of the kind. But that's SARK's conversational manner. Remark arose in connection with announcement that Select Committee on Distress from Want of Employment, under Chairmanship of T. W. RUSSELL, has agreed upon its report.

"Anything more poignant than T. W.'s Distress from Want of Employment throughout the debate on the Irish Land Bill I have never seen," SARK says. "Not convenient from Government point of view for T. W. to take part in debate on subject he knows more intimately than most men in House. So they make him Chairman of this Committee."

All very well to poke fun at T. W.; but if all politicians were as uncompro-

misingly honest, it would be a better world to live in. He's not a landlord, nor even cousin to a peer. No slight thing for him to sacrifice Ministerial position to which he fought his way by sheer capacity. Yet he was prepared to do that rather than stultify himself. Of course, he hasn't got all he wanted in manipulation of Irish Land Bill. But who has? As JOHN MORLEY omitted to say in first edition of his well-known work, "Compromise underlies every move in the game of politics."

Business done.—Lords read Irish Land Bill a second time.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

THE CANTERBURY BELL.

THE poets have flowers enough to sing,
Yet ever the same old chorus swell;
Why is it they never the changes ring
On the sweet and delicate Canterbury Bell?

Fair Kent with its wealth of blossom and fruit,

"The Garden of England" men name right well,

But the pride of Kent beyond all dispute
Is the Kentish flower, the Canterbury Bell.

Just one short week in the long, long year—

For so brief a season it casts its spell—
The crowds all gather from far and near
In the close where blooms the Canterbury Bell

And the "Kentish men" and the "men of Kent,"

If asked their favourite flower to tell,
Alike make answer with one consent—

"There is none compares with the Canterbury Belle!"

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing you to be a past master in the art of courtesy, I venture to submit the following hard case to your judgment. The other morning, being a none too experienced cyclist, I ventured into the Park on my "wheel" at an early hour, thinking to have a little practice unobserved. Judge of my horror when, as I was wobbling along, I was suddenly confronted by the Duchess of Xminster and her daughters, all expert riders! Her Grace and the Ladies Wiseacre bowed to me in the most affable way, but, afraid to leave go of the handles of my machine, I could only nod in return. And I have always been renowned for the elegance with which I remove my *chapeau*! These noble ladies have since cut me dead. I cannot blame them, but I venture to suggest, for your approval, that the raising of the right elbow, such as is practised by coachmen, gentle and simple, should be adopted by all cyclists. I think that I could manage the movement.

Yours in social despair,

AMELIUS AMBERGRIS.

Baywater, Aug. 1.

DULCET LITERATURE.—A novel has just appeared called *A Sweet Disorder*. We understand that it will shortly be followed by *A Chocolate Complaint*, *A Toffee Tremens*, *A Rahat-lakoum Rabies*, *A Liquorice Languor*, *A Candy Catarrh*, *A Sugar Stomach-ache*, and *A Burnt Almond Ailment*, all of which works cannot fail to be highly popular with the medical profession.



"TELL YOUR FORTUNE, PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"

ENCORE, W. G.!

[Playing for Gloucester against Sussex at Bristol, on August 3, 4, 5, the veteran Doctor W. G. GRACE scored 301 runs.]

THREE Hundred and One, and at forty-eight!!!

Well, words are used up! Be the Doctor's fate

To score, standing straight as to-day by the sticks,

Six Hundred and Two when he's ninety-six!

Nay, by Jove, if like this he still keeps up the fun,

He may yet score a century when he is one!

Of century-pilers the season's not barren, There's ABEL the midget, and mighty McLAREN,

"RANJI," and IREDALE, and GIFFEN, and TROTT,

And several more in the Cornstalk lot; HAYWARD and STORER, and how many more?

But W. G. still keeps topmost score; After thirty odd seasons still holds his place,

And gives us one other true "Year of GRACE!"

SEASIDE RESORTS

To be avoided by Certain People.

BIRCHINGTON—by schoolboys.
Broadstairs—by bashful young ladies.
Ryde—by bad equestrians.
Torquay—by M.P.'s.
Swanage—by young writers to the Signet.
Weymouth—by lovers of sweet milk.
Whitby—by dullards.
Exmouth—by shunners of Röntgen rays.
Blackpool—by indifferent billiard players.
Barmouth—by heavy drinkers.
Isle of Man—by New Women.
Clevedon—by university dignitaries.
Clacton—by dramatic critics.
Freshwater—by East London turncocks.
Deal—by unlucky card-players.
Trimingham—by milliners.
Lyme—by jerry builders.
Minehead—by exiles from the Rand.
Cullercoats—by jockeys.
Looe—by gamblers.
Musselburgh—by weak persons.
Bray—by costermongers.
Burnham—by incendiaries.
Ayr—by stuffy folk.
Boscombe—by master hair-dressers.
Southsea—by promoters of bubble companies.

THE CANTANKEROUS CONSUMER.

["The average wife would never trouble herself to procure a postal order and write a letter every time she wanted farm produce. She likes better to visit a dozen tradesmen and have little parcels sent to her door."—*Vide Letter to a Daily Paper.*]

1. Decide to send all my vegetables, fruit, honey, &c., in future to private consumers direct. Why be under the thumb of the shop-keeper, the grasping middleman, for ever? I won't!

2. After fearful expense in advertising, sending round circulars, and appeals (rather *infra dig.*, this?) to private friends, I've managed to hook a few promises from heads of families.

3. Find that every family likes different things. Awfully bothering! Some like potatoes waxy, others floury. My honey too sweet for some, not sweet enough for others. Then the way these private consumers complain! "Why can't I supply apples easier to peel—not so nobbly?" Would mean pulling up all the trees in my orchard and planting new ones.

4. Families go away in the summer, and "don't want any more supplies at present." But I don't go away; and I *do* want supplies—of cash.

5. People quite offended, I find, if I ask for "prompt remittances." Then they begin to find fault with my cauliflowers! How mean!

6. Sudden falling off in orders. Why is this? I've discovered reason. Benevolent railway company is charging 6d. extra at other end for delivery. Protests. Vague replies. No redress. Ends in my having to pay that sixpence.

7. More advertising. Who would be a farmer? Or am I a market-gardener? Don't know—everything confused nowadays. See the G. O. M. has been discouraging on joys of country life. Wish I had a jolly shop in Seven Dials, I know!

8. Wretchedly small orders. Why aren't families bigger? Or hungrier, anyhow? Fancy having to sort out "6 new-laid eggs a week, 2 cabbages, 2 cauliflowers, and half a peck of peas!" Niggling work. And if a single egg gets broken, consumer deducts for it.

9. "Will it do," asks one matron, "if I am paid by cheque once a year?" Won't do at all, "unless she can give me names of two guarantors, one the clergyman of her parish." Indignant letter back—"she is not a servant, and does not give references." Lost her!

10. Have chucked up my private families. Couldn't stand them. Much too uncertain, coy, and hard to please. Back to middleman. Prefer one good hearty professional swindler to fifty private niggers and naggers!

One Way of Looking at it.

Customer (to Proprietor of Up-to-date Restaurant). Well, Signor ROMELLI, how does a Bank Holiday suit your business?

Signor R. Splendid, Sir! No chance of what you call bad chicks come back to roost from the bank on that day!

VERY LOW FORM ON THE PART OF FATHER THAMES.

Boy (standing in mid-stream at Kew, to boating party). 'Ere yer are! Tow yer up to Richmond Lock! All by water, Sir!

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—How to improve the East London Water Supply.



PORTRAIT OF AN IDEAL WARDEN OF THE CINQUE-PORTS.

"SALISBURY, CHEER THY SPIRIT WITH THIS!"

Henry the Sixth, Part I., Act i., Sc. 4.

[“Saturday, August 15. Installation of the PREMIER at Dover.”—*Fixture from the Week's Calendar.*]



THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

THE ABOVE IS NOT A COWARDLY ATTACK UPON AN UNPROTECTED LADY CYCLIST, BUT MERELY TOM GIVING HIS HEART'S IDOL HER FIRST LESSON.

THE WEDDING GUEST'S VADE MECUM.

Question. When you are asked to be present at a certain church and afterwards at some address, what is your first care?

Answer. To send a suitable present for the bride's acceptance.

Q. What meaning do you attribute to the word "suitable"?

A. By suitable, I mean a fitness for display on a table, and subsequent description in a lady's paper.

Q. But is not your choice of a *cadeau* influenced by your feeling of affection and esteem for the intended recipient?

A. Certainly; but as it is impossible to present anything novel, it is wise to follow the lead of the majority to avoid singularity.

Q. What will be the probable result of the pursuit of this course?

A. That the bride will receive either a fifth silver card-case, a ninth dozen of silver fish-knives, or a thirty-third carriage-clock.

Q. What will you learn when, say, the thirty-third carriage-clock has been received?

A. That the thirty-third carriage-clock was just what the bride wanted.

Q. What is the characteristic of the regulation wedding present?

A. That it is contained in a case of rather disproportionate magnificence.

Q. Be kind enough to give an example to more fully explain your meaning.

A. A silver serviette ring embedded in rich silk and velvet, and protected from the dust by a box of Morocco.

Q. If you are fairly wealthy, and sufficiently intimate with the bride's parents to make the present, what is the best kind of gift to bestow?

A. A cheque for a substantial sum that can be expended by the young people upon something really desirable for their new ménage.

Q. Is not every wedding present more or less useful?

A. Unquestionably; but a young housekeeper may possibly experience some difficulty in disposing satisfactorily of (say) seventy-six pairs of silver candlesticks, and a baker's dozen of chiming dinner-gongs.

Q. On the whole, is the custom of giving presents at weddings commendable?

A. Yes, for whatever may be the gift, it is a token of goodwill to the newly-married couple that should bring fair fortune to both donor and recipient.

Q. And what may be said of the man who objects to the pleasant practise?

A. If he be wedded, that his own nuptial life must have been a failure, and if he be a bachelor, he does not deserve to be married.

Two Governments.

How Governments fare in our wisest of lands!

How leaders are foiled though they're sages and braves!

The last one was twitted with "ploughing the sands,"

The present gave promise of "ruling the waves."

But "sowing the wind" seems much more in its line,

And "reaping the whirlwind" its fate, up to now.

A Cabinet great, a majority fine,

With an eye like to Mars and a Jovian brow,

Will surely not end in untimely self-slaughter,

Or, leave, like poor KEATS, a name written in water.

At Boulogne.

Ted (to 'Arry). What's the meaning of "avis" on those placards?

'Arry. There's a question from a feller as 'as studied Latin with me at the Board School! 'Ave you forgotten all about the black swan? It's a notice about birds, of course!

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XX.

Mr. Jabberjee distinguishes himself in the Bar Examination, but is less successful in other respects. He writes another extremely ingenious epistle, from which he anticipates the happiest results.

I AM happy to announce that I have passed the *pons asinorum* of Bar Exam with facility of a camel penetrating the needle's eye. *Tant mieux! Huzza! Tol-de-rol-loll!!!*

My dilatoriness in publishing this joyful intelligence is due to



"Huzza! Tol-de-rol-loll!"

fact that I have only recently received official information of my triumph, which my family are now engaged in celebrating at Calcutta with pæans of transport, illuminations, fireworks, an English brass band, and delicacies supplied (on contract system) from Great Eastern Hotel.

And yet so great was my humility that, when I entered Lincoln's Inn Hall one Monday shortly before 10 A.M., and received pens, some foolscaps, and a printed exam paper on the Law of Real and Personal Property and Conveyancing, I was at first as melancholy as a gib cat, and like to eat my head with despair!

So much so that I began my answers by pathetically imploring my indulgent father examiner to show me his bowels of compassion, on ground that I was an unfortunate Bengalee chap, afflicted by narrow circumstances and a raging tooth, and that my entire earthly felicity depended upon my being favoured with qualifying marks.

However, on perusal of the paper, I found that, owing to diligent cram and native aptitude for nice sharp quilllets of the law, I could floor it upon my *caput*, being at home with every description of mortgage, and having such things as reversions and contingent remainders at the extremities of my finger-ends.

In the afternoon I was again examined in Law and Equity, answering nearly every question with great copiousness and best style of composition, quoting freely from Hon'ble SNELL and UNDERHILL to back my opinion. Unhappily, I lost some of my precious time because, finding that I was required by the paper to "discuss" a certain statement, I left my seat in search of some pundit with whom I might carry on such a logomachy. And even now I fail to see how one individual can discuss a ques-

tion in pen and ink, any more than a single hand is capable of making a clap. Which I gave as my reason for not attempting the impossible.

The ordeal endured for four days. In the Roman Law department, I was on the spot with *Stillicidium* and similar servitudes, and in Criminal Law I did vastly distinguish myself by polishing off an intricate legal problem about Mistere A., B. and C., and certain bicycles, though, as I stated in a *postscriptum*, not being the practical cyclist, I could not be at all responsible for the accuracy of my solution, and hinted that it was somewhat *infra dig.* for such solemn dry-as-dusts as the Council of Legal Education to take any notice at all of these fashionable but flimsy mechanisms.

When called up for *viva voce* purposes, I dumb-founded my examiner by the readiness and volubility of my responses, to such an extent that, after asking one question only, he intimated his complete satisfaction, and I divined by his smiles that he was secretly determined to work the oracle in my favour.

And so I arrived at the pretty Pass by dint of flourishing my trumpet. But, heigho! some fly or other is the indispensable adjunct of every pot of ointment, and while I was still jumping for joy at having passed the steep barrier of such a Rubicon, there came a letter from Miss JESSIMINA which constrained me to cachinnate upon the wrong side of nose!

It appeared that, pursuant of my request, she had been to call upon Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND, who had duly informed her that I was not the genuine Rajah or any kind of real Prince, nor yet a Cressus with unlimited cash.

Here, if Hon'ble CUMMERBUND had stopped, or represented me as a worthless riddance of bad rubbish, all would have been well; but most unhappily he did exceed his instructions, and added that I was of respectable, well-to-do parentage, and very industrious young chap with first-class abilities, and likely to obtain lucrative practice at native Bar.

JESSIMINA wrote that she hoped she was not so mercenary as to be attracted by mere rank, and that it was enough for her that I was in the position to maintain her as a lady, so she would continue to hold me to my promise of marriage, and if I still declined to perform, she would be reluctantly compelled to place the matter in hands of lawyer.

On seeing that my second attempt to spoof was similarly the utter failure, I became like pig in poke with perplexity, until I was suddenly inspired by the ebullient flash of a happy idea, and taking up my *penna*, inscribed the following epistle:

MAGNANIMOUS AND EVER ADORABLE JESSIMINA!

I am immensely tickled with flattered complacency at your indomitable desire to become the bride of such a man of straw as this undeserving self, and will no longer offer any factious opposition to your wishes.

But in the intoxicating ardour of my billing and cooing I may have omitted to mention that, when I have led you to the Hy-meneal altar, you will not be alone in your glory. As a Koolin Brahmin, I am, by laws of my country, entitled to about thirty or forty spouses, though, owing to natural timidity and economical reasons, I have not hitherto availed myself of said privilege.

However, when that I was a little tiny boy, I was compelled by family pressure to contract matrimony with an equally juvenile female of eight, and, though circumstances have prevented the second ceremony being celebrated on arriving at the more mature age of discretion, such infant marriage is notwithstanding the binding affair.

What of it? Your overwhelming affection will render you totally indifferent to the unpleasant side of your position as a *sateen* or rival wife, though it is the antipode of the bed of roses, especially under internecine feuds and perpetual snipsnaps with sundry aunts and sisters-in-law of mine of rather nagging idiosyncracies. But ignorance of language will probably blind your sensitive ears to the sneering and ill-natured tone of their remarks.

I can only say that I am quite ready (if you insist upon it) to fulfil my contract to best ability, and undertake the heavy burden which Providence has, very injudiciously, saddled upon my feeble back. Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, of 15, Jubilee Terrace, Clapham, was present at my first wedding, and will doubtless certify to same on application.

Ever yours faithfully and devotedly,

H. B. J.

In writing the above, I was well aware that there is a strong prejudice in the mind of European females in favour of monogamy, and my letter (as will be seen by the intelligent reader) was rather cleverly composed so as to shift the burden of breach of contract from my shoulders to hers.

So that I rubbed my hands with gleeful jubilation on receiving her reply that she was astounded with wonderment at the sublimity of my cheek in supposing that she would play the subordinate fiddle to any native wife, and that she had communicated with CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, Esq., and if my statement *re* infant marriage (which at present she suspected to be a mere spoof) proved correct, she would certainly decline my insulting offer.

Now as it is the undeniable fact that I was wedded when a mere juvenile, I shall save my brush from this near shave—provided that Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM has received my tip in time, and does not, like Hon'ble CUMMERBUND, go beyond his instructions.

But this is not reasonably probable, Baboo CHUCKERBUTTY being a tolerably discreet, subtle chap.

THE WATER-FAMINE.

(An East-End Pastoral. Some way after Wordsworth.)

THE night was falling fast, and the stars began to blink,
I heard a voice; it said, "D'yer want that there to *drink*?"
And looking to the stand-pipe in the gutter I espied
A little ragged girl, with a Bumble at her side.

No other folks were near, the two stood there alone,
The little ragged girl was kneeling on the stone;
With one knee on the kerb did the grubby maiden kneel,
Whilst in her tiny pitcher the trickling stream did steal.

The pitcher it was small, but a precious time it took
To fill it, and the portly man his head in anger shook.
"D'yer want that there for drink, girl?" he inquired, in such
a tone
That the shock which shook the poor child's heart found echo in
my own.

Bumble's companion was a child with lank and towsled hair!
I watched them with surprise; they were a curious pair.
Now, with her half-filled pitcher the maiden turned away,
But the burly Bumble spake, and her footsteps she did stay.

Down on the child he looked; and from my shady place
I, unobserved, could see the harsh working of his face.
If Nature to her tongue plucky fluency could bring,
The uttered words, I thought, of this child might bite and sting.

"What are you up to, young 'un?" said Bumble. "On my word,
The fuss you folks are making about water is absurd!
The cumpny's must be soft, ah, green as grass can be,
If they diminish dividends to please such folks as *ye*!"

"What is it that you want? To wash and make you smart,
Or water your back gardings? That is a pretty start!
And as to drinking, lor! Is there no gin or beer?
You *can't* 'ave water if *we*'ve none. I think *that's* pretty
clear!"

"If the sun is shining 'ot, and we ain't 'ad 'eavy rains,
And you git cholera and things along of unflushed drains,
Why 'ope for rains, or pray for 'em like parsons. Water's
dear,
And we can't let our dividends run down for *you*—no fear!"

"Run 'ome now, young 'un. Tell yer father 'e must up and
pay
That water-rate 'e shirked when the collector called to-day.
'Ain't 'ad none for a week or more, or leastways next to none?
And mother's ill, and baby sick, and your plarnts parched by
the sun?"

"Ah, that's all tommy-rot, my girl! Carn't 'elp yer, and 'cos
wy?"

'Cos of our *dividends*, ye see! So let your flowers die!
And if the baby ditto does, happeal to *us* is vain.
Go 'ome, and if you want to wash, scrub, drink—*wy*—pray for
rain!"

As homeward through that slum I went, dry, dusty, and un-
sweet,
That man's harsh words I oftentimes did to myself repeat.
"Water-*supply*?" I muttered. "Humph! the irony is fine!
I wonder, now, what *I* should do if such a case were mine?"

THE NEXT MARVEL OF PROGRESSION.—A horse-marine on a donkey-engine.



THE PRACTICAL MIND.

Native (to the delight of Flora, returning with spoils from the highways and hedges). "THAT LASSIE MAUN SURELY KEEP A COO!"

ANOTHER ADDRESS ON RURAL REPOSE.

(Not delivered.)

LADIES, INGLIS MANDARINS AND MEN,—Chin-chin to you. Me no speakee velly muchee Inglis, but have lead the velly good addless of Light Honourable GLAD STONE, the velly gleat, topside, Gland Old Man, at Ha-wa-den. He tellee the people of the plovince of Che-shir he now "a lual man, one of the countly folk." Me wishee to be that too. No lest for me, all travelleng chop-chop, seeing Lussian men and German men, then Flencheemen in Palis, now at last Inglis men in Lon-don. No lest till me getee back to Chih-li.

Now all you foleign dev—I mean, foleign peoples—you lush about chop-chop all day, and you makee me lush about. Now in Chih-li only the coolies go chop-chop. But here in Eulope you makee me see gleat, big, tlemendous lot of things not pletty to see, when me wishee be lual man, like Light Honourable GLAD STONE. My fiend, Excellency Doctor BIS MARCK, he lests also. They makee him Doctor, so he must know what is light for health.

Now in Chih-li we not lave about chelly blossoms and chly-santhemums so muchee as the miselable Japanese people, but we likee flowers. And we likee the sun, who is a relation of the Empelor. It is muchee better to be in the countly, looking at the pletty loses and the other flowers, the gleat, gland, velly high, big tlees, and the gleen Inglis glass, than shut up in Cal-ton-hou-se-tel-lace, and just taken out chop-chop to see the Houses of your talkee-talkee men, and a chow-chow of stleets and loads.

There is a gleat man in Lon-don, PUNCH CHUNG-TANG—he must be a Gland Secletaly as he lites so much—and he has dlawn me in his gland, velly fine, beautiful book in a lowing boat, or junk, under a willow tlee. Velly nice, but "no go," as you say in Inglis. Now me hully away, for they takee me to go top-side Plim-lose-hill, to see the gland view of Lon-don as they say. Me not wantee to, likee to lest in a junk under a willow tlee, but no, must go chop-chop. So I say, what you speakee in Inglis, "Ta-ta."

LITTLE BY LITTLE, LINE UPON LINE.—MR. VANDAM'S latest work.



AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

Caddie (visiting). WHAT KIND O' PLAYER IS HE?"

Caddie (engaged). "'IM? HE JUST PLAYS AS IF IT WAS FOR PLEASURE!"

VICTORIA!

THE FLEET'S MESSAGE TO THE QUEEN.

(Presented by Mr. Punch.)

["I am desired by the QUEEN to express to the Fleet her pleasure at the appearance of the ships on the occasion of her visit to Spithead."—*The Queen's Message to the Fleet.*]

(With Punch's Apologies to Dibdin.)

WHEN Britons on the mighty main
Of Albion's flag the rights maintain,
What name warms heart and brightens
brain? VICTORIA!

All sailors know when battle's roar
Sounds o'er the sea, there's one ashore
Who'll gladly con their glories o'er,—
VICTORIA!

JACK knows whatever be his lot,
Blow high, blow low, blow cold, blow hot,
By one true heart he's ne'er forgot,—
VICTORIA!

She lauds the appearance of the fleet!
At her appearance all hearts beat!
We'll make the welkin ring to greet
VICTORIA!

And e'en her written word hath force
To warm true heart's blood in its course;
And lips shout cheers till throats grow
hoarse, VICTORIA!

And should there come fierce foe to fight,
Right to defend or wrong to right;
We'll do—or die—Ma'am, in your sight,
VICTORIA!

JACK treasures up your words of praise
More gratefully than laureate lays.
Heaven send you love and length of days,
VICTORIA!

Already length of days hath crowned
A reign than GEORGE's grander found,
As Great ELIZABETH's renowned,
VICTORIA!

And when a few more days have sped,
Our royal record you will head,
Outglorying the glorious dead,
VICTORIA!

VICTORIA! How each Jack Tar glows
At that well-omen'd name—a rose
That with HOPE's sweetest promise blows!
VICTORIA!

Your sailors' lode-star, dear to them
As glorious victory! Freedom's gem!
One shout rings out from stern to stem,
VICTORIA!!!

RECKONINGS AT RYDE.

(By a Fair Transatlantic.)

THAT much good American will be spoken
undisfigured by an English accent.

That yachts are small potatoes when
compared with smart frocks and notice-
able head-gear.

That according to the poet BURNS, "the
rank may be the guinea stamp," but a
duke's a duke for all that.

That at luncheon time folks are prone
to become crowded.

That New York city is the finest place
in creation, but it is hard to beat the
Island as a gathering ground for the lei-
sured classes.

That it's a pity that Yale boys are not
in it, as the proceedings might be livelier.

That it's all very well to be solemn and
sedate, but champagne and lobster salad
don't mix in well with bows and curtesys.

That it's a pity we consented to be ac-

companied by the Yankee drawl of
"puppaw."

That if "mummaw" knows her business
it ought to be a short cry from "Rule,
Britannia," at Ryde, to "Hail, Columbia,"
in St. George's, Hanover Square.

A SAD LETTER DAY.

(To my Lady of No Note.)

I TOLD the man to bring them me—
My letters—so he brought them in.
A goodly pile they were to see,
A dozen quite there must have been.

An invitation out to dine—
If I were paid, I wouldn't go.
A flaming screed about a mine,
Would I take shares?—good heavens!
No!

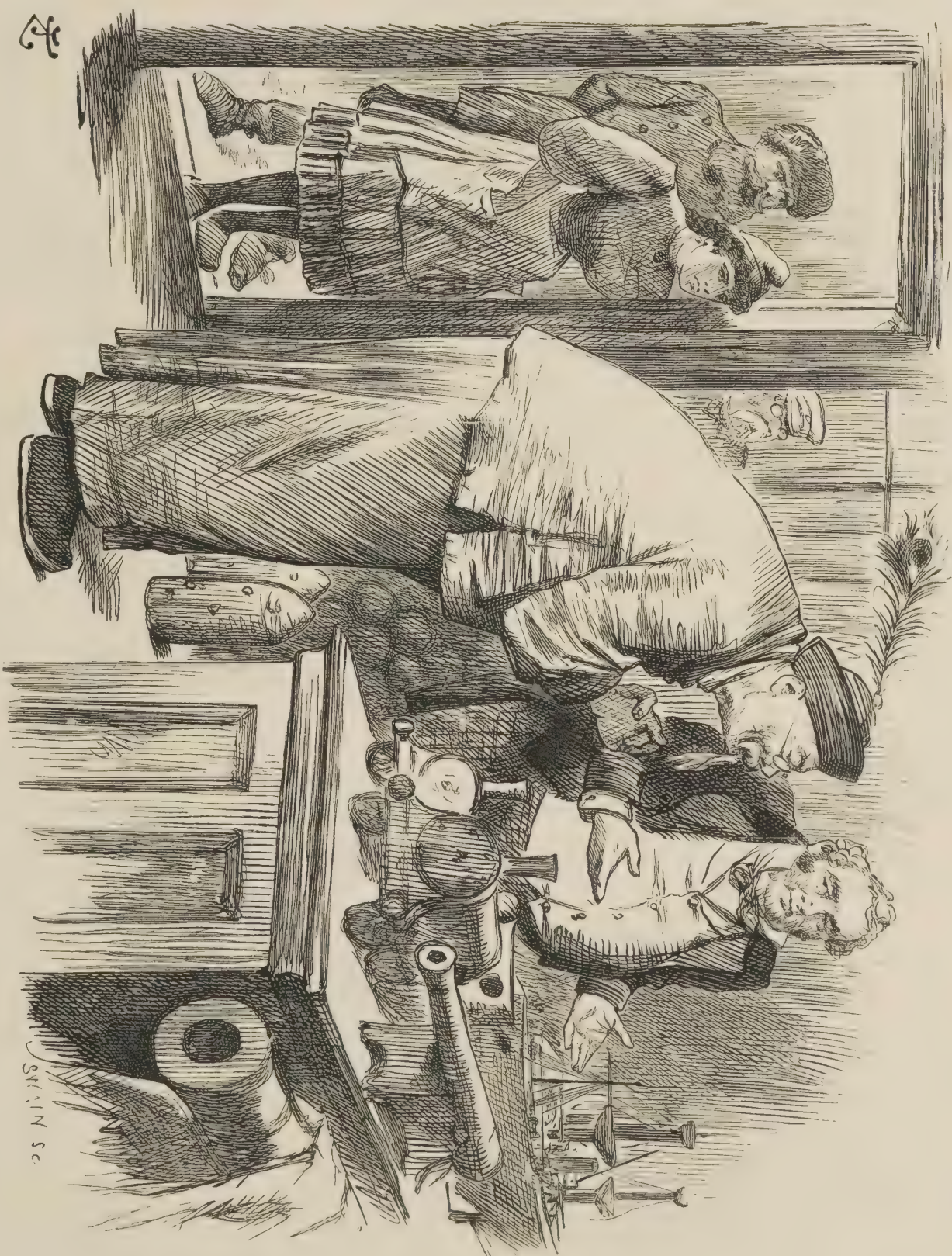
A friendly line or two from Nell,
My sister, if the truth be told,
To say that all at home are well,
Save that the horse has caught a cold.

And so I wandered through the heap,
With keen eye searching everywhere
For what, with grief profound and deep,
At last I found out wasn't there.

You guess, I doubt not, why it was
The heap in vain I hunted through?
And why the day was drear? Because
I did not get—a word from you.

SUGGESTION TO BREWERS.—Advertise
the XXX Ray Ale. Ingredients ascer-
tained by inspection of barrel.

A STENOGRAPHER UP-TO-DATE.—The
penny-a-linotype.



CHINA IN THE BULL-SHOP.

CHORUS OF RIVAL SHOPKEEPERS (*outside*). "WONDER IF HE'S GOING TO BUY ANYTHING HERE? WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY ORDERS OUT OF HIM!"



PROPER PRIDE.

"WELL, NIGEL, IF I LET YOU STAY IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, YOU MUST BE VERY QUIET, AND NOT WANT TO TALK TO ME WHEN VISITORS ARE HERE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"YES, MUMMY, I UNDERSTANDS; BUT WHEN I COMES INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM, I ARE A VISITOR!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

I HAVE hitherto abstained from adding fuel to the raging fires of the woman controversy, on which some of the most fantastic as well as many of the dumbest intellects of the century have lately been engaged in heaping logs. The whole mad business affects me personally very little. Not having as yet led a soft flutterer to an altar, I am privileged to look upon women from a respectful distance, tempered by the necessity for a daily interview with my cook, and explanations to my housemaid that I am merely in quest of a boot, a slipper, or a bunch of keys, and that she need not interrupt her dusting and tidying operations in my room. My cook has several ways of looking at me. First is her sirloin of beef look. This implies that if I don't have a big joint hot, it is useless for me to expect anything cold for lunch on the following day, also it hints that, after all, servants are human beings, and want their food like the rest of us; "though perhaps we could do with a pigeon-pie, if you'd prefer the roast beef yourself, Sir." Next comes her mayonnaise look. This is altogether a gayer, lighter and airier look. When she assumes it, she has evidently made up her mind that the time has come for making concessions, for leaving the arid regions of beef and mutton, and visiting the pleasant valleys and shady groves sacred to *entrées*. For the mayonnaise look includes also kromesies, *crème de volaille*, savoury omelet, and various *timbales*.

A THIRD, and a freezing look, is the "you wasn't pleased with your breakfast" look. There is in it a sense of injury done to the innocent, of righteous expostulation, only waiting for an opportunity to assert itself, which reduces me to a pulp. It may have happened, that arriving in the breakfast-room late, I find a kipper, a cold kidney, and a hard-boiled egg. Now the cold kidney I could have endured, the hard-boiled egg I could have forgiven—but the kipper on a torrid summer's day is too awful. The unreluctant butler hears an anathema directed against the tribe of kippers, and reports to the cook that "e's

cussin' like mad; says 'e'll be 'anged if 'e's goin' to poison 'isself with any more o' that trash." In this message the cook detects a slight upon her skill and discretion, and relations between her and her master consequently become strained, so that during the morning interview she adopts a negative, unsuggesting attitude, which generally ends in hashed mutton and rice pudding.

A MAN never realises so fully how vain and foolish he is as when he attempts to make suggestions to his cook. With an air of having devoted time and deep thought to the matter, he will say, "I think I have had enough of vegetable marrow. Why not a nice dish of peas?" and the lady of the stove and apron will reply that peas have been out for ten days or more, but that, if you give her time, and don't mind the money, she dares say she might manage to get you, say, a saucer full; but she scarcely thinks it worth the trouble, especially as French beans are very good just now. This is but a sample of the pit-falls spread for the unhappy bachelor. As for controlling his books, the task is hopeless. Vainly he skims the long array of items: the only solid facts he can grasp are what *Mr. Mantalini* called the dem totals, with this one subsidiary fact—that the baker's book always sums up to a halfpenny, and, however much you may dock this halfpenny it invariably recurs week by week, from one end of the year to the other.

BUT what I want to know is this: do women really control households, manage servants, restrain expenses, and pay weekly books one whit better than men? I know there is a general feeling of pity for bachelors who own houses—an implication of contempt for men who are victimised, and twisted round little fingers, and made to pay through noses, and scandalously fleeced, while women, it is supposed, not only know by an instinct the wiles of the butcher, and are able to circumvent both him and the grocer, the fishmonger, and the baker with ease and completeness, but can also keep their domestic establishment in a state of better organisation and working order. I have no hesitation in denouncing this as a perfectly baseless superstition. In the first place I am convinced that the whole business—except the checking of books—is ridiculously easy, and in the checking of books, even a man who "failed in the mathematical part of his little go" could give the best woman a stone and a beating. And further, I incline to think that the bachelor gets more willing work, and, on the whole, a more cheerful content, out of his servants than does a wife. For it is extraordinary how furiously and bitterly a woman resents the mere suspicion of being put upon, even to the extent of a farthing, by a tradesman or a servant. Indeed, she is apt to create for herself circumstances that warrant the suspicion, and then, with a swoop and a pounce, the whole machinery goes out of gear, and the lord and master wonders why his food falls off in merit. Yet the same angry lady will cheerfully defraud a railway company or a custom-house.

The Merry Swiss Landlord to the Traveller who has been Plundered.

BRITON, assuage this futile rage!

Your curses are in vain.

You vow you'll go, but well I know

You'll cut to come again!

A Modern Paris.

Schoolmaster. Now, boys, supposing that the goddesses Diana, Venus, and Juno were to appear before you, what would you do with this apple?

Brown Minimus. Please, Sir, I'd eat it before they asked for it.

MRS. PHOSSL writes to say that she can't make out what the world is coming to? A week ago she read about horseless carriages, and now she sees by the paper that grouse are being driven. Mrs. P. supposes that one of these days she will hear of men and women riding on balloons.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF ART.—Photographs by the Röntgen rays.

THE CORRECT REPLY TO A HALTING QUESTION.—A lame excuse.

THE PROPER FOOD FOR DOGS.—Whine biscuits.



PARLIAMENTARY "VICTORIA CROSS" RACE!

RIDERS HAVE TO JUMP THE FENCE, DISMOUNT, PICK UP THE "DUMMIES" ALLOTTED TO THEM, REMOUNT AND RETURN OVER THE FENCE TO THE WINNING POST
THE UNWIELDINESS OF THE "DUMMIES" AND THE RESTIVENESS OF THE HORSES COMBINE TO CAUSE ENDLESS AMUSEMENT.

WAR ON WIRES.

(Latest Development of the Telephone.)

First Voice (from somewhere). I say, how are you getting on?

Second Voice (from somewhere else). Oh, very well. Fort full of provisions, and lots of food. Hope you will get up in time to take part in the athletic sports.

First Voice. Will, if we can; but fact is, the camp has had to be entrenched. The enemy are very lively. Wait a moment—wanted elsewhere.

Second Voice (after a pause). I say, what are you doing? I have been addressing you for the last half-hour, trying to attract your attention. Well, what have you to say? Do look sharp. Fact is, most of our ammunition has blown up (through an accident), and the surgeons say that the rinderpest has broken out in the cattle. What are you laughing at?

Third Voice (in gruff accents). Can't help laughing because you are telling all this to me.

Second Voice (impatiently). But why shouldn't I?

Third Voice. I don't know why you shouldn't, only it seemed to me rather incongruous. By all means go on. You say you have lost your ammunition and supplies. Ha! ha! ha! Well?

Second Voice. But who are you?

Third Voice. I! Why I am the enemy! I thought I would make you laugh!

Second Voice. You the enemy! I say, it isn't fair!

Third Voice. Everything's fair in love and war, and I do so enjoy a practical joke.

Second Voice (angrily). It's all very well to say that, but it isn't gentlemanly. Fortunate for you that you are fifty miles off, or I should punch your head!

Third Voice (still laughing). You will have an opportunity, as we are advancing towards you. Your friends are utterly defeated and we are masters of the field. So you had better surrender.

Second Voice. Shan't!

Third Voice. Don't be silly! What's the good of holding out when I tell you that we propose to surround you. You had much better give in.

Second Voice. Shan't do anything of the sort. But perhaps if you will allow us to march out with the honours of war we might see what could be done. What do you say to that? Why are you silent? Why don't you answer?

First Voice (after a pause—abruptly). Here we are again! We have had no end of a battle, but once more have retaken the camp.

Second Voice. But what's become of the enemy?

First Voice. Defeated, my boy! Absolutely knocked into a cocked hat!

Second Voice (pleased). Bravo! We are all delighted. In honour of your victory we are going to illuminate!

First Voice (courteously). And we, in recognition of your relief, are letting off fireworks! And now, to celebrate the occasion, I am going to have a drink!

Second Voice (hurriedly). And so am I. (Bell rings off.)



HE KNEW THE CUISINE.

Hungry Diner (scanning the Menu). "LOOK HERE, WAITER, I'M STARVING. I THINK I'LL HAVE A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING!" *Waiter.* "YESSIR. (Bawls off.) 'ASH ONE!'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, August 3.—Rumour current that LI HUNG CHANG is coming down to pay visit to House of Commons. SARK going about trying to borrow Röntgen photographic apparatus. Has read about Chinese minister successfully operated upon by X rays for localisation of bullet lodged when attempt made to assassinate him.

"What I want to know," says SARK, "is what kind of a card our guileless friend has got up his sleeve? Not going about from Court to Court for nothing. If I could only get a snapshot at him with the Röntgen camera as he crosses Lobby, we might know where we are."

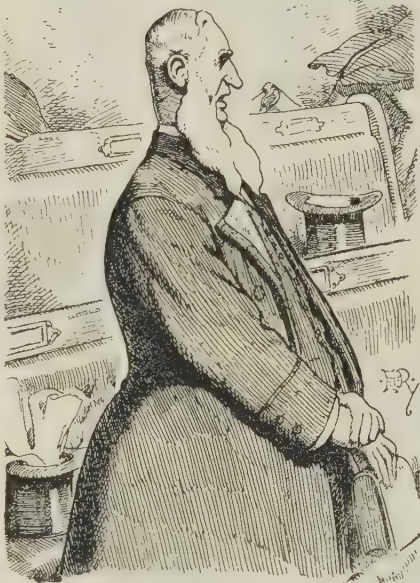
JOHN LUBBOCK smiles at our enthusiastic friend's idea that the X rays are available in Kodak fashion; but says nothing. "Quite enough said for one Session," observes this wise man. "As for me, I'm going on a long visit to my Ants."

Probably never since Scotchmen discovered the broad highway leading south beyond the Tweed, have they so bitterly regretted coming to England as some do to-night. Scotch Rating Bill in Committee. With Scotch Liberal Members point of honour to be present. When Bill passed second reading they raised fearsome hullabaloo designed to frighten PRINCE ARTHUR into dropping Bill for Session. PRINCE ARTHUR seeming to hesitate, the Scots grew more than ever like the Picts. Every man prepared to die on floor of House fighting Bill.

THE HEIGHT OF SPECULATION.—A gentleman endeavouring to open his front door in the early hours with a watch key.

Last week PRINCE ARTHUR smilingly said he meant to carry Rating Bill. Consternation in Scottish camp. Having threatened war they must needs carry it on. No going away for accelerated holiday. Must stay in town and fight Rating Bill line by line.

Most touching case that of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. Due at Marienbad last week. Friday was fixed for the great annual festival, when burgomaster and burghers go forth to meet the personage who has come to be regarded as the patron saint of Marienbad. To see CAWMELL-BANNERMAN laurel-crowned, led in procession on his arrival at Marienbad is the chief event of the season. Not able to go last week. Other Scotch Members, with almost equally urgent engagements, similarly entrapped. Must stay to-night



"A Nicht wi'—Cau'dwell."

and grind away at Rating Bill. Only man who really enjoys himself is CALDWELL.

Business done.—Scotch Rating Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Am often asked whether, since I was first returned to House by the Berkshire yeomen, the place has undergone marked change in character, habits, and modes of thought. Some fellows always talking of good old times, decadence of manners in the House, and the rest. All bosh. Never knew better-mannered House than present. Indeed, of the seven I have sat in, it is distinctly the most decorous in behaviour, the most obedient to touch of hand of authority.

The other day, a new Member had occasion to move amendment to Bill in Committee. What do you think he did as a preliminary? Why, he went into a barber's shop, planked down his shilling, and had his hair curled!

Sober fact this, not one of SARK's yarns. I don't mention his name *pour cause*. The poet (not WILLIAM ALLAN) has somewhere remarked on pang of seeing a strong man in tears. Worse still to see an hon. Member blushing through his curls.

Take another instance that occurs to mind. The Parliament of 1874-80, which GRAND CROSS illumined with his presence, was given to puff itself up because of a

flight of fancy on part of that eminent statesman.

"I hear an hon. Member smile," said GRAND CROSS, looking severely round House when somebody sniggered at a pompous platitude.

Good, I admit. Stood unrivalled up to present day. Now comes LOUGH, and equals it, if he does not excel it. House in Committee on Home Office vote. LOUGH wants to abolish privilege system for cabs at railway stations.

"I claim the late Home Secretary as a convert to my views," says he. "The right hon. gentleman shakes his head. I am sorry to hear it."

Business done.—More of the Scotch Rating Bill in Committee. "What a time we are having, to be sure!" says CALDWELL, mopping CAUSTON's forehead under momentary impression that that massive structure was his own.

Thursday.—Sorry to hear of coldness having sprung up between one of best fellows in House and circle of old family friends. M.P. looking in one evening on way home from dinner taken in neighbourhood, found eldest daughter of house in drawing-room in company with eligible young man. M.P. is the shyest, most retiring person in world. Always ready to think himself *de trop*. Probably not the slightest ground for suspicion in present case. All the same, M.P. fidgeted about; said he had engagement at his club; getting late; must go.

All right up to now. But it happened that in his bachelor London establishment, M.P. has formed economical habit of turning off electric light on leaving a room, even for a moment. His mind still at unrest about his supposed intrusion, he was passing out by doorway when his eye unhappily fell on electric-light button set in wall by door. Instinctively his hand went forth; he gave the thing a turn, and placidly pursued his way downstairs. It was only when he reached the hall, and heard a shriek of laughter from upstairs that he realised what he had done.

"The worst of it is," he says, in anguished tone, confiding his trouble to the Member for Sark, "they insist that I was playing a practical joke, a thing I never did in my life. Would least of all do in such circumstances. Never go near the house any more; breaks up friendship of long standing."

Business done.—Lords make a beginning with Irish Land Bill in Committee. A few Irish Members watch debate from gallery over Bar. Amongst them the mellifluous MURNAGHAN. More than ever a pity no opening for interchange of platform between two Houses. Might have far-reaching effect on Bill if Mr. M. were permitted to stand at Bar of Lords, and, addressing LORD CHANCELLOR, repeat his famous warning to Irish Secretary.

Brother GERALD on Report stage of Land Bill declined to accept amendment reducing term of juducial rent from fifteen years to ten.

"Mr. SPEAKER. Sir," said Mr. MURNAGHAN, "I wish to warn the right hon. gentleman that when his message reaches Ireland it will spread abroad a feeling of consternation."

Friday.—SARK quite angry about what is really, after all, a small matter. Brings copy of Orders of the Day, containing, amongst much else, journal of Committee

of Selection. Under heading Group F., appears this entry:—

"The following Members are removed from the Group at the conclusion of the Dublin Corporation Bill [Lords]:—

Mr. SKEWES-COX.

Hon. E. S. DOUGLAS-PENNANT."

"Why should they 'Scuse-Cox? that's what I want to know?" says the Member for Sark, glaring at me as if I'd anything to do with it. "All very well for DOUGLAS. He's at liberty to hoist his



Setting them right on a matter of Law.
(Mr. H-l-d-ne, Q.C.)

pennant elsewhere. But why a man should go about House in habitual apologetic attitude—SKEWES-Cox this, and SKEWES-Cox that—becomes towards end of Session distinctly irritating. Reminds me of dear old JOHNNIE TOOLE in a forgotten bit of business. Perhaps you remember how he used to put on a cotton glove six sizes too large, and when he held out hand to shake that of acquaintance, always said, 'Scuse my glove.' That's good stage business. But when it comes to a Member getting off Committee work, it's another pair of sleeves. Next time I receive intimation that I have been added to Select Committee on private Bill, I will write back and say, 'No thanks. Pray SKEWES-SARK.'

Business done.—Lords make an end of Irish Land Bill in Committee.

What's the Odds?

(By a Puzzled Peruser of the Papers.)

Is it LI HUNG CHANG?

Is it LI CHUNG TONG?

Is it LI HUNG TANG?

Which is right, which wrong?

Be it tweedle-dum, be it tweedle-dee,
To greet hearty LI heartily we all agree!

QUERY, BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (OUT ON BAIL).—Can the captain of a steamer backing her engines after running down another be said to have a reversionary interest in an undeniable settlement?



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Major Blunderbore (who has just told Our Artist a regular side-splitter). "WELL, *THAT'S* A GOOD 'UN, AIN'T IT? ANYHOW, IT'S QUITE NEW AND ORIGINAL, FOR IT WAS SAID ONLY LAST NIGHT BY A CLEVER LITTLE GIRL I KNOW—A NIECE OF MY OWN."

Our Artist. "YES; IT'S A CAPITAL STORY!"

Major B. "THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU LAUGH?"

Our Artist. "BECAUSE I TOLD IT YOUR MYSELF ONLY LAST WEEK—AND YOU DIDN'T LAUGH!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

WE appear to have decided last week that as regards the payment of domestic bills, the ordering of servants, and, generally, the management of a household, women were, taken at their very highest point, merely equal, and not superior to men. But the highest point is naturally an exception, and I am bound, therefore, in fairness to my own sex, to assume for it a general superiority over women in these respects. It seems a dreadful thing to go about shattering idols in this way, but if you set out on an investigation with the single desire of stating the truth, and if you happen to find an ancient, highly respected idol blocking your way, there is no course open to you except to shatter it. Lie low in the dust, therefore, oh woman-housekeeper idol, shattered beyond recall into a thousand fragments, not to be replaced upon your pedestal even by much labour on the part of your blind sectaries and worshippers. And, since the case is likely to be argued, let me adduce, as a *pièce justificative*, the following little household dialogue:—

SCENE—A Morning-room. CHARACTERS—Anybody's Wife, Anybody's Wife's Cook. As the curtain rises, Anybody's Wife is discovered alone with the books.

Anybody's Wife (soliloquises). Oh dear, oh dear, I wonder if I shall ever get these sums right. Let me see, "August 1st, loin of lamb." Now did we have loin of lamb on August 1st? I'm almost sure it was fillet of beef. No, that was on the 2nd or the 3rd. I should have said it was July 30th, but I remember we were out to lunch and dinner then. Well, never mind. Eight and six are fourteen, and two are sixteen, and nine are twenty—twenty—twenty-four, of course, and five are thirty-one. I wish it was thirty-six, because that's three shillings, and much simpler. Thirty-one is—oh, bother thirty-one—it's two shillings and—twenty-four from thirty-one leaves nine. That's ninepence. Why, the silly man has put down fourpence. Well, if he will cheat himself I can't help him. (Enter Anybody's Wife's Cook, corner of apron tucked up. General air of slow stewing.) Good morning, HERDSMAN. These books seem very high this week.

Anybody's Wife's Cook. Indeed, mum. All I can say is, I do my best to keep 'em down; but there's a lot of us to feed, and the boy is a very free eater, a reg'lar gorgier, I call 'im. 'E bust two of his buttons orf of his jacket agin yesterday, after dinner. So I says to 'im, "GEORGE," I says, "you are not doin' fair by your Christian 'ome. I like to see a young boy enjoyin' 'is food," I says, "but you are outragis; there's no two words about it, you are outragis." 'E seemed moved, but I know 'e'll be at it again, to-day.

A. W. But all these groceries, now. The tea and sugar come to a very heavy sum, and the cream—

A. W. C. Ah, I thought you'd remark on the cream, mum. That's Master ARTHUR and Miss ALICE. They will 'ave their cream, and if I don't give it 'em they come canoodlin' about the kitchen till I'm wild, and then I 'ave to give it to 'em. But, lor, it's a pleasure to see them blessed dears lappin' it up so sweetly. I 'aven't the 'eart to say no to 'em, bless their pretty faces, but I says to 'em, "Master ARTHUR," I says, "and Miss ALICE give over now, do; your Ma won't like it when she comes to know"; but them two only laughed and went on lappin'.

A. W. I must speak to them again. I can't have them going on like this. But how about the tea?

A. W. C. I didn't know the tea was partikler 'eavy, mum. But then you've 'ad a lot of company in the afternoons, and that runs away with the tea.

A. W. Well, well, I suppose it's all right. What about to-night's dinner?

A. W. C. I've put down a clear soup and fried sole—

A. W. Oh, your master said he wouldn't have any more soles. He's tired of them.

A. W. C. Well, let's try whittings. We 'aven't give 'im whittings for a week.

A. W. No, whittings won't do. Isn't there any other fish?

A. W. C. Of course, there's plaice, or smelts.

A. W. (in despair). We'll have smelts—no, we can't have smelts. It *must* be plaice, and he can't bear plaice. Never mind, he'll have to have plaice. I can't invent a new fish for him every day.

A. W. C. (respectfully). No, mum.

A. W. (reading from Cook's slate). Cutlets, roast chicken and tongue, cabinet pudding. Yes, that'll do, cook, thank you. But we really must try to get the books down.

A. W. C. Yes, mum. There was another thing I wanted to tell you, mum. Master ARTHUR's dog came rampagin' into the kitchen, yesterday, and broke two of the best dishes of that set you bought last month. [Scene closes in gloom and lamentation.]

LAPSUS CALAMI?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your intelligent correspondent, who was good enough to report, under the heading "A Modern Paris," a painful interview which occurred between myself and Brown minimus, asserts that I mentioned Diana as a likely candidate for the Ribstone pippin. Do you imagine, Sir, that I should have been so moonstruck as to substitute the chaste huntress for the queen of learning—Minerva, Pallas-Athene? The next time that the writer aforesaid lurks under my schoolroom window let him know that a long arm is waiting for his short-hand. Your obedient servant,

NICHOLAS NIBBLECHICK, D.D.

Flankum College, August 17.

OF A FORGIVING NATURE.—ABEL, the cricketer, always uses a cane-spliced bat.



Sidney S. Newman. New.

"THE THREE F'S."

Mr. Punch, the Universal Umpire (addressing Dr. Grace and Messrs. Ab-l and Tr-tt). "NOW, GENTLEMEN ALL, I'LL GIVE YOU A TOAST THAT EVERY GOOD CRICKETER MAY JOIN IN—'FAIR PLAY, FAIR PAY, AND FRIENDLINESS!'"

"THE THREE F'S"

(Of Cricket).

A BIG MATCH AND A BIG MORAL.

["They (the professionals) put forward their complaint in a manner that was more than awkward, and they were properly made to withdraw it unreservedly; but it cannot be denied that there was some foundation for their grievance. When 40,000 persons go to see a match, and pay a shilling apiece for so doing, it is only natural that the crack English bowlers and bats, who were as much a part of the attraction as the well-paid Australians, should think they were worth something more than the regulation ten pounds."—*Times*.]

Mr. Punch, Universal Umpire, loquitor:—

HANDS all round, gentlemen all,
Kings of the Bat and lords of the Ball!
Union must reign at the wicket!

'Gainst sordidness, stinginess, temper
and strife,
Our motto must ever be "War to the
knife,"

In the honour of "Glorious Cricket."

All's well that ends well! A bravely-
fought match,
Well ended by ABEL's remarkable
catch!

You'll stick to that ball, eh, my
BOBBY?

Talk on the game, of its turns, of the
weather,
Was eager wherever men muster together,
From tavern to Parliament lobby.

Would GRACE win the toss? Would he
take "first knock"?

Would STODDART play? It was rather a
shock

When the Middlesex marvel stood out
of it!

Would run-getting RANJI a century
pile?

Ju-Plu at that question indulged in a
smile.

'Twas a bowler's match, there's no
doubt of it.

GRACE won't pile three hundred and one
on this pitch;

But his twenty-four in fair promise is
rich,

And as hard as a hundred to tattle.
E'en slashing WYNWARD can't "keep 'em
alive,"

And a first innings total of one-four-five
Doesn't send England's heart to her
throatle.

More questions now! Will the Corn-
stalks pass

England's score?—which is not very
bumping, alas!

Why, IREDALE and DARLING may top it!
Seventy-seven the two! Quite a nice
little lot!

But then HEARNE and PEEL seemed to
set up a "rot,"

And their captain himself cannot stop
it.

Have they "found a spot"? HEARNE
bowls GREGORY—One!

And DONNAN's down—Ten! and PEEL
keeps up the fun—

Which unto "TROTT's Lot" is not
funny.

One hundred and nineteen! Elate is the
mood

Of the Briton who feels "twenty-six to
the good,"

And will back GRACE's men—ah, for
money!

But GRACE down for nine, and the Black
Prince for two!!



"WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN LIKE TO LOOK AT THE OLD CHURCH?"
"HO, YUS. WE'RE NUTS ON OLD CHURCHES!"

All out Eighty-four!!! Now our Briton
looks blue.

"The Cornstalks will collar those
ashes."

They'll just win the rubber. A pity
GEORGE LOHMANN

Should favour a split, right in face of the
foeman!"

A grumbler misfortune soon dashes.

But oh, that third day!!! Oh, JACK
HEARNE!! Oh, BOB PEEL!!!

Our Briton's delight finds full vent in a
squeal.

TROTT and TRUMBLE are all-of-a-trem-
ble!

CLEM HILL is an aspen! They take it
like men,

But—BOB ABEL catches McKIBBIN!—and
then

Our Briton his joy can't dissemble.

The rubber match won by a good sixty-
six!

Just when we expected the sorest of
licks!

HOORAY for GRACE, PEEL, HEARNE and
ABEL!

Hooray for TROTT, TRUMBLE & Co. Ah,
hooray

For—oh, Everybody!! You know the old
way,

And the shout of the old Surrey Babel!

Gentlemen all, amateurs, pros,
Cricket-club Croesus, whose cash-box o'er-
flows,

Paid Players or—takers of exes.
Is this a game Britons wish to be fought

Like strikes and lock-outs for mere money?
The thought

A cricket enthusiast vexes.

Yet who makes the game? Not the
Players alone,

Nor the Amateurs only. Together
they've grown,

MYNN and PILOH, WALKER, JUPP,
GRACE and ABEL.

"Fair Play, Fair Pay, Friendliness!"
That's Punch's toast;

The cricket "Three F's," which our
cricketing hosts

Should knit in firm strands like a
cable!

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXI.

Mr. Jabberjee halloos before he is quite out of the Wood.

BEING (to my best of belief) satisfactorily off with the old love, I naturally became as playful as a kitten or gay as a grig. For the most superficial observer, and with the half of a naked optic, could easily discern the immeasurable superiority of Miss

*"A Royal Command from the Queen-Empress."*

WEE-WEE to JESSIMINA in all the refinements and delicacies of a real English lady, and although, up to present date, the timidity of girlishness has restrained Miss ALLBUTT-INNETT from reciprocating my increasing spooniness, her parents and brother are of an overwhelming cordiality, and repeatedly mention their ardent hope that I may become their guest up in the hills some time this autumn.

So that Hope is already recommencing to hop jauntily about the secret chamber of my heart.

For, seeing the magnanimous contempt for the snobbishness of chasing a tuft that actuates their bosoms, I am no longer apprehensive that their affection for this present writer will be at all impaired by the revelation that he is merely a member of nature's nobility. Rather the contrary.

As Poet BURNS remarks with great truthfulness, "*Rank is but a penny stamp, and a Man is a Man and all that.*" Nevertheless, for the present, I am resolved to remain mum as a mouse.

Since I am now in their pockets for a perpetuity, I was privileged on a recent evening to escort the ALLBUTT-INNETT ladies to the Empire of India Exhibition, upon which I shall now pronounce the opinion of an expert, though space forbids me to describe its multitudinous marvels, save with the brevity of a soul of wit.

In the Cinghalese Palace we beheld a highly pious Yogi from Ceylon, who had trained himself to perform his devotions with one of his legs embracing his neck, or walking upon the caps of

his knees with his toes inserted into his waistband. But I am not convinced that such a style of prayer-making is at all superior in reverence to more ordinary attitudes, especially when exhibited publicly for an *honorarium*.

I feel proud to narrate that, at Miss WEE-WEE's urgent entreaties, I subdued my native funkiness so far as to make the revolution of the Gigantic Wheel, in spite of grave apprehensions that it would prove but a house of cards, or suddenly become totally immobile—though to pass interminable hours at a lofty attitude with such a lively companion might, on secondary thoughts, have possessed pleasing saccharine compensations. Nevertheless, I was relieved when we descended without having hitched anywhere, and I did most firmly decline to fly in the face of Providence for five shillings in the basket of a captive balloon.

The Indian street is constructed with cleverness, but gives a very, very inadequate idea of the principal Calcutta thoroughfares; moreover, to cultivated Indian intellects, the fuss made by English ladies over native artisans and mechanics of rather so-so abilities and appearance seems a little ludicrous!

After dining, we witnessed the Historical Spectacle of India in the Empress Theatre, and Miss WEE-WEE made the criticism that the fall of Somnath was accomplished with a too great facility, since its so-called defenders did lie down with perfect tameness and counterfeit death immediately the army of Sultan MAHMUD galloped their horses through the gateway.

But this appeared to me rather a typical and prudent exercise of their discretion.

It seems—though (in spite of extensive historical researches) I was in previous ignorance of the fact—that Sultan MAHMUD, the Great Mogul AKBAR, and SIVAJI the Mahratta Chief, were each taken in tow and personally conducted by a trio of Divine Guides, respectively named Love, Mercy, and Wisdom, who came forward whenever nothing of consequence was transpiring, and sang with the melodiousness of Paradisiacal fowls.

As for the representation of the Hindu Paradise, I shall confess to some disappointment, seeing that it was exclusively reserved to military masculines—the more highly educated civilian class of Baboos being left out of the cold altogether! Nor am I in love with a future state in which there is so much dancing up and down lofty flights of stairs with terpsichorean energy, and manœuvring in companies and circles with members of the softer sex. As a philosophical conception of disembodied existence, it is undeniably deficient in repose, though perhaps good enough for ordinary fighting chaps!

I spent a rapturous and ripping evening, however, greatly owing to the condescension of Miss WEE-WEE, who exhibited such entertainment at my comments that I left under the confident persuasion that I was infallibly to be the favoured swain.

On returning to Hereford Road, I found a last letter from JESSIMINA, beseeching me, for the sake of "Old Langsyne," to meet her on the following evening at Westbourne Park Station, and mentioning that certain events had occurred to change her views, and she was now only desirous for an amicable arrangement.

Accordingly, perceiving that I had no longer any reason to dread such an encounter, and not wishing her to peak and pine through my unkindness, I wrote at once accepting the *rendezvous*.

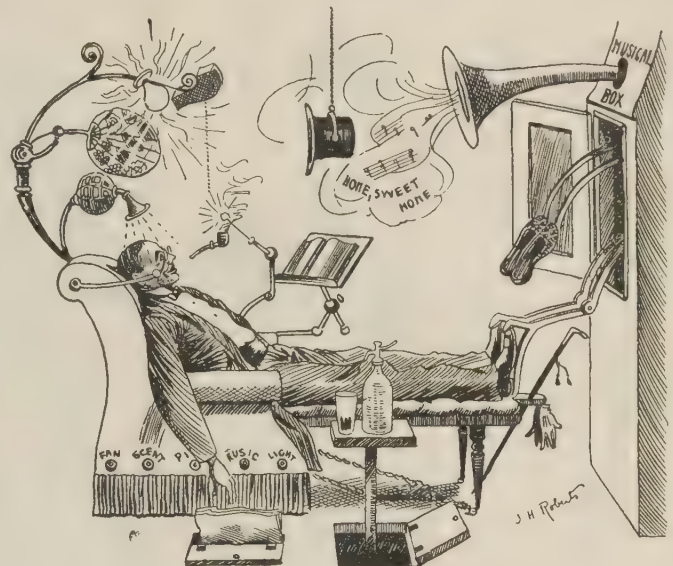
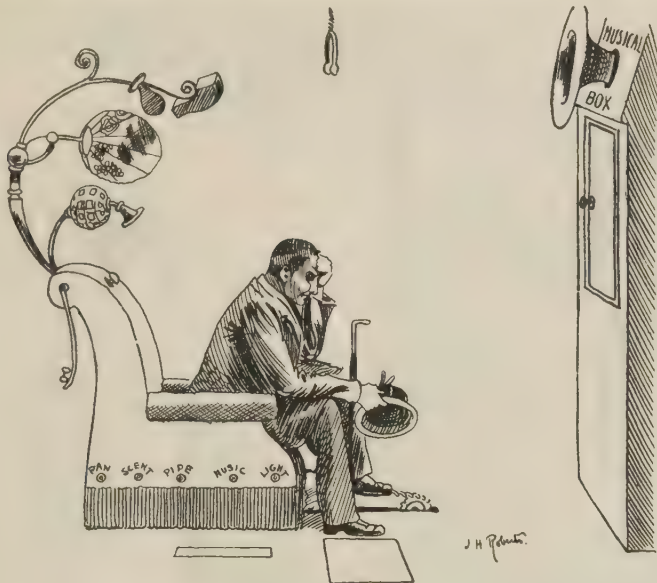
When I duly turned up, lo and behold! I found she was escorted, not only by her eagle-eyed mother (JESSIMINA herself inherits, in *Hamlet's* immortal phraseology, "an eye like Ma's, to threaten or command"), but also by a juvenile individual with a black necktie and Hebrew profile, whom she formally introduced to me as Mr. SOLOMONS.

Though a little hurt by this proof of the rapidity of feminine fickleness, I began to congratulate her effusively on having obtained such an excellent substitute for my worthless self, and to wish the happy couple all earthly felicities, when she explained that he was not a *fiancé*, but merely a sort of friend, and Mrs. MANKLETOW severely added that they had come to know whether I still declined to fulfil my legal contract.

Naturally I made the answer that I had recently offered to fulfil same to best ability, but that, my offer having been declined with contumeliousness, the affair was now on its end.

Here JESSIMINA said that she had of course refused to marry a man who declared that he was already the owner of a dusky spouse, but that, on inquiries from Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, she had made the discovery that my said infant wife had popped off with some juvenile complaint or other three or four years ago.

At this I was rendered completely flabagast—for, although the allegation was undeniably correct, I had confidently hoped



FIN-DE-SIÈCLE LUXURY.

THE NEW "LOUNGE OR "EASY" CHAIR, JUST THE VERY THING AFTER A LONG, HOT, WEARY DAY IN THE CITY OR ELSEWHERE. THE MERE ACT OF THROWING THE HEAD BACK SETS THE WHOLE APPARATUS WORKING; BY TOUCHING A STOP THE SPRAYING OF SCENT, THE FANNING THE MUSIC, THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING, &C., CAN BE TURNED OFF AS DESIRED. [You touch the Knob, the Chair does the rest.]

that my friend RAM was unaware of the fact, or would at least have the ordinary mother-wit to refrain from blurting it out! "Et tu, Brute!" But I must make the dismal confession that my friends are mostly a very fat-witted sort of fellows.

Que faire?—except to explain that my melancholy bereavement must have entirely slipped off my memory, and that in any case it had no logical connection with the matter in hand.

Then Mrs. MANKLETOW inquired, would I, or would I not, marry her illused child? and stated that all she wished for was a plain answer.

I replied that it was a very natural and moderate desire, and I was prepared to gratify it at once by the plain answer of—*Not on any account.*

Whereupon Mr. SOLOMONS stepped forward and politely handed me a folded paper, and, observing that he thought there was no need to protract the interview, he lifted his hat and went off with the ladies, leaving myself upon a bench endeavouring to get the sense of the official document into my baffled and bewildered nob.

Eventually I gathered that it was a Royal command from the Queen-Empress, backed by the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, that I was to enter my appearance in an action at the suit of JEMIMA MANKLETOW for a claim of damages for having breached my promise to marry!

No matter! Pugh! Fiddle-de-dee! Never mind! Who cares?

Having successfully passed Exam, and been called to the Bar, I am now an *amicus curiæ*, and the friend in Court.

I shall enter my appearance in the forensic costume of wig and gown.

What will be the price of the plaintiff's pleadings then, Madams?

THE NEWEST BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST;

Or, *The Grand Old Man and the Grand Old Mandarin.*

["Unexpected circumstances have brought me to England, and I should reproach myself if I did not make an effort to procure the privilege of seeing such a celebrated statesman of the present century."—*Li Hung Chang's Letter to Mr. Gladstone.*]

Oh, East is East, and West is West, as KIPLING once did say,
But when two Grand Old Statesmen meet they must find a lot 'o say.
Though England is England, and China is China, let latitude go hang!
It were worth a walk to o'erhear the talk of GLADSTONE and LI HUNG CHANG.

The Lounging Coat and the Yellow Jacket each other may much illume,
When the Harwarden recluse doth hob-a-nob with the Lord of the Peacock Plume.

Will the good old Chinese catechism the G. O. M. be poured on? And what will they say, in a friendly way, of the hero, Chinese GORDON?

Chin-chin! Chow-chow! Topside galow! Conventional *patois* patter!

No pigeon-English may serve these two for a cosmopolitan chatter.

Great Li is a citizen of the world, as GOLDSMITH would have said,

And the hopes and fears of sixty years are stored in that good, grey head.

The celestial may "blow his cloud," and the Liberal chief may not;

(His clouds are emitted in speech, not smoke, as the mandarin well may wot.)

No doubt the two will survey mankind from China to—Japan! For tongues will wag when a Grand Old Mandarin visits a Grand Old Man!

Will the great ex-Minister teach LI HUNG how to buy torpedoes—cheap,

From the British Arsenal? A "tip" that would make Li's stout heart leap.

Will he tell him what "Arbitration" means, for the which enthusiasts shout?

And whether 'tis moral force or the sword is to bring that boon about?

And will LI HUNG teach the Liberal chief what Conservatism signifies

When 'tis of the right celestial tap which his land's long record dignifies?

And will they agree that your true To-ree is found out Pekin way?

That an old bone-shaker's a "scorcher" compared with a "Cycle of Cathay"?

Oh, East is East, and West is West, as RUDYARD did remark,
And England compares with China as a Great Liner with Noah's Ark;
But there is no East and there is no West when, in cordial chin-chin,
In Harwarden's halls the Grand Old Man meets the Grand Old Mandarin!

In a Public-house.

Toper (reading from newspaper). "The Prince of WALES has left London for Homburg to drink the waters." There's taste for yer! Another pint of old and mild, please, miss.

THE MAN WHO ENJOYS OTIUM CUM DIG.—The day-by-day gardener.



SUNDAY FOOTBALL.

"JUST LOOK WHAT YOUR BOYS HAVE DONE TO MY HAT, MRS. JONES!"

"OH, THE DEARS! OH, I AM SO SORRY! NOW, TOM AND HARRY, SAY HOW SORRY YOU ARE, AND MR. LAMBOURNE WON'T MIND!"

Sir John Everett Millais,

President of the Royal Academy.

BORN JUNE 8, 1829. DIED AUGUST 13, 1896.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a MAN.
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 4.

At last Death brings his Order of Release,
And our great English painter lies at peace,
Amidst a nation's sorrow.

A man in heart and Art, in soul and frame,
By love encompassed, and secure of fame,
Through history's long to-morrow.

The world seems greyer, gloomier, far less young,
For loss of him, the free of touch and tongue,
Nature's own child in both.

By glowing canvas or by rushing stream,
With brush or rod, he was no thrall of dream,
Feebleness, fad, or sloth.

Fresh as the morn, and frank as noon's full flush,
In friendship as in Art, with speech or brush,
Health, heartiness, and power
Were his, from earliest critic-chidden days,
To that fine prime when universal praise
Hailed genius in full flower.

Men loved the man, and Art the artist crowned.
The brush that pictured poor *Ophelia* drowned
In young pre-Raphaelite days,
Glowed with a virile vigour and sweet charm
Too masterful to take abiding harm
From mere mimetic craze.

English he was, and England best inspired
His skill unfailing and his toil untired.

On his strong canvas live
Her loveliest daughters and her noblest sons,
All that to a great age, which swift out-runs,
Its greatest glories give.

And he among those glories takes high rank.
Painter more masterly or friend more frank
Its closing scarce shall show.

Our good, great MILLAIS gone! And yet *not* dead!
His best lives on, though that worn, noble head
In rest at last lies low!

A LITTLE HERO.

[LEONARD STEELE, aged sixteen, a moulder, of 14, Gibbon's Road, Stratford, hearing that a little boy, named BARTRUM, bathing in a very dangerous part of the Lea, was drowning, dived for him three times, and at the third attempt recovered the body, which was embedded in the mud. Asked by the coroner if he had saved any lives from that river, he answered simply, "Yes, Sir; I have rescued four from this river, and altogether I have saved seven."]

SEVEN lives saved, and at sixteen years old!
That moulder lad has a heart of gold.
A boy of mettle, and all must feel
He lends a new meaning to "true as STEELE"!
Who holds such a record, ere reaching a score,
Deserves the gold medal—and something more.
From the "Royal Humane" he the medal may gain;
But what will they add who are rich and humane?

A BONA FIDE TRAVELLER'S SUGGESTION.—Is it not a waste of nomenclatural force to have a "Lord Warden" (of Cinque-ports) at Walmer, and also a "Lord Warden" (Hotel) at Dover? Why should not the latter, belonging as it does to the "Gordon Hotels Co." (and doing credit to the proprietors in its reconstruction and in its cuisine), be called "The Lord Gordon Hotel"?



A TURKISH BATH.

SULTAN. "THEY GAVE IT ME PRETTY HOT IN THAT ARMENIAN ROOM! BUT—BISMILLAH!
THIS IS—PHEW!!"

[The Porte now realises the gravity of the situation in Crete.—*Daily Paper.*]

THE PEACE CONGRESS OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

(*Trophic Report—in advance—by Our Special at the Seat of War.*)

THE last meeting of the Friends to Universal Fraternity has now been held, with not altogether decisive results. From an early hour in the morning the Third French Section had occupied the first floor of a house adjoining the Hall of Congress, and were evidently on the look out for their compatriots. At eight o'clock the Second Section arrived in Langham Place, and commenced a desultory fire, which was speedily suppressed by the police.

At ten the doors of the Congress Hall were tried, but found to be locked, the proprietor having lodged overnight a formal objection to the employment of artillery within the walls of the building, which objection it had been found impossible by the committee to entertain, or, indeed, to treat with the slightest attention. Under these circumstances, the owner had considered himself justified in intervening on his own behalf, with the result specified.

Prevented from taking possession of the premises they had hitherto occupied, the various foreign delegates sought occupation elsewhere. The Swiss, led by a bugler, proceeded at a steady trot up Portland Place, and arriving at Park Crescent, deployed, and opened fire on the Italian Section, which were said to be in echelon in Upper Wimpole Street. Again the police expostulated, and the Swiss (at the double) "moved on" to the Marylebone Road.

While this was taking place the Dutch made a descent upon Cavendish Square, with a view to looting a well-known bank. Fortunately, the constable on duty was able to deal with the matter satisfactorily, and, with the assistance of a colleague, promptly conveyed the rioters to the nearest station-house.

The great question of "Enforced Friendship" was now occupying the serious attention of the German delegates and the Second and Third Sections of the French. The opposing forces faced one another—the first drawn up at Oxford Circus and the others at Langham Place. The services of two buglers (belonging to the Norwegian branch) having been secured, the order to sound "the charge" was given. Immediately the rivals fixed their bayonets and rushed towards one another. It was at this moment that a constable in plain clothes (who happened to be passing) showed wonderful tact and discretion. Raising his arm, he stopped the traffic at Mortimer Street, and for the moment the threatened collision was averted. The would-be rioters halted, and singing respectively the "*Marseillaise*" and "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," disappeared in opposite directions.

It was now noon, and the remainder of the delegates—Italian, Swiss, Austrian, Russian, Polish and Danish—were busily blazing away at one another in Regent Street. In spite of the efforts of the bystanders, it was impracticable to cause them to desist. It was felt that until the stock of ammunition was exhausted, it would be useless to expect a cessation of hostilities.

It is satisfactory, however, to note that hitherto—thanks, no doubt, to the wildness of the firing—there has been no casualty.

WANDERINGS IN THE VACATION.

The Worthy Pedagogue takes steps to procure a second pupil. He finds OCTAVIUS lacking in veneration, and reluctant to receive information anent the Wardenship of the Cinque-ports.

Now that we are in the midst of the holidays it is my desire to find a companion for the dear pupil already intrusted to my care. I purpose to move from place to place, giving, as I pass along, instruction combined with amusement. Following the plan pursued with so much success by my revered father in the past, I hope to feather my own nest while filling the heads of the young with knowledge and pleasing fancies. This desire is abnormally strong at the present moment, because my pupil of to-day—my solitary charge—is a little too much for me. He is a thoroughly good boy, but is lacking in reverence, and it has occurred to me that had he a companion who held me in proper respect the result



would be a distinct increase in what phrenologists would call his "organ of veneration."

"My dear young friend," I said, the other day, "now that you are at Dover, it would be as well that you should learn the history of the Cinque-ports. You must know——"

"Walk up ladies and gents and see the live lions stuffed with straw, and you don't pay nothing for reserved seats if you keep your dirty boots off the cushions of the carriages," he interposed.

"Now, really, my dear young friend," I remonstrated, "you seem to be straying from the subject. According to the newspapers—the customary source of public information—I find that no less a person than Lord SALISBURY has recently accepted the Wardenship of the Cinque-ports. This, you must know, is a position of great dignity, dating from a time prior to the Norman Conquest. You must know that when EDWARD the Confessor granted——"

"*Oui*," said he, knowing the language, and he gave a bit of sugar to the bird," once more interrupted OCTAVIUS. "It's no use jabbering like that, old chappie, for all the tickets are gone and they have had to sell the perambulator."

"Again I must insist upon your courteously give me your attention. And here I must point out to you that as I am your pedagogue by position, and many years your senior, I cannot permit you to address me as 'old chappie.'"

"Well, venerable cockolorum, or noble sportsman, or my pal from over the

wrong side of the water. I ain't proud—no, not me—so take your choice, you frivolous young whelk, and keep the pot a-boiling to the tune of '*Judy Callaghan*.'"

Finding that it was impossible to carry on the conversation further with any sense of dignity after being addressed as "a frivolous young whelk," I gave him my blessing and silently withdrew.

And having written thus far, I enclose my card, which shows me to be,

MR. BARLOW THE YOUNGER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In Scarlet and Grey is an admirable title for Mrs. HENNIKER's series of stories (JOHN LANE), since it does not appear to have anything particular to do with the stories themselves. Another and more important peculiarity of the volume is that these stories do not form a collection of unconsidered trifles rattled off for the magazines. Each one has a carefully-constructed plot. Through each the characters live and move like human beings, and throughout is a pure, strong, literary style, a comfort in these days of slipshod writing. My Baronite cares least of all for what Mrs. HENNIKER doubtless chiefly prizes, the story written in collaboration with Mr. THOMAS HARDY. Mrs. HENNIKER is strong enough to walk by herself. Her freshness, originality, and unaffected pathos are best left to work out their own creations. Where all are good, it is difficult to bestow the palm of excellence. Possibly DICKENS would have preferred "Bad and Worthless," which, without approach to imitation of his style, is much in his mood. The incident of the disgraced and dismissed private soldier stripping himself in the snowstorm to shield from the blast the waif child he had found in the drift, is finely conceived and exquisitely told. "At the Sign of a Startled Fawn" is an old, old story re-dressed with the grace of apparently artless—really artful—literary style. Actor-managers in search of material for a play with a strong character part are recommended to study "A Page from a Vicar's History." *In Scarlet and Grey* is far away the best collection of short stories recently published.

THE BARON.

THE SONG OF HYBRIS THE CRETAN.

(*Up-to-date Version.*)

My wealth's few cattle and little land,
Taxed by the heavy Musselman hand,
Whereto I have to truckle.
What use to plough, to reap, to sow?
Against the Turk I would strike my blow.
My brand to belt I'll buckle.

Wiseacres say I should not wield
A massy spear, a well-made shield;
Nor dare to draw the sword!
Oh! would those heartless, distant drones
But had to bend their marrow-bones
To the Turk as king and lord!

GAMES AT WHICH LI HUNG CHANG SEEMS
HARD TO BEAT.—Consequences, Patience,
and Bluff.

MEM. TO CERTAIN PROFESSIONALS.—*Mr. Punch* likes to hear of cricketers going on strike. Only let it be with a bat.

TRUE DIPSO MANIA.—Overbathing at the seaside.



MISSED!

Angus. "EH, MAN, THAT WASS A SPLENDID COD! IF WE HAD GOTTEN THAT COD NOO, WE MIGHT HA' BEEN HA'AIN' A DRAM."

Mr. Smith (from Glasgow). "INDEED, AND YE WOULD, ANGUS."

Bauldry. "MEBBE, MAISTER SMUTH, IF WE WAD HAVE HAD A DRAM AFORE YE WASS LETTIN' DOON YER LINE, WE MIGHT HAVE GRAPPIT THAT MUCKLE FUSH!"

THE COMING COMMISSARIAT.

[A leading Supply Store in London notifies that it is unable to procure any good Cheshire cheese, so has been compelled to take the article out of its list.]

TIME—*The end of next Century.* SCENE—"The Pan-London Stores," the only Shop left in the Metropolis, which has swallowed up the others; covers two square miles, and sells everything.

Returned Colonist (to Store-warden, answering to prehistoric Shopman, seated in comfortable automobile arm-chair behind counter). I want some good English apples, please.

Store-warden (astonished). English apples! I should advise (jocosely) a visit to the South Kensington Natural History Museum. They may have some imitations there—in wax.

R. Colonist (abashed). Oh, it doesn't matter at all. Er—Kentish strawberries. How much are they a pound?

S. Warden. I should think a pound might purchase one Kentish strawberry. The species is almost extinct in fruticulture.

R. Colonist (to himself). Dear me! How well-educated he seems! (To him.) What is grown in Kent, then?

S. Warden. Nothing at all, I believe. It has reverted to its original condition of a weald, or forest-clad tract.

R. Colonist. Well, there's another thing I want; some Bass's pale ale.

S. Warden (staggered). Bass! We have no such name on our list. Try our Sibero-Manchurian Kola-beer instead?

R. Colonist. Not if I know it. I suppose at any rate I shall be safe in ordering a joint of Southdown mutton?

S. Warden. The last joint I heard of was sold about fifty years ago.

R. Colonist (roused at last). Then may I ask if you sell any earthly thing that is home-grown?

S. Warden (puzzled). Home-grown? I don't recognise the adjective.

R. Colonist. English! Do you sell anything English?

S. Warden (in wild surprise). Oh, dear me! Nothing at all. We gave it up nearly a century ago. But I can strongly recommend our special line in cheap condensed Tierra-del-Fuegian Devonshire cream. [Left recommending.

MR. BRIEFLESS CORRECTS A CLERICAL ERROR.

Now that the Long Vacation is at hand I have time to discuss matters with my admirable and excellent clerk, PORTINGTON, which are not solely connected with the affairs of my clients, or rather the affairs of those they most efficiently represent.

"PORTINGTON," I said, the other day, after disposing of a month's accumulation of circulars, "I have seen it declared in the daily journals that barristers' clerks are too zealous in securing their masters' fees. Will you kindly give me your own experience."

"Certainly, Sir," returned my conscientious assistant. "Speaking for you and myself I can say that I scarcely ever visit the solicitors to ask for money."

"I am glad to hear you say so," I replied, "because nothing would cause me greater annoyance than to hear that you had been too pressing on my behalf."

"Aware of that fact, Sir, I have not made up your fee book for no end of a time. I felt that you would wish me to treat the collection of fees with the utmost latitude."

"I am pleased," I replied, with a wave of my hand. "And now, PORTINGTON, I have but one question to ask. You see that it is proposed to abolish the fees of barristers' clerks. What do you say to this?"

"It seems to me very unjust, Sir, speaking on behalf of my colleagues."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand that. But I do not wish you to give an opinion in general, but one in particular. Take your own case; if the fees hypothecated to you attaching to my briefs were abolished, would you lose much?"

"Well, Sir," returned PORTINGTON, after some hesitation and consideration, "I really do not think I should lose anything at all."

And after mature deliberation I am inclined to believe that PORTINGTON's computation is absolutely correct.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court, August, 1896.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

*An Unprotected Bachelor craves for quarter
on his Travels.*

I MEET you wheresoe'er I stray,
At ev'ry turn you cross my way,
You wake me at the break of day,
You haunt me in the shade of night.
In vain from you I try to fly,
In vast hotels you still are nigh;
By stretching lake, on mountain high—
Your presence fills me with affright!

I fled from Spa because of you,
At Basle once more you came in view,
At Homburg, Ems, Lausanne, Beaulieu,
And Trouville you were on my trail;
I sought a quiet Alpine nook
Far from the reach of GAZE or COOK—
They handed me the Strangers' Book,
I stared, and then again turned tail!

"Land of the midnight sun!" I cried,
"Thou'lt grant me refuge yet denied!"
And so to Norway's shores I hied,
'Mid fiords and fells to find my rest.
Scarce foot I'd placed upon the land,
When there, with guide-book in your
hand,

I saw you standing on the strand,
Most eager on your constant quest.

I sped like arrow from the bow,
And on blue Danube's restless flow,
Through Iron Gates went Eastward Ho!—
To find you on the steamer's deck!
Again in Pera's sun-baked street,
By where spring Asia's Waters Sweet,
In fair Damascus—e'en retreat
Your perseverance did not check!

Like hunted hare I doubled, yet
I could not peace or freedom get,
By Tiber, Arno, Rhone we met,
By Guadalquivir and by Rhine!
O'er Pyrennes you will pursue,
On Auvergne heights the tryst renew!
Am I indeed a wandering Jew
With never haven to call mine?

O! lady! Weary, weak and worn,
Must I for ever, travel-torn,
Encounter you from morn to morn,
In palace, hovel, temple, minster?
Your lineaments I know too well,
(Your garb I would not dare to tell,
In pity break this fearsome spell,
Meet me no more, Progressive Spinster!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, August 10.—Back after a few days' cruise over summer seas all the way to Skye. Find Government in parlous state. Have been wounded in house of a friend—House of Lords to wit. LONDONDERRY leading revolt on Irish Land Bill has carried series of amendments hopelessly fought in division lobby by strongest Ministry of modern times.

"There's something uncanny about this TOBY," said PRINCE ARTHUR, regarding me with unwonted gravity. "It may be mere coincidence. It's certainly odd that whenever you go to sea the Government of the day also find themselves there. A little more than a year ago you went to Kiel with Mr. G., leaving ROSEBERY and HARCOURT with arms affectionately intertwined, apparently impregnably supporting Government. You came back just in time to hear SQUIRE of MALWOOD announce resignation of Ministry, and trans-



The Passing of Pat.
(Midnight in the Central Lobby.)

ference of seals of office to my uncle, the MARKISS. Now you go off again under flag of Lord High Admiral DON CURRIE; at departure everything looked square for matter-of-fact winding up of Session; when *Dunvegan Castle* moors off Gravesend on her return you hear that Government has been defeated again and again; Ministerial crisis imminent. Don't grudge you an occasional breath of the briny. But I should be particularly obliged if you would reserve your excursions for period when the other side is in."

Crisis still on. LONDONDERRY breathing sound and fury, which may (or may not) signify nothing. Meanwhile, the poor battered Irish Land Bill has come back to the Commons limp, dishevelled, with nearly every bone in its body broken. To-night, Lords read a third time what was left of it. Just before midnight, whilst other ghosts in neighbouring churchyards were preparing to stroll forth, the wraith of the once lusty Land Bill was brought across the Central Hall to the Commons, the marble statues of dead statesmen, who in their time had wrestled with the Irish question, looking sadly on.

Reminds SARK of the climax of the varied life of *Mignon*, whose story GOETHE tells in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. There is one scene in the love-story that might be written for this episode of the night.

"Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an.
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan."

SARK, dropping into poetry, roughly translates:

And marble forms look down and whisper pityingly,
What ill, unhappy child, hath man done unto thee.

Our Parliamentary *Mignon* cannot answer for sobbing. Still she trusts her *Gerald*

Meister. Will he stand by her at the last? and if he cannot save her, will he follow her?

We shall see.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a third time in Lords. Supply closed in Commons.

Tuesday.—The wounded worm will turn at last. So in these closing days of the Session SILOMIO sits up and snaps. Since House met in February he has had uninterrupted bad time. Undesignedly has filled, on the Parliamentary stage, the part of pantaloons. Whenever he entered from the slips with intent to defend the Sultan from charges of iniquity in Armenia or cruelty in Crete, GEORGE CURZON deftly tripped him up. If he appeared with a brief for those astute warriors the Reform Committee of Johannesburg, "JOEY" in person appeared on scene, and joyously fulfilled his time-honoured mission by banging poor pantaloons about the head, prostrating him, amid ribald laughter from gallery and pit.

That hard to bear in weekly, sometimes nightly, succession. To-night, SILOMIO in the peerage of Swaziland, ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, Knight, in the meaner compilation in the English tongue, strode into lists; a voluminous speech in hand, a rimless glass in eye.

As usual, conspiracy to set him aside. When he first proposed to deliver speech on report stage of Colonial vote with intent to batter in head of Colonial Secretary, as on historic occasion was "battered in the head of Mr. WEARE," Corporal HANBURY said time not convenient. Vote should be taken by-and-by.

Ever seen *gamin* in street fix bit of glass he calls sun burner in position over hand of a young friend, and hold it there till the skin begins to crackle? So

SILOMIO, fixing his single eye-glass before inflamed eye, turned it upon the hapless HANBURY, separated from him only by breadth of Gangway. SILOMIO said noth-



Another score to "Joey"!

ing; merely kept glass bearing direct on nape of neck of Financial Secretary to Treasury. Soon HANBURY began to move uneasily; tossed about in evident pain. SILOMIO steadily stared. The Corporal, unable to wriggle out of focus, capitulated, and opportunity for delivery of speech provided.

It proved to be a sublime effort. Only thing lacking to perfect success was an audience. Members who flock in gleeful crowds to see SILOMIO knocked down by Colonial Secretary, and kicked across stage by Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, fled with one accord before prospect of long speech from him. But SILOMIO knew that at the doors of the empty chamber listened the nations of the world, most of them trembling. So he blustered along, waving his arms aloft, swinging round, as on a pivot, so that the multitudes seated behind him should share with the masses in front the advantage of looking on his face, flushed with indignation at the sorrows of the Sultan, his hair dishevelled with agony at thought of injustice wrought to "Swaziland, my Swaziland." Most comical of all was to see SILOMIO at close of passage more than usually infuriated, pause, fix his eye-glass, and crane his neck to see how DON JOSE, seated on the Treasury Bench, liked that. DON JOSE bore up surprisingly well.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Thursday.—In SARK's memory there lingers echo of a melancholy poem describing the gradual cutting-off of an interesting family. The particular line mentions that—

The first to go was little JANE.

For the last ten days, with increasing vigour during present week, our happy family at Westminster has been dispersing. Among the first to go was CAP'EN TOMMY. ELLIOTT LEES says natural imperturbability of the CAP'EN was disturbed on a night some three weeks ago, when he attempted to join in debate, and was

greeted with howls from below Gangway on his own side. Attempt to shut him up could not have been more insistent, or more fully organised, had it been CALDWELL who interposed.

ELLIOTT LEES been down on annual visit to Birkenhead. In intervals of soldering the affections of his constituency by purchasing for home use quite abnormal stocks of groceries, green-groceries, butchers' meat, rare clarets from the chandler, choice Havannahs from the chemist, and fine old one-starred brandy from a marine store dealer who has been heard to criticise action of Unionist Ministry during Session, ELLIOTT has, in the unavoidable absence of RUDYARD KIPLING, put what he believes to be the CAP'EN's reflections into verse. Here is the poem:

I goes into the Commons' House, to try and raise a cheer,
The Government they ups and says, "We can't stand TOMMY 'ere."
The clerks behind the table larfs and giggles fit to die,
I outs on to the Terrace then, and to myself says I:
Oh, it's TOMMY this and TOMMY that, and TOMMY take your hook;
But it's "Thank you, Mr. GIBSON BOWLES," when talking suits our book.
When talking suits our book, my boys, when talking suits our book,
Oh, it's "Thank you, Mr. GIBSON BOWLES," when talking suits our book.



Viscount H-ly.
(A Dream of the Future.)

I went to take a front bench seat, as solemn as could be,
They gave a JESSE COLLINGS room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to divisions, with recruits raw to walk,
But when HARCOURT brings a Budget in, they'll crowd to hear me talk.
Now it's "TOMMY up? what Tommy rot!" It's "Oh, divide! divide!"
But it's "Promising young statesman," when we're on the other side.
When we sit the other side, my boys, on the Opposition side,
Oh, it's "Promising young statesman," when we're on the other side.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill scraped its way through House of Lords. The bishops did it. Four of them present. If they had gone against Bill on critical division, it would have been lost. Voting with it, Government had majority of six.

Friday.—Prorogation.

SONG OF THE SCORCHER.

(After reading the Protests and Plans of the Cyclophobists.)

I KNOW I'm a "scorcher," I know I am torcher
To buffers and mivvies who're not up to date;
But grumpy old geesers, and wobbly old wheezers,
Ain't goin' to wipe me and my wheel orf the slate.
I mean to go spinning and 'owling and grinning
At twelve mile an hour through the thick of the throng.
And shout, without stopping, whilst, frightened and flopping,
My elderly victims like ninepins are dropping,
"So long!"

The elderly bobby, who's stuffy and cobby,
Ain't got arf a chance with a scorcher on wheels;
Old buffers may bellow, and young gals turn yellow,
But what do I care for their grunts or their squeals?
No, when they go squiffy I'm off in a jiffy,
The much-abused "scorcher" is still going strong.
And when mugs would meddle, I shout as I pedal—
"So long!"

Wot are these fine capers perposed by the papers?
These 'ints about lassos and butterfly-nets?
To turn scorcher-catchers the old pewter-snatchers
In 'elmets must take fewer stodges and wets!
Wot, treat *hus* like buffers or beetles!
The scufflers
In soft, silent shoes, turn Red Injins?
You're wrong!
It's all bosh and bubble! I'm orf—at the double!—
"So long!"

A Sporting Complaint.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Has it ever occurred to you that in Leap year the twelfth of August does not occur till the thirteenth day of the month? This is a great grievance, which ought to be remedied by Act of Parliament in the opinion of

Yours always ready for the game,
WILLIAM WEASEL.
Gourmets' Club, W., August 12, 1896.

A "LEPE" WORTH LOOKING AT BY RACING YACHTSMEN.—The buoy in the Solent.

NEW NAME FOR A ONCE FAVOURITE DISH.—Rabid-pie.

OBVIOUS.—Mr. GLADSTONE's amiable temper makes him a lenient judge of the *Sign of the Cross*.



FANCY-BAZAAR FORTUNE-TELLING.

"SO I'M TO MARRY A FAIR LADY, AND HAVE A CARRIAGE AND PAIR! WELL, I'VE JUST GOT MARRIED, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A CARRIAGE. WHAT KIND OF A ONE DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE? A BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO?"

"PERHAPS IT WILL BE A DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

IN a careless moment, and a thoughtless mood, I seem to have opened up a mighty subject of pressing importance to thousands and thousands of my oppressed fellow-countrymen. Little did I think, when I began these stray notes a fortnight ago, that I was either meeting a universal want, or opening flood-gates. Both these tasks, however, I seem to have performed. As when a military officer, snugly ensconced in comfortable quarters on dry land, presses a simple, unassuming knob, or turns a little switch, and immediately, far out at sea, a vast explosion occurs, the angry waters rise in fury to an incalculable height, a dull roar shakes the firmament, and the air grows dark with the scattered fragments of some ancient ship duly anchored there to test the virtues of a new explosive. So I, as it now appears, have liberated explosive forces, and, even as I write, woman, universal woman, is being blown into match-sticks, never again to sail over life's ocean with her sails proudly filling to the wind, and her company of obedient men attending her wants. I cannot follow the metaphor further.

As I say, I did not undertake this business wittingly; but few of us ever know how full of fate are our most trivial actions. Letters have been pouring in upon me from the nearer parts of Europe, all hailing me as a deliverer from a yoke. In due succession, mails will be coming in from the United States, from the South American Republics, from the mighty tracts of

explored Australia, from India, from Lapland, Kamtchatka, Patagonia, Jamaica, Labuan,—wherever *Punch*, the great teacher, makes his wisdom heard—and the tenor of these letters, as I cannot doubt, will accord with those I have already received. These I have sorted out roughly, in my room, in a kind of order, and here is a list of them.

ONE thousand four hundred and eighty-six are from "Unfortunate husbands"; two thousand seven hundred and ten letters, and five hundred and sixty post-cards are signed, "One who sighs for liberty." Nineteen hundred "Slaves who are ready to strike a blow" have written imploring me to strike for them. Three thousand bear some such signature as "Down with Woman, the arch-enemy," while the remaining odd thousand or so are from "Determined bachelors," "Widowers, and thankful for it," "Once bit, twice shy," "A Mormon of experience," "A moment of folly," and three hundred "Women who sympathise." I confess that these three hundred have moved me deeply. To appeal merely to men on such a subject is what a writer might naturally expect. It is a far more significant thing to find that there are three hundred women sufficiently large-minded and disinterested to take a just view of the position, qualifications and characteristics of their own sex. If there is to be open warfare between us and women, we shall evidently be able to count upon the help of a considerable number of "friendly" in any battles that we may have to fight.

I THINK it best to give a sample letter:—

"SIR," writes "A widower—and thankful for it," "I hail with delight the appearance of your 'Stray Notes on Women.' We have groaned too long in silence, and the consequence has been that nobody has cared to attend to complaints which did not reach their ears. I have always felt that some day a defender would arise to lead us to the attack, and to prove that women have been masquerading in false feathers, which have really been stripped from them long ago, if they only knew it, but they don't, and therefore they have gone on deceiving everybody. They never deceived me, and I see they have not deceived you, and I am sure there are plenty of others who have seen through them clearly enough, but who have had to wait till someone else shook the scales off their eyes. You have done this, and we are all deeply grateful to you, and trust you will continue the beneficent labours which we all hoped would have been ended long ago. Women are quite useless when they are most wanted, and nothing can make them believe that they can do without us, though after marrying one wife I am sure I never intend to marry a second, to say nothing of a third and a fourth—which heaven forbid. Let me hear if I can assist you in any way, though I am sure your task is easy enough, for if you only attack these very formidable persons they get so surprised that they can't resist at all, except by bursting into tears, which doesn't count, and nobody pays the least attention to them—at least, not in the County Louth, where I live, and I defy anyone to point to a finer spot on the whole globe though it is in Ireland, which, to my mind, adds to its beauties, as *everyone* agrees, in spite of other people's contradictions and impertinences."

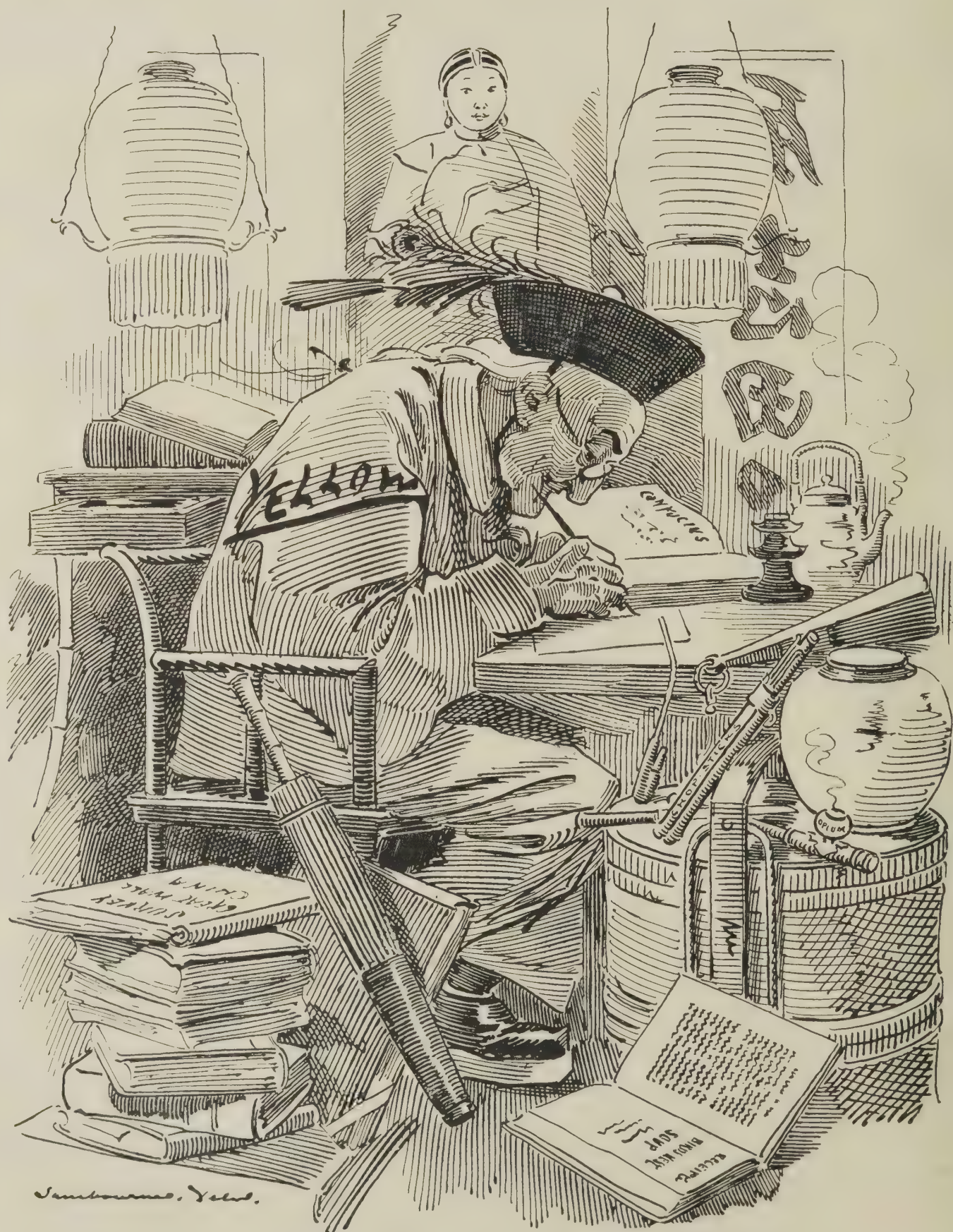
Next week I hope to continue my new crusade.

ADVICE FROM AN OLD STAGER.—The old adage, "Do not play with edged tools," received a sad illustration in the case of poor Mr. E. CROZIER, late of the Novelty Theatre. The coroner hoped that in future "edged weapons would not be used in such exciting scenes as this." To which Mr. Chief Coroner PUNCH adds, "And never in any scenes at all, exciting or unexciting, as a blunt property dagger blade that, on meeting with the slightest resistance, will run back into the hilt, is sufficient for all purposes."

DR. NANSSEN'S RETURN.—A banquet to the eminent explorer was given at Vardö, when Dr. NANSSEN and his talented assistants were "toasted." "Toasting" must have been just what the brave Doctor required after his Northern visit. Of course, on arriving in London, the at present Defeated Discoverer of the Home of the North Pole will have no difficulty in finding The Metro-pole, where a banquet is to be given him.

WHY OUGHT LI HUNG CHANG TO MAKE A MODEL THEATRICAL MANAGER?—Because he never gives any orders.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—The Czar's tour.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE G. O. M.

MR. G. HAVING BEEN MUCH IMPRESSED BY THE COSTUME OF THE OTHER VETERAN STATESMAN, LI HUNG CHANG, HAS, IT IS SAID, ADOPTED THE ORIENTAL FASHIONS OF PIG-TAIL AND CHOPSTICKS, AND IS NOW WRITING AN ESSAY IN CHINESE ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFUCIUS.



THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

The Master. "I'M SAYIN', WUMMAN, HA'E YE GOTTEN THE TICKETS?"

The Mistress. "TUTS, HAUD YOUR TONGUE ABOUT TICKETS. LET ME COONT THE WEANS!"

THE REVIVAL OF ROMANCE.

[On July 17 a duel on bicycles took place in Paris.]

... By this time the sun was beginning to sink in the west, and shone with a ruddy glow upon the vast assembly of fair women and brave men assembled in the spacious grounds of Diddledum Castle. The appearance of the ring testified to the severity of the day's struggles; gallant steeds, that had caracolled with the best at the commencement of the tournament, now lay prone on the ground, a pitiable mass of torn tyres and splintered spokes, while the leeches who were present to tend the wounded riders had long since exhausted their stock of sticking-plaster, and had now perforce to make shift with postage-stamp paper. All day had the lists been set, and all day had the intrepid Sir CLAUD POICTIERS proved himself a champion indeed. Knight after knight had essayed to do battle with him, only quickly to be unbicycled by his lance, and to bite the shameful dust.

From her seat in the gallery which surrounded the arena, the young and beautiful Lady ANGELA LOLLIPOP had surveyed the chances of the battle with a more than common interest. Well did she know that, in accordance with old-established precedent, her hand was to be bestowed upon him who should prove the conqueror at the close of the day. Sir CLAUD POICTIERS she cordially detested. Where, oh where, was the faithful ALGERNON DE BONCEUR, who had promised to do battle on her behalf, and for whom—especially as he was a director of five bicycle companies—she felt the tenderest affection? Suddenly the onlookers gave a start of excitement and surprise, as on their ears fell the clear and resonant tones of an approaching bell! Another moment, and there had ridden into the arena a mysterious knight, with his face closely masked. Disdaining to make use of his handles, he rode swiftly towards Sir CLAUD, brandish-

ing his lance in one hand, and applying the other with outstretched fingers to his nose, with a superb gesture of haughty defiance. Lady ANGELA recognised the rider by his massive calves, and fainted on the spot. "'Tis ALGERNON himself!" she gasped.

The herald gave the signal. Once more resounded ALGERNON's bell; once more Sir CLAUD's squeaker blared forth a hoarse defiance. With the speed of lightning the high-bred bicycles whirled towards each other, with a resounding crash they met in the midst of the ring. Sir CLAUD pursued the tactics which had given him the victory earlier in the day, by aiming a furious stroke at his rival's head, but ALGERNON ducked with consummate grace at precisely the right moment, so that Sir CLAUD fell headlong by the violence of his own blow and lay prone on the arena. Even as he fell, ALGERNON had drawn back his sharp-pointed lance, and plunged it twice with all his might into the front tyre of the other's machine. A terrific explosion was heard, and then the tyre crumpled up, flabby and useless. A prolonged shout of applause arose from the onlookers.

"Hold!" spluttered Sir CLAUD, his mouth full of dust, "'tis enough—my tyre is punctured; I can fight no more."

"Then," said the other, proudly, "I claim my lawful prize—the Lady ANGELA!"

A gleam of malignant triumph flashed from Sir CLAUD's eyes as he rose with difficulty from the ground. "Nay," he said; "not yet, young man. Know that I am a Justice of the Peace, and hereby order thy instant arrest on the charge of furious riding!"

There was a moment of awful silence. And then, before the spectators could realise what had happened, the Lady ANGELA had vaulted lightly down into the arena, ALGERNON had raised her in his arms and seated her on his handle-bar, he had mounted and ridden off with his lovely prize, and knight, lady and bicycle had become a swiftly vanishing speck in the distance!



He. 'HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN A—ER—A LITTLE PUPPY?'

She. 'OH, MR. SOFTLY, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!'

ARBORICULTURE.

THE other day, at Hawarden, Mr. GLADSTONE received and addressed the members of the English Arboricultural Society. Mr. Punch, as usual interested and instructed by the remarks of the encyclopædic and right honourable gentleman, at once commanded his Chief Botanist to prepare a report on arboriculture in the Metropolis. This official, assisted by the Deputy Botanists on his staff, has begun by a careful study of the Haymarket, a region hitherto disregarded by arboriculturists.

He has discovered in the roadway the *Arbor axis*, or axle-tree, in large numbers. It does not attain the huge size frequently

seen in farm-yards, but one variety, *A. a. omnibusiacea*, is of large girth.

In the immediate vicinity of several shoemakers shops there are varieties of the *Arbor bootii* in an excellent state. This is not the tree which produces sandal wood.

On the east side, not far from Pall Mall, two fine specimens of the *Arbor Beerbohmii* were in a flourishing condition until recently. They are now being conveyed around the provinces for exhibition, and later on will be taken to the United States. It is understood that next year these two admirable trees will be transplanted to the west side of the street, where it is hoped that they will continue to flourish for many years to

come. As Mr GLADSTONE very truly remarked, "the people of this country understand the ornamental management of trees as well as anybody."

RAILWAY BALLADS.

THE MISSING SPINSTER.

You may boast your great improvements,
Your inventions and your "movements,"

For those who stay at home, and those
who travel;

But arrangements for the latter
Are so complex, that the matter
Makes them dotty as a hatter
To unravel.

There was once an ancient lady
Whom we knew as Miss O'GRADY,

Who was asked to spend the autumn
down at Trew.

So in fear and trepidation
She sought out her destination,
And betook her to the station—
Waterloo.

She took her little ticket
And she did not fail to stick it
With half-a-dozen coppers in her glove.
Another moment found her
With a plenty to astound her—
For she'd notice-boards all round her,
And above!

So she studied every number
On those sign-posts that encumber
All the station; and she learned them
one by one;

But she found the indication
Of the platforms of the station
Not much use as information
When she'd done.

In her shocking state of fluster
Little courage could she muster,
Yet of porters she accosted one or two;
But, too shy to claim attention,
And too full of apprehension,
She could get no one to mention
"Which for Trew."

So she trudged through every station—
"North," "South," "Main,"—in quick
rotation,

And then she gave a trial to the
"Loop";

Like some hapless new Pandora
She sat down a-gasping for a
Little hope to live on—or a
Plate o' soup.

'Mid the bustle and the hissing
An old maiden lady's "Missing"—
In some corner of the complicated maze;
And round about she's gliding
In unwilling, hideous hiding,
On the platform, loop, or siding,
In a craze.

And still they cannot find her,
For she leaves no trace behind her
At Vauxhall, Clapham Junction,
Waterloo;
But she passes like a comet
With the myst'ry of Mahomet—
Her course unknown—and from it
Not a clue!

FRIENDLY RIFLES.—In the match between Middlesex and Sussex at Brighton last week, Mr. HOPE (London Rifle Brigade), for the Metropolitan county, distanced all competitors, and left behind him a fluttering tail. *Spes et praterea nihil.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HENRY FROWDE has issued from the Clarendon Press, in workmanlike style worthy of that institution's renown, Mr. GLADSTONE's *Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler*. The volume is uniform with the two that preceded it, containing the works of Bishop BUTLER, to the editing of which the veteran statesman devoted the greater part of last year. Apart from their intrinsic value, these three portly volumes have a rare personal



The Baron de B.-W. and the First Page.

interest. In his eighty-sixth year, at the close of a life of almost tumultuous labour, Mr. GLADSTONE bethought him that there was something desirable to be done for the public good and the wider fame of Bishop BUTLER. In earlier editions the "Analogy" runs on through interminable pages without a break. There are no indexes, few notes, and some doubt as to accuracy of the text. To supply these needs was a task which, thoroughly done, would seem to require youthful energy and prospect of long life. Mr. GLADSTONE just sat down and did it. As he proceeded with his editorial work, thoughts crowded upon him which he committed to paper. The notes grew in bulk till they threatened to exceed the "Analogy" in volume. In the end, Mr. GLADSTONE determined to make a volume of his own, a book ablaze with the light of scholarly research. For more than twenty years my Baronite has witnessed Mr. GLADSTONE's *tours de force* in other fields, and protests that, in all the circumstances, production of these three volumes is the most remarkable.

The anonymous author of *Mr. Magnus* (FISHER UNWIN) has evidently been disappointed with Mr. CECIL RHODES, as other students of phenomenal developments of nature have been disappointed with the Atlantic. He "goes for" the fallen giant, thinly disguised under the name that gives a title to the work. The book, though spiteful, is clever, offering a vivid and highly-coloured description of the way they live in Johannesburg. Mr. BARNATO is sketched with a more friendly hand than is the ex-Cape Premier. There are other portraits, which will doubtless be recognised by members of the Reform Committee, now at large and with leisure to read a sprightly book. Some passages, notably those descriptive of a visit to the mine, and the subsequent accident, are written with a graphic power that suggests the author might safely trust to his literary skill to attract readers without elaborating personal skits.

In the latest *Yellow Book* for this quarter the art of telling unfinished stories in a highly-finished style is carried well nigh to perfection by Mr. HENRY HARLAND in his "Invisible Prince," and to a less degree by MENIE MURIEL DOWIE, in her "Idyll in Millinery." MARIE CLOTHILDE BALFOUR chooses Zola-like subjects; not pleasant reading. What of the weird, unintelligible, Blake-like illustrations by J. HERBERT MCNAIR? Prize-picture-puzzles, which may possess some attraction for those who can admire the trio of stark naked lunatics in the drawing by LAURENCE HOUSMAN (shouldn't it be Mad-House-man?), entitled "*Barren Life*." There is an interesting paper on the "Sergeant-at-law," by Mr. FRANCIS WATT. Among the sane pictures, that of "*Dieppe Castle*," by D. Y. CAMERON, is effective; while the two pictures of "*Ill Omen*" and "*The Sleeping Prince*," are in every way hard to beat, even by LAURENCE MAD-HOUSMAN aforesaid. On the whole, the majority of "indolent reviewers" may find some amusement in the *Yellow Book* issuing from the Picturesque Lane.

THE BARON.

"MY ENGAGEMENT."

THE following correspondence has overflowed from Fleet Street into Bouverie Street:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—My *fiancé* says I'm engaged to *him*, and I say he's engaged to *me*—and that's where the trouble is. It makes all the difference in the world, I consider. I'm not going to be his chattel (or is it chattle?) especially as I proposed to him this year, as it's leap year. So it's *my* show this time—I mean *my* engagement, and I don't exactly see where he comes in, except to be there, when he's wanted. I've always been used to having my own way—that's all I want, and I really do wish he would once for all understand that I engage *him*, and not the other way round. It would be so much simpler to start right, and not have any words on the matter. I am always for peace, and my nerves couldn't stand any difference of opinion. If he only will just give way, everything will be lovely. He is quite a boy, and doesn't know what is good for him, and is not used to engaging anyone, not even a cook or a cabman. I am, yours to command,

MARTINETTA N. PECKER.

DEAR SIR,—I have been studying the interesting correspondence, started by Mrs. ALIMONY in your columns, and should like to put my own case before your readers. I was out the other day with three lovely girls (not sisters), up the river I think it was, and well—I somehow got mixed up coming home in the twilight, and became engaged to one of them, but I can't for the life of me remember which. It was getting dark at the time, and I don't think I should recognise her again, and I forgot to give her my address. I do not want to go to the wrong house, and be interviewed by the wrong father. So what *am* I to do? I am sure I care very much for the girl, if I could only identify her properly. I don't wish to lose her, whichever it was; but I was always careless in these matters. Can one be sued for absence of mind? Yours barmily,

CRUMPET.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Sir, I am not exactly engaged, but at the present moment am quite free to become so. I am looking for a young lady, who must be beautiful, of good birth, domesticated, smart, musical, artistic, a good dancer, horsewoman, swimmer, skater, and tennis-player, good tempered, able to converse in six languages, and having a thousand a year of her own. Or I will commute all these qualifications for an income of £3,750 per annum. I have a Loving Heart to give in exchange, and the young lady may rely on my not wanting to break off the engagement. What offers?

FAIR'S FAIR.

SIR,—I am delighted to announce to you the happy achievement of our golden engagement. I met my *fiancée* in the month of August, 1846, and fell madly in love with her on the spot (like Homoea). I hadn't a penny then, and I haven't now, but we plighted our troth at first sight, and have been in



Darby and Joan.

the same plight ever since. We are DARBY and JOAN, quite contented, and we never have any rows or misunderstandings. Yours ecstatically,

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

P.S.—I haven't seen her for the last fifty years, but I have an early daguerreotype which I tenderly fondle. I am afraid to meet her now, for fear of disillusionment.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (*once more in durance vile*).—"Scotland is generally known as the Land of Cakes. Judging from the sharp, snappish replies made to me (when I was at my very politest) by the smart girls I met at Portobello, it ought to be called the Country of Tart'uns."

CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.—Counters at the—(what shall we call it?)—Pokerbac Club.



THE ROLLING OF THE LOG.

Very Minor Poet. "THE CRITICS, INDEED! POOH! WHY, THERE'S ONLY ONE ENGLISH CRITIC *LIVING*, WHO'S WORTHY OF THE NAME—AND THAT'S YOUNG OLIVER QUILPSON, WHOSE LITERARY STYLE IS AS FAULTLESS AS HIS LITERARY JUDGMENT IS INFALLIBLE! HE'S A *HEAVENBORN GENIUS*, AND I'VE SAID AS MUCH IN AN ARTICLE I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT HIM IN THIS WEEK'S *GADFLY*!"

An Admirer of the Bard's. "OLIVER QUILPSON? LET ME SEE; ISN'T THAT THE MAN WHO SAID IN LAST WEEK'S *HAPPY KNACKER* THAT YOU WERE MILES ABOVE TENNYSON, SHELLEY, AND KEATS; AND THAT HE, FOR ONE, RANKS YOU WITH MILTON AT MILTON'S BEST!"

V. M. P. "A—A—YES, BY THE WAY, HE *DID* SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE."

NANSEN.

A DIBDIN SONG UP TO DATE.

AIR—"Nancy."

Jack Ashore sings:—

You ask how it comes that I sing about NANSEN,
His pluck, and his craft, and his crew?
Well, nearer that sly old North Pole we're advancin',
A deed JOHNNY BULL ought to do.
I am much of a mind with TRELAWNEY and MILLAIS,
My heart with glad triumph would spring;
But to envy a rival from Norway were silly,
And that's why of NANSEN I sing!

The Britons, and I'm one, have roved the world over,
And I should, in course, much prefer
The Pole were first reached by some brave British rover;
But envy's a poor half-bred cur!
So if other crafts than true British are nearing
The Pole—why *my* castor I'll fling.
Within two hundred miles the Norwegian's been steering,
So that's why of NANSEN I sing!

Could our ships Northward Ho, wind and weather permitting,
A hundred times go and come back,
The ice-world's so wide, we might never be hitting
For leagues upon leagues the same tack.
The nations are numerous, various, clever,
And all to explore on the wing.
If JOHN BULL spots the Pole first I'll pipe on for ever;
To-day 'tis of NANSEN I sing!

Who'll wring the last secret from Ultima Thule?
That's yet to be seen, aye, and sung!

But just as the prow to the helm answers duly
We're true to the Pole, old and young;
Whoever first hits it high fame will inherit,
And fame to his country will bring.
But to pluck and success step by step allow merit,
And that's why of NANSEN I sing!

THE THORN.

(New Hawarden Version.)

[MR. GLADSTONE, doing the honour of his trees to the Arboricultural Society, said that when Mr. NESSFIELD, a celebrated landscape gardener, once advised the removal of a great spreading thorn standing in front of the Castle at Hawarden, his own attachment to that familiar thorn forbade its removal.]

Grand Old Woodman sings:—

FROM HAWARDEN NESSFIELD the removal requested
Of what its old walls did adorn.
"No, by heavens!" I exclaimed, "may I perish
If ever I lift my old axe on that thorn."
No, by heavens! &c.

He showed me the thorn, and implored me to fell it,
I laughed his entreaty to scorn.
"No!" I replied, "my old home in Hawarden
Shall never by me lose its noble old thorn!
No, by heavens! let the gardenesque perish
Ere ever I axe that familiar old thorn!"

"A LITTLE HERO."—In response to the lines (see No. for August 22) *à propos* of brave young LEONARD STEELE, aged sixteen, of 14, Gibbon's Road, Stratford, Mr. *Punch* begs to acknowledge a cheque from Mr. "H. C. G.," and stamps from a Nameless Contributor, which have been duly forwarded to the above address, where, Mr. *Punch* begs to suggest, all subscriptions might be forwarded direct.



“FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD!”

THE NORTH POLE. “YOUR HEALTH, SUNNY! WITH ALL THEIR BOATS, BALLOONS, TELESCOPES, AND THINGS, THEY AIN’T FOUND US OUT YET!”

[Dr. NANSEN’s expedition to the North Pole and that of the astronomers to view the total eclipse of the sun turned out failures.]

“It is to be regretted that Dr. NANSEN and his companions have not reached the North Pole, but they have made a record which it will be difficult to beat.”—*Times*, August 19. “We must hope for better luck next time.”—*Sir Robert Ball’s Letter to the Times*, August 19.



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, &c.

Jones. "I SAY, WHAT'S THE EXACT MEANING OF 'VOILÀ'?"

Brown. "WELL, I SHOULD TRANSLATE IT AS 'BEHOLD,' OR 'THERE YOU ARE,' OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

Jones. "CONFOUND IT! I'VE BEEN USING IT FOR THE LAST MONTH AND THINKING I'VE BEEN SWEARING IN FRENCH!"

UP-TO-DATE INTELLIGENCE—*RE* BAYARD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am insatiate in my desire for the latest news, and buy papers literally from morning till night on every week day. On Sunday, however, my craving for knowledge has to be satisfied with one early supply of information. Among other journals I always take in *The People*, and you may imagine that I opened my eyes when I read in its columns the following paragraphs:—

"Four bombs were exploded under a train travelling between Navajas and Jaquay. Four Cubans were badly injured, and several sustained slighter injuries.

The Chevalier BAYARD, after having been mortally wounded, asked to be taken from his horse and placed at the foot of a tree. "At least," said he, "I may die facing the enemy."

Can it be that the knight "without fear or reproach" has returned to earth, and is battling in Tobacco-land for the oppressed islanders, or does the text refer to some descendant of his with equally noble traits, who has died in resisting the tyrannical might of Spain? I have vainly sought in the daily and weekly Press for a solution of the mystery. I therefore turn to you, Sir, as the last, but by no means least, personage capable of relieving my anxiety. Itching for your answer, I am, your obedient servant,

CHRISTOPHER MCCENOTAPH.

P.S.—I ought, perhaps, to mention that the Spanish Ambassador's footman referred me to the porter at the American Embassy, who assured me that his master had gone to Norway.

THE ASTRONOMERS WHO FAILED.—Some of the lucky ones were favoured with a sight of King Sol's corona and stars of various orders. "Only this and nothing more."

RECEIVED IN LONDON.—Invitation to view "The WALKER Art Gallery" at Liverpool when we are in London. O yes!—Walker!

THE PENDULUM OF WEALTH.

(A Forecast.)

CHAPTER I.—"Nobilitatis virtus stemma."

It was a stormy evening in November, 1995. The rain was beating in stormy gusts on the old brown stone palace in Fifth Avenue, and there was a continual drip from the rusted coronet over the "stoop" on to the well-worn marble steps below the door, which showed sad need of the renovating brush of the house-painter. Within, the aspect of the mansion was not more cheerful. Want of comfort was evidently hand in hand with want of money. In one of the principal sitting-rooms, remarkable for the large collection of pictures hung on the walls, and for several massive silver spittoons of nineteenth century work, a lady and gentleman were seated before a small wood fire. By the light of the solitary electro-burner it might have been perceived that both were of mature years, and that each possessed that aristocratic bearing, which is the heirloom of ancient lineage. Yet it was evident that they were not in affluent circumstances. The divided skirt of the dame, though scrupulously neat, had certainly seen better days, her silken hose were not innocent of darns, and the Brussels lace of her spotless white vest had evidently been mended more than once, while her black velvet jacket had on it a distinct touch of old-time rust. Still her plentiful white locks were arranged in the latest fashion, that of the pyramid, and though the long, taper fingers with which she rolled a cigarette were unadorned with jewelled rings, yet they were as perfectly shaped as the toes of that legendary *Trilby*, whose fame has been handed down to us from the last century. The gentleman's suit of Tartan broadcloth was none of the freshest either in cut or material, and the woollen scarf girt around his neck was clearly worn for warmth rather than effect. Nevertheless, his thick grey moustache was heavily waxed, and his broad chest was crossed with the somewhat faded tricolour riband of the proudest order of American Chivalry—the Everlasting Eagle. He was smoking some very pungent tobacco from a long clay pipe, and ever and anon he slaked his thirst from a beaker of lager beer standing by his side. From the working of the muscles of his rubicund face it was apparent that he was violently moved by his thoughts. Presently the lady broke silence and observed, "So the Emperor will do nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing," replied her companion, with a sigh. "He has forgotten the days when it was a question whether an O'FLAHERTY or a VANPERKEN was the better fitted to grasp the sceptre of a rising young monarchy. But what," he continued, bitterly, "did an American ever get from an Irishman but ingratitude? And so I made bold to tell the Prince of TAMMANY to-day."

"You told him so!" cried the lady, with admiration in her glance. "That was like a true VANPERKEN, and as became the Duke of SARATOGA. I guess he squirmed, though."

"You are right," answered the Duke, draining his goblet. "But no amount of princely squirming will bring dollars to our cash-box. The pictures will have to go, so I've telephoned MACLAZARUS to come and take the lot this very evening. It can't be helped, SUSIE," he added, tenderly, as he saw the teardrops glisten in her eyes.

"It does seem downright cruel," murmured the Duchess, passing the back of her hand over her vision. "It's woeful," she continued, "what we of the Peerage are coming to now-days."

"That's so," remarked the Duke, filling his pipe. "But it might have been reckoned on by our forefathers, who were so crazy to have their daughters married to European titles that they sent billions of money across the Atlantic. When the Imperial Monarchy was established, what with fighting, filibustering, and free bribery, there was but little real estate left in Society; and since then, most of it's gone in keeping up appearances. And the poorer we get, the fatter the British Republic grows. There's barrels of cash on that little dirt-heap."

"It's curious we haven't heard from MANHATTAN," said the Duchess. "He's been over a fortnight in London, and only cabled once."

"For a remittance," observed the Duke, drily, as he sent a volume of smoke through his nostrils. "But there, he's been well received by PRESIDENT LABOUCHERE BURNS, and MANHATTAN isn't the boy to waste his time in inspecting the Tower of London and the British Museum. You know my intentions. He went out as a speculation; and if he's failed as a speculation, I reckon we've nothing else left to speculate with."

(To be continued.)



REMARKABLE CASE OF ASSIMILATION!

WE HEAR, ON THE AUTHORITY OF ONE WHO OUGHT TO KNOW (BETTER), THAT PEACE AND TRANQUILITY DO NOT ALWAYS REIGN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, EVEN DURING THE RECESS, WHEN IT IS HANDED OVER TO THE SISTERHOOD OF THE BRUSH AND PAIL!

(Any tidiness that may be detected between the employees shown above and those distinguished persons who usually frequent the House is, of course, purely fortuitous.)

A CHINESE PUZZLE.

(Extracts from the Note-book of an Illustrious Traveller.)

HAVE no time to give names, or sort my jottings, so must leave things in the rough until I reach Peking.

I am told that the leader of the House of Commons prefers golf to speeches, and likes a spin on a bicycle better than a seat on the Treasury Bench.

The Secretary of the Colonies is fond of orchids. He could point out a fit and proper person to fill the position of Director of the Government were the post vacant.

The Leader of the Opposition in the Lower House has no opinion of ditto in the Peers, and ditto in the Peers returns the compliment.

The English are fond of tortures, and willingly self-inflict them by attending London theatres in the off season.

The air of Hawarden produces circumlocution.

One eminent statesman holds another eminent statesman exceedingly cheap. And what one holds all hold.

The best method of being interviewed is to question the interviewer.

When a great Englishman passes away it is the cruel fashion of the country to cast at his memory a stone statue.

The experiences of a railway guard are far more interesting than the autobiography of an ex-Prime Minister.

Orders are appreciated everywhere, but manufacturers like not only stars and ribbons, but entries on their books.

Some one has called England the great loan land, and so it may be for the benefit of China.

Many trains arrive two hours late, so without inconvenience, they should be able to start a hundred and twenty minutes after time.

All newspapers are at once infallible and contradictory.

The inquisitiveness of a Mandarin need have no bounds so long as a Chinaman is regarded as a curiosity.

Most British statesmen are mere lads.

And last, and most extraordinary of all no one can tell the true age of an English lady.

"My Engagement."

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that this question is now exercising the public mind, I beg to give my own experiences. I was engaged by Mr. LEAR FITZHAMLET for a provincial tour. We played to bad business for a week in the Immortal Bard's tragedies, and then Mr. F. disappeared. This experience so disgusted me that I have never attempted a repetition of things theatrical, but am now in a shop where the ghost always walks. I am the wraith.

Your obedient servant,

HORATIO HOBBS.

Tight Street, Hammersmith.

In East Dorsetshire.

Cyclist (to Native). How many miles am I from Wimborne?

Native. I dunno.

Cyclist. Am I near Blandford?

Native. I dunno.

Cyclist (angrily). Then what do you know?

Native. I dunno.

[Cyclist speeds to No Man's Land in the New Forest.



First Convivial. "SH TWO O'CLOCK! WHA 'LL ER MISSHUS SHAY?"
Second Convivial. "THASH ALLRI! SHAY YOU BIN WI' ME—(hic)!"

YE YACHTING MEN OF ENGLAND.

(A Naval Ode, after Campbell.)

YE yachtsmen of old England,
Upon our native seas
Britannia ruled, for several years,
The waves—our waves—with ease.
But ye must launch a yacht again
To match another foe,
If you'd keep on the deep
Our flag from falling low;
Where the battle rages hard and long,
And abroad the prizes go.

The Meteor flag—of Germany—
Doth now "terrific burn,"
When will the foreign foe depart.
And that long-lost "Cup" return?
Fill then ye Teuton prize-winners,
Our song and feast must flow
To the fame of your name
(Though we built your yacht, you know)
Till we win the yachting crown once more,
And the Meteor flag hangs low!

Humbug at Homburg.

Little American Girl. Mumma, why do you drink so many glasses of this nasty water?

Mumma. Hush, VIRGINIA, here comes the Prince of W-L-S!

LONDON IN AUGUST.

(By the Last Man left in Town.)

REALLY it is a mistake to imagine that the mighty Metropolis is uninteresting when deserted by most of its inhabitants. Of course, Rotten Row is not quite itself without horses; still, there are trees, and now and again a watering-cart. True, Bond Street looks a little bare without pretty frocks and prettier faces; still, there are omnibuses. And again, how delightful it is to be able to wear a straw hat without attracting attention in Piccadilly. And it is quite jolly to know that, as scarcely a theatre is open, there is no necessity to spoil one's dinner by having to rush off early to the play. Then, it is quite an experience to be an honorary member of some one else's club, because your own Co-operative Palace is closed for the annual cleaning. In fact, London just now is simply delightful.

For all that, an invitation to join a shooting party on the moors will not be rejected.

FROM A TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.
—"The next time that Mr. BLACKMORE wants to depict brigandage *au naturel* let him pitch his tent amid the dunes of Ostend. A forlorn aspect I do not know."



CONSTERNATION OF THE FASHION - PLATE
YOUNG PERSON ON HEARING THAT THE SIZE
OF THE WAIST IS TO BE INCREASED!

["We are seriously asked to believe that the Paris *couturières* have issued a fiat against wasp waists, and that the proportions of the Venus of Milo will be their model in the immediate future."]
Daily Telegraph.]

IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE—LAIDE.

["Tight-lacing is coming in more than ever."
"The Venus of Milo waist is to be revived."
Conflicting rumours from the *Fashion Papers.*]

Girl of the Period sings:—

'Tis all very well,
But how can I tell
Which standard to take as a pattern?
An up-to-date *belle*
Doesn't wish to be dressed as a slattern.

Some say, "Don't you flinch,
But be ready to pinch
Your waist—like a wasp you must force
it!"

So inch after inch
To sixteen I lace in my new corset.

But others declare
"Have room and to spare,
For Venus of Milo's the fashion—
You'll look far more fair
With no stays and not even a sash on!"

So I wish that I knew
Which *mode* to pursue—
How to follow them both is a riddle!
Many inches and few,
They're rival extremes for my middle.

Well, if I were wise,
I'd completely despise
The *corsetière* and her fiat,
And wear my own size,
That's Nature's—and "Art" I'd fight
shy at!

NOMENCLATURE. — The professional cricketer who makes a "duck's egg" ought surely to be dubbed a "quack."

How OLD ARE YOU?—Ask LI HUNG CHANG.

EXCURSIONS—AND ALARMS.

[See complaints in the papers and reports of some police cases.]

As you say, it is just the sort of day to enjoy a trip down the river to Margate. Hardly a ripple on the water, just a touch of north in the air, and—hullo! is this Tilbury already?

They ought really to make this landing-stage a little bigger. Do you think there will be room for all these people on the boat?

They have *made* room, anyhow. Now that we are all on board, I am quite convinced that there are one or two hundred in excess of the proper number of passengers.

It certainly would increase the pleasure of the voyage if I could find a seat anywhere, or even a spare bit of bulwark to lean against.

What's that vessel coming up behind at such a rate? A torpedo-destroyer? Hope it doesn't take *us* for a torpedo. Looks as though it would run us down in another minute. Why doesn't our captain get out of the way?—the idiot!

"Wants to get *in* the way," did you say? "Because that is a faster steamer belonging to a rival line, and our captain does not intend to allow it to pass us?" But, I say, it's fearfully dangerous! 'Buz racing in streets bad enough, but a trifle to this. Wonder if I could bribe Captain to put me on shore at Sheerness?

Awful shave, that last! "Come and have some dinner?" Couldn't touch a thing while this is going on. Wish my doctor could see me now; he ordered me to avoid all excitement because of weakness of my heart! Here she comes at us again! Missed us by a yard, by George! Why, this is worse than a battle!

At Margate at last! Feel ten years older. Heart beating wildly. Had no food for eight hours! Can't eat now! "Excellent seamanship on part of our captain to get in first?" Solely due to the Christian forbearance of the boat behind in not ramming us. "Captain ought to have a medal?" Ought to have six months, you mean. And some lively pickpocket on board has stolen my purse. I find! "Not the first time that sort of thing has happened on these steamers?" No, but it's the last time it will happen to me on them. What an ass I was not to come down by train!

Reflection by an Unfortunate Backer of Horses.

STANDING beside my own mud-scraper, I whistled for the "special" paper. "Winner!" the boy cried in his glee; But "loser" was the doom for me.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER AGAIN (ON BAIL).—Q. Where ought ducks' eggs to be most readily found? A. At the Oval. (*Bail estreated.*)

MEM. FROM THE MAJOR'S SPELLING BOOK OF THE COMING AUTOMOTOR AGE.—The horse is a noble creature, but very useless to man.

AN INDIVIDUAL NOT OFTEN MET WITH.—The backer who is never "smoked."

GOOD NEWS AFTER THE LAST CRICKET MATCH.—Rest for the wicket.

THE TRAVELLING CHINEE.

(By a British Manufacturer, after Bret Harte.)



WELL, I wish to remark—
And I'm putting it plain—
That for keeping things dark,
And for making tricks vain,
The travelling Chinee is peculiar—
And I've tried all the furrineer strain.

LI HUNG CHANG is his name,
Though some papers deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply.
Be it CHONG, CHANG or CHUNG, TONG or
POKER,
It don't make much difference—he's
fly!

It was August the third
When he first saw our skies;
And it might be inferred
We had landed a prize,
And would also land *orders*—in plenty;
But prophecy's always unwise!

We had each our small game,
And LI HUNG took a hand.
We speak English; the same
He does not understand.
His interpreter *does*, and he questioned
Through *him* in a way that was grand!

As to "wanting to know,"
CLENNAM's self was not in it!
CHANG's questions would flow
About twenty per minute;
And if catechisms the cake took,
I'm certain the Chinese would win it.

Our shops were all stocked
In a way which I grieve
That he—silently—mocked,
With a laugh—in his sleeve;
And a Chinaman's sleeves are capacious
Beyond what you'd really believe.

But as to a *trade*
With that Travelling Chinee—
Why, the most that we made
Are, so far as I see,
A sewing machine and a lawn tent,
Which the same were delivered him—
free!

Ships and guns were all nigh,
Which he gazed on with glee,
But was not moved to *buy*.
And I said, "Can this be?
I fear it is not many orders
We'll get from this Travelling Chinee!"

Which is why I remark—
And I put it quite plain—
That for riddles most dark,
And for questions quite vain,
The Travelling Chinee is a caution,
But *orders* from him do not rain!



Village Boy (after interviewing Etcher at work). "‘E SES ‘E’S A-ITCHIN’, BUT IT LOOKS TO ME MORE AS IF ‘E WOR A-SCRATCHIN’!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

SCHOPENHAUER has, if I remember rightly, some very depreciatory remarks on women in general. His light and cheerful works do not form part of my travelling library, and I am therefore unable to quote from them word for word, which I should naturally do merely in order to controvert his shocking views. So far as my recollection serves me, however, he denies to woman beauty of face, grace of form, and intellect, and sends her out into the world stripped of every vestige of the admirable qualities with which the adoration of man has invested her during all the years that have passed since Eve startled the awaking ADAM into the first *mariage de convenance* of which any record has come down to us.

I NEED not imitate the pessimist German by spreading any accusations I may make over so wide a field. Something may be conceded to women. They prepare shooting lunches with admirable care, and a lavish expenditure of jam—an excellent thing in woman and one much appreciated by the wearied bringer down of grouse. They can pour out tea at breakfast, and towards the end of a week's visit, may be counted upon to remember that you take or do not take sugar. They can leave cards on friends who have left cards on you; they can easily spend an hour on dressing or adorning themselves, a feat of which few men in these degenerate days are capable. They can organise picnics, and actually take pleasure in them when wasps are not too numerous. They can, as young girls, manufacture a secret out of nothing, and then talk it over with other girls in corners to an accompaniment of mysterious giggles, and to the exclusion of rude, intrusive boys. They can run long hat-pins, apparently, through the very middle of their heads, without doing themselves the least harm, and they can coax a five-pound note, or a bicycle, or a photographic camera out of an indulgent parent in less time than it takes a son to obtain ten

shillings. All this and many other things they can do—but they cannot steer a pleasure-boat on the Thames.

AND here I shall be met with indignant denials from various quarters. One objector will cite to me the case of MILLICENT, who steered her brother to victory at the Gorehead Regatta. I remember her well. Her sleeves were tucked up above her elbows, she wore a lovely pink sash, and as her panting brother churned the silvery current into foam with his sculls she bobbed backwards and forwards in a manner traditionally associated with coxswains, and first yelled her encouragement to her brother, and then her defiance at ANGELA, who, in a rival boat, was steering her cousin over two sides of innumerable triangles. Yes, MILLICENT was undoubtedly a success—but then MILLICENT is an exception. Then there was NELLIE, a sylph-like figure, with a straw hat perched jauntily on the top of her fair locks, and the prettiest pair of little brown-leather shoes on her shapely feet. I can see them still, aye, and in imagination hold them as I place them one after another carefully on the back-bone of the boat, and help their owner into her seat. NELLIE steered a racing-boat, she ran into no banks, and when the occasion required, she shouted "Look ahead" with a vigour that cleared our course as if by magic. NELLIE was a triumph, but she, too, is an exception. I speak not of MILLICENT or NELLIE, but of the average woman who goes on water parties. The average woman cannot steer.

OBSERVE her as she gets into the boat. Her attendant swains are in their places at stroke and bow; another girl has been wedged into the bows. The steerer instals herself, and thus addresses her crew as they push off:—

"Now, on which side ought I to sit? I think I could see better on the right side. There, will that do? Oh, but if I sit in the middle I can't see anything. Ought I to pull both strings very hard like this? Why, they won't move at all. But if I pull the left string we go to the left, and I'm sure that's wrong, because I've always heard that you ought to pull the other string. Well, never mind; we're getting along very nicely, and catching up the other boat. Oh, oh, there's a boat coming the other way—which side ought we to go? They're rowing right into us. Oh, do stop. . . . There, I knew the silly man would run into us. He needn't have looked so angry about getting a ridiculous little bit of wood broken off his oar. Why didn't he look round and watch where he was going? I do love this rocking about, don't you, Mr. HARRISON? Do try and keep close to the steam-launch. What? It makes rowing so uncomfortable? Well, you men are funny. . . . I don't think it was my fault we ran into the bank, for I was pulling the left string as hard as I could. That was the reason, was it? Of course, I forgot. Now let me see; what ought you to do when you come to a lock? I know you do something with boat-hooks or whistles. ALICE, can you whistle? No? I dare say it doesn't matter; the man will have to open all the same. Why did that woman glare at me so? She needn't think it makes her look pretty, because it doesn't. Oh, do take care, please do. Why is all that water pouring into the lock? There, I knew we should get crushed. They oughtn't to be in such a hurry. Besides, it would be much simpler to open both sets of gates at each end together, and then we could slip through without all this fuss and bother. No, thank you, Mr. HARRISON, I'm not a bit tired. I could go on steering all day in this delightful weather. Now, why did we stick in the bank that time? Why, I've dropped the string. Well, I suppose one can't always do things perfectly."

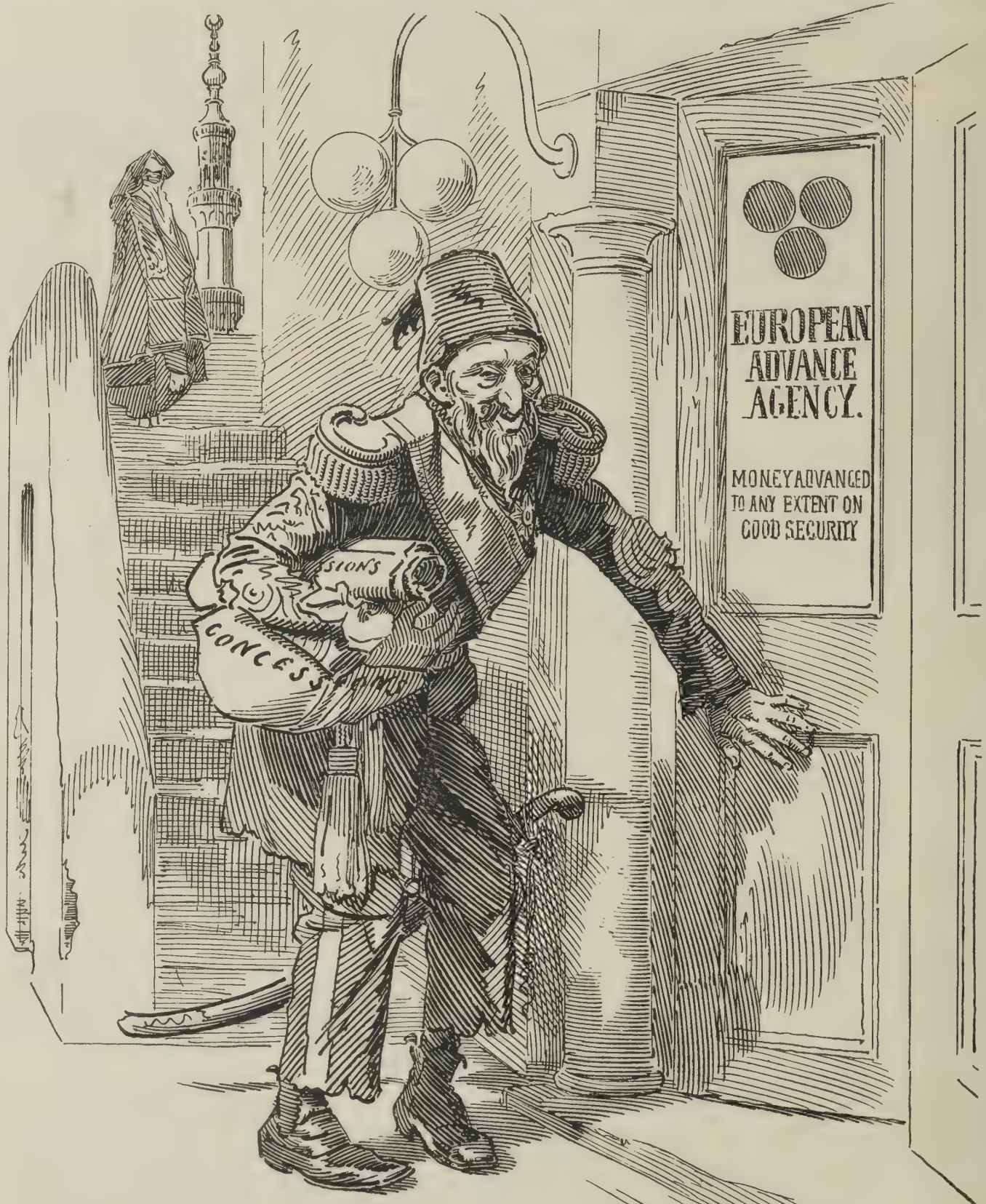
Said Khalid's Lament.

[Admiral RAWSON bombarded Zanzibar at 9 A.M., August 27.]

WHAT was the use of cannon? what was the use of words?
We could not come to terms,
For RAWSON was one of the early birds
And I was one of the worms.

"My Engagement."

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—This discussion hits me in a vital and financial matter. I have been engaged all my life in fighting the enemy known as "The Writer. But still he swoops. Why not make it legal to shoot him on the wing? He too often swoops to conquer, in the opinion of, yours faithfully,
The Refuge, N.W. OLIVER OOLACK.

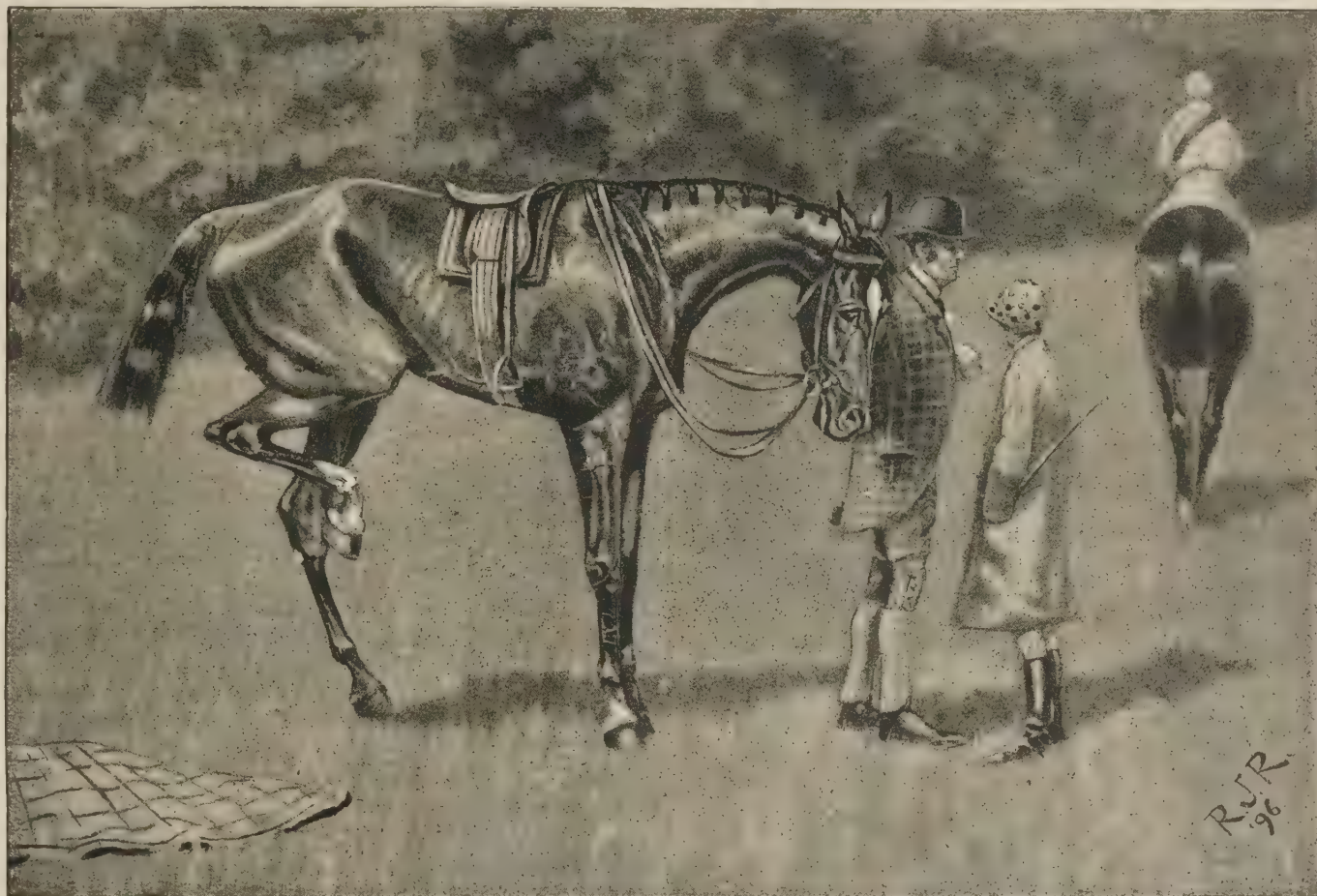


Sam Louisa. Del.

TRYING IT ON.

Sultan of Turkey. "I WONDER IF THEY WILL LEND ME ANYTHING ON THIS LITTLE LOT?"

[Diplomatic circles fully recognise the powerful influence which financial considerations have had in bringing his Majesty the SULTAN to adopt towards the Cretans a conciliatory policy.—*Daily Paper.*]



Trainer. "NOW THEN, LOOK SHARP, AND GET MOUNTED."

Crack Light-weight. "ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. I'M JUST WAITIN' FOR MY VALET TO COME AND HELP ME OFF WITH MY OVERCOAT!"

IMPRESSIONS ON TOUR.

(Resulting from the *Mania* for Bold Advertisement.)

Abergavenny. That fields are incomplete without a placard of "Midnight Soap."

Bushey. That trees cannot get on without a notice of "Somebody's Paste."

Catherham. That hills are made for an announcement concerning "Sauce."

Dover. That the sea cannot be noticed without an *affiche* anent "Patent Glue."

Ealing. That the suburbs exist for the display of "Cat Biscuit" show bills.

Farnborough. That a military camp must have a poster of the newest city paper, *The Financial Farthing*.

Gravesend. That travellers *en route* for India must see "Mr. Thingamy's Travelling Tragedians from London."

Halifax. That people waiting for a train have time to master the details of the latest thing in "Disaster Insurance Companies."

Inverness. That Bonnie Scotland is the very place to learn the easiest and cheapest mode of "Housing Furniture in East Kensington."

Jarrow. That all who alight here will be interested in the fact that "Chose's Starch is the best and cheapest."

Knebworth. That five minutes can be usefully employed in reading the "contents bill" of the *North African Shareholder*.

Ladywell. That millions will hail with delight the assertion that nothing can compare with "Blowtrumpet's Influenza Lozenges."

Manchester. That there are at least thirty firms supplying "the premier bicycle of the century."

Norwich. That the enumeration of the qualities of "this season's tea," supplied by Messrs. So-and-so, is more entertaining than the charms of the oldest of cathedrals.

Oban. That yachts are not in it with "Jams at 3d. a pound."
Perth. That all who live must learn to dye with the aid of advertisements.

Queensborough. That "De la Snobb's Braces" are of paramount importance.

Rochester. That "The Pungent Pickle is necessary to every household."

Scarborough. That life would be a burden without "The Patent Potato Peeler."

Uckfield. That existence is useless unless brightened by "The New Shaving by Electricity."

Wye. That every want has an appropriate wherefore.

Yeovil. That the memory is not to be blessed of the man who first introduced hoardings, with their accompanying adornments.

THE COXSWAIN'S "CENTURY."

[One of the best-known heroes on the south-east coast, JARVISH ARNOLD, for twenty years coxswain of the Kingsdown lifeboat, who has played an active part in the saving of 100 lives from shipwreck on the Goodwin Sands, has just died.]

So Charon's death-boat o'er Death's stream at last
Ferries the life-boat coxswain! Well, the past
To brave old JARVISH ARNOLD must supply

An obolus e'en Charon can't deny.

The saviour of a "century" of lives,

When at Death's passage he at last arrives,

Should find the transit easier by far

Than he who slays his hundreds in red war.

Better with Kingsdown's coxswain take death's chance,

Than with some heroes of the sword and lance!

THOSE WHO ARE NEVER OUT OF SPIRITS.—Licensed victuallers.

THE REAL READ DEAR.—A lady journalist.

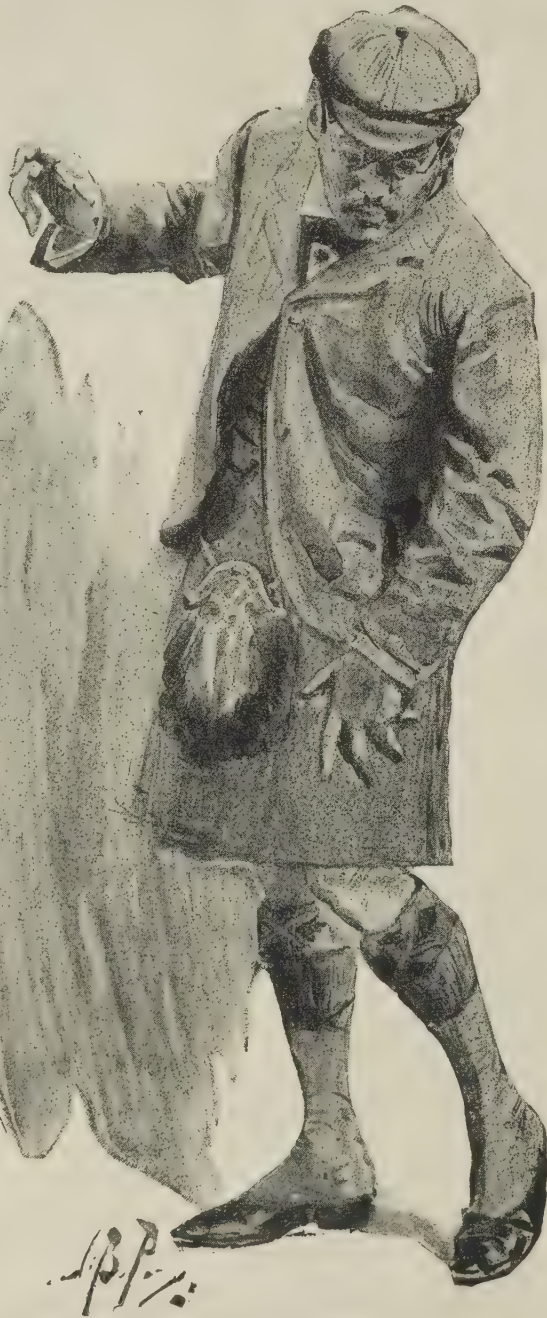
JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXII.

Mr. Jabberjee places himself in the hands of a solicitor—with certain reservations.

I CONCLUDED my foregoing instalment, narrating my service of a writ for breaching a promise of marriage, with a spirited outburst of *insouciance* and *devilmaycarefulness*.



"Would be greatly improved by the simple addition of some knee-caps."

But such courage of a Dutch evaporated deplorably on closer perusal of the said writ, which contained the peremptory mandate that I was to enter my appearance within the incredibly short notice of eight days, or the judgment would be given in my absence!

Now it was totally out of the question that I was to prepare a long complicated defence, and have the requisite witnesses, and also perfect myself in the customs and etiquettes of Common Law Procedure, all in such a ridiculously brief period; and yet, if I remained *perdu* with a hidden head, I could not hope for even the minimum of justice, since, heigh-ho! *les absents ont toujours tort*. So that I shed blistering and scalding tears like

a spanked child, to find myself confronting such a devil of a deep sea, and my day was dismal and my night a nonentity, until, by a great piece of potluck, on going up the next morning to the library of my Inn, I espied my young friend HOWARD in the compound, busily employed in a lawn tennis game.

Having partially poured the cat from my bag already into his sympathetic and receptive bosom, I decided to confide to him my hard case in its entirety, and so made him a secret sign that I desired some private confabulations at his earliest convenience, which he observing, after the termination of the match, came towards the remote bench whereon I was forlornly moping, and sat down kindly by my side.

This young ALLBUTT-INNETT, I am to mention here, had only just missed succeeding in the passing of Bar Exam owing to the inveterate malignancy of his stars and lack of a more industrial temperament; but from the coolness of his cheek, and complete man-of-the-worldliness, is a most judicious and tip-top adviser to friends in tight places.

Experto crede, for, when he had heard the latest particulars of my shocking *imbroglio*, he promptly gave me the excellent advice that I was to consult a solicitor; strongly recommending a Mr. SIDNEY SMARTLE, who was a former schoolmate of his own, and a good thundering chap, and who (he thought) was not so overburdened as yet by legal business that he could not find time for working the oracle on my behalf.

"And look here, JAB," he added (he has sometimes the extreme condescension to address me as an abbreviation), "I'll trot you up to him at once—and I say, A l idea! tell him you mean to be your own counsel, and do all the speechifying yourself. Native prince, in brand-new wig and gown, defending himself single-handed from wiles of artful adventuress—why, you'll knock the jury as if with old boots!"

"Alack," said I, sorrowfully; "though I am quite competent to become the stump orator at shortest notice, I do not see how I can enter my first appearance until I have carefully instructed Masters RAM and JALPANYBHOY in the evidence they are to give and leave untold, &c., and a week is too scanty and fugitive a period for such preparations!"

"Nonsense and stuff!" he replies, "you will have a lot more than that, since the week only applies to entering an appearance—which is a mere farcical formality that old SIB can perform in your place on his head." At which I was greatly relieved.

But on arrival at Mr. SMARTLE's office in Chancery Lane, we were disappointed to be informed, by a small, juvenile clerk, that he was absent at Wimbledon on urgent professional affairs, and his return was the unknown quantity. However, after waiting till close upon the hour of tiffin, he unexpectedly turned up in a suit of knickerbockers, carrying a long, narrow bag full of metal-headed rods, and although rather adolescent than senile in physical appearance I was vastly impressed by the offhanded cocksurety of his manner.

My friend HOWARD introduced me, and exhibited my doleful predicament in the shell of a nut, whereupon Mr. SMARTLE jauntily pronounced it to be the common garden breach of promise, but that we had better all repair to the First Avenue Hotel and lunch, and talk the affair over afterwards.

Which we did in the smoking-room after lunch, with coffee, liqueurs, and cigars, &c., for which I had to pay, as a Tommy Dod, and the odd man out of pocket.

Mr. SMARTLE, after listening attentively to my narrative, said that I certainly seemed to him to have let myself into the deuced cavity of a hole by so publicly proclaiming my engagement, but that my status as an oriental foreigner, and the fact I had asserted—viz., that my promise was extorted from me by compulsion and sheer physical funkiness—might pull me through, unless the plaintiff were of superlative loveliness (which, fortunately, is by no means the case).

He added, that we had better engage WITHERINGTON, Q.C., as he was notoriously the crossest examiner at the Common Bar.

But to this I opposed the *sine qua non* that I am to have the sole control of my case in court, and reap the undivided *kudos*, assuring him that I should be able to cross-examine all witnesses until they could not stand on one leg. From some private motives of his own, he sought to overcome my determination, hinting that, as my calling and election to the Bar were not yet an ancient history, I might not possess sufficient experience; and moreover that, by appearing in barristerial garb, I should infallibly forfeit the indulgence shown by a judge to ordinary litigants; to which I responded by pointing out that I was a typical Indian in the matter of legal subtlety and ready-made wit, and that, if not capable of conducting my *own* case, how, then, could I be fit to undertake a logomachy for any third parties? finally, that it is proverbially unnecessary to keep a

dog when you are equally proficient in the practice of barking yourself.

Whereupon, silenced by my *a fortiori* and *reductio ad absurdum*, he gave way, saying that it was my own affair, and, anyhow, there would be plenty of time to consider such a matter, since the plaintiff might not choose to do anything further till after the Long Vacation, and we could easily postpone the hearing of the action until the Midsummer of next year.

I, however, earnestly protested that I did not wish so procrastinated a delay, as I desired to make my forensic *début* at the earliest possible moment, and urged him to leave no stone unturned to get the job finished by November at least, suggesting that if we could ascertain the name and address of the judge who was to try the case, I might call upon him, and, in a private and confidential interview, ascertain the extent of his disposition in my favour, and the length of his foot.

To which Mr. SMARTLE replied that he could not recommend any such tactics, as I should certainly ascertain the dimensions of the judicial foot in a literal and painful manner.

Now I must conclude with a livelier piece of intelligence: I am now in receipt of the wished-for invitation to visit the ALL-BUTT-INNETT family at the elegant mansion (or—to speak Scottishly—"manse") they have hired for a few weeks in the savage and romantic mountains of Ayrshire, N.B.

Mrs. A. I. wrote that there is no shooting attached to the manse, but several aristocratic friends of theirs own moors in the vicinity, and will inevitably invite them and their visitors to sport with them, so that, as she believed I was the keen sportsman, I had better bring my gun.

Alack! I am not the happy possessor of any lethal weapon, but, having since this invitation practised diligently upon tin moving beasts, bottles, and eggs rendered incredibly lively by a jet of steam, I am at last an *au fait* with a crackshot, and no end of a Nimrod.

I do not think I shall purchase a gun, for there is a young English acquaintance of mine who is the Devil's Own Volunteer, and who will no doubt have the good nature to lend me his rifle for a week or two.

As to costume, my tailor assures me that it is totally unnecessary to assume the national raiment of a Scotch, unless I am prepared to stalk after a stag. But why should I be deterred by any cowardly fear from pursuing so constitutionally timid a quadruped? I have therefore commissioned him to manufacture me a petticoat kilt, with a chequered tartan, and other accessories, for when we are going to Rome, it is the mark of politeness to dress in the Romish style.

The Caledonian costume is indubitably becoming; but would, I venture humbly to think, be greatly improved by the simple addition of some knee-caps.

EN ÉCOSSE.

À Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—I come of to make a little voyage in Scotland. Ah, the beautiful country of Sir SCOTT, Sir WALLACE, and Sir BURNS! I am gone to render visit to one of my english friends, a charming boy—*un charmant garçon*—and his wife, a lady very instructed and very spiritual, and their child. I adore them, the dear little english child, who have the cheeks like some roses, and the hairs like some flax, as one says in your country, all buckled—*bouclés*, how say you?

I go by the train of night—in french one says "*le sleeping*"—to Edimbourg, and then to Calendar, where I attend to find a coach—in french one says "*un mail*" or "*un fourinhand*." *Nom d'une pipe*, it is one of those ridicule carriages, called in french "*un break*," and in english a char-à-banc—that which the english pronounce "*icherribainque*"—which attends us at the going out of the station! Eh well, in voyage one must habituate himself to all! But a such carriage discovered—*découverte*—seems to me well useless in a country where he falls of rain without cease.

Before to start I demand of all the world some *renseignements* on the scottish climate, and all the world responds me, "All-days of the rain." By consequence I procure myself some impermeable vestments, one mackintosh coat, one mackintosh cape of Inverness, one mackintosh covering of voyage, one south-western hat, some umbrellas, some gaiters, and many pairs of boots very thick—not boots of town, but veritable "shootings."

I arrive at Edimbourg by a morning of the most sads; the sky grey, the earth wet, the air humid. Therefore I propose to myself to search at Calendar a place at the interior, *et voilà*—and see there—the *break* has no interior! There is but that



INGRATITUDE.

Brown. "WHY DOESN'T WALKER STOP TO SPEAK? THOUGHT HE KNEW YOU!"

Smith. "USED TO; BUT I INTRODUCED HIM TO THE GIRL HE MARRIED. NEITHER OF THEM RECOGNISES ME NOW!"

which one calls a "boot," and me, AUGUSTE, can I to lie myself there at the middle of the baggages? Ah no! Thus I am forced to endorse—*endosser*—my impermeable vestments and to protect myself the head by my south-western hat. Then, holding firmly the most strong of my umbrellas, I say to the coacher, "He goes to fall of the rain, is it not?" He makes a sign of head of not to comprehend. Ah, for sure, he is scottish! I indicate the sky and my umbrella, and I say "Rain?" and then he comprehends. "*Eh huile*," he responds to me, "*ah canna sé, mébi huile no hé meukl thé dé*." I write this phonetically, for I comprehend not the scottish language. What droll of conversation! Him comprehends not the english; me I comprehend not the scottish.

But I essay of new, "How many has he of it from here to the lake?" *C'est inutile*—it is unuseful. I say, "Distance?" He comprehends. "*Mébi oui taque toua hours*," says he; "*beutt yile no fache yoursel, its no sé lang that yile bi ouishinn yoursel aoua*." *Quelle langue*—what language, even to write phonetically! I comprehend one sole word, "hours." Some hours! *Sapristi!* I say, "Hours?" He says "*Toua*" all together, a monosyllable. *Sans aucune doute ça veut dire* "twelve"—*douze*. Twelve hours on a break in a such climate! Ah, no! *C'est trop fort*—it is too strong! "Hold," I cry myself, "attend, I descend, I go not!" It is true that I see not how I can to descend, for I am *entouré*—how say you?—of voyagers. We are five on a bench, of the most narrows, and me I am at the middle. And the bench before us is also complete, and we touch him of the knees. And my neighbours carry on the knees all sorts of packets, umbrellas, canes, sacks of voyage, &c. *Il n'y a pas moyen*—he has not there mean. And the coacher says me "*Na, na, monne, yile no ghitt down, yile djest baid ouar yer sittinn*." Then he mounts to his place, and we part immediately. *Il va tomber de la pluie! Douze heures! Mon Dieu, quel voyage!* Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

At Scarborough.

'Arriet (pointing to postillions of pony-chaises). Why do all them boys wear them jackets?

'Arry. There's a stoopid question! Why, they're all jockeys a-training for the Ledger, of course.



"SAVOIR-VIVRE."

Mamma (to George, who is escorting his Sister to a Party). "NOW MIND YOU KEEP AN EYE ON MINNIE."

George. "OH—ER—WELL—YOU KNOW, MOTHER, IT DOESN'T DO FOR A FELLOW TO BE ALWAYS WATCHING HIS SISTER. OTHER CHAPS DON'T LIKE IT, YOU KNOW!"

LI HUNG CHANG'S ONE JOKE.

THERE has been much written in the papers about two jokes said to have been made by LI HUNG CHANG during his visit to Newcastle. One was translated, the other was not. Those who heard both think the one left untranslated was by far the funnier. His Excellency, for his part, is reported to have exceedingly enjoyed both, laughing till his pig-tail almost came off.

"Two jokes? my dear TOBY," said his Excellency, when the M.P. saw him off at Southampton, bound for New York. "There has been only one joke connected with my visit to your country, but that has been a real good 'un. Several times it has occurred to me when I have been in public. I have had to say some un consequential things, like those two remarks at Newcastle. Then LO FENG LUH, who has a large mouth, laughs, and says, 'His Excellency has made a joke.' You people look all round for it, under the table, in corners of the room, up on the ceiling, as if it were a fly, and I quietly enjoy my own laugh."

"And what, Sir, if I may put the question without giving notice, is the joke?"

"The joke, my dear TOBY, is that all you outer barbarians, beginning at Berlin, going on to Paris, swarming round me in this country, insist that I have come here to give big orders for ironclads, for guns, for railways, even for sewing-machines. I saw your picture of me at JOHN BULL's counter, with Germany,

France, and the rest looking in, wondering if I was going to buy anything here. Ha! ha!—Who drew that? TENNIEL? How old is TENNIEL? How much a year does he get?—Well, when I am taken to your foundries and workshops, and ship-building yards, with the expectation that I will forthwith buy everything up, I nearly kill myself with trying not to laugh in your face. That is why I sometimes go in a corner of a room and for a few minutes turn my back on the company. That is why LO FENG LUH, who values his place and his head, whenever he sees me beginning to go off, translates something to you and says, 'His Excellency jokes.'

"Good-bye, TOBY. Excuse me running off, but I feel a fit of laughter coming on. Don't forget to come and see us in China. You're a nice dog. I'm so fond of you, I could eat you. Ha! ha! Must tell that to LO FENG LUH. It'll do for one of 'His Excellency's jokes' when we get to the United States, and they begin all over again with their big guns, their ironclads, their railways, and their sewing-machines."

At Grouse Tower, N.B.

Invalid (to early returning sportsman). What, back already! Good bag?

Sportsman. Yes! the head keeper, the MACWHUSKEY's cap, and my uncle's favourite setter. I'm going South to-night.



SWAIN

CAUGHT NAPPING!

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY AS I'VE HEARD TELL,
SHE WENT TO MARKET HER GOODS FOR TO SELL,

SHE WENT TO MARKET ON A MARKET DAY
AND SHE FELL ASLEEP ON THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

BY CAME A PEDLAR—GERMAN—AND STOUT,
AND HE CUT HER PETTICOATS ALL ROUND ABOUT.

"MARIA WOOD."

(A Lament by a City Man.)

[The Morning states that the famous barge, *Maria Wood*, is now lying in a dreadful condition off Isleworth. She is for sale.]

ALACK! alas! and well a-day,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 You once were young, and trim, and gay,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 But now bereft of paint and gold,
 Unkempt, forsaken, lovelorn, old,
 You bear a placard, "To be sold"
 For fire-wood, *Maria Wood?*



You've had your time, 'mid civic pomp,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 You've borne with many a river romp,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 I've danced the Lancers on your deck,
 I've wasted on you many a cheque,
 And now must you become a wreck,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood?

The *Victory* on Portsmouth tide,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 Is still of ocean queens the pride,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 And can your claim less doubtful be
 On us, who never sailed the sea,
 But loved your horse-drawn majesty,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood?

Shame! that this sight should e'er be seen,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 Shame! that the world can be so mean,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 Up, up, ye cits, dispel this dream!
 Restore the splendours that besem
 The whilom mistress of the stream,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!

PICTURESQUE ADVERTISEMENT.—The elegant auctioneering art of fanciful-descriptive-advertisement-composition has not yet departed from among us. The genius of JOHN ROBINS still inspires the compounders of these attractive mixtures. In the *Globe*, and probably in many other favoured papers, there recently appeared, and no doubt frequently appears, a delightful sample of this style in a small delicately-printed paragraph, which you do not discover to be an "Advt." until you come to within three lines of its last word, commencing, "All amateurs of elegant and worldly holidays,"—where, at once, the eye and the action of the brain are arrested by the simple adjective "worldly." You expect, after this, a sermon, a goody-goody lecture, or at least some highly moral advice. Not a bit of it. The paragraph only announces the fact that Ostend is a splendid watering-place within three hours

by boat of Dover. Then it gives a kind of Monte Cristo account of the Kursaal, of the saloons, of the society, and it finishes with this magnificent climax:—"All languages are spoken as in Babel and Monte Carlo. Attractions are also identical." Now we know what went on in Babel. The *tour de force* at Babel must have been a breaking of the bank, and consequent dispersion of the gamblers using all sorts of language. Antiquarian research will owe a great debt to the compilers of this paragraph from which we have quoted, and which is, after all, only an advertisement for a certain Tea-grower in Ceylon.

THE DOOM OF DULWICH.

(By an old Dulwich Boy in Doleful Dumps.)

ALAS for the famous old inns!
 Ah! progress is all very well,
 But one of its shockingest sins
 Is ringing antiquity's knell.
 The "Crown" and the "Half Moon" are gone,
 And now they the "Greyhound" attack.
 Ah me, for old frolic and fun
 In the days that will never come back!
 Old Dulwich is now merely dull,
 Wit shines with a feebler and slacker ray.
 The "Greyhound" of memories is full
 Of the brave days of DICKENS and THACKERAY.
 Now the fine old-world flavour is fled,
 Old landmarks are gone and I'm baffled;
 New bricks are wherever I tread,
 My feet stray in a forest of—scaffold.
 The Dulwich I used to adore
 Is now grown almost out of knowledge.
 The fields I once roved are no more,
 Next, no doubt, they will pull down the College!
 Fine gentlemen now could not meet
 To settle disputes—by a duel.
 They might as well try Regent's Street
 To give one another their gruel.
 A nice little party, for bowls,
 Used to meet at that white-painted wicket.
 But now Jerry Builders, the ghouls,
 Have robbed us of bowls, quoits, and cricket.
 I used here with a rusty old gun
 To pop round those meadows—for sparrows;
 I used there with a well-beloved One
 To shoot at a target with arrows.
 But archery's now obsolete,
 A stroll in dear Dulwich now sickens;
 A DICKENS no more may I meet,
 Though Dulwich has gone to the Dickens!

CALVES AND CASH.

Friend of the Family. And your eldest boy, how is he getting on at school?
Materfamilias. Well, he just manages to keep clear of being superannuated, which is very satisfactory.
F. of the F. (drily). Very. Not good at Greek, eh?
M. Oh, he doesn't learn Greek. He's on the Modern Side, you know. He only blew himself up once last term—in the laboratory. And he's made half of a working model of a gas-engine, in his engineering set, he tells us.
F. of the F. And his health?
M. Capital! He keeps himself always in training, you know—we allow him an extra beefsteak for breakfast every day—

and he has the biggest calves and thighs of any boy of his age in the school.

F. of the F. (doubtfully). Calves and thighs; but will that sort of thing be much good to him in his future profession—the Law, I think you said?

M. (calmly). We have given up all idea of the Law for him.

F. of the F. Indeed! Perhaps he has a good head for mathematics, and if so, why should he not be a wrangler?

M. He can't understand the first book of Euclid. But so long as he can add up pounds, shillings, and pence, and plenty of them, that is all that will be required of him in the profession which we have selected for him.

F. of the F. (getting interested). Then what is to be his path in life?

M. Why, the cycling racing path, of course! He can follow the lead of his



sister. Listen to this: "One well-known wheeler has earned £2,000 in prizes alone during the past seven months, apart from the heavy retainer which he receives from the tyre and cycle manufacturers whose properties he uses. A leading professional cyclist has an income of from £1,500 to £2,000 a year." Where is the Law compared with that?

F. of the F. Nowhere, of course. But—er—would you call it exactly a liberal profession?

M. (carelessly). Oh, I believe the track proprietors are liberal enough—pay about £70 to you if you win, and £50 if you lose. Our boy says he "would much rather be a wheel-driver than a quill-driver." So we're going to let him.

F. of the F. (trying to conquer old-fashioned prejudices). Well, perhaps you are wise. Hope he'll avoid spills, that's all!

[Wonders, all the way home, if his own son (at the Bar) will ever make as much in a year as a crack cyclist earns from one exhibition.]

An Eastern Question Answered.

WHAT is the distinction between the Insurgents and the Turks?

The former are the "Cretans," and the latter the "Dis-crete 'uns" (in yielding to the persuasion of the Powers). On the same subject, and providing another answer to the same question, a correspondent, signing himself "Plaster of Paris," writes, "*Les premiers sont des Chrétiens et les derniers sont des crétiens.*"

THE PORTAL OF THE BRAIN.—Gateshead.



SELF-EXPLANATORY.

THE CRY OF THE CRICKETER.

(In a Pluvial Autumn.)

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again before next May!
The driving shower and chilling raw gust
Are most inopportune in August.
Rain has a chance to reign, remember,
Till early summer from September.
Why come and spoil cricket's last pages,
Our wickets—and our averages?

QUITE THE RIGHT THING TO DO, MY BOY!"—The Prince of MONACO, last week, announced that he had "discovered a bank" south of the Azores Archipelago. Of course he at once sent it off to Monte Carlo, where it will be uncommonly useful—until it is broken.

SOMETHING MILITARY.—The officers of the Blankshire Cavalry possess, individually and collectively, more money than those of any other regiment in her Majesty's service. If this be so—we name no names—these gallant-heroes ought to be known as "The Tin Soldiers."

SUGGESTION FOR CHANGING THE TITLE OF A RISING SEASIDE RESORT.—For persons whom Providence has blessed with affluence and corpulence, Birchington, on the coast of Kent, has one advantage over Broadstairs, in possessing a Bungalow Hotel, on whose wall is advertised, "No Stairs." Now, as "Birchington-on-Sea" is quite distinct from Birchington-on-t'other-side-of-the-Line (L. C. & D.), and as it does not, as yet, find its name recorded in any map, why should not this place, when there exists such a paradise for the portly as the above-mentioned hotel, assume the title of "Nostairs," which it could easily do without affecting the popularity of ancient and highly-respectable Broadstairs? If there be a town council of Birchington, and if it be a "weighty body," surely a place of Nostairs would be an important consideration in the eyes of such a Birchington Corporation. N.B.—Never miss the annual Roddydendron Show at Birchington. Boys admitted *en bloc*.

AN ERA THAT SOME OLD STAGERS YEARN TO SEE.—*Fin de cycle!*

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sportsman in the Highlands remembers a last year's incident of the Lak. of Como.

Do you forget the peerless night
We spent by fair Bellagio's strand?
E'en now I feel the pure delight
Of holding tight your little hand,
Of hearing all your answers made
In accents too divine to last,
Of knowing you were half afraid
To tell why 'twas your heart beat fast!

Ah, me! the scene comes back anew:—
The starry splendour of the sky,
The ripple of the water blue—
Yes, blue it was—the moon was high,
And silvered every tiny wave
With greater sheen than it was worth,
While lambent fire the oar would lave,
As Heaven bent down to kiss our Earth.

Our boat, like some enchanted bark,
When where and how it pleased to stray.
Some call the midnight moments dark,
They shone for us that yesterday.
So on the lake's broad bosom rocked,
Reluctantly we steered for shore—
Your grandmamma was rightly shocked,
Your grandpapa was something more.

And so we parted, ne'er again
That vagrant vigil to enjoy.
Let dull Decorum croon her strain,
She cannot make of gold alloy,
She cannot definitely raze
The castles that we founded then!
She cannot spoil the hymn of praise
That may be sung by voiceless men!

A while, and but a little while,
And yet so long since that adieu.
Am I so very versatile?
Or is the changeful other—you?
Be that as may. Herewith receive
Some tokens of my Northern "*nous*,"
I send—my skill don't disbelieve—
A salmon, and three brace of grouse!

"LANCERS FOR THE CAPE."—The *Daily Telegraph*, in its report of the departure of the Ninth Lancers from the docks, notes that among the distinguished personages awaiting to receive them and see them off, were Major-General LUCK and Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND of the "P. and O." The gallant Ninth did not take General LUCK with them, though "Good luck go with you" was of course the universal send-off wish. "General Luck" does not imply "Special Luck," though that he is Good Luck *cela va sans dire*. But maybe the Chairman of the "P. and O." wished that this paticular Luck should remain with him, and so he did.

Awful Lapsus Linguae.

(The Contributor is cashiered.)

MR. CONYNGHAM GREENE to Pretoria goes.
His task of his wit will make trial.
Great linguist is he, but we do not suppose
He'll be *vox et Pretoria nihil!*

LOST, MISSING, AND WANTED.—The customary weekly harangue of the German Emperor. Reporters please note.

A CRICKETER WHOSE FAME HAS THIS SEASON BEEN GREATLY EN-HANTS-ED.—Captain WYNWARD.

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR CERTAIN CHEAP AND NASTY WINES.—The Sink Ports.

HERE'S TO THE FEMALE OF FIFTY!

(Sheridan's Toast adapted to the Time.)

[“Mrs. Harcastle, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, asks a London visitor ‘What is to be the fashionable age next season!’ She learns that fifty is to be that halcyon period.”—*Daily News*.]

Modern Sir Harry Bumper sings:—

A FIG for the maiden of bashful fifteen,
She's mawkish, and silly, and shifty.

Here's to Society's genuine queen,
Here's to the Woman of Fifty!

Chorus—Let the toast pass

To the elderly lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the
glass!

Here's to the matron whose humour we
prize!

Now, the maiden of fifteen has none,
Sir!

She has only a pout, and a pair of doll's
eyes;

The fifty-year nymph is good fun, Sir!

Chorus—Let the toast pass,

To the cheery old lass!

I warrant she'll tell you a boy is an ass!

Bother the maid with a bosom of snow,
Rosy cheeks, and red lips like a cherry!

She's dull as a sermon, she's not in the
know,

And she's shocked if you're mellow or
merry.

Chorus—Let the toast pass,

To the jubilee lass!

The Woman of Fifty alone is first class!

The young'uns are awkward, and silly,
and slim,

A fifty-year girl's in full feather.

To Fair, Fat, and Fifty I fill to the brim,
Fifty knocks out fifteen altogether!

Chorus—Let the toast pass,

Drink the Old Lass!

I'll warrant fifteen is not worthy a glass.



THE BISHOP'S SERMON.

The Bishop's Wife (to the Vicar, who is getting drowsy). "MAY I LEND YOU MY SMELLING SALTS?"

The Vicar. "OH NO, THANKS! I WOULD MUCH RATHER GO TO SLEEP!"

'AT HOME AND ABROAD IN LESS THAN A JIFFEY.

(By Our Travelling Impressionist.)

EARLY to bed and early to rise. Breakfast at eight, in one's own dear home (never dearer than when the rates are five and sixpence in the pound!), and then away to the Victoria terminus of the L. C. and D. R. At nine, sharp, starts the capital express for Dover, reaching the favourite Cinque-port shortly before eleven. From the comfortable carriage to the luxurious boat, and the coast of France is reached as A.M. changes to P.M. Then, after a practical recognition of the culinary attractions of the admirable buffet of the Hotel Terminus, away to the market-place, and (with the assistance of a car) to the sea-shore. The *plage* is reached—Calais Plage!

And now you are in front of the sea. The sands are free from niggers, brass bands, and other irritating distractions. Extending for about half a mile is a row of small apartments. Each apartment has folding doors, which can be closed and locked. And now I am particularly attracted by an apartment which has an awning in front of the entrance, decorated with two small tricolour flags. In my mind I christen this war-like looking apartment "The Citadel." In front of it are the regulation two little girls digging the customary hole.

A gentleman of middle age—say about sixty—emerges from the Citadel, carrying in his hand a small Japanese kite. He looks towards the sea, and then prepares to fly the paper representation of the strange bird he clutches. He seizes his opportunity and throws the kite in the air. The ascent is not a success. The strange bird plunges one way, then another, and finally descends. The gentleman of middle age seeks advice. He addresses someone in the Citadel. His appeal is responded to by a French military officer in full uniform! The General (he can scarcely be less than a General) has his kepi, his tunic, his spurs, and his *legion d'honneur*! However, he shows that he is not on duty by wearing his tunic unbuttoned at the waist, and smoking. He is enjoying a long German pipe. The General gravely regards the wind, and offers a suggestion. The gentleman of middle age (I take him to be the warrior's brother) bows

acquiescence and lengthens the tail of the kite. Ah, the good hour! The kite rises and rests steadily, supported by the breeze. Then the string is pegged into the sand, and the relatives supply themselves with long-handled spades and begin digging.

But what is this? Why, a lady passing along has become entangled in the string of the kite. Thus disturbed, the strange bird (known better in Japan than in Europe) has suddenly descended. The lady offers to the General and his brother a thousand apologies. The *amende* is courteously but gravely accepted. The warrior brings himself sharply to "attention" as he gives a military salute. The kite rises once more, and the peg is restored to its sandy bed. Then there is a consultation—a council of war—to decide how in future the peg shall be protected. The General hits upon an idea. He fetches from the Citadel a small French flag. He places the banner of his country next the peg. From that moment the kite is under the protection of the *drapeau* of la belle France!

Having succoured the kite, the General and his brother return to their digging. Now comes a cessation of work to watch a veritable sportsman walking along the sands in search of prey. The veritable sportsman carries a real gun and a real game bag. The latter looks as if it had been bought at a toy-shop. On either side of the veritable sportsman march a boy and a priest. The boy no doubt will, when the important moment is reached, let off the gun. And if there is an accident the services of the chaplain will be accepted with gratitude.

Those who have not apartments on the sea-shore have now noticed that the shadows are becoming longer. *En route!* Back by the car "in the service of the administration" to the market-place. From thence to the good steamer of the L. C. and D. R. is but a few minutes' walk. The Paris train arrives, the bell rings, and the excellent vessel backs out of the harbour. *En route!* We are at Dover! *En route!* We have reached Victoria. And then in less than a jiffy we are seated at dinner. And while we are eating in London the happy families of Calais Plage are no doubt locking up their day apartments before the sea and preparing to occupy the neighbouring *châlets*. May their night dreams be as pleasant as the day reality!



THWARTED AMBITION.

She. "YOU DID STARTLE ME! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!"
He (a trifle bitterly). "I DECLARE YOU SEEM QUITE DISAPPOINTED I'M NOT IN AFRICA!"

She (apologetically). "No; I DON'T MEAN THAT. ONLY—I DO SO WANT TO SEE A GHOST!"

THE PENDULUM OF WEALTH.

(A Forecast.)

CHAPTER II.—"Experto crede."

THE Duchess was about to speak, when a respectful knock sounded on the door, and in response to the Duke's loud "Come in," an aged man in the threadbare uniform of a major-domo entered, and, bowing low, whispered in tremulous accents:—

"Mr. MACLAZARUS, your Grace, is here. He says, by appointment."

"Quite right, PLANTAGENET," said the Duke. "Show him in. Stay, turn on that other light."

"The pictures must go, then," sighed the Duchess. "Can't you—"

"They must, madam," broke in the Duke, sternly. "Let us have no scene over the matter. Let this money-grabber see that a VANPERKEN can swallow misfortune as easily as a little neck clam."

The Duchess gave a little shiver, but managed to raise up a watery smile when Mr. MACLAZARUS was announced. He was a well-dressed gentleman of perhaps forty, slim and fair, with no trace of opulence in his appearance, except in the matter of his waistcoat buttons, each one of which was a single black pearl of great size. His manners were most finished, and on the Duchess putting forth her hand, he raised it to his lips with infinite respect, but forbore to touch the delicate white skin.

"Your Grace sees," he observed, drawing a nickel Waterbury watch from his pocket, "that I am, as usual, punctual."

"Just so," said the Duke, without attempting to produce a timekeeper. "What's the news?"

"There's a considerable fall in stocks," replied Mr. MACLAZARUS. "It is, however, expected that Mexicans will recover and—"

"Poh!" interrupted the Duke, rather rudely, "I wasn't referring to your world, but to mine. How are *we* getting on?"

Mr. MACLAZARUS paused before replying to the ducal query. Then he said cautiously, with a compassionate smile, "Badly, your Grace, very badly. The Earl of POTOMAC is going through the Court, Lord MASSACHUSETTS is selling his estates, Sir RIP VAN WINKLE has lost a fortune over the Duke of Niagara Stakes."

"How dreadful!" cried the Duchess. "And is it true that Lady CHICAGO has eloped with Mr. WEINSCHNITZEL the brewer?"

"Unfortunately, it is," replied Mr. MACLAZARUS. "The news has caused a great sensation at Court. The Empress is furious, and the Princess of TAMMANY has removed Lady SYBIL SPODGE—Lady CHICAGO's sister—from the number of her Maids of Honour."

"Poor girl!" said the Duchess; "she is not to blame."

"Nonsense!" snorted the Duke; "she'd have married WEINSCHNITZEL herself if she'd only had half a chance. But let's to business, MACLAZARUS, for I guess you've other fixings to look after."

"I have, your Grace," said the financier, suavely; "but at present I am at your commands. Let me see," he added, referring to a notebook, "you desire to dispose of your collection of pictures, including the Whistler, the Marcus Stone, and two so-called Turners—"

"How do you mean—the so-called Turners?" broke in the Duke, angrily.

"I regret to say," said Mr. MACLAZARUS, calmly, "that the Turners, the Millais, the Leighton, the three Herkomers, the Dicksee, and four out of the five Leaders, are undoubtedly copies."

"Copies!" echoed the Duke, hotly. "Do you mean to tell me that I am proposing to sell you a parcel of shams? You'd scarcely have ventured to say as much to my grandfather, the first Duke, who lived in the good old days of smart shooting. I suppose he was fooled when he laid out over a million on this collection?"

"I regret to say he was," answered Mr. MACLAZARUS, with the greatest possible *sang froid*. "But I beg your Grace to understand that I do not say all the pictures are forgeries."

"Forgeries!" shouted the peer, rising from his seat and breaking his pipe violently on the table. "Forgeries! How dare you use such a word to me?"

And he advanced, boiling with rage, towards the imperturbable dealer. The affrighted Duchess flung herself upon her husband's neck, crying, "O! JONATHAN, JONATHAN, calm yourself!"

(To be continued.)

AT CODDLETON-ON-SEA.

[The *British Medical Journal* warns parents against allowing their children to paddle in the sea.]

THE attention of parents cannot be too seriously drawn to other dangers of the sea-side. Take crabs, for instance, though we don't advise the average parent to take a crab unless he is used to them. A little boy that we know of was bitten by a crab on the sands, and the effect of the bite, possibly aided by a fall of twenty feet from the pier on to some rocks, produced *brain fever*! The only safe plan is, not to let children go near the sands.

Bathing on a shingly beach is *most dangerous*. We have heard of instances where children have cut their feet on the sharp pebbles, which might have ended in blood poisoning and lameness for life, had not the blood been in an exceptionally pure condition. Such cases should act as warnings. Never think of bathing *till all the shingle has been cleared away*!

Donkey-riding at the sea-side is also very deleterious. A lad of eight, who fell from a donkey, has been so mentally injured that he seems incapable of doing simple addition sums, though when at school he could do compound subtraction. It is true that his mother ascribes the circumstance to the fact that "JOHNNY never will do sums in holidays," but we prefer to believe that a brain-lesion has occurred, which must be serious and may be permanent—always supposing that JOHNNY has any brain to be lesed, which, considering his mother's inaccessibility to medical advice, is doubtful.

It is hardly necessary to add that the prudent parent will rigorously discourage such dangerous weapons as spades, buckets, and toy boats. A spade skilfully used can amputate a toe, the mainmast of a boat may put out an eye, and a baby, after considerable practice, might contrive to drown itself in its own bucket. Don't let children have any good games, either. Games make them hot and feverish. Coddling, and coddle-liver oil, and plenty of both, may make your children somewhat fretful, and a little unbearable in small lodgings, but it will preserve them from some of the awful perils sketched above.

AN OLD SONG (SLIGHTLY ALTERED): LIKELY TO BE POPULAR IN EUROPE THIS AUTUMN.—"Have you seen the Czar, boys, have you seen the Czar?"



SUCCESS HAS A SOFTENING EFFECT.

Bavius (who has at last achieved quite a decent literary position). "DO YOU KNOW, I USED TO ASSERT THAT THE MERE FACT OF A BOOK'S REACHING A SALE OF 50,000 COPIES WAS ENOUGH, OF ITSELF, TO STAMP IT AS BEING AN UTTERLY VILE AND WORTHLESS PRODUCTION. SOMEHOW I NO LONGER FEEL QUITE SO CONVINCED UPON THAT POINT!"

Mævius (who has at last produced a dramatic work which has already run a fortnight, and is even running still). "PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. ANYHOW, I MYSELF AM NO LONGER OF OPINION THAT A MAN IS NECESSARILY A GENIUS JUST BECAUSE HE HAS WRITTEN A PLAY THAT WAS HISSED OFF THE STAGE THE FIRST NIGHT!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

I WONDER that no philosopher has yet written a monograph on the meals of women. It is an important and a fascinating subject—important in its relation to food, fascinating in its relation to the female appetite. To any investigator who shall feel tempted to undertake it, I beg to offer the following notes as a sort of *mémoires pour servir*, the rough blocks, as it were, which he may afterwards hew into shape for the purpose of his edifice.

I TAKE it that ever since EVE eat the unpermitted apple between times, women have in every age displayed a liking for odd meals at odd hours. If by dint of scheming and good luck, a modern housewife has been able to get rid of the males of the household, her first impulse is to heave a sigh of relief at the blessed thought that there need be no dinners. She will take unto herself a female friend, and somewhere between six and seven o'clock in the evening, a tray will be brought in to them and will be placed, not on a solid dining-room table, but (and this is essential) on a rickety little side-table. The tray groans under a varied assortment of mixed eatables. There are sand-

wiches, butter, a cake, a fragmentary aspic from yesterday's dinner, two meringues and a half, some ginger-bread biscuits, a dish of strawberry-jam, three poached eggs, some chocolate creams, muffins, dry toast, and a saucer of mixed pickles. So much for the solid part. The liquid is composed of tea, cold water and cream, the last being generally taken separate. It would seem, in the nature of things, impossible that one fragile tray should bear all this load; but it does. Indeed, half the pleasure of the meal is that it should come in all at once on a single tray, and that its disjunct members should later on be gathered together from the four quarters of the room, replaced on the tray, and whisked away into oblivion at one fell swoop.

AND oh, with what a sense of comfortable *abandon* do the two feasters revel in this innocent orgie. There is no hateful formality, no impassive butler stands behind to chill the fervour of conversation, there are no dismal pauses, no taunts from rude men as to the quality of the food or the capacity of the cook. Everything is spread out in full view; you can have a spoonful here, a handful there; you can start with a chocolate cream, follow on with a poached egg and a slice of cake, and wind up with a meringue and a muffin. Glorious meal, and wondrous feminine digestion, to which nothing comes amiss! Men, in comparison, are the merest slaves of a cut and dried routine—apt to be thrown out of gear by the slightest departure from their wretched dietetic ordinances. Give me rather the free and untrammelled meals of a woman when she has been left to herself.

THE average woman, too, is a confirmed supper-eater. Supper is an irregular meal, and women are, therefore, devoted to suppers. Without the substantial support of women all the great supper-providing establishments of the metropolis would have been in the Bankruptcy Court long ago. At balls, after theatres and concerts, at home, or in restaurants—wherever the supper is there will the women be gathered together. Lobster, dressed crab, mayonnaise of salmon or chicken, soup in cups, cold cutlets, ortolans, all disappear as if by magic if only you call the meal supper and provide a reasonable number of lady-guests. If you called it dinner, and fixed it for a decently-digestive hour, the noblest efforts of the *chef* would be sent away untasted, or at most, picked at and dallied with.

AND so we come to picnics and afternoon tea. Now, with regard to afternoon tea, the discussion is a delicate one, for I understand that the great increase in the import of tea during recent years is due to the fact that man, proud man, who formerly used to drink a brandy and soda when he came home from work or play, now puts away his two cups of tea regularly. I am told, that if you offer a man spirits on his return from shooting, he will scout the suggestion and declare that tea is his drink. This may be so, and for the present, therefore, I pass by afternoon tea. But in the matter of picnics our withers are unwrung. Is there a man worthy of the name who dares to affirm that he likes a picnic? Who is it that proposes a picnic? Is it a man? Never. Picnics are merely another method of escape from regularity and comfort in meals, and it is to women that they owe such vogue as they have ever obtained. Who but a woman could ever have had a sufficiently vivid imagination to believe that there was pleasure in dumping your food down amidst stones and wasps and patches of grass, devouring it in ridiculous positions, and leaving a litter of paper to destroy the landscape? But it is a curious fact that there is about most organised picnics a ceremonious formality, which is rarely observable at meals served in the humdrum fashion on a table set on a floor under a ceiling and within four walls.

Hands and Hearts.

"HANDS off, in South Africa!"—so says our JOE, Is our watchword in Afric, our Doctrine MONROE. The Dutchman, remembering some things that are gone, Might hint that our watchword was lately "Hands on!" May be, the best watchword at last will be found, That of TENNYSON's patriot song, "*Hands all Round!*" In which he expressed better patriot pride Than did his successor in "*JAMESON'S Ride.*"

In an Hotel at Southsea.

First Stranger (referring to third). Your friend says that he owns a liquid gum.

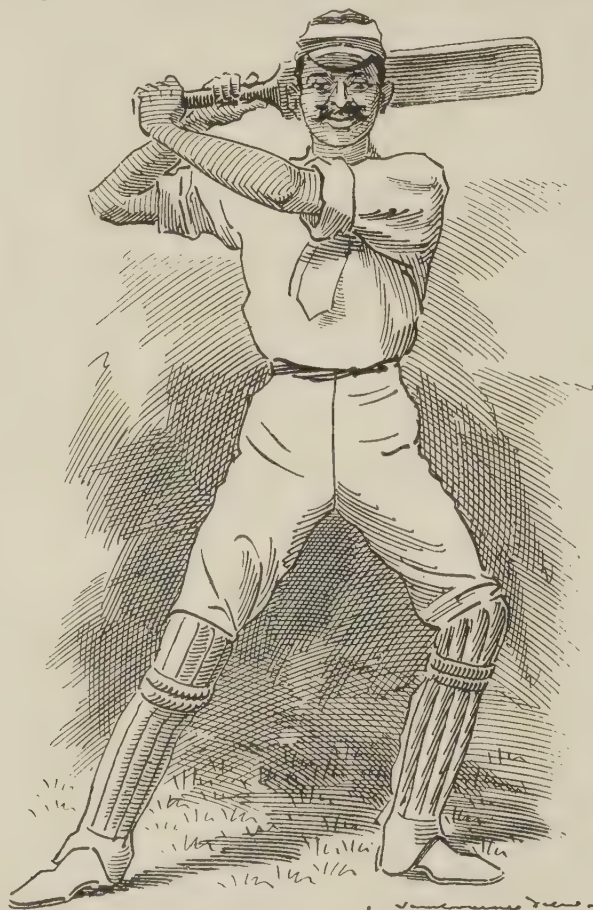
Second Stranger. Naturally. Haven't you observed the way in which he sticks to his liquor?

ODE TO THE BLACK PRINCE,

KUMAR SHRI RANJIT SINHEJI, CHAMPION CRICKETER, 1896.

(A Western Dithyrambic in an Eastern Style.)

PRINCE RANJIT he marched to the westward, from the borders
of Bombay he came,
To the banks of the Cam, and he collared the crown of the
glorious game,
The game which the GRACES and STODDARTS, the flannel-clad
ones of the West,
Declared of all masculine pastimes the proudest and noblest and
best.
In the cohort of century-pilers, the sphere-smiting GILBERT was
king,
But RANJIT the Run-Getter entered the lists; of his triumphs I
sing.



THE BLACK PRINCE (OF CRICKETERS).

Though the poets from PENTAOUR to PETRARCH, from HOMER to
AUSTIN would fail
To picture in adequate tints this swart boss of the bat-ball-and-
bail!

His sire was a Jam in the East, and so is his son—*real* Jam!
In the Raj-Kumar school in the East, or in Trinity College,
by Cam,

Upon cocoa-nut matting at home, or green turf at the Oval or
Lord's,

"RANJIT" shaped like a cricketer sound, and there's scarcely a
sight which affords

More pleasure to judges of "form" than the sight of the slim,
swarthy Prince,

In batting as neat as a trivet, in fielding as sharp as a quince,
Giving beans to the best British bowling, or stopping or sprinting
like steam,

Or making that lovely late cut, a serene thing of beauty, a dream
Of delight, an ideal of art, with the charm of a perfect technique,
Which a fellow who knows what is what at the wickets, could
watch for a week!

The public soon knew "MR. SMITH," and they yelled every time
he appeared,

And they gave him the nick-names crowds give to the cracks to
their bosoms endeared,—

"Ramsgate JIMMY," or "Rum-Gin-and-Whiskey"—more pat
than polite, to a Prince,
But the cricketing crowd by familiar facetiousness loves to evince
Its rough but sincere hero-worship, as he the great Doctor doth
know,
Whom they love to acclaim as "the Old 'un," and chaff when he
bends for a "blow"
After running a fiver—near fifty! But RANJIT the Run-Getter
soon
Began piling "centuries" quickly to a most remarkable tune,
And having a cut at all records. Some toppers that way he's
rubbed out.
He's a-top of the Averages now, and he means getting higher,
no doubt—
If that's not a bull—Sussex' hope, and the pride of the Cam he
appears,
And when the Light Blues give that banquet, your lovers of big
British cheers
Will have every tympanum tickled by shouts for the "Black
Bat,"—*not* night,
As TENNYSON put it in *Maud*, and SIMS REEVES to a nation's
delight,
Hath flutily piped it so often. And faith! the "Black Bat"
hath *not* flown,
And all Britons hope well he won't do, for we love to think
"RANJIT" our own.
An ode to him, then, unto whom we, this season, have owed such
a lot!
And when British bats fight for those "ashes," and there are
some signs of a "rot,"
When we want someone brilliant *and* steady, hawk-eyed, lion-
hearted, and cool,
A blend of MACLAREN and GRACE, with the "stick" of the
SHREWSBURY school,
The sparkle of STODDART or WYNARD, the patience of Surrey's
brave BOB,
May RANJIT the Black Prince of cricket, be with us, and "well
on the job"!!!

THE TRAVELLING 'ARRY.

(From a Cynical Point of View.)

He leaves, on setting foot on the Continent, his normal toleration
of the foreigner, and regards everyone and everything with
undisguised contempt.

He declares that St. Peter's is inferior to St. Paul's, the
British Museum superior to the Louvre, and Notre Dame not
a patch on Westminster Abbey.

He appears to be recalling Waterloo every time he comes
across a French soldier.

He never touches his hat to anyone, and drops "Monsieur"
and "Madame" in spite of the custom of the country.

He appears on the boulevards in a pot hat, and ignores evening
dress in places where *grande tenue* is *de rigueur*.

He laughs contemptuously at all he fails to understand, and
never takes the trouble to comprehend anything.

He assumes that no one but an Englishman can drive, row,
shoot, or engage in athletics.

If he travels in France he becomes aristocratic, and socialistic
if he wanders in Germany.

He sees nothing in Venice, Florence, Dresden, or Berlin.

He yawns in the Vatican, and goes to sleep in the Paris Opera
House.

He walks about everywhere as if the whole place belonged to
him, and resents as an intrusion the presence of the original
inhabitants.

He speaks his own tongue and no other, and expects everyone
to understand him.

He bullies the waiters, and regards the hotel-keepers as
brigands.

He never enters a shop without assuming that the persons
behind the counter are banded to rob him.

He expects everyone to bow before him, and to make way for
him.

He is bumptious and obstinate and stupid and inconsiderate,
and then, after disporting himself as an overbearing bounder
everywhere in foreign parts, he learns with surprise, on his
return to his native land, that the Briton is the reverse of
popular abroad.

MOTTO FOR BRITISH CRICKETERS.—Strike only at the ball!



THE DEPTH OF IGNORANCE.

Dissatisfied Competitor (leaving the Ring at a Horse Show). "WHAT! CALL YOURSELVES JUDGES OF HOSSES? WHY, YER AIN'T FIT TO JUDGE BLOOMIN' BROKEN-DOWN BICYCLES!"

EN ÉCOSSE.

À Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—I have spoken you of my departure from Calendar on the *breack*. Eh, well, he rained not of the whole of the whole—*du tout du tout!* *Il faisait un temps superbe*—he was making a superb time, the route was well agreeable, and the voyage lasted but two hours, and not twelve. What droll of idea! In scottish *twa* is two, not twelve. I was so content to arrive so quick and without to be wetted that I gave the coacher a good to-drink—*un bon pourboire*—though before to start all the voyagers had paid him a "tipp," that which he called a "driver's fee." Again what droll of idea! To give the to-drink before to start, and each one the same—six pennys.

My friend encountered me and conducted me to his house, where I have passed fifteen days, a sojourn of the most agreeables. And all the time almost not one sole drop of rain! *J'avais beau*—I had fine—to buy all my impermeable vestments, I carry them never. One sole umbrella suffices me, and I open him but two times. And yet one says that the Scotland is a rainy country. It is perhaps a season *tout à fait*—all to fact—exceptional. But fifteen days almost without rain! One would believe himself at the border of the Mediterranean, absolutely at the South.

And I have eaten of the "porridg," me AUGUSTE! *Partout* I essay the dish of the country. I take at first a spoonful pure and simple. *Oh la, la!* My friend offers me of the cream. It is well. Also of the salt. *Quelle idée!* But no, before me I perceive a dish of *confiture*, that which the scottish call "marmaladde." *A la bonne heure!* With some marmaladde, some cream, and much of sugar, I find that the "porridg" is enough well, for I taste him no more.

One day we make an ascension, and we see many grouses. Only we can not te shoot, for it is not yet the season of the huntings. It is but a hill that we mount. The name appears me to be french, but bad written. "Ben Venue," that is to say, "Bienvenu"—*soyez le bienvenu*. She is one of the first of the scottish hills, and she says "welcome" in french. It is a

pretty idea, and a politeness very amiable towards my country. I salute the hospitable Scotland and I thank her. It is a great country, of brave men, of charming women—ah, I recall to myself some eyes so beautiful, some forms so attracting!—of ravishing landscapes, and, at that epoch there, of a climate so delicious. She has one sole and one great defect. The best scottish hotels cost very dear, and, my faith, the two or three that I visited are not great thing like comfortable—*ne sont pas grand'chose comme comfortable!*

One day we make a little excursion on the Lake of Lomond. The lake is well beautiful, and the steamboat is excellent. But in one certain hotel, in descending from a *breack*, and before to embark, we take the "lunch." We bargain not, we ask not even the price, we eat at the *table d'hôte* like all the world in Swiss, in France, even in Germany, when there is but one half hour before the departure of the train or of the boat. *Oh la, la!* I have eaten in the spanish hotels, on the steamboats of the italian lakes, even in the *restaurants—mon Dieu!*—of the english railways, but never, never—*au grand jamais*—have I eaten a *déjeuner* like that! One dish I shall forget never; some exterior green leaves of lettuce, without oil or vinegar, which they called a "salad." *Parbleu*—by blue! In all the history of the world there has been but one man who would have could to eat her with pleasure—NABUCHODONOSOR! Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

"Gentlemen v. Players."

THIS title, given to a popular enough cricket match, may sound a little "invidious" to the democratic spirit of to-day, more so, perhaps, than in the times of "Mr." MYNN and FULLER PILCH. "Amateurs v. Professionals" would perhaps do equally well, and create less heart-burning in certain quarters. Mr. C. B. FRY, that admirable all-round athlete, says that "The so-called sham amateurism exists entirely in the imagination of the few discontented professionals, and in the mischief-making columns of certain negligible journals." Mr. Punch trusts this is so, and Mr. FRY ought to know. Mr. Punch is inclined to believe that the "real enemies" of the glorious old game are the "Gentlemen" who are not (fair) players, and the "Players" who are not (true) gentlemen.



ILLUSTRATING THE TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

(A Common Object on the Seashore.)

A WORD WI' WALLACE.

(By an indignant Brither Scot, after reading a wild screed in disparagement of Robert Louis Stevenson.)

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Scots, wha hear what WALLACE said,
Scots, wham STEVENSON has led,
Keepin' ye from cosy bed,
Wi' his glorious minstrelsie,

Now's the day and now's the hour!
See the front o' WALLACE lour!
But yon ROBERT has nae pow'r
To wipe t'ither ROBERT's ee!

Wha will play the traitor-knave?
Wha, o'er ROBERT LOUIS' grave,
Ca's him pharisaic slave?
Fie, fause WALLACE! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's pride and a'
Scotia's sword will strongly draw,
And on this crank creetic fa'?
Caledonian, on wi' me!

By Romance's golden gains,
By sweet poesy's silver strains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
STEVENSON's fair fame to free!

Lay the unworthy WALLACE low!
ROBERT LOUIS Scotland's foe?
Then ROB BURNS and SCOTT were so!
Degenerate WALLACE, mind your ee!

Every Man to his Own Trade.

Ship-owner (joyfully, while reading newspaper). By Jove! the Belgian authorities have arrested BEN TILLET and (sorrowfully) let him go again!

DIS-CUSTED CITIZENS.

EVIDENTLY the National Portrait Gallery is not conducted on popular principles, judging by the following correspondence:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On visiting the National Portrait Gallery this afternoon, I was astonished to find that there were no likenesses of such celebrities of the turf as CHIFNEY, ROBINSON, and other famous jockeys, though, to be sure, I noticed a picture of Lord DERBY. What is the Government about? Let the Sporting League take the question up without delay. Yours indignantly,

WELLINGTON MORTAR.

Epsom Chambers, W., September 2, 1896.

SIR,—I have just been to the National Portrait Gallery, and am truly shocked to find that most of our bygone patriots are not represented. Where, for instance, is the inventor of the chimney-pot hat? Why do we not look upon the features of the Worcestershire nobleman, who first compounded the immortal sauce? To whose professional jealousy may I ascribe the absence of the lineaments of that philanthropist, who first brought out flaming fuses? Is Captain WHITE, of mixed pickle fame, not worthy of a place in the National Collection? Where is the subtle chemist, who originated soda-water, or that other, who perceived how happily the sparkling beverage blended with brandy and whiskey? Where is the deviser of the elastic brace, and where the gifted being who brought the Welsh rarebit and its brother, the "buck," into existence? Where—but there, Sir, my patience is exhausted, and so no doubt is your space. This is an age of ingratitude. Our true benefactors live after all, not by the brush of some wretched dauber, but in the continuity of their famous inventions. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERICK MANDOG.

John Bull Club, September, 5, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Surely in the National Portrait Gallery there ought to be found some of those exquisite types of female loveliness which delighted an older generation? I have inherited from my revered great aunt, Lady SNIFFLETON, a very valuable library of Books of Beauty and Elegant Annuals, profusely illustrated with the most ravishing representations of fair dames and damsels, whose bright eyes and sweet lips still smile as radiantly as of yore. I have not the distinguished honour of knowing Mr.

LIONEL CUST, but understanding that you are acquainted with everybody, I venture to suggest that you should ask him to purchase the volumes in question? Our being strangers one to another must alone prevent my calling upon you in person. I am, dear Sir, yours artistically,

MATILDA MIFFKINS.

Strawberry Rest, Bath.

HONORED SIR,—Wot's all this rot about a Nashional Portrit Galery? I've bin to see it. There's no JACK SHEPARD, JONATHAN WILD, CLAUD DUVAL, DICK TURPIN, nor any sich anshient 'eroes, to say naught of miner crib crakkers. Give me Madame TWOSWARDS and the Chamber of 'Orrors! Your obedient

JACK DOOKSON.

c/o Potman, Bag of Brads, East.

X His Mark.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE PLAY.—If you are tied to town in September, and yet yearn for the distractions of the continent, you cannot do better than visit the Avenue Theatre. There, to the strains of lively music, you may see the Casino overlooking Monaco, and the Isle of Malta, as viewed from the deck of a yacht, not entirely unsuggestive of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. You will find yourself in the midst of the most agreeable company, inclusive of the Misses LOTTIE VENNE, KATE CUTLER, and (thanks to the genuine "kindness of R. D'OYLEY CARTE, Esq.") EMMIE OWEN. There will be Mr. ERIC LEWIS, too, who will introduce you to an unconventional wearer of the Victoria Cross, and Mr. E. W. GARDEN, who will suggest an equally original *garçon* at a restaurant. Then, after enjoying a couple of hours or so of unalloyed amusement, you will return home to Belgravia the Deserted, Brixton the Lonely, or Brompton the Gradually Awakening to Life, satisfied with the comforting reflection that you have passed a pleasant and consequently profitable evening at Monte Carlo without losing touch of the Thames Embankment.

"Cabby knows his Fair."

Middle-class Lady (who has just been driven to High Street, Kensington). What! Half-a-crown!

Cabby. I beg pardon, mum, but I understood yer to say yer was a-going to call at 'Olland 'Ouse.

[Incident closed without further debate.]

THE PENDULUM OF WEALTH.

(A Forecast.)

CHAPTER III.—"Noblesse oblige!"

So the tableau was formed; the Duke trembling with anger, the Duchess with fear, and Mr. MACLAZARUS impassively defiant, when the door was flung open and PLANTAGENET entered, bearing a missive on a japanned tray.

"Pardon me, your Grace," he panted, "but it's a cablegram—no doubt from England."

"Leave the room, Sir," thundered the Duke; and the major-domo, after making a low obeisance, slunk from the apartment.

Despite his wrath, the Duke was a gentleman.

"Excuse me," he said to Mr. MACLAZARUS, before opening the envelope. The dealer bowed, and watched the Duke as he read the inclosure. His Grace's eyes sparkled behind his pince-nez, his form grew more erect, and all trace of indignation vanished from his countenance. Without a word he handed the paper to the Duchess. On her, too, the message had evidently a pleasant effect, for a happy expression came over her face, and soft tears, evidently not caused by grief, made little canals amid the cosmetics on her cheeks.

"Thank Heaven!" she murmured, while Mr. MACLAZARUS wondered what the scene might mean. He had not long to wait for an explanation.

"Mr. MACLAZARUS," said the Duke, in his grandest style, "I shall not sell my pictures, forgeries or otherwise."

"As your Grace pleases," acquiesced the financier.

"Your time is money," continued the Duke, "therefore charge me for the same."

Mr. MACLAZARUS bowed, inwardly resolving that the nobleman must certainly be distraught.

"This despatch," the Duke went on, "is from my son, the Marquis of MANHATTAN; you may as well know its contents." Then in a voice swelling with triumphant emotion, he read:—

"To the Duke of SARATOGA, Milwaukee House, New York.—Am engaged SERINGA BROWN-SMITH, wealthiest heiress in Great Britain. Beautiful and charming lady aged twenty-three. Have explained our position. She agrees to settle one million pounds sterling on you for life, and two millions without conditions on myself. Total fortune, twelve millions. Expect you and mother attend wedding fixed for New Year's Day St. Paul's Cathedral. PRESIDENT gives away bride. Best love. Boom intelligence. MANHATTAN."

"There, Sir, what do you think of that?" added the Duke, with a beaming smile.

"Je-hoshaphat!" was all that Mr. MACLAZARUS could ejaculate. Then recollecting himself, he said, "I sincerely congratulate your Graces."

"Many thanks, my dear Sir," said the Duke, well pleased with the effects which he had made. "You may communicate the information to the Press if you please, but be particular that the sums named are in pounds sterling, not dollars. Let the world know that the Duke of SARATOGA can accept as well as bestow."

"That's true," said Mr. MACLAZARUS to himself, as he thought of the many ducal bills which had passed through his hands.

"Ah! your Grace," he cried, with no feigned enthusiasm; "this is, indeed, a great day for America!"

"It is," said the Duke, simply. "And now, Mr. MACLAZARUS, I pray you, leave us, for the Duchess and myself must instantly cable our blessing and good wishes to the hope of our house and his bride elect."

As Mr. MACLAZARUS leapt into his luxuriously-appointed motor-car, he said, with a quiet chuckle, "So the pendulum is swinging back at last from the other side. I must look out for a British heiress myself. I guess there'll be no infringement of the MONROE Doctrine in this new invasion of the United States."

A Jingo to Joe.

Stop this Dutch farce! KRUGER has scored.

You yield to him a deal too much, man!

The play I'd place on the Boer board

Would be "The Flying Dutchman"!

At Doncaster.

Timid Southerner (to pitman, who is trampling on his corns). I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are—er—walking on my boots.

Pitman. Then, dang it, mon, why didst put thy foot under mine? I want to see t' race, understand.

[Southerner endures silent agony till the Leger is over.]



THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

(A Sketch near Dublin.)

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY LONG AFTER STERNE'S.

(A Romance for a "Ladies Only Compartment.")

SCENE—Reserved Carriage on the London and Utopian Railway. Female Traveller in possession. Enter, suddenly, a Male Traveller.

Male Traveller. A thousand apologies! I really nearly missed my train, so was obliged to take refuge in this carriage. Trust I don't intrude.

Fem. T. (after a pause). As you have no one to present you, I must ask "if you are any lady's husband?"

Male T. (with a sigh). Alas, no! I am a wretched bachelor!

Fem. T. (drily). That is nothing out of the common. I have been given to understand that all bachelors are miserable.

Male T. No doubt your husband agrees with the opinion?

Fem. T. (calmly). I have no experience. I am a spinster.

Male T. (smiling). Indeed! And you selected a ladies' carriage?

Fem. T. (quickly). Because there was no room anywhere else.

Male T. Well, well! At the next station I can get into a smoking compartment.

Fem. T. Surely there is no need to take so much trouble.

Male T. Why! don't you object to a cigar?

Fem. T. Not in the least. The fact is, I smoke myself!

[Red fire and tobacco.]

Male T. (after a pause). I have it on my conscience to make a correction. I said just now that I was not somebody's husband.

Fem. T. (annoyed). Then you are married!

Male T. (with intention). Well, not yet. But if you like you can receive me as somebody's betrothed.

Fem. T. (regardless of grammar). Who's somebody?

Male T. (smiling). Think of your own name.

Fem. T. What next?

Male T. Why, give it to me; and if you like you shall have mine in exchange. (Train arrives at a station.)

Guard (without). All change!

[And later on they do.]



Jack. "WHY DO THE CHURCHES ALWAYS BEGIN AT ELEVEN, GRANDPA?"
Grandpapa. "AH—THE ELEVENTH HOUR, MY BOY!"

A SEISMATICAL SHAME!

(By a "Human Boy.")

[It is reported that Juan Fernandez, *Robinson Crusoe's* island, has been entirely destroyed by an earthquake.]

Poor Island of *Robinson Crusoe*!
How could e'en an earthquake treat you so?

Though earthquakes are shocking,
And too fond of rocking,
I'd not have believed one could do so!

Your earthquake is cocky and "sidey,"
And apt to leave places—untidy,

But one must be callous
To scorn all that hallows
The home of dear *Rob* and *Man Friday*!

Big Ben goes off Strike.

(By a Sleepless Dweller in Westminster.)

BIG BEN has stayed his strident voice,
His all too constant call!

Big Ben is hushed! I say, rejoice!
Big benefit for all!

Among the Turnips.

Host (to cockney solicitor). Hang it all,
DEEDS, you oughtn't to shoot into the
brown like that!

Deeds. Shoot into the brown! What
are you talking about? I fired at the
partridges, and I'll bet you drinks I
wounded four!

BOUND TO THE WHEEL.

(A modern Torture happily unknown to poor Ixion.)

THE Member of an Ordinary London Club arrived at the pleasant country place to which he had been invited.

"Five o'clock tea going on?" he asked, as he divested himself of his travelling wraps.

"Well, no, Sir. You see, the young ladies—in fact, all the ladies—are cycling, and won't be back until the hour for dressing. But I daresay I can get you a cup if you want one."

Slightly depressed, the Member leisurely assumed the regulation dress suit for dinner, and made his way to the library. No one was there, but there was plenty of literature. The periodicals dealt, it is true, only with wheeling, but there were many of them. The books were locked up in their dust-covered shelves. However, there were a few volumes lying open. They were exclusively devoted to biking, in all its branches.

The time passed slowly, then came a rush of tyres, and the house party had returned to head-quarters.

In due course the hosts and visitors assembled. The Member received a hearty greeting.

"Ah, my dear fellow," cried the squire, cheerily, "you should have come down this morning. Such a splendid run! Went sixty miles without sustaining a puncture!"

The Member was at sea, and said so. Then the Squire discoursed upon the advantages and disadvantages of various makers. One was lighter than the other, and the third was easier to keep in order than the fourth, and so on.

The Member—in his own circle considered "an amusing rattle"—found himself nowhere. He was out of it, completely out of it. The ladies vanished after dinner, and the men were left to their coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes.

"Next Session there may be a question about the leadership," began the Member.

"Not at all," replied his host. "We are not likely to see the record broken yet awhile. But to return to to-day's run. I do not remember anything to equal it."

And they talked cycling until it was time to join the ladies. They kept up the subject until the appearance of the tray and glasses. They continued it in the smoking-room, in *négligé* jackets and slippers.

The Member had nought to say. And if he had had there would have been no one to listen to him. They talked cycling, and nothing but cycling, until the early hours of the morning.

"By jove," yawned the Member, as he put out the candle, "on my word, much as I hate hunting stories, I do really believe the chatter of the shires, half a century ago, must have been more interesting than nothing but wheeling."

And when the Member made this observation he voiced the opinion of most people who don't bike, and consequently are sane upon the subject of cycling.

MUSICAL.—MR. GLADSTONE declares that Yorkshire is pre-eminent for its bands. Mr. Punch cordially agrees with the right honourable gentleman, for he has never yet come across a "Tyke" who did not appreciate the power of "brass."

21/AIN SC

[On seeing the blue-jackets the Armenians rushed to them for protection, which was readily given. . . . Urgent complaints were addressed to the British Government, when Mr. HERBERT replied that, given the same condition of things, English sailors would do it again.—*Daily Paper*.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Old Beau turns over an Album of Portraits, and soliloquises.

THE years, as HORACE says, glide by,
And we change with the lapse of time;
The months that made us laugh or cry,
The weeks of prose, the days of rhyme.
But, looking at this book to-night—
'Twas filled some forty years ago—
I feel an exquisite delight
At meeting those I used to know.

In truth there has been such a change
In each and ev'ry pretty face,
That all of them are very strange,
And seem of quite another race.
Yet once they were the fairest flowers
That ever social garden grew,
To deck the fashionable bowers
Of those who held themselves The Few.

Can this be Lady ALDEGONDE,
This sylph with lilies on her brow?
Of course she is *de par le monde*;
How flesh and years oppress her now!
And here is FANNY, Countess X.,
Who held her sway at many a court.
Poor thing! She joined the fleet of
wrecks,
And never brought her ship to port.

There smiles the Duchess! No one dared
Dispute her right to lead the way.
A Queen of Women, we declared.
She's like a bag of bones to-day.
Ah! Lady NINON, wondrous fair!
For men a goddess to adore.
You must be Time's especial care,
For now you're only thirty-four!

A rosebud bevy next, of girls,
Each in my being had a part;
'Mid ringlets, plaits, Madonnas, curls,
I broke in pieces all my heart.
For each a little bit. At last
I found I had no heart to give;
Yet, after such a holocaust,
How was it that I dared to live?

Ah! this was why! That saintly face
Made light, where all before was blind!
My spirit felt the touch of grace
That gave the unknown peace of mind!
Sweet countenance! that ever shone
With pure and beatific flame.
Dearest— Good Gad, my memory's
gone,
I cannot recollect your name!

A CLOSE SHAVE.—By the casting vote
of the Lord Mayor, the Manchester City



Council has decided not to take proceedings against Sunday barbers. Mr. Punch congratulates his Lordship and the knights of the razor. There's nothing like lather!

MUST BE NAUTICAL.—Mr. GOSCHEN, when not at the Admiralty, is usually at Seacox Heath, whence he still rules the ocean *cum dignitate*.

DARBY JONES ON THE LEGER.

HONOURED SIR,—Once more I take up my pen to refer to a classic carnival, not with that ease, I confess, which distinguishes the Hon. FRANK LAWLEY, Mr. "HOTSPUR" GREENWOOD, and others of the *incognoscenti*, but with a certain amount of confidence, inasmuch as I know that unhappily St. Frusquin can't possibly win. I had a modest fiver on him, at your expense; but let that rest



till we settle up my travelling expenses to Doncaster and back. Let me now give my muse a canter:—

If Royalty capture this classic event,
There'll be cheers that you'd hear on the banks of the Trent.

But a bird, who ne'er perches upon a green tree,
Whispers Something that's good for 1, 2, or 3.
If a Derby with Leger could well be combined,
This Something will leave many others behind.
And don't you forget, if a mare's in the race,
That the gentlemen may have to quail at her pace.

With this simple and straightforward enigma, I leave all noble sportsmen to return to their several castles, mansions, and parks, not forgetting the unpretentious cottage *orné*, laden with tons of Doncaster butter-scotch, or the means wherewithal to purchase the same. I regret to say, that although we are well into the partridge season, no boxes of the succulent flyer of the moors have yet reached me from my numerous patrons. Possibly this fact accounts for several dinner-parties which I understand you gave recently, but to which entertainments you omitted to bid

Your faithful servant,
DARBY JONES.

[We ought, perhaps, to mention that a basket, addressed to D. J., and labelled "Game—with care," did reach this office on or about August 14. In deference to the Sanitary Inspector we opened the hamper, and found that it contained what we took to be sweepings from Leadenhall Market. Perhaps Mr. JONES will kindly forward the sum of 5s. 4d. paid out for carriage?—ED.]

ALL VERY FINE AND LARGE!

(A Straight Tip to Cutting Tobacconists.)

FINE-CUT tobaccos are all very fine,
But fine-cut profits make trade decline.
Honest small traders must fall at the charge

Of profits too small in shops too large.
Selling at cost-price, or at a loss,
Reduces business to pitch-and-toss;
And he is the CAIN among business brothers

Who seeks success in ruining others.
Would-be monopolists, this is no joke,
But—something to put in your pipes and smoke!

A DEER INSECT.—The stag-beetle.

THE PULL OF THE POSTERS.

(An imaginary Sketch of what is not of necessity an impossibility.)

["The County Council have under consideration the advisability of letting out the hoardings put up to shield condemned dwelling-houses for advertisements."—*Daily Paper*.]

"BUT I assure you that it is in excellent repair," urged the landlord.

"How can you say that," calmly asked the official, pointing to a fractured pane of glass, "in the face of that broken window?"

"It can be mended. It can, indeed."

"And see that crack in the wall. That is fatal to its stability."

"I see no crack," observed the landlord, mournfully.

"Take my microscope, and the fissure will be clearly discernible." And the official handed the instrument that had been such a valuable auxiliary to the naked eye. After a careful inspection the two men resumed their glasses—the inspector his eye-glass and the inspected his *pince-nez*.

Then the landlord made a last appeal. He pointed out that the house was in better condition than many, than most of its fellows. Considering that it was at the apex of an angle of streets, it bore the attacks of the wind and storm wonderfully well.

"That is the worst of it," said the official. "You see, your house is so well situated. It can be seen for half a mile either way."

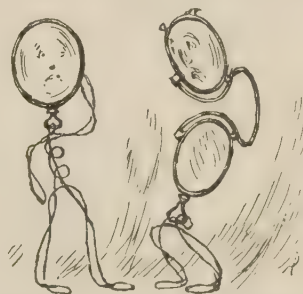
"But why is that an objection? If it were pulled down the hoarding would be up for months—possibly years."

"That has decided the question," responded the until-now wavering official. "Your tenement must come down."

The landlord bowed his head, and knew his house was doomed. He sorrowfully walked away.

"And now, Sir," said the official, turning to a cloaked figure, "I am in a position to deal with you. Nay, concealment is no longer necessary. You can relinquish your disguise."

Thus invited, the newcomer discarded



his mask and slouch hat, and went into figures about the value of advertisement stations, especially at street corners.

Rhodesia Restored.

(By a Well-wisher to the East Africa Co.)

THE E. A. C.'s gold-grubbing craze
Mischief, perchance, forbodes;
But if they will but mend their ways,
They may repair their RHODES.

MRS. PHOSSYL writes to inquire why the papers state that "Home Railways are flat." She does not know of any mountainous line in England, though she has been, of course, up the Righi.



THE WORM THAT TURNS—TOO MUCH.

Angler. "NOW THEN, SAUNDERS, HURRY UP WITH THAT ROD!"

Gillie. "BIDE A WEE, MASTER WULLIE, BIDE A WEE! EH-H! A NEVER KENT THE WUR-R-MS SAE WILD TO THE HOOK AS THEY ARE THE DAY!"

THE INVESTOR'S GUARDIAN.

(Submitted for consideration during the Recess.)

Question. To whom does the originator of a company of limited liability at all times pay the greatest attention?

Answer. To the investor desirous of finding suitable employment for his money.

Q. Must an investor be a millionaire to suit the purposes of the promoter?

A. Not at all, for, in the establishment of a company, fifty one-pound shareholders are just as remunerative as ten five-pound shareholders.

Q. But how can the many learn the advantages of the institution the promoter desires to establish?

A. Through the valuable aid of advertisements in the Press.

Q. Do not réclames cost money?

A. They require either cash or credit.

Q. Is there not a mode of collecting the necessary capital without running any risk of failure?

A. Yes; by getting an already-established company to underwrite the shares.

Q. When the prospectus is launched, what further step becomes desirable?

A. It is considered by experts a good plan to give the new venture a hearty "send-off" by inviting chosen representatives of the Press to dinner.

Q. But how does this banquet affect the fortunes of the Isle of Sky and Golden Eldorado Copper Mines of Timbuctoo, Limited, or some corporation of a kindred nature?

A. It has the desired effect of suggesting to the chairman of the company that the promoter can command the services

of the journalist with the aid of a menu card.

Q. Is the title of the promoted company of the first importance?

A. Certainly; for the title is the hook (baited with the names of suitable directors) that is intended to catch the golden fish swimming in the direction of Capel Court.

Q. Describe a "suitable director."

A. A suitable director is a person with a title or a reputation, who does not mind advertising either or both at the head of a prospectus.

Q. After becoming a director, what does this suitable person do?

A. If he be wise, he will hold his tongue, receive his fees, and if he have any shares in the company, be ready at a moment's notice to unload.

Q. What is "unloading"?

A. The operation of giving up the old love for some later fancy. When it is *couleur de rose*, and shares are at a premium, then is the time to realize.

Q. When his cash has been paid, what should the promoter do?

A. Gracefully retire from his established venture, and promote something else.

Q. What is the customary fate of the company promoter?

A. A long run for his money, generally followed by an equally long run from his creditors.

THE THREE C'S.

(By a Common Chap.)

["The teaching of cookery is perhaps the most practical form in which elementary schools contribute to the material welfare of the community." *Daily News.*]

AN! them "Three R's" is mighty fine,

But if you're poor, and a bread-winner,
You know the virtue—when you dine—

Of sitting to a well-cooked dinner!

Pianner-playin' we can shirk,

Likeways recitin' potry passages;

But when a cove comes 'ome from work,
There's comfort in some 'ot fried sas-

sages.

Then taters, too. Not arf bad tack,

If the old hen knows 'ow to bile 'em,

But then, yer see, that needs some knack,

And 'eaps o' working women spile 'em.

There's my old woman—bless her heart,

She's a good sort—but a rank duffer

At makin' of a rhubub tart,

And so my teeth—and temper—suffer.

Now, NELL, my gal, at the Board School

'As larned a bit o' kitchen gumption;

And though I rank as a old fool,

In who it might be thought presumption

To give advice to them, my betters,

Who says we *must* be edicated,

I say there's nore to larn than letters.

NELLY, as I've aready stated,

Can cook a chop or make a stew,

Or fake cold scraps to somethink tasty,

Give tips to her old mother, too,

Who *means* well, but is awful wasty.

We keeps no sarvent—reason why,

It won't run to it in *our* station;

But when young NELL made her fust pie,

We felt the good of edication.

And if the School Board wants to send

Comfort to many a 'umble rookery,

It's bound to play the poor man's friend

By teaching of our gals Cheap Cookery.

That makes two C's, and for the third,

Comfort is pooty sure to foller.

And though perhaps it sounds absurd,

For *Home* they beat the Three R's

holler!



"DOING TIME."

(Fancy Sporting Sketch—Old Style.)

LIFE IN A MOTOR-VILLA.

(Being Pages from a very Modern Log-book.)

Monday.—Capital idea that about motor-houses I heard the other day. Must invest in one at once. MARIA is charmed with the notion. Says she's too stout for cycling, and never gets change of air. . . . Just been to the agent's—most obliging man—showed us round his works, and gave us several trial runs. He has got quite a little village on wheels, from a family mansion, weighing 3,000 tons, with lodge and front drive complete, down to a delightful little six-roomed touring cottage, with creepers, verandah, mudguard, cow-catcher, and automatic brake—just the thing for a newly-married couple. However, we eventually decided on a stylish-looking, but solidly-built petroleum-fed villa, about 400 tons in weight, with pneumatic tyres and a small front garden for the children, guaranteed to go ten miles an hour against head winds, and insured against collisions and explosions. Took it on a three years' lease, and engaged an engineer on the spot, but mean to drive it myself as much as possible. Had it sent round to Oxford Street to-night. We shall have to embark early to-morrow morning as the whole street is on the move, and the rush of houses out of town is something tremendous just now. Have already christened it "Roly"—short for Petroleum Villa.

Tuesday, 4 A.M.—Roly was rather restive during the night, and wanted to start off on its own accord before daybreak, having had a double allowance of oil. I am sorry to say it tore up the lamp-post to which it was tethered, but was chased by a policeman and brought back safely. No other damage done, except a shop window stove in and a bit of our front garden chipped off. . . . We got away a little later than originally intended, owing to the cook having struck, saying she wasn't a-going to ride in a gipsy caravan. We finally arranged to double her wages. The nurse nearly fell overboard with the baby, but MARIA managed to stop her in time. Also TOMMY was lost at the last moment, but we found him at last, eating tarts in the engine-room, next to the kitchen. He was in a dreadful state, all over oil. Little MAUDIE was rather fractious at her strange surroundings, and her cries attracted the attention of the police, who requested us to move on. This we did about six o'clock, after taking in the milk. I myself drove, MARIA keeping a lookout from a bedroom window. I managed very well, with hints from the engineer, though I ran into the Marble Arch shortly after starting, which delayed us a bit. However, our abode held very well together, and we only dropped a chimney-pot and a window-sash. We had an exciting race with another villa going west, and were nearly being beaten, when

the latter, in trying to pass us on the wrong side of the road, fouled the Park railings and exploded. We then forged ahead, and turned south towards the river, oiling up at Putney Bridge. I began to find the amount of petroleum consumed rather heavy, having used up a large cisternful in the morning. Still, I found the motion pleasant, but the housemaid was rather seasick, and gave notice. GLADYS fell out of the nursery window, on to a passing cart, fortunately, so we recovered her without much trouble. We nearly stuck fast on the bridge, but managed eventually to squeeze through, though we upset the front gate and part of the garden walk into the river. Nothing further happened till we got to Barnes, where we anchored for the day. Our nerves were somewhat shaken, and we were rather glad of a stoppage. There were also some repairs to be done, and the engineer had to be discharged, as he said the machine required whisky. He rolled off the back yard, so I declined to take him aboard again. Shall run the show myself.

Wednesday.—Roly refused to budge this morning, and, unluckily, a local grocer threatened to sue us for obstructing his "ancient lights." We had stopped in front of his shop, I found. I pointed out that it was an excellent advertisement for him, but he would not listen to reason. We were in danger of getting mobbed, when somehow the apparatus started off automatically, and ran away with us in the direction of Wimbledon Common. Here we got off the tracks entirely, and, after a series of mishaps, landed in a gravel-pit. MARIA made some rather unkind remarks about my bad steering. I admitted I was only a beginner, but I pointed out that we were in a most fortunate position (though undoubtedly somewhat badly bunkered), as gravel was now, so to speak, laid on, and we could execute some needful repairs on our front walk. The roof was slightly damaged by the fall, and showed signs of caving in, and the dining-room floor gave way, but otherwise Roly was as fit as ever. We decided to picnic for dinner among the furze-bushes, and bivouacked for the night outside, just as a change. No further incident occurred, and the villa was quite quiet throughout the night.

Thursday.—I spent the best part of the day trying to get our abode out of the gravel-pit. We effected it at last, with the aid of six steam-cranes, only to find that both our hind wheels were punctured. This caused further delay, and we had almost to turn Roly upside down. MARIA was considerably upset, and GLADYS rolled down the stairs and landed in the gorse. We got under way at last, but did not go far, as we stopped at Rayne's Park to pay a call. Our friend was delighted at seeing we had brought the whole establishment round. She said the mountain was going to Mahomet, after all. Whether the villa was trying to show off or not I don't know, but we finished the evening by demolishing Mrs. E.'s front hedge, and generally damaging the landscape.

Friday.—An off-day—that is to say, we were off, and lost our way completely. A fog came on—most unusual in August—and we ran over an old woman, though only going half-speed and blowing foghorns all the time. After that we have to.

Saturday.—Our at-home day, but no callers, as our friends had apparently been unable to catch us up. The postman also had failed to discover our whereabouts. After waiting till past tea-time we made a move for Sutton, and soon set off at a brisk pace. We passed a good many other motor-villas, detached and semi-detached (or tandem), going along the Brighton road for the week-end. MARIA thought she would like to drive for a change, while I steered from the front gate. I successfully eluded two tax-collectors and a gas-man, and knocked one or two writers down. We met the DE SNOOKSES in their auto-bungalow going from Morden to Mitcham, but they were pursuing such an erratic course that we had to back into a hedge to let them pass. Several large boarding-houses and a family hotel overtook us, cutting up the roadway frightfully. They ought not to be allowed to go more than ten miles an hour. Near Benhilton, Roly jibbed rather at a dog-cart, horses being such a strange survival in these days. At last MARIA put on a spurt, and automoted in fine style up Sutton High Street. Unluckily, on nearing the top, the gradient proved too strong for our tonnage, and our wheels began to go round the wrong way. We rapidly descended the hill, back yard first. We charged the church, tore up the pavement, cannoned into a public-house, leaving our night-nursery behind. MARIA then quite lost her head, while the steering apparatus got beyond my control. With a superhuman effort, however, I managed to direct Roly at the gasworks, which blew up on the impact, severely shaking the baby. We then came to a standstill, and were taken in charge by the local policeman for furious moting. On the whole, we have had quite an exciting little expedition, and shall not be averse to a Sunday rest.



A FRIENDLY REBUKE.

"THANKS FOR A VERY PLEASANT EVENING, AND GOOD-NIGHT, HERR PROFESSOR. I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOU SO EARLY!"
 "ACH! FRÄULEIN, WHEN YOU COME TO SEE US, YOUR STAYS ARE ALWAYS SO SHORT!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

"THE UNIVERSAL LITERARY SUPPLY COMPANY, LIMITED."

I HAVE just gone through a startling experience, and I desire to communicate the details to the public before they shall have faded from my memory. It is of course a mere truism to say that many strange things are being done in our very midst without our being in the least aware of them; but it is certainly extraordinary that anything connected with literature should at the present day remain hid, for has not the man in the street taken to literature, and do not countless periodicals, illustrated interviews, articles on "How I do my work," with flash-light photographs of eminent authors in the act of composition—do not all these prove how deep and wide-spread is the public interest in all matters of literary concern? There are reasons, no doubt, which would lead those who know the institution of which I am going to speak to keep their knowledge to themselves. These reasons, however, do not affect me; my withers are unwrung, though many a galled jade will wince when I have finished my story. To my task, therefore.

I HAPPENED—it was on Friday last—to be wandering in one of the less frequented streets in the neighbourhood of the Mile End Road, when my attention was arrested by a small black board hung over the entrance of a dingy block of buildings. I scarcely know why I should have stopped; perhaps it was an intuition, perhaps it was a mere chance. Anyhow, stop I did, and read the following advertisement, painted in dirty white letters on the board:—"The Universal Literary Supply Co., Limited. Office hours, 10 to 6. Knock and ring." Impelled by an irresistible curiosity, I knocked and rang. There was a shuffle of feet in the passage, the door was half opened, and the untidy face of a house-wench peered dubiously at me. "I called—I mean, I wanted to see—" I began.

"Want to see the manager, I suppose," she interrupted; "'e's 'avin a sangwich and a pint just now, and p'raps if you'd call again—" At this point, a door on an upper floor was opened, and a gruff male voice, rendered thick by the mastication of bread and meat, called down, "What's up, SALLY?"

"Another on 'em wants to see you, Sir."

"All right, let him in."

"Come, in Sir," she said to me; "fust door on the right on the fust landin'. Mind yer 'at." I minded my hat, and walked upstairs.

THE door indicated was open, and I stepped in. I found myself in an immense room, brilliantly lit by electricity. Some fifty clerks were busily writing at desks, and hardly noticed my entrance. The walls were lined with cupboards and shelves, all lettered and numbered. Huge iron boxes were ranged all round the room. The atmosphere was heavy, a sort of mixture of foolscap, ink, type-writers, proof-sheets, copying-presses, beer, whisky, and biscuits. I cannot remember ever having noticed air of this peculiar kind anywhere else, and yet, somehow, I recognised it at once as familiar. I breathed it in with immense gusto, and my hand strayed mechanically to the pocket in which I keep my note-book. I did not know what notes I was going to set down, but I felt that I must write something. Before I could do so, however, an elderly man, with a grey moustache, a red face, a brown alpaca jacket, a turn-down collar, a brilliant red tie, baggy shepherd's plaid trousers, carpet-slippers, and with three quill pens stuck behind his right ear, came up to me and addressed me.

"I PRESUME," he said, "that you have the usual introduction?"

"Introduction?" I faltered. "I don't quite know. What kind of introduction do you mean?"

"Oh, well, any introduction will do. We prefer a note from an editor, but publishers are accepted. Yes, we've done a lot of business through publishers. Of course, we can't supply everybody—we do our best, but the business has grown so enormously that we find that we can't accept fresh customers without an introduction."

"Of course, of course," I said; "I quite see that; but I'm afraid I omitted to provide myself with one. I saw your notice, and as it said you were universal, I thought I'd step in. But perhaps a cheque would do, a cheque signed by an editor, I mean. I've got one or two about me."

"Oh, yes, a cheque would do, though it's rather unusual. We should not undertake to cash it, but if it is drawn for anything over £5 there would be no difficulty."

As luck would have it I had that very morning received a cheque for precisely that amount from dear old BOLDERS, the editor of "Snapshots, with which is incorporated *The Raffle*." I produced it with a certain modest pride. The effect was instantaneous.

"My dear Sir," said the manager, "such a reference is ample. We shall be proud to open an account with you. What might you require?"

This was another poser. I really had no notion what I required; indeed, I didn't know what class of goods the establishment supplied.

"Perhaps," I ventured to say, "I might take a look round first. I shall probably want a large order executed."

"By all means; delighted to show you round myself. All our articles, I may mention, are of the very best. We receive them direct from the manufacturers. Now, here," he continued, tapping one of the iron boxes, "here we have a large consignment of heroines."

"Of what?" I gasped.

"Of heroines," he went on, without moving a muscle; "heroines of novels, you know. We used to let them have the run of the place, but during the last year or two we found they carried on so dreadfully with the clerks, and put such curious ideas about marriage and all that into their heads, that we've had to keep them shut up. The mothers of the clerks complained a good deal, and it's always best to avoid rows. Shall I show you one or two?"

(To be continued.)

An Unpublished Soliloquy.

(Picked up in an Imperial Railway Carriage.)

["THE KAISER and the TZAR tenderly embraced one another, when parting at Görlitz."]

DEAR WILHELM, many and many a time

I've longed your Teuton nose to tweak.

To do so now would be a crime,

Since I have hugged your matchless cheek.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (in want of bail).—Q. Why should a sea-captain be invaluable in a shop? A. Because he is usually a good counter skipper.



"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

(Cycling known to Shakspeare.)

Messenger.

SPIES OF THE VOICES

HELD ME IN CHASE, THAT I WAS FORCED TO WHEEL

THREE OR FOUR MILES ABOUT."—*Coriolanus*, Act I., Sc. 6.

MEETINGS IN THE NORTH—NEW STYLE.

(As arranged by the Commissioners of H.M.'s Office of Works.)

SCENE—Holyrood Park. TIME—Noon.

PRESENT—EDWIN and ANGELINA, seated beneath the trees.

Angelina (with enthusiasm). I can assure you the piece was most amusing. The villain said, raising his arm, "I have been the cause of the death of your brother."

Edwin (apprehensively). My own one, pray be careful, you are giving a representation.

Angelina (astonished). And why not? Surely I can tell you what I saw at the theatre.

Edwin (sotto voce). My own, I fear that the Commissioners, unless they authorise it, will not allow it.

Angelina (with a smile). How absurd. (Continuing her story.) You see he laid his hand upon her arm like this.

Edwin (looking around in alarm). Oh, don't, dear. As a barrister I must tell you that that gesture may be taken as an "action in dumb show." You are really seriously infringing the by-laws.

Angelina (pouting). You are very disagreeable. I always thought you so clever! And now I believe you are dull and silly!

Edwin (distressed). My angel, you know that I would not harm a hair of your head; still, it is only right to say that such a speech as yours might be held as an act calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

Angelina (testily). You wish to irritate me!

Edwin (imploringly). How can you say such cruel things! But Holyrood is now under new rules, and we must be bound by them.

Angelina (after a moment's consideration). Well, we must wait until we return to London. We will continue our conversation in Kensington Gardens.

Edwin (mournfully). Alas! loved one, that would not better the situation! The rules apply equally to them, and to St. James's Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, Greenwich Park, Kew Gardens, Kew Green, Hampton Court Gardens and Green, Richmond Park and Green, Linlithgow Peel and Park, the Royal Botanical Gardens, Edinburgh, and the Victoria Tower Gardens. (Gently, after a long pause.) My own, my dearest, do speak to me. Come (with an attempt at gaiety), a penny for my thoughts?

Policeman MacX. (confronting them). Now, Sir, I have caught you in the very act. Asking for a penny when the regulations say "that no money shall be solicited or collected in connection with any performance, recitation, or representation, And thinking is a performance, as you know as well as me."

Edwin (with dignity). Constable, I am a counsel. If you knew the by-laws you quote so glibly you would be aware that all this may be done "by permission of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Office of Works."

Angelina (in tears). Oh, we haven't got a permission!

Policeman MacX. (sternly). Then, Sir, all you will have to do is to pay a penalty not exceeding £5. That is when the charge is proved.

Edwin (after a moment's hesitation). Constable, you are a man of the world. Do you not think that half-a-crown, payable at once to you, would do as well?

[The scene closes in upon Policeman MacX. considering.]

REAL AUTUMN HANDY-CAP.—A deerstalker.

THE NEWEST PALACE OF (POSTER) ART.

(Fragments of the Cryptic Confession of a Disillusionised Devotee of the Subterhuman and Anti-natural.)

I BUILT my soul a poster-pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease to drowse and dwell.
I said, "Oh, soul, at neo-pagan nous,
Dear soul, thou art a swell!"

A railway station big as Charing Cross
I chose. Abundant space and height
Were needful. It had windows green as
moss,
Which let in little light.

Posters I hung on every ledge and shelf,
O'er wall-place clear, or winding stair.
My soul could live alone unto herself
With her ideals there!

And "while the world plods round and
round," I said,

"Reign thou apart, a High-Art king,
Still as a parrot who, its supper made,
Sleeps in its brazen ring."

To which my soul made answer like a shot,
"You bet, my boy! Here I'll abide
Far from old Nature's inartistic rot,
In superhuman pride!"

* * * * *
Full of big bills and small the palace stood
All various, each a perfect whole.
Unknit from Nature, fit for every mood
Of my superior soul.

For some were hung all gaudy green and
blue

Like Covent Garden at the morn;
Imps with lank cheeks and currant eyes
askew,
And wreathed satyr-horn.

One seemed all black and red—like Alum's
sands—

With Something ogling there alone,
A subterhuman shape, with spectral
hands,
And surplusage of bone.

One showed an inky coast and steely
waves,

Shaped like flat-irons big and small;
With orange-coloured nymphs who wanted
shaves,

Else vested scarce at all.

And one a full-fed satyr waddling slow,
With harpies on a purple plain,
High-kicking horrors in a hideous row,
Dancing like imps insane.

And one a causeway black with chunks and
craggs,

Beyond some snaking lights, and higher
Two haggard shapes with serpentine
scraggs,
And eyes of lurid fire.

Nor these alone, but every landscape
queer,

Smudge-slopped and inkily be-lined,
Haunted by vaporous shapes of fiendish
fear,

Like nought that is designed.

* * * * *
Or a maid-monster just let loose from
Styx,

Nondescript, nameless, flat of form,
Tangled in arabesques—a curious fix—
Like rigging in a storm:

With eyes oblique which stared but could
not see,

A scarlet porter's knot her hair,
Wound round green temples; lips curled
mockingly

Sky-blue her bosom bare.

Nor these alone: but each chimera quaint
Which the supreme artistic mind



"THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED."

(Sketched on an Excursion Steamer.)

Shaped from the inane, was there, in
lurid paint,
Like nought in life designed.

* * * * *
"Oh, all things rare to sate my morbid
eyes!

Oh, shapes and hues that please me
well!

Oh, bogey faces! Oh, mad phantasies!
My gods, with whom I dwell!

"Oh, High-Art isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
Watching the drudging droves of wash and
line,
The pretty and the plain!"

* * * * *
So my soul throve and prospered, several
years

She boomed it; then a slump befell—
In posters; though the public has long ears,
Horrors no more would sell.

Deep dread and loathing of sheer solitude
Felt on my soul, from which was born

Longing for beauty and for human mood,
And freshness of the morn.

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Those spectral shapes; and unawares
She shrank from phantasies in ink and
blood,

Art's horrible nightmares;
And shapeless shades wrapt in fuliginous
flame,

And with lewd lips, faun-foreheads, all;
And was compelled to turn, for very
shame,
Their faces to the wall.

* * * * *
So when the boom was wholly finished,
She threw its relics all away.

"It is small use to try and sell," she said,
"Posters no longer pay!"

"Yet pull not down my palace walls,
which are

Substantially and strongly built.
Art is not all riddles crepuscular,
Of subterhuman guilt."



Enthusiast. "THIS IS RATHER A GOOD THING I PICKED UP THE OTHER DAY. I'M AFRAID IT 'LL HAVE TO BE RESTORED, THOUGH."

Flippant Friend. "WHY, WHOM DID YOU SNEAK IT FROM?"

"A WONNER."

AMONGST much interesting reading in the current number of the always fresh and well-informed *Bookman*, is a review, signed WILLIAM WALLACE, of the centenary edition of BURNS, edited by Mr. HENLEY and Mr. HENDERSON. There have been many WALLACES since "Scots wae hae" bled with the original WILLIAM. A glance down this review convinces TOBY, M.P., that this particular W. W. is none other than his esteemed colleague in the House, the Member for Edinburgh. Mr. WALLACE does not like Mr. HENLEY, nor does he hanker after Mr. HENDERSON. They have the same effect upon him as is wrought by the blameless presence of the

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seated on the front Opposition Bench in the House of Commons. He begins his article in the self-restrained manner in which he precluded his last attack on his esteemed leader for temporary absence from the post of duty—a homily interrupted, it will be remembered, by the SQUIRE'S solemnly stalking in. Before proceeding far he breaks forth into full invective, and knocks together the heads of the hapless joint editors till one does not know which is HENLEY and which HENDERSON.

Mr. WALLACE'S indignation culminates at the discovery that the editors dismiss the first poem in the first volume, "The Twa Dogs," without note explanatory of the epithet, "Wee blastit wonner." "What

is the meaning of wonner?" he angrily asks. If he really wants to know, he should look up *The Old Curiosity Shop*. "Miss SALLY'S such a wonner, she is," said the Marchioness, on the occasion of Dick Swiveller's first visit to the kitchen of the Brass household. "Such a what?" asked Dick. "Such a wonner," the Marchioness repeated.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sojourner in North Britain goes Salmon-fishing with a New Young Woman.

FAR from the busy haunts of men,
Mid hazel, heather, gorze,
You are the Beauty of the glen,
And I the Beast, of course.
I fetch and carry at your wish,
I wait your beck and nod,
And yet your soul is with that fish,
Your ardour in your rod.

He struggles hard, gives now a lunge,
Like boxer in the ring,
And now he executes a plunge
That makes your tackle spring;
And then again he quiet lies,
As if in cunning thought
Of how to lose this worst of flies
That he so gladly caught.

Anon we see his silver back
Rush madly up the stream,
And then he takes another tack,
An effort that's supreme;
He tries to leap the rocky wall
That environs the pool.
How hot that rush! How low that fall!
While you are calm and cool.

You utter not a word; your wrist
Must surely be of steel;
For, let your captive turn or twist,
You never spend the reel.
But with your eye fast fixed you stand—
Diana with a hook—
Determined that good grilse to land,
And bring your fly to book.

Well done! He weakens! With the gaff
I'm ready for the prey.
And now you give a little laugh
That means "He must give way!"
"Look out!" you cry. I do look out,
And then I lose my head.
You've missed the fish without a doubt,
But captured me instead!

At Battle Abbey.

Guide. This is the Banqueting 'All—
American Tourist (looking at his watch).
Come, stow that. If you'll only point
out the bedchamber in which King
HAROLD died, I'll make tracks. What!
didn't pay in his checks here? Then I
won't be imposed on any longer. It's my
belief there never was any Battle of Hast-
ings. The whole thing's a tarnation fraud!
[Exit angrily with family and
grip-sacks.]

The Poet and his Love.

(*A Lapsus Linguae.*)

He. I see that you wear brown boots,
sweetheart—a sign of the falling of the
year.

She. Yes, it is in concord with the de-
cadence of the leaf.

He. Say rather with the cutting of the
corn.

[And then the match was broken off
through no fault of his.]

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—I have done it, *moi qui vous parle*. Henceforward look upon me as devoted to the most reckless dissipation on the most immoral lines. That I am sure is the impression which my conduct would suggest at Little Pigglewick, where your dear father has for so many years and so vehemently inveighed from the pulpit against the sins of the turf, on the Sunday before the Derby. And yet I, who was at one time a lambkin in his flock, have strayed among the wolves, and actually seen the race for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, which till then I only knew by reason of its succulent butter-scotch.

It was in this wise. Papa and I were staying at the NIBBLETHORPE-NOBBES's, near York, when Lord ARTHUR RANTIPOLE implored me to accept a seat on his coach (which he takes about with him like a hat box), and, *ma mie*, as does the damsel in the play, I fell before *les beaux yeux de son altesse*. Lord ARTHUR is one of those unfortunate noblemen who is married but not wedded. Many years ago, when a mere boy, he was entrapped by the charms of a female (I cannot call her anything else), who posed in the choreographic ranks of a theatrical company, collected for the purpose of showing the advantage of beauty unadorned. He, as he has often told me, out of pure chivalry espoused this creature. He was *sans peur* if she was not *sans reproche*. I need not tell you how the ill-fated alliance ended; but this I do know, *it was all her fault*. He has given her, in the noblest way possible, every chance of releasing herself from this odious entanglement, but she refuses to accept the opportunities. Meantime she is a constant drain on his income and a stumbling-block in his career. "Ah, KADJ" (we are on most friendly terms), he said, only the other night, "if you only knew what it is to bear it and grin." Papa says that Lord ARTHUR was referring to the Stock Exchange; but I never take any account of his remarks.

Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS, who of *course* was of the party, suggested a "sweep" over the great event. I did not at first grasp her meaning, thinking it had something to do with smoky chimneys. Not so the rest of the party, and we were very shortly afterwards, after paying five shillings a-piece, engaged in taking slips of paper out of Mr. NIBBLETHORPE-NOBBES's hat. I drew a horse called *Phæbus Apollo* (*quel joli nom!*), but nobody thought I should win; though Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS offered me ten shillings for my chance of taking the pool. "*Pas si bête!*" I replied, much to the discomfiture of the poet. Lady TYPINA TIPCAT, having obtained H.R.H.'s noble steed *Persimmon*, was so elated that she handed a whole five-pound note to a smart-looking individual, who implored her "to back her fancy for a place." But when the Prince conquered, he did not appear to pay her Ladyship her winnings. Sir WILLOUGHBY WEAR said that he must have come from Wales. I did not know that the gallant little principality, so famous for its leeks, Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, could be capable of producing such inhabitants; but Sir WILLOUGHBY remarked that he had never come across such unscrupulous beings as those who are born the legitimate subjects of the Heir Apparent to the throne of Great Britain. In this opinion he was supported by Mr. KAMP-TULICON, who was exceedingly annoyed that his sister should have imperilled five shillings with the same unprincipled individual.

Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS, who insisted on our drinking to the memory of poor JAMES THE FOURTH of Scotland, it being the anniversary of Flodden Field, at once began an ode on the race. He wrote on the back of an envelope, and I know that the first two lines ran:—

"Light the beacon on Snowdon and mighty Plinlimmon!
For the tale that is told of the hero *Persimmon*."

There was a good deal more, but the groom, who looked after the refreshments, inadvertently swept the paper into the ice-pail, where the fugitive lines were speedily destroyed, to the great and natural wrath of the bard. Lord ARTHUR—*toujours à propos*—said that Mr. JENKINS ought to be called "the Water poet, with a(n) ice sentiment." It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the scene. This intoxicating combination of colour and life, the Yorkshire dialect, the yells and the cheers when H.R.H.'s success was known, made me feel quite reckless, despite the doleful drizzle, and I threw pence to the negro minstrels with the prodigality of an Eastern satrap. And the costumes! There were some actresses in a break near our coach whose head-dresses suggested a flower show of the Royal Horti-



Doctor. "NOW, WHAT DID YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER DIE OF?"

Applicant. "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T SAY AS I DO 'XACTLY REMEMBER; BUT 'TWARN'T NOTHING SERIOUS!"

cultural Society. These ladies looked wickedly nice in grass lawn and lace, which Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS—who is always inclined to be nasty—said would give their mothers no trouble to renovate, as they were mangled already by the pressing attentions of their male friends. I noticed that Papa seemed somewhat annoyed by the presence of *ces dames*, and carefully avoided looking at them.

Not so Lord ARTHUR, who waved his hat to the party, and afterwards entered into conversation with them. But, as usual, *noblesse oblige*; Lord A. says that he feels it his duty to be all things to all women. I need not write more, for you will have read the daily papers, but I *most* strongly advise you, after going to races, to breakfast on the following morning as I did—taking the advice of dear Lord ARTHUR—on the soda water, which is always associated with the name of—* and the red herring, for which Messrs.—* are so celebrated in the fish-curing world. And yet for lunch I ate heartily of roast partridges, though it is so cruel to kill these, the dearest, plumpest, and most toothsome little birds in the world.

Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

* Both names indecipherable.—Ed.

EARLY BIRDS.

British Beauty. An early marriage is very well,

With a good income, and a carriage!

American Beauty. Have you a chance of that? Do tell!

Yank dollars tempt the British swell,

My dollars spring from an oil-well,

So I shall make an *Earl-y* marriage!

British Beauty (sorrowfully). As a Republican sure you ought not to.

You do dishonour to your dear democracy!

American Beauty (smartly). Oil-well that ends well! That, dear, is my motto;

An oil-well sometimes ends in—aristocracy!



DEER-STALKING MADE EASY.

THE PATENT SILENT MOTOR-CRAWLER.

"THE EUROPEAN POWERS."

POWERS? Hard by the Golden Horn
Those satyr lips, as cold as cruel,
Must curl in sly, sardonic scorn!

Will *nothing* serve as kindling fuel
To fire the chilly "Christian" heart,
Or move from apathetic meekness
The timid thralls of mode and mart?

Powers? What then is craven weak-
ness?

From Thames to Neva runs all blood
As icily as the pole-world frozen?

Kaisers and Tzars, in fulsome mood,
May dub each other "Christian cousin,"

War lord, or knightly emperor;
And he, the Unspeakable, sits smiling

At "Christian Powers," of spirit poor,
Who waste in mutual reviling

The black-winged hours, like birds of prey
Full gorged with carrion, vulture, raven,
Flapping in the full light of day,

Fearless of Christian kings turned
craven!

What marvel carrion-fowls are bold

When full-armed war lords pale and
palter,

Like angry spinsters chide and scold,

But at "the name or action" falter?

Meanwhile the death-heaps swell and
swell.

Mercy, a pale and piteous pleader,

Weeps helpless at the gates of hell,

The Christian crowd calls for—a leader
Who cometh not! Each lord, each chief,

In diplomatic bonds entangled,

Scarce dares to stir. No strong belief

Moves any man. The "Powers" have
wrangled,

Worried, and watched; but none dares
cut

The Gordian knot, drawn redder, tighter,

But him, with sinister eyes half shut

In scorn, who mocks at crown and
mitre.

Who'll lead? who'll strike? the peoples
cry.

Impotent seems appeal or urging;

Yet, hid from cold official eye,

Christian humanity seems upsurging,

To those who watch. Wistful appeal

To an old leader, worn and weary,

Proves what small trust the people feel

In younger chiefs, callous or cheery.

Who'll stir? Who'll strike? Scant an-
swer yet!

The throned assassin lolls and lowers,

Mocking, with Crescent crimson-wet,

Powerless things called "Christian

Powers."

QUEER QUERIES.

AUTUMN ARRANGEMENTS.—I am about to take a late holiday, and wish to see Switzerland, the Austrian Tyrol, Italy, and Madeira. Can I get there and back, and tour about for three weeks for £4 10s.? If not, would some other tourist take me with him and pay my expenses, if in return I looked after the luggage, secured rooms at hotels, and so on? I don't know any foreign language, and have never been abroad before, but am active and easy to get on with when not ruffled.

QUITE ACCOMMODATING.

AIDS TO HEALTH.—Will some medical man (without fee) advise me as to my health? I am often unable to sleep more than eight or nine hours, and after sitting in a draught for a long time I am apt to catch a cold in the head. Then, after a full meal, with unlimited spirits, I experience a feeling of more than Armenian

oppression. These symptoms make me rather nervous. I have tried nearly every patent medicine sold, and have been refused admittance at two hospitals. A new prescription would be welcomed by

AMATEUR MEDICINE MAN.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.—Where is a good place to go to for the autumn, abroad, where I can get *all* English comforts, and meet *no* English people? Must be between 3,500 and 2,500 feet up, warm, and at the same time bracing, with southern aspect, good cooking, terms about five francs a day *en pension*, liberal *table d'hôte*, thoroughly conscientious proprietor (Low Church preferred), and a separate iron staircase outside each bedroom window in case of fire.

EASY TO PLEASE.

HENCOURAGING.—Could anyone tell me why my Dorking hen fails to bring off the brood of young chickens I have been expecting for some time back? I placed her on the eggs—three dozen of them—somewhere in June, and shut her up in an outhouse under a bucket, as I was told this was the proper way. She has not been out since, though I feed her at intervals. Shall I really have to wait till Christmas for the brood, as a friend suggests "that I may pullet off by that date"? N.B.—The hen seems to be getting thinner.—POULTRY PATRONESS.

At the Cric-Crac Restaurant.

Customer (looking at bill). Here, waiter, there's surely some mistake in this total.

Waiter (politely). Zehn thousand pardons, Sir! Mit my usual garelessness I have added in ze date and vorgot to charge you for ze butter.



“THE WAR LORD.”

“HE, THE WAR LORD OF A MOST MIGHTY HOST, WILL YET ONLY EMPLOY HIS TROOPS IN THE PROTECTION OF PEACE.”—Reference to the Tzar by the German Emperor at Görlitz.

THE COMPLETE SPEECH-MAKER.

WE are enabled to give the following extracts from a very important collection of speeches, to be published shortly. The first of the series, on "the floating form of the knightly emperor" was delivered at Görlitz on the 8th inst.

To the King of the Belgians.—Oh, royal ruler of Belgium and King of the Congo! with great joy see I yet again thy tiny and delicate figure! Thou too lovest to travel as I, and goest from Saturday to Monday to Corfu, or to Montreux for the day. Hail, royal fellow-tripper! In this speech say I no word about LOTHARE, except that, if he a German been had, never had we even him tried. I love such men, if only they Germans are. Now say I yet again that the sight of thy sweet and sylphlike shape my stern soldier-life sweetens. Some day perhaps come I to Ostend my luck at thy gambling tables to try. Then canst thou perhaps me a tip give. *Hoch! hoch! hoch!*

To the King of Spain.—Oh, mighty monarch, successor of the sovereigns who the rich realms of Spain ruled, gladly gaze I again at thy terrible and towering form! Hadst thou a German been, then in my Pomeranian Grenadiers wouldst thou nobly served have. But now fights thine army against the rebels in Cuba. I drink, oh colossal King, to the success of thy soldiers! If thou me to say couldst, whether this a good time Havana cigars cheap to buy is, very much obliged would I be. *Hoch! hoch! hoch!*

To the Sultan.—Oh, courageous Commander of the Faithful, how rejoice I thine alert and active form, ever fearless in the fight for the good of that nation which so happy as to call thee its ruler is, to see! Thou lovest not a life of luxury and laziness. Thou leavest not thy people to the mercy of murderous miscreants. Strive then as ever, oh, Sultan! sleepless in thy solicitude for thy subjects. And if thou, whom but sherbet drinkest, in the cellars of Yildiz Kiosque some rare old wines discover shouldst, perhaps some tip-top tokay or some sublime port, forget not thy friend, the ruler of Germany, where temperance in words or deeds not enforced is. *Hoch! hoch! hoch!*

To the French President.—Oh, proud and peerless President, successor of the never-to-be-forgotten and altogether-un-surpassable Emperor NAPOLEON THE FIRST, as thy fairylike form forward before our fascinated faces floats, see we in thee the eminent embodiment of the lithe and lightsome lissomeness of thy nimble nation, and, more than ever, long I thy captivating and coruscating capital to visit, in order there to see, perhaps at the Casino de Paris or the Moulin Rouge, forms that in the daring dance even more freely than thine float! Perhaps in the year 1900 come I. *Auf wiedersehen! Hoch! hoch! hoch!*

"G. B.," writing from New York, U.S.A., sends a cheque for £4 "for the Little Hero," which has been forwarded. He says, "Perhaps LEONARD STEELE wants a bicycle, and this may help him to get one, and let him know that at least one American appreciates his noble deed."

NOTE BY A NATURALIST IN THE HIGHLANDS.—The only parallel to the grey mare in connubial circles is the grey hen.

A FEW HOURS IN PARIS—AT THIS MOMENT.

(By Our Travelling Impressionist.)

START from Victoria at 9 P.M. Train gets punctually to Dover at quarter to eleven. Then by capital new boat *Dover* (vice the *Wave*, *Foam* and *Breeze* superseded) to France in a little over the hour. At the Gare Maritime. Twenty minutes for excellent refreshment. *En route.* Carriages. Amiens at 3.40. Paris two hours later. Douane, and *café au lait* opposite the Gare du Nord. Then in the early morning a drive to the hotel. Room ready (for you have written for it), and rest for a couple of hours. Bath, contents of portmanteau utilized, and *grande tenue* for the Boulevards.

As to dress. Of course quite right to bring high silk hat. But no one wearing it. Fashion, brigand's cut-down chapeau in soft grey felt. Parisians assume black band with white one added. Americans same idea, but garnished with diamonds.

To lunch. Can't do better than keep to your hotel, a hostelry which is famous for



its courtyard, just opposite the Grand Opera, and in the very centre of Paris. Hors d'œuvres, two *plats* at choice, and accessories. If accompanied by wife, practically four dishes at will. You select three. Then you look out for a fourth. An old French officer, *decoré*, is eating something very good. Apparently chicken, game, and carrots. "*Pot au feu français*," no doubt. You order it. Waiter recommends that your selection shall come last, as "it takes some time in preparation." You agree. You breakfast. You are prepared (after the practically three dishes) for a plate of bones—to toy with. You look forward to your *pot au feu*. It arrives. Oh, despair! (as said in the English translation to the opera books). Oh, horror! (see same source). It is a big tureen of steaming soup!

Having lunched, what to do? Streets full of Americans. Shops prepared for the United States market. Bonnets composed chiefly of precious stones worn in high heaps on the left side. Cloaks (drab) with Medicis collars, are sufficiently gorgeous for New York. Otherwise nothing particularly novel, save enormous ruffles extending from back to waist.

Usual monuments. In the hands of the U. S. A. Louvre interesting, but scarcely as crowded as the Grands Magasins of ditto. Versailles played out. All the rest ditto. Driving the same as ever. When in doubt (saith the golden rule of *Cocher*) run over an "*Anglais*." Cochers (to judge from their driving) always in doubt. Motor carriages in full operation

behind the Madeleine. They go on rails to Asnières. Last-mentioned place a few years ago—when one was a boy—delightful spot. Beautiful hills, calm turfed banks, silvery river. Little cemetery on the banks—quiet spot for last home. Asnières up to date. Smoke, chimneys and manufactories. River slate-coloured. Cemetery full and closed, and masked with hideous hoardings, covered with flaring advertisements. Motor carriages get to Asnières to the terror of horses drawing carriages. Gee-gees rush out of their way sometimes by trying to climb the statues recently erected to ALEXANDRE DUMAS père and DE NEUVILLE.

Dinner. To those who know, always excellent. Now for a theatre. A selection from a list of old favourites, *The Bells of Corneville*, *Round the World in Eighty Days*, the originals of half-a-dozen comic operas done into English many years ago. For the rest, that popular performance (so much in evidence at this season of the year) "*relâche*." At the music halls nothing startling. At the Palais de l'Industrie an "exposition" of *Le Théâtre et la Musique*. Music and the drama chiefly represented by stalls for the sale of patent pottery and home-made beer. In addition (to give local colouring) an international orchestra. Advice to those who hate to be done—avoid the exhibition in the Champs Elysées.

You have seen Paris. You have dined thrice and breakfasted four times. Is there more to do? Yes, to return. Pay hotel bill. Complain of being treated as Cerberus—three persons rolled into one. Ordered single liqueur, charged for a triplet. Blot upon an otherwise satisfactory document. Leave Gare du Nord at 9, arrive at Victoria before 6. Entertainment between whiles, two short railway journeys, and a pleasant passage. Grand result, increased love for "Home, sweet home," and English now spoken (temporarily) with a slight Parisian accent.

At Whitby.

Visitor (to Ancient Mariner, who has been relating his experiences to crowd of admirers). Then do you mean to tell us that you actually reached the North Pole?

Ancient Mariner. No, Sir; that would be a perversion of the truth. But I seed it a-stickin' up among the ice just as plain as you can this spar, which I plants in the sand. It makes me thirsty to think of that marvellous sight, we being as it were parched wi' cold.

[A. M.'s distress promptly relieved by audience.]

A MEAT REWARD.—The New Zealand papers announce that the exportation of frozen lamb to Great Britain has exceeded all previous records. Naturally the result is mint-sauce on hand at the Bank of England.

REMARK BY OUR PRIVILEGED POLITICIAN.—"Lord LONDONDERRY hurling invectives at the Government for releasing some of the Irish dynamitards reminds me of a man sending coals to SALISBURY."

AN "OUT-CIDER."—The Head Constable of Hereford reports that drunkenness prevails in that ancient cathedral town. The deceitful apple must be again at work.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE anonymous writer of *Here and There Memories* (FISHER UNWIN) undertakes a perilous task. In varied experience, my Baronite finds few things more wearisome than the company of the man who fancies himself as a story-teller. His existence is made endurable by the fact that he is usually constrained by a time limit. He can tell his stories only as long as the dinner lasts. H—R—N has a whole volume to fill, pouring out page after page of anecdote, to do him justice, without pretence of sequence. Some are good; others require for full enjoyment a preliminary glass of punch and a contemporary pull at the pipe. H—R—N's experience has been extensive and peculiar. He has rollicked through life much after the fashion of *Charles O'Malley*, and *Tom Burke of Ours*. He has known everyone, from the Emperor NAPOLEON to JACQUES ELI, money-lender of Great Queen Street, Westminster. Of these two he tells what is not the least amazing story in the book. "NAPOLEON III.," he writes, "did not forget ELI, whom he had known as Prince CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE." But perhaps R—H—N did not really mean to affirm that the money-lender had been posing as the Prince. It is a catastrophe of conjunctions, and grammar is not our author's strong point. It shows how, even when he means to be serious, an Irishman drops into drollery.

The Seats of the Mighty is the infelicitous title given by GILBERT PARKER to his latest romance, which seems like a poor imitation of his own style and manner. It begins well, but soon ceases to be interesting. THE BARON.



EXPLICIT.

Uncle Harry. "AND DID NAUGHTY DADA WHACKY-WHACK POOR MEDJÉ!"

Medjé. "ISS, UNCLE!"

Uncle Harry. "OH, POOR OLD GIRL! AND WHERE DID HE WHACKY-WHACK YOU?"

Medjé. "ER—ER—ON THE B-B-BACK OF MY TUMMY, UNCLE!"

L'ILE DE WIGHT.

DEAR MISTER,—After to have visited my friends in Scotland, I am come here to Sandown to pass some days at—chez, how say you?—one other friend. It is a long voyage, but in the superb sleeping from Edimbourg to London one sleeps so well—ah but, so well!—that one gets himself up the morning fresh as some daisies, as one says in your country. And one pays all simply five shillings of supplement. That is very little. From Calais to Cannes one pays 100 francs. Only two times the distance, and sixteen times the price! Ah, the drolls of little trains on your Island of Wight! They are as droll as the bathings machines at Sandown, only they go not so rapidly. Sometimes the English mock themselves of our french trains. However you complain yourself also of your trains to you, above all in the south part of England. But go then to essay your trains of the Island of Wight, and you will not laugh more of the french trains. It is all this that he has there of the most drolls. And also of the most dears. The prices are changed without ceasing. They are changed for the soldiers, for the sailors, for the childs, for the workmen, for the yachtmen, for the excursionists, for the families. One day the price is more, one other day he is less. If one voyages by one train there will be the prices of the third class, by one other train not at all. There is the ticket of the third class, but no waggon of the thirds. There is the waggon of the seconds, less comfortable than the thirds of the other english railways, but the prices are the ordinary prices of the firsts. The prices of the firsts are enormous, and these waggons, in summer, are ordinarily full of the voyagers of the third class, for whom there was not enough of place in the seconds.

Thus often I am forced to mount in the *fourgon des bagages*—the baggages truck—with the conductor of the train. Figure to yourself how I seated myself—me AUGUSTE—at the middle of the baggages! But I laughed, and my friend laughed, and the conductor laughed, and alldays—*toujours*—I offered to the conductor a cigar, and he took it to smoke *chez lui*, and said "Thanqui, maounsiah." They are brave boys, those conductors there. And they said all "Maounsiah," as all the men of the people in your country, and I comprehended not of all, until to

that my friend told me this word is all simply "M'sieu" in english. *A la bonne heure!* But we amused ourselves well.

The most part of the trains go very slowly. The *grande vitesse* is truly *petite vitesse*—little quickness—and we go all by the little quickness as if we were baggages. But there is one train which is superb, it is the Orient Express of the Island of Wight, the rapid from Ride to Ventnor. At Sandown it is one of the objects of interest to see to pass this train. He traverses the country like a meteor, before one can speak, as you say in your country, of JOHN ROBINSON, he is gone. It is marvellous! And I go to tell you it, I have not seen him of all!

Several times my friend and me we walked ourselves to the station towards the three hours to see pass the express. Sometimes we were in delay—*en retard*—sometimes the train was in delay and we waited not. One time I saw on the horizon a cloud of dust, but the train came not, he had passed, he went himself away to Ventnor. In fine one day we waited at the station, we resolved ourselves to see him. It was tedious. But we waited. Then my friend said "Let us cross the line and wait on the other platform." I consented, I followed my friend, we descended the steps, we were in the tunnel. At that instant there we heard a noise at above, a noise as the thunder, we hastened ourselves, we ran, we mounted the steps as fast as possible, but still one time, *parbleu*—by blue—I was too late! I had heard, but I had not seen, the Orient Express of the Island of Wight.

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

A Blast from Brummagem.

JOSEPH pats HEALY on the back!
But give him Home Rule? No!
TIM may be cleverest of the pack,
But Birmingham's aglow
To fight for the old Union Jack,
Led on by Union Joe!

MILTONIC MOTTO FOR THE EAST LONDON WATER-SERVICE (commended to Mr. Crookenden).—"They also serve who only stand and wait."



THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.

Mr. Pryer. "Ah, how purely sweet!"

"INK!!!"

[Enter the Lady of the House.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. I.—OUR TOWN.

THIS is our town. What say you, Sir?—A trifle dull and flat, Sir? I beg you will not speak of us in such a way as that, Sir, For, whatsoever others in their ignorance may think, Sir, We know ourselves Creation's cream and Culture's very pink, Sir. What do we do?—Well, mostly after breakfast, sun or rain, Sir, We play a round of golf, and after lunch we play again, Sir; And after dinner we discuss the fortunes of the day, Or comment pretty freely on our adversaries' play. We can't imagine how we came to fizzle at the turn; We vow it was the vilest luck, that stinky at the turn; You noticed our long iron from the bunker at the seventh, Sir? And what a fluke the Major made approaching the eleventh, Sir!

But if you're not a golfer, we have lions here *ad libitum*, And I shall be delighted, I assure you, to exhibit 'em; We'll take the churches first, I think—there's something like a score of them,

Or possibly, for aught I know, there may be rather more of them. See, there's the Parish Kirk. The style? Well, no, not perpendicular,

Nor does it much resemble any other in particular. Beside it is the Catholic Church, behind it the U. P., And higher up the Methodists', and lower down the Free, And up the court the Baptists, down the slum the Congregationalists,

And here and there and everywhere still more denominationalists.

But here we are at Market Street. Look round you as you enter! This is the spot our parsons call "The city's pulsing centre,"—A phrase we never fail to hear with faithful regularity Whenever the collection is in aid of local charity.

Perhaps, if you're a Cockney, used to London noise and riot, Sir, Our other roads may possibly appear a little quiet, Sir; Few people drive about them but the butcher or the grocer, Our North Street is not quite the Strand, nor Paternoster Row, Sir.

But here, at least, in Market Street, there's always something going on,

Here, as the parsons say, "the tide of life is ever flowing on,"—I told you so! Come when you will, there's something still to see, And look! There's *Grip*, the butcher's bull-dog, hunting for a flea!

And there's the butcher, too, by Jove, with portly corporation, Who watches *Grip's* exciting sport in lazy contemplation.

And there is *MAY*—alack the day!—the milkman's pretty daughter, Sir,

Replenishing the milk-cans from a pail of chalk-and-water, Sir!

But hold! Why dally with the deeds of vulgarised democracy? For lo! here comes the jewel of our local aristocracy!

Ah! Miss JOANNA meets mine eye, Minerva-like Divinity! More chaste than Dian, pure as snow—unparalleled Virginity! She comes! She comes! We'll cross the street and reverently greet her,

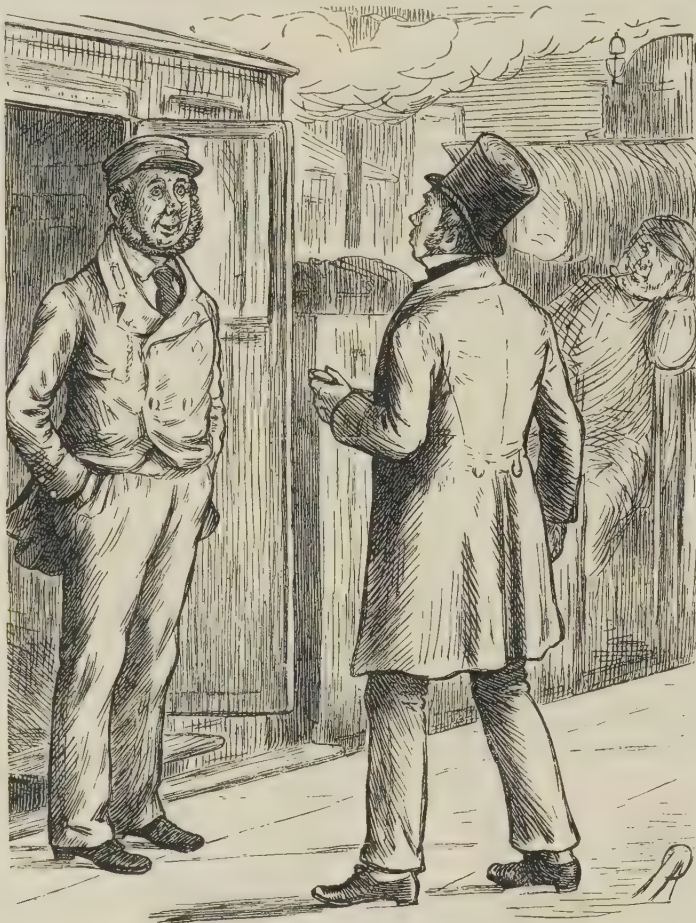
And p'rhaps 'twill be as well to drop this somewhat flippant metre,

And our cigars. She brooketh not the odours of Havannah, Sir, Now, are you ready? Then, here goes! Allow me—Miss JOANNA, Sir.

Overheard at the East End.

Sanitarian. By hook or crook a man must drink and wash, The poorest has a whistle, and must wet it!

Slum Dweller. Get it by hook or crook? Oh, that's all bosh! By hook or Crook(enden) I cannot get it!



AN IRISH TRAFFIC RETURN.

SCENE—Rural Railway Station. TIME—8.30 A.M.

Traffic Superintendent. "HA'F AN HOUR LATE, G'YARD! H'WAT'S THIS TRAIN WAITING FOR?"

Guard. "SURE, WE'RE WAITING FOR THE PASSENGER, SORR!"

INTERVIEWING A RAINMAKER.

(Being Pages from a very modern Log-book.)

[A gentleman in the Isle of Wight claims to be able to control the weather by means of "Odylie force."]

THURSDAY being about as sopping and miserable a day as one could imagine, I automoted down, on behalf of Mr. Punch, to interview the modern rainmaker in his villa at Beachdown upon the subject.

"Good afternoon," I timidly remarked, as I found the wizard perspiring in his shirt-sleeves, and busily preparing the evening's weather in his laboratory. "I came to ask, if by any chance—"

"Don't disturb me, pray," ejaculated the rainmaker. "The War Office authorities have not paid me the twopence a head I demanded for providing fine weather during the manœuvres, and so I will make it hot—I mean damp—for them, with a vengeance. By Jove, Sir, the country shall pay for it! I'll teach them a lesson. Besides, I've a friend who's an umbrella-maker, and I owe him a good turn."

"But, if you would kindly—"

"Yes, yes, I know what you were going to say. But I'm not just at present in a kindly frame of mind, and the United Kingdom has got to know it. I showed you London people a sample of my powers on Tuesday night, if you remember the little thing in the way of thunderstorms that I turned off. I should have let that loose on Salisbury Plain instead, if the London County Council had only advanced me the little sum, the absurdly inadequate amount of three thousand pounds I asked for. However, I let them off easily, on the whole, and, besides, gave the East London Water Company a bonus in the shape of extra rainfall. But there, the way some things are mismanaged! Take that Solar Eclipse, now."

"Yes, that was a failure!"

"Well, would you believe it. I had arranged for the whole

thing to be a most brilliant success, steady light, no clouds or anything to interfere, for a paltry two thousand pounds. I waited for it up to the last moment, but as my honorarium was not forthcoming, of course I had to let them go on a false errand. Those astronomers will be wiser next time, I fancy! It is merely a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"You have a scale of fees, then?"

"Certainly; here it is," said the cloud-compeller, producing a document in the following terms:—

WEATHER TARIFF.

Terms: Cash on Delivery; Reduction on taking a Quantity.

Families supplied during the holiday season.

Parishes or counties contracted for by the year.

	£	s.	d.
April Showers	1	1	0
Thunderstorm (sufficient to damage Rival Picnic)	3	10	0
Constant Drizzle (for those who like their Sundays at Home)	4	17	6
Regular Soaker (especially adapted for Duck-breeders)	5	14	0
Fine Days (ordinary, local)	8	0	0
Do. for Benos and Bank Holidays, per head	0	0	2
Special Brand for Honeymooners, Butterfly-catchers, and other Lunatics	10	0	0
Queen's Weather (Town or Country)	20	0	0
Blizzard (choice and reliable, adapted for the Medical Profession)	30	0	0
Fog (best London, fruity and well-matured, recommended to City Clerks, Burglars, and the like)	31	10	0
Frost, per day (reduction to Skating-clubs and Potato men)	35	0	0
Tidal Wave (for Sensational Reporters)	100	0	0
Earthquakes, per minute	500	0	0
Eclipse, partial	1,000	0	0
Do. total, Corona and Appendages complete	2,000	0	0
Comet (on approval)	10,000	0	0
Precession of the Equinoxes (warranted punctual to the tick, with special provision for general upset of the Universe, at three months' notice)	100,000	0	0

Weather while you wait. Samples sent per Parcel Post. Call or write to Chief Clerk, Managing Department, Meteorological Bureau, Beachdown, I. W.

"There," said the modern J. Pluvius, "take your choice. The whole thing's in a nutshell. What can we do for you?"

"Thank you," said I, looking at the steady downpour outside; "I think I'll take two penn'orth of dry goods, if you please."

"What! you would insult me?" thundered the latterday St. Swithin. "Mr. Punch shall hear of this! Ho, there, turn on two waterspouts, a cyclone, a doldrum, four monsoons, three sciroccos, a peasoup fog, and six weeks' drought, this instant, in Bouverie Street!"

I hastily mounted my automotor and travelled back to town, but, strange to say, the weather cleared up remarkably in London that evening, so the Odylie Odin must have repented of his decision, or, more probably, his force was powerless against that of Mr. Punch.

TENNYSON FOR TRADESMEN.

(Adapted by Sir John Lubbock.)

If you're waking, close us early, close us early, M.P.'s, dear,
And that will be the happiest day of all the glad new year;
Of all the ninety-seven, gents, the gladdest, jolliest day,
For we shall have time for play, brothers, to close, and get off to play!

Let the two-thirds close us early, close us early, M.P.'s, dear!
Twelve thousand London tradesmen want that two-thirds vote,
'tis clear.

We're kept close-bound all the year round. Heed St. LUBBOCK'S prayer, we pray.

Let us shut and get off to play, gents, shut up shop and get off to play!

MORE AMERICANO.—It is said that the candidature of General PALMER for the American Presidency has injured Mr. BRYAN on account of the General's "sound money" principles. Surely this must be another version of "ringing the changes."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXIII

Mr. Jabberjee delivers his Statement of Defence, and makes his preparations for the North. He allows his patriotic sentiments to get the better of him in a momentary outburst of disloyalty—to which no serious importance need be attached.

My fair plaintiff has not suffered the grass of inaction to grow upon her feet, having already issued her Statement of Claim, by which she alleges that I proposed marriage on a certain date, and did subsequently, on divers occasions, treat her, in



"I am addressed by an underbred street-urchin as a 'blooming blacky!'"

the presence of sundry witnesses, as an affianced, after which I mizzled into obscurity, and on various pretexts did decline, and do still decline, to fulfil my nuptial contract, by which conduct the plaintiff, being grievously afflicted in mind, body, and estate, claims damages to the doleful tune of £1,000.

(N.B.—I have thought it advisable here and there to translate the legal phraseology into more comprehensible verbiage.)

Now such a claim is to milk a ram, or *prendre la lune avec les dents*, seeing that I am not a proprietor of even one thousand rupees. Nevertheless (as I have informed Mr. SMARTLE), my progenitor, the Mooktear, will bleed to any reasonable extent of costs out of pocket.

I have held frequent and lengthy interviews with the said SMARTLE, Esq., who is of incredible dispatch and celerity—though I sometimes regret that I did not procure a solicitor of a more senile and sympathetic disposition.

Assuredly had I done so, such an one would not, after perusing my Statement of Defence—a most magnificently voluminous document of over fifty folios, crammed and stuffed with satirical hits and sideblows, and pathetic appeals for the Bench's indulgence, and replete with familiar quotations from best classical and continental authors—such an one, I say, would not have split his sides with disrespectful chucklings, thrown my composition into a wasted paper receptacle, and proceeded to knock off a meagre substitute of his own, containing a very few dry bald paragraphs, in the inadequately brief space of under the hour.

Such, however, was Mr. SMARTLE's course; and the sole consolation is that, owing to his unprofessional precipitation,

the action was set down for trial previously to the commencement of the Long Vacation, and my case may come on some time next Term, and I be put out of my misery at the close of the year.

My aforesaid legal adviser, finding that I adhered with the tenacity of bird-slime to my determination to conduct my case in person, did hint in no ambiguous language, that it might perhaps be even better for me to do the guy next November to my native land, and snip my fingers then from a safe distance at the plaintiff.

But it is not my practice to exhibit a white feather (except when prostrated by severe bodily panics), and I am consumed by an ardent impatience to air my fluencies and legal learnedness before the publicity of a London Law Court.

Now, begone dull care! for I am to dismiss all litigious thoughts till October or November next, and become a *Dolce far niente*, chasing the deer with my heart in the Highlands.

My volunteering acquaintance, by the way, has declined to lend me his rifle, on the transparent pretence that it was contrary to regulations, and that it was not the *bon ton* to pursue grouse-birds and the like with so war-like a weapon.

So, on young HOWARD's advice, I made the purchase from a pawnbroker of a lethal instrument, provided with a duplicate bore, so that, should a bird happen by any chance to escape my first barrel, the second will infallibly make him bite the dust.

I have also purchased some cartridges of a very pleasing colour, a hunting knife, and a shot belt and pouch, and if I can only procure some inexpensive kind of sporting hound from the Dogs' Home, I shall be forewarned and forearmed *cap à pie* for the perils and pleasures of the chase.

Miss WEE-WEE did earnestly advise me, inasmuch as I was about to go amongst the savage hill tribes of canny Scotians, to previously make myself acquainted with their idioms, &c., for which purpose she lent me some romances written entirely in Caledonian dialects, and the composition of Hon. Poet BURNS.

But hoity-toity! after much diligent perusal, I arrived at the conclusion that such works were sealed books to the most intelligent foreigner, unless he is furnished with a good Scotch grammar and dictionary.

And *mirabile dictu!* though I have made diligent inquiries of various London booksellers, I have found it utterly impossible to obtain such works in England—a haughty and arrogantly dispositioned country, more inclined to teach than to learn!

How many of your boasted British Cabinet, supposed to rule our countless millions of so-called Indian subjects, would be capable to sit down and read and translate—*correctly*—a single sentence from the Mahābhārat in the original?

Not more, I shrewdly suspect, than half a dozen at most!

So it is not to be expected that any more interest would be displayed in the language and literature of a country like Scotland, which is notoriously wild and barren, and less densely populated and productive than the most ordinary districts of Bengal.

Oh, you pusillanimous Highland chiefs and other misters! how long will you tamely submit to such offhanded treatment? Will the day never come when, with whirling sporrans and flashing pibrochs you will rise against the alien oppressor, and demand Home Rule, together with the total abolition of present disdainful British *insouciance*?

When that day dawns—if ever—please note this piece of private intelligence from an authorised source: *Young Bengal will be with you in your struggle for Autonomy.* If not in body, assuredly in spirit. Possibly in both.

I say no more, in case I should be accused of trying to stir up seditious feelings; but, as a patriotic Baboo gentleman, my blood will boil occasionally at instances of stuck-up English self-sufficiency, and the worm in the bud, if nipped too severely, may blossom into a rather formidable serpent!

As, for instance, when, in the course of an inoffensive promenade, I am addressed by an underbred street-urchin as a "blooming blacky," and cannot induce a policeman to compel my aggressor to furnish me with his name and address or that of his parents, or even to offer the most ordinary apology.

Enough of these rather bitter reflections, however. I omitted to mention that I am also the proprietor (at the same pawnbroker's where I bought my breeches-loader gun) of a very fine second-hand salmon-rod, a great bargain, and immense value, with which I hope to be able to catch a great quantity of fishes.

For there is, according to young HOWARD, good fishing in a burn adjoining the Manse, so I shall follow King Solomon's injunctions, and not spare the rod and spoil the salmon, though if I should happen to "spoil" my rod, the salmon would inevitably in consequence be "spared."

This is a sample of the kind of verbal pleasantries in which, when in exhilarated high spirits, I sometimes facetiously indulge.



DESIGN FOR PROPOSED STATUE TO BE ERECTED IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

(SUBSCRIPTIONS INVITED.)

RANJITSINHJI;

OR, A NEW LIGHT OF ASIA.

HAIL, HOTSPUR of a losing side!
Of runs you're never stingy;
Both East and West acclaim with pride
Your average, RANJITSINHJI!

"Britons should form an 'England' team"—

That rule may be a fit'un,
But lives there one who'd basely dream
He's not a "Greater Briton"?

To England's luck let's beakers quaff!
Though "England" still we style it,
'Tis half the world—its better half;
An Empire, not an islet.

The on-looker expects a feast
When he defends the wicket;
They count by centuries in the East,
And so does he in cricket.

Punch rings thee in with merry chimes,
Star risen in far-off Injy!
"England has need of thee"—sometimes—
Slogging Prince RANJITSINHJI!

VIVAT REGINA!

[On September 23 Her Gracious Majesty will have happily reigned longer than any of her predecessors on the English Throne.]

Queen Bess. "ODDS MY LIFE! SWEET COZ! THOU HAST REIGNED LONGER THAN THE THIRD GEORGE, AND MORE GLORIOUSLY THAN MYSELF!"

"Farmer George." "HEY, WHAT? WHAT? WHAT? REIGNED LONGER THAN I DID? 'WHY THEN, MY BOYS, LET US HAVE A HUZZAY!'"

"A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed.
She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it."
Henry the Eighth, Act V., Sc. 4.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

A VALUABLE FIND.

(In a Family Photograph Album.)

OLD family photos! No, I strike!
I really can't, my best of cousins;
I know exactly what they're like;
I've looked at dozens.

A chamber of horrors, worst of shows!—
Well, if I must—but you'll do showman?
Who's that? Aunt SOPHY? What a
nose!
It's more than Roman.

I wonder grandfather got "took,"
His "points" somewhat resemble Tow-
ser's—
What guys our worthy fathers look
In peg-top trousers!

A languid one of Uncle BEAU,
Who's that beneath him?—he looks
brisker.
I wonder what they did to grow
Such yards of whisker.

There's HUBERT, with a queer old hat
Standing beside him on the table.
They all got taken just like that—
D'you notice, MABEL?

And mother in a crinoline
And such a bonnet! Oh, I hate her!
(The sweetest mother ever seen,
Dear little mater!)

Yourself aged two—and what a grin!—
How could I tell? It's very simple.
Of course I knew you by your chin;
I twigg'd the dimple!

Rude boy! Not I. That's CHARLIE, eh?
I never see my Scotch relations,
Although they've asked me up to stay
In long vacations.

Here's ROSE! How she and I and WILL
In nursery days the orchard raided!
I'm glad to think she's blooming still,
Though here she's faded.

And who's the roguish little girl;
I'll swear it isn't you or MITIE—
With saucy eyes and hair a-curl?—
She's rather pretty!

My picture! How was I to know?
First time, I vow, I've ever seen it!
Me five-and-twenty years ago!
By Jove! d'you mean it?

'Twill do to grace some future Strand;
Celebrities—you know those pages—
Portrayed in various fashions and
At various ages!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(An enamoured Southron endeavours to address a Highland Damsel in her own tongue.)

Yon sky is bonny blue, fair lass,
But you boast bluer een;
Yon sun is bricht the noo, fair lass,
Your locks hae brichter sheen;
The fowl ahint the windy scaur
Flees to its hame awa',
But, oh! my heart is fleetier far
Whene'er I hear you ca'.

The cushat seeks the hazel broch
Therein his mate to woo,
But I hie to the mountain loch
To lilt my lays o' lo'e.
For here it was I speered you first
In a' your pride o' race,
You set my ardent soul athirst
When I gazed on your face!

I sat me down beside that cairn,
And looked, a feckless loon,
On you, the great MACMUCKLE's bairn,
Wi' ne'er a pair o' shoon!
Wi' winsome feet sae white as milk
You paddlit i' the faem,
Your snoodless locks, sae soft as silk,
Whished roun' your gouden kaem!

I looked and looked, and marvelled sair
If human you might be;
You laughed to see the wonder-stare
That came frae oot my ee.
And then you broke the eerie spell,
And oh! your voice was douce!
Like water trickling frae a shell,
What time the ebb runs loose!

An' noo I maun my heart declare!
(Would you could hear its beat.)
I've lands, and siller, too, to spare,
An' sic a hamestead sweet!
I ken you are MACMUCKLE's chiel,
His only dearest aye,
But tell him that I lo'e you weel,
And canna bide alane!

RETIREMENT IN RETREAT.

(A Possible Page from a Grand Old Diary.)

Monday.—Received letter begging me to establish a cosmopolitan library. Seems a simple idea. The notion is to translate all the best books into foreign languages. For instance, turn SHAKESPEARE into Chinese and MOLIERE into Russian. If I had not made up my mind to give up all serious literary work (save magazine articles, fresh versions of Homer, and the like) would consider the matter. But, under the circumstances, think it best to decline.

Tuesday.—Asked to re-organise the State defences. A few years since, nothing would have pleased me better. Of course, know a good deal about both the Navy and the Army. Could scarcely have failed to pick up the knowledge in the course of my reading. Have somewhere or other plans for new forts at the mouth of the Thames, round the Isle of Wight, and on the more prominent portions of the Channel Islands. Have a scheme for national mobilization in one of my pigeon-holes. Might do something, too, with my double-action rudder and extra explosive gun cotton. But perhaps better leave the matter in younger hands. Not that I shrink from the responsibility, but doctor's orders are, after all, doctor's orders.

Wednesday.—A most polite correspondent again urges me to complete the fed-



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

"OH, FLORA, LET US BE MAN AND WIFE. YOU AT LEAST UNDERSTAND ME—THE ONLY WOMAN WHO EVER DID!"

"OH YES; I UNDERSTAND YOU WELL ENOUGH, SIR ALGERNON. BUT HOW ABOUT YOUR EVER BEING ABLE TO UNDERSTAND ME?"

ration of the English-speaking races. Have of course, like every one else, I suppose, the scheme worked out on paper. No serious difficulty; but, to carry out the idea properly, one should visit the various parts of the empire in person. No objection to a trip to Australia, India, and Canada, but doing the Cape and the Mauritius would be weary work. So reluctantly forced to decline.

Thursday.—For the fiftieth or sixtieth time this year I am implored to undertake an oratorical tour. I am to create enthusiasm in England, Scotland, and Wales. Not a difficult matter. In fact, have done it before. Still, I must remember that I am not as young as I was, say, fifty years ago. However, very tempting proposal, but afraid I can't accept.

Friday.—"Will I save the British farmer?" Same old question. All I have to do is to establish jam manufactories in every part of the United Kingdom. I have often thought of doing this, but never have had the time. I could work all the empty farms at the same time. I don't know why I shouldn't, but "powers that are" say I mustn't.

Saturday.—Cannot remain inactive any longer. Asked to speak at a public meeting to denounce the lowest scoundrel that ever disgraced the nineteenth century! Of course I will, and what's more, if they don't listen to me, I will raise the nation in revolt, provoke a general election, come in at the head of the poll, and resume my old rooms in Downing Street! To think of the knave continuing his roguery! Well, it is not too late, and I am fit for anything!

Sunday.—Customary service. Very soothing. Calm and sedate. Perhaps, after all, I had better reconsider the situation, or at any rate curtail the programme.

A CLERICAL TRIPPER.

[The Vicar of France-Lynch, near Stroud, proposes to teach the girls of the village to dance during the winter months.]

HERE's a cheer for this sensible vicar!
May he ever keep time like a "ticker"!
As he gracefully shows
The address of his toes,
May his classes grow thicker and thicker!
In the valse let him swim *con amore*!
Let him polk with persistent *furor*!
In galop none quicker,
In lancers a kicker,
Let him rival the *jeunesse stage-dorée*!
Let the Puritans banter and bicker,
Here's his health in a pint of malt liquor!
Let each Terpsichorean
Re-echo the pæan,
"Success to the hops of the vicar!"

"For the Rain it raineth every day."

Parson (to farmer, whose barley is sprouting). Miserable weather, Mr. Roots!
Farmer. Aye, it be a sort of judgment on them folks as was so plaguey anxious to pray for rain last July.

[Parson hurries on.]

To the Cormorant in Kew Gardens.

POOR bird! quite alone
You sit on a stone,
And dream that you once were a flyer;
No more shall you range,
E'en your plumage must change,
Since you live 'neath the rule of a Dyer.

At Corfe Castle.

Professor (to assembled picnickers). I would remark that this ancient ruin is memorable for the use of the knife—

Hungry Pilgrim (interrupting). And fork. Here goes for that veal and ham pie!
[Historical lecture postponed.]

SOME CIPHER WIRES.

From No. 1, New York, to friend in England.

AM leaving for Europe Thursday. All safe. Police have not least suspicion. My movements quite unknown to them.

From Detective Shadow, New York, to Scotland Yard, England.

Our man sails for England Thursday. Have secured berth in cabin adjoining.



Friend in England to No. 1, New York.

Be very careful—don't think we are suspected, but you never know.

No. 1 (reply).

Nothing to fear. Police absolutely ignorant of my appearance and whereabouts—have given me up long ago. Shall go from Liverpool to Paris and thence Boulogne.

From Shadow, New York, to Scotland Yard.

No. 1 has shaved off beard and greatly altered appearance. Will probably go to Paris and then to Boulogne. Shall accompany, of course.

From No. 1, Boulogne, to friend in London.

Most cowardly of you to have misgivings. Police all fat-heads, and know positively nothing of my movements.

From Shadow, Boulogne, to Scotland Yard.

Our man over-eat himself to-day—said beef was tough at dinner—stood him two whiskies afterwards, when I noticed he had one waistcoat button missing, and was wearing pair of new boots. Wire me when you'd like him.

From No. 1, Boulogne, to friend in London.

Manufacture proceeding most expeditiously—shall be ready for forcible action in a week. Have no fear—we are absolutely safe, and police do not even suspect.

From Scotland Yard to Shadow, Boulogne.

Think we should like our friend to-morrow.

From Shadow, Boulogne, to Scotland Yard.

Certainly. Will annex him to-night.

The Dainty Fancy of Love.

He (after hearing Miss Clorinda warble). Do you know that you reminded me of an Indian Prince just now.

Miss C. An Indian prince! How?

He (impressively). Because you were Dew-lip-sing. May I, sweetheart?

[Sample exchanged.]

HEARTS ALL ROUND.

(A Memory of the Past, with a Moral for the Present.)

"Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great."
TENNYSON.

GREAT patriot voice, though silent now,
Yet sounding on the air of song
In endless echoings; laurelled brow,
All reverence; did a giant wrong
Rise in thine England's road, thy cry
Was for resistance to the death,
Seeing that freedom—though to die—
Was our soul's soul, our life, our breath.
"Hands all round!"
So in our ears that clarion voice did sound,
And so it sounds to-day from cliff to cliff
Of the white coasts of England round
and round.

"First pledge our Queen!" And so we do!
Her sixty years of splendid reign,
By compact with earth's craven crew
Of despots, we care not to stain.
Even the dumb-dog policy
Of acquiescent silence irks.
Mute conscience cannot bend the knee
To oppressors, Muscovites or Turks.
Hearts all round
Burn at the tale of hearths in hearts'
blood drowned
To sate the throned Assassin's murderous
hate,
Whilst like poor muzzled curs the
Powers crouch round.

Oh! Queen, to whom all hearts to-day
Turn loyally; oh! youthful Tsar,
Her honoured guest, hailed on thy way
As peace-protecting "Lord of War";
The secular East ye hold in fee
Between you, royal host and guest!
Is there no way joint wit may see
In honour's cause to band the West?
Hands all round,
And hearts, and heads, humble or
proudly crowned!
In the great name of Peace clasp hands
as friends,
Link hearts for mere humanity round
and round!

And ye, ye "loyal hearts who long
To keep our English empire whole!"
Sons of the stout old Northland, strong
To scour earth's seas from pole to pole;
Pale silence which red guilt condones
Is not your fashion from of old.
Speak out, speak all, in manful tones!
Honour hath claims as well as Gold!
Tongues all round
Speak for plain Right with no uncertain
sound,
In the joint name of England speak, as
friends
Of faith and truth and honour round
and round!

And ye, our statesmen, see ye be
"True leaders of the land's desire."
When at the sights men sit and see
Slow-moving Saxon spirits fire.
We urge you not to a mad rush
That may wake war, or shake the State,
But—see that Britons need not blush
For craven counsels all too late.
Hands all round!
In patriot bonds, not party shackles,
bound.
Bound—not for faction's gain, but national pride,
And the good name of England round
and round.

And you, old chieftain, white and worn,
But wakeful still at honour's call,
Whose lifted voice, like ROLAND's horn
At Roncesvallès, rouses all,
Sound the alarm, *réveille* raise,
In England's and in honour's name!
Faction's least touch would mar the praise,
Party's least bias blot the fame.
Hands all round!
That should ring clearly in the clarion's
sound,
That should base faction's skulking
hope confound.
In the great cause of honour rouse her
friends,
And the good fame of England round
and round!

NOTES OF A LITTLE CRUISE IN A LARGE YACHT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

Greenock, Saturday Morning.—Curious arrangement of the sleeping berths in the train which brought us up ("Like a mushroom," SARK says) in the night. Not equally divided. One side sacrifices something of its width to corridor passing full length of car. Depends upon which side you happen to be ticketed for whether you get a broad bed or a narrow one.

Oddly enough, SARK didn't get the broad bed. Almost wish he had. Being short of temper, and bulky in person, he spent an appreciable part of my night's rest in grumbling. He was particularly angry because we had each alike paid five shillings for our bed.

"If you have five shillings' worth of bed," he woke me up to say, the idea presenting itself to him at 3.20 A.M., "mine doesn't run beyond three-and-nine-penny-worth at the most."

It's a pity men allow these trifling matters to annoy them. If such a thing happens again, I think—the idea didn't occur to me till we were running into Greenock station this morning, when it was of course too late to carry it out—I'll change berths with SARK.

Off Arran, Sunday.—The *India* is the latest message the P. & O. Co. have sent to the sea. She is magnificent in all ways.



Eight thousand tons burden. Chairman SUTHERLAND, K.C.M.G., says, with gleam of triumph in his eyes, she is of 10,000 horse-power. I wonder where they keep the horses. In the hold, I suppose. Must be stuffy in the Red Sea, and dreadfully monotonous. SARK says he believes they are sea-horses, which will probably make all the difference.

Arranged when the cruise was planned that *India* should proceed from Clyde to Dublin. Last night route altered. Captain

BRISCOE says there "isn't enough water." Seems strange. Always heard that if there was a drawback to attractiveness of Ireland, it was the too constant rain. Certainly it has been a dry summer with us. Water famine at East End and the like. Probably average not yet made up at Dublin. However it be, instead of crossing Channel to Ireland, we steer up Scotch coast to Lamlash Bay. A fresh injustice to Ireland.

After luncheon, went ashore. Some question whether we should be able to land. Rumour current that the pier is locked up on Sundays. Advanced cautiously. Reconnoitred. Not a soul in sight. Landed on pier. At gate a board proclaimed that a fee of two-pence is levied on every passenger. Feel for our coppers. A ghostly silence reigns over hut whence collector might be expected to spring. Gate open; we walk through untaxed. Hope the collector not regarding us from window of one of the houses near. Pitiful to think of his emotions on seeing bang go at least twenty twopences uncollected.

Turning to the left, we come on a long street, facing the turfed sea. This is Lamlash, a congeries of lodging-houses, none more than a story high. The lodgers are mostly on the cold ground, sitting on chairs or benches in front of their apartments. They don't talk, much less "whistle." The nearest approach to carnality is the possession of a spy-glass. Coming from Glasgow, and further inland, this gives the final touch of nautical circumstance to the too brief holiday. From time to time one puts up his spy-glass, slowly surveys scene in the bay, and solemnly brings the glass back to his knee. They must have seen it all before through many days. Nevertheless, at brief intervals they sweep the horizon, always beginning at the same place, and with slow motion leaving off as before.

"I think," said SARK, involuntarily dropping his voice to a whisper, "they're looking out for Monday, when they can talk to each other again, bustle around, bathe, or even catch mussels."

A fair scene of Sabbath peace, broken only by the lapping of the waves among the sea-weed on the beach. Meeting an elderly gentleman, looking uncomfortable in an aggressively square-built suit of rusty black, I ventured to expatiate on the beauty of the scene. The patriot Scot evidently pleased at the artless enthusiasm of a mere Southron. He hadn't a spy-glass with him, having evidently just come out of church. But he looked round in search of some climax in the peerless beauty of the scene with which he might cap my remark that the people living here were very fortunate, and ought to be happy.

"D'ye see that vessel lyin' avre there?" he said, pointing to a good-looking craft, but as a penny steamer beside our stately liner. "Weel, that's the *Jupiter*. She sails every day between Greenock and Lamlash. She's the fastest boat on the Clyde, and forbye that she beats them a' for breakfasts. Man, when ye tak' ane o' her breakfasts ye need neither dinner nor supper, and a' for twa shillings a head. If ye tak' a dozen tickets at a time ye get them for eighteen pence apiece. Sixteen breakfasts for the price of twelve!"

As the old gentleman spoke, the light of the setting sun falling on his furrowed face brightened it with a look of ecstasy. Sixteen breakfasts for the price of twelve! At Lamlash life is certainly worth living.

Plymouth Harbour, Tuesday.—SARK is not in good luck this trip. The narrow bed—"Put in it before my time," he says, gruffly—was bad enough. This morning was worse. Thought he would try the spray bath, of which he had heard high approval. It's a framework of perforated pipes, within which you stand, turn a wheel-handle, and water, hot or cold, dashes forth in fine thick rain. SARK had heard that the thing to do is to turn on both handles, modifying the heat according to taste. He began with that labelled "hot water."

It was surprisingly hot. SARK dashed at the handle; gave it another screw, meaning to turn the water off. In excitement of moment, blinded with the dashing spray, agonised by the nearly boiling water, he turned it wrong way. The water played upon him with redoubled force and heat.

SARK's observations were, I am told, heard at some distance.

"Why didn't you step out of the enclosure?" I asked.

"You get in, and see what you'll do," he replied, its parboiled condition lending an almost evil glare to the countenance turned upon me.

In the Channel, Thursday.—Steaming up Channel. A fine autumn day, with the sea, blue as the Mediterranean, tossing up countless white caps for pure joy at being alive. The very day to sit on deck and read Report (just out) of Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland. Have done so, and now, with Tilbury in sight, am in hopelessly dazed condition. Talk about conference of Kilkenny cats, or meetings of Irish Members in Committee Room No. 15, they were monotonously



"DID YE SEE THE LORD MAYOR WHEN YOU WAS UP TO LUNNON?"

"AYE, LAD, I DID."

"DE' E GANG ABOUT WI' A CHAIN?" "NO; 'E GANGS LOOSE!"

unanimous as compared with this Commission. The result is unparalleled amongst Blue Books.

First of all eleven of the thirteen commissioners agree to a final joint report, which they sign. *Item:* This done, five of them, the Chairman, Mr. REDMOND, Mr. MARTIN, Mr. HUNTER, and Mr. WOLFF presents a report on their own account. *Item:* Lord FARRER, Lord WELBY, and Mr. CURRIE hand in *their* report. *Item:* Lord WELBY drafts a memorandum declaring wherein he disagrees from Lord FARRER and Mr. CURRIE, whose report he has signed. *Item:* Mr. SEXTON, Mr. BLAKE, and Mr. SLATTERY sign a fourth report. *Item:* Mr. BLAKE sets forth, at considerable length, points of difference he holds with Mr. SEXTON and Mr. SLATTERY, whose report carries his signature. *Item:* Sir DAVID BARBOUR has a report that no one else will sign, even with the privilege of supplementing it by a memorandum showing how it is, in the main, hopelessly wrong. *Item:* Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND, not to be outdone, presents a masterly report demonstrating the unfairness and the impracticability of everything but his own particular plan.

Am glad to have dropped anchor off Tilbury. A delightful voyage, a noble ship, a princely host, charming company. But after studying the Report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland one has a strange, strong hankering for *terra firma*.

WAIST NOT WASTE NOT.

(Paradoxical but Important.)

"In Paris the 'wasp' waist is off," they declare.

This is excellent news to the wholesome and tasteful. Adopt a full waist if your health you would spare,

It is the spare waist that is wasteful!

A woman wastes health in each creak and each gasp,
For a waist that is only a grace—in a wasp!



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Sportsman (who has mounted Friend). "LOOK HERE, TOM, YOU MUST MIND HE DOESN'T KICK HOUNDS, AND I WOULDN'T JUMP HIM, AS HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT. SO, IF THEY HAPPEN TO GET AWAY, YOU'D BETTER TAKE HIM HOME. SEE!"

[Nice for Tom, who has driven twenty miles before daylight in order to enjoy a morning's cubbing.]

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

"THE UNIVERSAL LITERARY SUPPLY COMPANY, LIMITED."

(Continued.)

WHEN the manager asked me in this matter-of-fact way if he should show me one or two heroines, I was naturally somewhat taken aback. My reply was cautious. "Is it quite safe?" I asked.

"Oh, perfectly. You see, we keep them low in the matter of diet; they only get an elopement once a week, and a divorce about once every two months. Their ordinary food while they remain in this establishment is English Grammars mixed with History Primers. It's curious how they dislike it at first, but they soon get used to it and thrive very fairly, though of course they can't get very fierce on that. They all know me. I make it a point to feed them myself. I really should like to show you some specimens." He unlocked the front of the huge box before which we were standing, and called out "HERMIONE, ROSAMUND," whereupon, to my intense surprise, two fully-grown females issued forth. They immediately began to dance round the manager with the most lively demonstrations of affection, patted his head, stroked his cheeks, and kissed his hands. "Down, HERMIONE, down, ROSAMUND, down at once!" he exclaimed; "you are simply covering me with scent. This," he continued, addressing me, and pointing to HERMIONE, "is one of our Hill-Top heroines. Do you notice her wealth of auburn hair, bound in simple tresses, and the candid look in her deep, liquid eyes? She can blush more virginally than any similar article we have ever provided. Then she can defy the world and its conventions, and die quite beautifully on a trestle bed in a dingy and uncarpeted three pair back. HENRY" (this was to one of the clerks), "is this article sold?"

"Yes, Sir; sold this morning to a lady. She's to be fetched away to-morrow."

"Ah," said the manager, "I thought she wouldn't remain long in stock. Now ROSAMUND is entirely different. She's the typical English girl, not very clever, but very wholesome. Just observe her sun-burnt complexion and her swinging stride. We generally sell this kind with a brother or two to play cricket with. The purchaser is expected to provide bicycles. It used to be lawn-tennis implements, but we recommend bicycles now. I'm sorry to say we've had ROSAMUND on our hands for some time, and I really don't know when we shall be able to dispose of her. A good many years ago we did an enormous business in ROSAMUNDS, but the demand has gone down terribly. Still, we always keep one or two in case we should be suddenly called on to supply them. One never knows. Now then, you two, trot away back to your box." It was quite touching to notice how meekly the two heroines obeyed.

I SHOULD have mentioned that the further end of the room was divided off by a wooden partition. I ventured to ask what particular business was transacted there.

"That," said my guide, "is our Scotch department. It's a very profitable concern, and I rather pride myself on having persuaded the directors to establish it. One must keep up with the times, and if there's one thing the times seem to want more than another it's Scotch goods. I fancy we can do pawky humour better than any other house in the trade, and I'm quite certain that our special line in peasant pathos is absolutely unequalled. Just step in with me and have a look round."

We passed through the swinging door that led into the Scotch department, and found ourselves in the midst of a scene of busy activity. A score or so of clerks, men and women, were engaged in cutting tartans of every variety, and making them up into plaids and kilts. A confusion of strange sounds assailed my ears.



A STRONG APPEAL!

“THAT COERCION, WHICH OUGHT LONG AGO TO HAVE BEEN APPLIED TO HIM (THE SULTAN), MIGHT EVEN NOW BE THE MEANS OF AVERTING ANOTHER SERIES OF MASSACRES, POSSIBLY EVEN EXCEEDING THOSE WHICH WE HAVE ALREADY SEEN.”

Extract from Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Crossley, of Manchester.

"Now then, look alive with the haggis," "send along the hoots-toots, and be sharp with them," "Elders for three and discourse for two," "Six braw Heelanders in order." Such were some of the curious phrases that were hurtling about. I was introduced to the head clerk. "A very interesting man," whispered the manager; "was a Free Kirk Minister once, and used to preach wonderfully, but had to give it up owing to nerves. He's really most useful to us, most useful; has a thorough knowledge of all the dialects, and for salmon-rivers and golf-links I would back him against any one you could name." I bowed respectfully to the ex-minister, and engaged him in conversation for a few moments. I regret to say, however, that I failed to grasp the meaning of his remarks. When he asked me to "Come awa' ben," I murmured something to the effect that my name was not BENJAMIN, and as the situation seemed to be getting strained, I was glad when the manager took me away.

We next went upstairs into another large room. "This is one of our show-rooms," explained the manager; "please be very careful where you step. I'm afraid the place isn't as tidy as it ought to be. We're simply littered with French Kings and Cardinals just now. Everybody wants them, and as they're a very bloodthirsty lot their keep comes rather expensive. Those are French girls, daughters of Counts or Sieurs, and as brave and patient and loving as we can make them. We provide them all with our own patent action for battlement-climbing and hanging over rocky ramparts by ropes while the bullets whistle round them. It's an ingenious toy. Of course we require a gallant young knight or two to make it work thoroughly. The gallant young knights are generally fools, but the public seems to like them. Ah, that's our case of cheap murders. Pretty things, aren't they?"

I ASKED the manager if there was much doing in poetry just at present. "Not very much," he replied; "poetry's a bit off. We used to sell quite a number of ballades and things, and I've seen as many as a dozen minors in here at one time buying rhymes and stanzas and other brittle goods; but that was some years ago. Somebody or other had died, a Laureate, or something of that sort, and there was a good deal of competition for the place. We sold a great number of our shilling packets of rhymes. But on the whole it's not a particularly paying business, and we're thinking of giving it up altogether. We've had an offer from Vigo Street to take it over as a going concern, and I've advised our directors to close with it. Ah, here's something you'll like. It's an idea of my own, and one of the best things we do." The manager pointed to a polished mahogany case on the floor. "Just look at the finish of that," he said; "you can't approach it anywhere else. Why, the case itself is well worth the money we charge for it, let alone the contents. It's our guinea box of allsorts"—he began ticking them off on his fingers—"containing one dozen best interviews, two hundred high-class quotations, specially selected, six sporting anecdotes, four detectives, with our own inscrutable smile and a revolver apiece, two doctors—they're a capital substitute for detectives—one Satan, as used by Miss CORELLI, sadness, patent-leather boots, gentlemanly breeding, and odour of brimstone all complete, twenty-five literary *causeries*, fifteen dialogue-stories, and an assortment of East End slang. Oh, it's a magnificent bargain, that's what it is. Let me tempt you with it?"

To be brief, I was tempted and I succumbed. But up to the present I have had no opportunity of making use of my remarkable purchase. Still, it is certain to come in useful sooner or later. I hope before long to pay another visit to my friend, the manager of the Universal Literary Supply Company, Limited.

In the Editorial Sanctum.

Editor and Proprietor. Well, how are the "ads"?

Manager and Editor. As usual at this time of year, deuced bad. We must fill the paper somehow. How would it be to send GUSHBY to write up the watering places of Russia?

E. and P. Preposterous! Look at the expense. Here, I have it! Tell SMILAX to write a letter on the joys of polygamy, and then let the public run loose.

M. and E. (admirably). What a man you are, to be sure!

E. and P. (beaming). That's why I always appeal to the women.

TO DETECTIVE MELVILLE.—Why not start a Sherlock Holmes Office?



A HONEYMOON OUTING.

Ernest (faintly). "VERA, DARLING, I DO BELIEVE I'M THE WORST SAILOR ON EARTH!"

Vera (ditto). "I WOULDN'T MIND THAT SO MUCH, IF I WASN'T SO BAD ON THE WATER!"

THE PORTRAIT-PIPE.

(By a Bachelor Devotee of Baccy.)

[The portrait-pipe is a growing fad in America. FREDERICK GEBHARDT, married to a Baltimore beauty, wished to have a pipe made in the likeness of his wife. A month later he received the pipe and a bill for 800 dollars.]

PUT that in your pipe ardent bachelor smokers!

A wife is expensive at all times, no doubt;

At least, so assert the misogynist croakers,

Who swear 'tis a thing a man's better without.

Some have had to make choice between wife and tobacco,

The weed and the woman, the puff and the pet,

The pleasures mere males to the feminine pack owe

Are purchased most dearly in *that* way, you bet!

But "Portrait-pipes" open a vista extensive.

A meerschau museum of family mugs

At eight hundred dollars per pipe *were* expensive.

One's bachelor freedom, with bacca, one hugs

More complacently yet. Sure a sixpenny briar

Without a wife's phiz, is sufficient for me;

And wifelessness means—unless fame is a liar—

E'en in smoking a saving in mere L. S. D.

To fill a wife's phiz with sweet bird's-eye and smoke it

Sounds rather romantic, but dreadfully dear.

And then just suppose that I dropped it and broke it!

To break your wife's head might mean mischief I fear.

My pipes and cigars, like my cuffs and my collars,

Run up to an annual bill that's no joke.

But puff portrait-pipes which cost eight hundred dollars?

Such bliss matrimonial would soon end—in smoke!

TO ANY NUMBER OF CORRESPONDENTS.—Great minds think alike. At least three hundred letters have been received at our office, suggesting that the Government should remind the Police of the old proverb—"Take care of 'No. 1.'"



Bornemouth

AN ELOQUENT FIGURE OF SPEECH.

First Conductor. "WELL, CHAWLY, 'OW DID THE BEANO GOW ORF LARS NIGHT?"

Second Conductor. "OW, THE GUV'NOR DONE US A TREAT, JIMES."

First Conductor. "LOTS O' BEER, EH?"

Second Conductor. "BEER? NOW FEAR! SEMPYNE, COCKY! W'Y, THERE WAS ENOUGH SEMPYNE TER WASH A 'BUS IN!"

"The Inhumanity of Man to Mann."

Foreign Anti-Socialist sings:—

WHEN blown by Autumn breezes
Tourists leave Britain's isle,
The prospect greatly pleases,
And only MANN is vile.
Tour on, but no oration
In Socialism's name!
Only in your queer nation
Spouters can play that game!

THE SPOT FOR ALL-PINE SCENERY.—
Bournemouth, where firs are in evidence
all through the winter.

The New Stagecraft.

(By an Old Stager.)

If you would win on critical belief,
You must combine old trash on the New
Woman,
With "comic business" which is *no*
"relief,"
And "human interest" that is *inhuman!*

AN IDEAL RESTING-PLACE FOR A RETIRED
BUTLER.—Binfield.

STUMP ORATIONS.—Speeches at cricket-
club dinners.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. II.—MISS JOANNA.

SOME blossoms ope to fade away
At the first touch of winter's blasting,
But while her fellow-flowers decay
Our Miss JOANNA's everlasting:
For though a score of years and more
Have glided since she first came out, Sir,
She blooms to-day as young and gay
As when she saw her maiden rout, Sir.

She is our star. A tone, an air
Of breeding o'er the town she scatters,
Nor is there one so bold that dare
Dispute her sway in social matters.
Happy whom she with favour names!
Happy the house where she is seen, Sir!
Has she not curtsied at St. James,
And been presented to the QUEEN, Sir?

Though here we seldom get the chance,
We love a little dissipation,
And if we haply have a dance
Or soiree, great our jubilation.
Then songs are sung, and flings are flung,
And reels are reeled with merry pranc-
ing,
And no one but the very young
Believes himself too old for dancing.

There Miss JOANNA will be seen—
Without her 'twere no dance at all,
Sir—

With stately step and gracious mien,
And all prepared to lead the ball, Sir:
A coy wee rosebud in her hair,
A simple fleck of modest yellow,
And resting on her bosom fair,
In innocent repose, its fellow.

Ah! Happy he to whom the Fates
Entrust so rare, so chaste a burden!
Aye, blessed beyond all potentates
To whom they grant so rich a guerdon!
What though she wear another's hair?
What though her blushes will not go,
Sir?

Who once has clasped that form so fair,
Is stamped forever *comme il faut*, Sir.

Or if sweet music while the night,
Then Miss JOANNA kindly favours:
With carefully subdued delight
We listen while she gently quavers.
She warbles "Orpheus with his Ly-oot,"
With wondrous twist and turn and
twiddle,
Now fainter than the softest flute,
Now pyrotechnic as a fiddle.

And when her classic song is done,
At our request, she, with a smile, Sir,
Agrees to give her other one,
That sweet old air, "Within a mile,"
Sir,
And when in gay and girlish way
She coyly trills, "I canna, canna,"
Why then we know, where'er we go,
There's none can sing like Miss JOANNA.

Our neighbours, fired by jealous spite,
May scoff and scorn in bitter malice,
And even, in their envy, slight
The glories of St. James's Palace,
But what of that?—They play their parts,
And still, despite their worst endeavour,
Enshrined in our loyal hearts
Our Miss JOANNA lives forever.

NANSEN'S LATEST DISCOVERY. — The
tracks of the King of Sweden.

FATE AND THE SULTAN.—A question of
Dis-Crete.

THE PENNY-A-LINER TO THE LATEST SEA-SERPENT.

(An Excoostulation in the Silly Season.)

WELL, you are not a clump of sea-weed tangled,
 Nor yet a lengthened shoal of lumbering porpoises!
 But the sea-serpent o'er which long we've wrangled,
 You skinniest, most contemptible of cold corpses?
 No, no! You would not make men squeal and squirm
 By lollopping leagues along the far horizon.
 You're more like a big eel or monster worm,
 With neither power to swallow, swamp, nor pizon!
 You're not a cuttle-fish, nor yet a seal,
 A ledge of rocks, or a long ridge of coral!
 Why your preposterous self should you reveal,
 And spoil the penny-a-liner's yarn—and moral—
 By getting stranded on the Australian coast,
 Giving yourself—and us—away completely?
 How much you discount the sea-captain's boast,
 And discumbobulate the old sailor sweetly!
 But really you should have shown more respect
 For us poor scribblers in the Silly Season.
 Our loveliest tale the public will regret,
 And spoil Romance by listening to Reason
 A few yards long, and with no goggle-eyes,
 No gaping jaws, no sinuous sliding motion!
 Why, you would scarce a long-shore swab surprise,
 If he should meet you in the mighty ocean!
 You must be monster-headed, seven miles
 In serpentining length, not a foot shorter,
 Or else at such a sham the public smiles,
 And you're not worth a rap to the reporter!

THE MANNERS OF OLDER PEOPLE.

(Communications from some of the Children.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a little girl, aged ten, and live with my uncle and aunt, because my papa and mamma are on duty in India. My aunt, who isn't my *real* aunt, goes to church three times every Sunday, but you should just see her on week days. If I try to sing when the dear old barrel-organ comes into the street, she boxes my ears, and says, "That will teach you to remember the time of day." She always sends me to bed early, and then she has the "gurgles"—so I heard her describe her complaint to MARTHA, the parlour-maid. I don't quite know what this disease is, but it is awfully loud. Uncle, who comes home very early in the morning, is generally afflicted with the "stumbles," and has played sad havoc with our stair-carpets. He says his physician states that the only cure for his complaint is whiskey, and he strictly follows the doctor's advice. I am not happy because Aunt and Uncle are always "storming" at one another. Then I am frightened, and MARTHA gets under the kitchen table, and JANE, the cook, locks herself up in the larder. I wish you could make my elders behave better. My governess says that Time will set all things right. I don't quite know what she means. Perhaps you will send Time to your little friend,

ERMYNTRUDE EARWAKER.

Raspberry Mount, Lincolnshire, September 12, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—What is the matter with the old folks? They are never at home. I remember when I was about five that I used to come down to dessert every night. Now they have no dinners at home. Pa and Ma are always feeding at the best West End restaurants, and all I have to keep me company is "Shah," the Persian pussy. I am an up-to-date girl, and cannot stand this state of affairs much longer. Even the cat won't go away, or else this mouse would play. Yours truly,

Isle of Man Chambers, W.

GRISelda THOROUGHPIN.

SIR,—I am at Rodwell School during the best part of the year, and I wish I were there now. My people have lugged me on to the continent to satisfy their own selfishness. I like cricket and lawn tennis, but at this beastly hole there is neither one nor the other. I can't get a decent glass of beer, and the noise of the bands is enough to send a fellow crazy. But Father and Mother seem to enjoy themselves. They are always going to the Kursaal and "planking their ready" (you see I know a thing or two) on this or that colour, or some particular number of which Mother has dreamt. I don't call it fair to me, for they never give me a chance. I'd rather be playing "shove-halfpenny" with JAMES, our footman, though he has always cleaned me out together with TURF, the sexton, and old JUMBLES, who keeps the Spotted Dragon. I say "Blow Belgium and the battle of Water-



SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

Tramp (to benevolent but inquisitive Lady). "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, IT WERE LIKE THIS. I WERE A 'ADDICK SMOKER BY PROFESSION; THEN I GOT ILL, AND 'AD TO GO TO THE 'ORSPITAL; THEN I SOLD CATS MEAT; BUT SOME'OW OR OTHER I GOT INTO LOW WATER!"

loo!" which gave this wretched people an existence. Yours obediently,

HARRY HAULFAST.

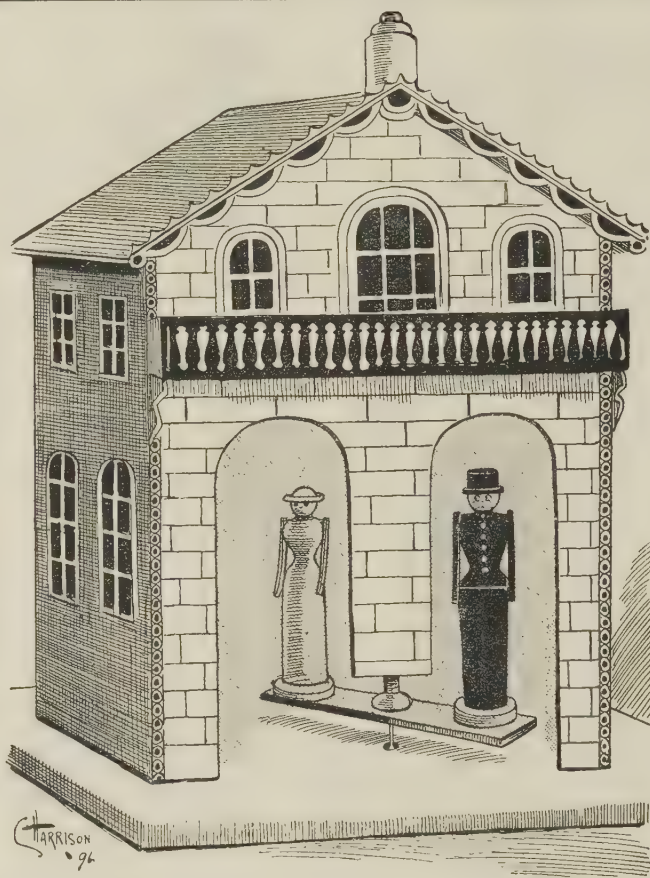
Ostend, September 14, 1896.

P.S.—I don't give the name of our hotel for fear of consequences.—*Verb. sap.*

DEAR PUNCH,—I address you familiarly, because, like yourself, I am a being of letters. At the last School Board exam I was first in the Plesiophormous Class, and received a cordial shake of the right hand from Mr. DIGGLE. I can write shorthand, play the piano, and can diagnose the inscriptions on the (so-called) Cleopatra's Needle. At the present moment I am uncertain whether I shall educate myself to take up the position of a Prime Minister or an engine driver. But in any case, my future prospects will be hopelessly blighted unless I can do away with my social surroundings. There is a cobbler up our court, who not only greets me with impertinent familiarity, but also disturbs my studies in the Great, True, and Beatific by his incessant hammering on leather. There is a milkman, who thrice a day disturbs my meditations, and there is a vulgarian selling onions and the like garbage, who confuses me with his asinine holloas, together with minor offenders. Ought such things to be allowed? I am young (fifteen last birthday); I am ambitious, but, alas! I have a cultured ear, and I protest against this tyranny of the old birds over the chicks. Yours scientifically,

Edison Court, W.C.

THEOPHASTUS CHUMP.



The Dull Weather Gentleman. "NICE GIRL THAT NEXT DOOR—BUT DREADFULLY SHY! ALWAYS POPS IN WHEN I COME OUT."

"THE SAILORMAN'S MENOO."

(To a Shipowner. By a Shell-back.)

It's mighty fine, yer talkin', but you never done no trips
In the bloomin' leaky foc'sle of yer leaky, rotten ships;
And though you gulls the public with a sham Menoo for us,
It isn't printed lies as makes provisions worth a cuss;
And even silly emigrants will tell you straight and true
That the test of grub is grubbin', not the advertised Menoo.

I'm talkin' now, not beggin' for a chance to starve and work,
In an undermanned old tanker with a skipper like a Turk;
With a cook as larnt 'is cookin' when 'e 'ad to cook or beg,
Or go into an 'orspital to nurse a cranky leg;
And what I says I means it, and my words is plain and true,
Which is more than any sailorman will say for yer Menoo.

I'll allow that in the look of it, the print of it I mean,
That all you say is sarved to us; but is it good or clean?
And wot's wet 'ash, or porridge, or any other stuff,
When at the very best of it there's 'ardly 'arf enough?
Not even with the cockroaches that's given with the stew,
Though I notice they nor maggots wasn't down in yer Menoo.

There's the tea and corfee talked of, but folks ashore ain't told
That the swine as bought it for you winked 'is eye at them as sold.
For sailormen's best Mocha was never further East
Than a bloomin' Essex bean-field; and the tea ain't tea—at least
It's on'y "finest sweepin's" from the docks, and wot a brew
It makes when sarved in buckets to drink to yer Menoo!

The pork and beef on paper, or a tin dish, makes a show,
But you'd want yer front teeth sharpened if you tackled it,
my bo'!

For the beef is still the ancient 'orse wot worked on Portland
Pier,

And the pork is rotten reasty, that was invoiced twice too dear
If they charged you 'arf a thick 'un for the whack you gives the
crew,

With the pickles and the butter set out fine in yer Menoo.

I'd like to take you jossers, as thinks as sailormen
Is a grumblin' lot of skulkers, just one trip and 'ome agen;

For when yer 'ands was achin' with sea cuts to the bone,
And the Baltic talked north-easters, you'd be alterin' of yer tone,
And mightn't think wot's wrote in print is necessary true,
And per'aps when you was safe agen you'd alter our Menoo.

L'ILE DE WIGHT.

DEAR MISTER,—The other day I go with my friend to a "croquetparty." I love much the sport, the tennis, the bicyclette, but I know not to play the croquet. All of same, I go there. There is the hostess, a lady very gracious, but very solemn, of a in good point—*embonpoint*, how say you?—very remarkable. I shall name her Missis "JONES." There is a clergyman. Ah, the brave little clergyman! Of a vivacity, of of a *verve* so charming, almost young. He is not young; he has, perhaps, sixty years, but he runs, he skips, he is the *seul*—who has the air of to amuse himself. There is a *militaire*—a military—very ferocious, the visage red, the moustache grey, the eyebrows very thick. There is a doctor of the army in retreat. And there is some ladies.

Eh well, my friend presents me to Missis JONES. I say to her, "He makes very fine to-day." You see, Mister *Punch*, I know the mode of your country, I commence in speaking of the fine time. But she is *distracte*—distracted—and she responds not, but she presents me to the clergyman, to the military and to the doctor in retreat. Then we drink the tea, the "fiveoclok" in the *salon*. Ah, how it is gay! By hazard I seat myself between the military and the doctor. All the two have been at the *Indias*. You know that in your Island of Wight all the world is military. *Partout*—by all—there is some generals, some colonels, some majors, some captains, and they are all in retreat, and they speak alldays—*toujours*—of the India and of the sport. Me I know not the India. Naturally my two neighbours talk of the India, of the serpents, of the sport, of the tigers. The military has much studied the serpents, and he speaks of them, and of the savage beasts, with a frown of the eyebrows worthy of *Tartarin*. *C'est étonnamment gai*—astonishingly gay. And all the time I regard at the other side of the *salon* the respectable curate—*le respectable curé*. His friends call him *vicaire*, but he has not of all the air of a *vicaire*. He is not enough young, he is not enough thin; he is all to fact old good man—*tout-à-fait vieux bonhomme*, how say you? *Le voilà*—see there him—speaking to the ladies, so gay, so amiable, so animated. I love to see him. The croquetparty suits well to the clergy, above all to those who are a little aged. Me who am lay and young I love it not.

In fine we go to the garden. Then I play the croquet. Me, AUGUSTE, I play! Missis JONES invites me. I say that I regret infinitely that I know not to play. She says me that it is easy. I finish by to yield. I play with her. The military, who is major, and one of the ladies are our adversaries.

In effect, Missis JONES plays very well, and the other lady also. The major plays not well, but he plays very severely, and he has the air of the president of a *conseil de guerre*—that which you call a "court-martial"—speaking to the accused. It seems to me as if I were the accused, and I am all timid when he frowns the eyebrows so terribly. For me I play not of all of all—*du tout du tout*. Missis JONES aids me with good counsels, but she has the air of a schoolmistress scolding a little boy, and she says me, "Now hit my ball, if you can;" and she regards me severely, and the major regards me severely, so that when I essay to hit my ball to me, I hit the turf, and then I hit the top of my ball, and she goes I know not where, all far from the ball of Missis JONES. Then this lady says, "That is not so bad." And one other time when I play to wrong and to traverse—*à tort et à travers*, how say you?—she says me, "That will do pretty well." This irony renders me more unskilful. However, Misses JONES "croquets" my ball, she goes through the hoops, she hits the stick, and, my faith, she arrives the first!

The major essays long time to hit one of the sticks, but he can not. Each time that he misses, his figure—*sa figure*—becomes more red, and the eyes gleam, and he has the air of to condemn the accused to be shot, and I think to all the words he would say if these ladies were not there. In fine I pity him, for to what good would a military say "Bother"? That is not enough, that is not nothing, that exclamation there, which is permitted in your country.

In fine we finish, and the major parts as soon as possible, without any doubt for to say at him—*chez lui*—all that which he has not said. Me also I part, but before to go I give a shakehands to Missis JONES, and I say to her, "Enchanted," and "A game of the most agreeables," and "Thousand thanks, dear Missis," and all the other phrases of the politeness. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS FOR THE YOUNG.

(By a Past Master of the Ceremonies.)

So much has been written recently of the faulty deportment of our children that it may be well to formulate a few simple rules for the guidance of those of them who would wish to pass for boys and girls of elegance and *bon ton*. Accordingly, I jot down a suggestion or two for their consideration in this connection.

Invariably be courteous to visitors to your parents' house. If they bring hats and umbrellas, or parasols, immediately carry them away. That the articles may be in safe keeping entrust them to the care of the nearest pledge-taker, who will give you a card and some money as a guarantee of good faith, but, as they say in the newspapers, not necessarily for publication.

Booby traps are entirely out of fashion, so if you wish to



amuse your friends within your father's mansion, spread pebbles between their sheets and blankets, and cover their pillows with pepper.

Nothing is pleasanter to a humorist than a tribute of laughter. Remembering this when a young lady or gentleman, rather proud of her or his voice, attempts to sing a sentimental song, indulge in fits of uproarious merriment.

The old always value the attentions of the young. So when you see an octogenarian on the point of seating himself comfortably in an arm-chair, be careful to retreat the article of furniture in question a few inches, that the veteran may come unexpected to the ground. This will arouse the elderly gentleman, and induce him to address you with an earnestness entirely beyond his years.

As it is not now considered good form to ask for a tip, you had better take what you want from the rich when their attention is fixed on some object other than their purses.

Although it is distinctly rude to smash the hats left by visitors in the hall, there is no particular harm in filling the pockets of the overcoats of the same owners with candle ends, marmalade, and (when procurable) cold pea-soup.

Personal cleanliness is of the utmost importance in elegant society, so never neglect to wash your hands at least once a week, and brush your hair even more frequently.

It is extremely rude to interrupt a senior when he is telling an anecdote to an interested audience of his equals. So should you particularly wish to communicate with him without stopping the flow of his conversation, you should tap him smartly on the head with a soup ladle.

Finally, your first duty is to your father and mother. Bearing this in mind, should you obtain, through intimidation or some other equally effectual means, a sum of money from your friends, relatives and acquaintances, you should be sure to hand over an appropriate percentage of your earnings to your parents.

"The Sayings of Children."

Mamma. To-morrow will be daddy's birthday.

Chrissie (aged five, with a vague notion of Christmas Day). Then, I s'pose, all the shops will be closed, mummy, and we shall have to go to church, and make a collection for dad!

THE TERRORISM OF TOUTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I quite agree with the great NAPOLEON in his statement that we are a nation of shop-keepers, but I do wish that we could sometimes repress our commercial instincts. I am in business myself, and know what competition means, but I confess that when I take my holiday at the seaside I do not like to be made a sort of prize in a handicap of tradesmen. This year I have hired a villa at that delightful watering-place, Silversands, but I almost wish that I had never done so. Why? you will naturally inquire. Well, Sir, long before I left London with my family—I suppose I have to thank the local house-agent for this—I was bombarded with letters from the grocers, butchers, bakers, milkmen, wine merchants, and oilshop keepers of Silversands, imploring my esteemed custom. Some of them even sent samples of their wares with delicately-worded missives, begging me to accept these tokens of gratitude for favours to come. Two or three took the trouble and expense of travelling to London to interview me personally, and one of them being mistaken by my wife, while I was out, for a distant cousin of the same name, was actually bidden to dinner. Another was seen by my eldest girl making love to our cook in the area, and a third, I have since discovered, captured GREENSEAL, the butler, and treated him to a dinner at the Criterion, and a stall at the play afterwards. But all this skirmishing was nothing to the pitched battle which ensued on our leaving town to take up our new quarters. I dare say, Sir, you are aware that the through carriages from London to Silversands are shunted at Picklock Junction, some twenty miles distant from the coast. I had engaged a saloon carriage for ourselves, and of course our privacy was respected on the way down, but at Picklock two gentleman-like young fellows came to the door and politely asked, as the train was very full, if I would allow them to come in. Being no churl I at once said "Yes, by all means." They were ready conversationalists, and begun upon such topics as the South African War and the length of the Queen's reign.

Presently, however, they turned the current of talk on to the state of trade, a matter which of course interested me greatly. They warmed to the subject, and observed that even at Silversands the visitor had to beware of unscrupulous and designing persons, who would foist the most inferior goods on him at most exorbitant prices. "Knowing, therefore," said the elder of the two, "that you have taken Cockleshell Cottage for the season, we have ventured to bring you a list of tradesmen on whom you may implicitly rely." With that he handed me a paper as long as a lawyer's bill. "And who are you, gentlemen?" I inquired. "We are," replied the spokesman, "the president and secretary of the Silversands Protection Society, and we ask you not to forget to place yourself in our hands." The train was just stopping for tickets at Mudlook, so with the most courteous bows they disappeared, leaving us in a state of extreme surprise. But on arrival at Silversands Station we were still more astonished, being literally taken prisoners. Half a dozen stalwarts formed a ring round me, and, with stage chorus effect, forced price lists into my pockets; as many more got hold of my wife, and implored her patronage, my children were held at ransom, while my servants were beleaguered by a score or more of suppliants. The railway porters looked on and grinned. No doubt they were accustomed to similar scenes.

It was quite half an hour before we could tear ourselves from their clutches, and even then some of the nimble-footed knaves pursued our flies, keeping up a fire of circular ammunition. "Thank goodness!" I cried, fervently, as the vehicles stopped at the gate of Cockleshell Cottage. "We have escaped!" Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when two determined individuals jumped out from behind a laurestinus hedge, nearly frightening my wife into a fit, a third broke ambush from a rose clump, another was lurking behind the honey-suckle of the verandah, four blocked the front door, and six the back entrance, while two had managed, somehow or another, to get into the kitchen. All of them, like playgoing deadheads, clamoured for "orders." The confusion was dreadful, the din appalling, and the luggage could scarcely be brought into the house. I laagered my family in the dining-room, and, with the aid of GREENSEAL, the footman and the groom managed, after severe fighting, to clear the premises, but not before the hall and kitchen floors were littered "with paper enough," as the cook remarked, "to light the fires for weeks to come." For ten days the attacks were renewed, to no purpose. I get all my stores and provisions from London, and have even bought a cow. I am not a mean fellow, only a resentful citizen not popular in Silversands, but your obedient servant,

THOMAS THREADNEEDLE.



MOST EXASPERATING.

(After numerous misses, Mr. Buggles manages to knock a Bird over at VERY close quarters, which the Retriever finds and promptly eats.)

Buggles (furious). "WHAT IS THE USE OF MY SHOOTING GAME IF YOUR BEASTLY DOG EATS IT?"

Macdonald. "IT'S NAE THE DOGGIE'S FAUT, SIR. HE WAS JUST ASHAMED TO BRING THE PUIR MUTILATED BIRDIE. SO HE HAS MADE AWA' WI' IT!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Bachelor to his Fire.

My study fire is now alight—
The first time since the Spring—
It seems to make the scene more bright,
The kettle e'en must sing;
And gazing on this mass of coal
I feel old merriment of soul.

There in that cinder I can trace
The lines of him who drest
So scrupulously up to grace
That he forgot his vest,
And perished with a figure trim,
Mid winter frosts, that finished him.

And there again that ardent flame
Reminds me of the heart
That you declared was still the same
Until we had to part.
You wrote that you would "soon be
dead"—
But wedded someone else instead.

A lazy lump that will not burn
Is meant perchance for me,
A rolling stone, too prone to turn,
Neglecting £ s. d.
In vain I hammer it, irate,
It is not coal, but only slate.

Yet still I'm glad, e'en when I note
That coffin in the fire,
For Fate hath surely someone smote
Who dared to rouse my ire.
A wicked thought! Well, let him die!
The world is wicked, so am I.

I cannot understand the craze
Of those who Southward fly
Where pigmy palms their span-leaves
raise
Reproachful to the sky,
Forgetful that they're grown to show
That icy wind condones the snow.

Blaze on, good coals, within the grate,
Let harmony be seen!
You only can regenerate
The thoughts of what have been.



A knock! A bill for fuel! Jane,
Tell that good man to call again!

WHAT IS A (NEW) WOMAN LIKE?

(To the Old—but Anonymous—Air, "What
is a Woman Like?")

A NEW WOMAN is like to—but stay!
What New Woman is like, who can say?
There is no living with or without one!
She's just like a fly
To the ear, to the eye,
Buzz, buzz, always buzzing about one!
Untender, unkind,
She is like, to my mind,
(Woman was not so once, I remember,
She's like to—O dear!
She's as bad, far or near,
As a pea-soupy fog in November!
If she chaff, and she chat,
Write, bike, and all that,
And with "bags" and male manners she
meet me,
She's like a queer dish,
Neither flesh, fowl, nor fish,

That cries—like Cockaigne pigs—come eat
me!

But she'll shock you, and vex you,
Disgust and perplex you.
Immodestly ranging,
Continually changing,
What then do you think she is like?
Like a man? Like a shock?
On a wheel, with a frock
Only fit for a shrew on a "bike."
Her head's like the islands bards tell on,
Which flowers, fruits, and feathers all
dwell on
Her heart's like a hard lemon-ice,
As cold and as acid—so nice!
In truth she's to me
Like an east wind at sea,
That's good and that's pleasant to no
man;

Like a chill, like a pill,
Like a flail for the male,
Missing link (in a kink)
Betwixt a fast girl and a slow man!
Like a bower void of flower,
Content without scent
Like a shriek on a bike,
Like a fly in one's eye,
A boy without joy,
A girl out of curl,
A chap with no sap,
A man out of plan,
A tree without leaf,
Bud, or blossom—in brief,
She's like most things on earth—but a
woman!

SPORTING MEM.—Quarrel is now first
favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Let
us hope, however, that there will be no
difference over the settlement.

THE HEIGHT OF POSSIBILITY.—Mr.
GLADSTONE receiving the SULTAN at Ha-
warden.



A RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs. Cogie. "AY, THAT 'S THE NEW DOCTOR, MEM; AN' I'M SURE IT WAD BE AN AWFU' KINDNESS IF YE GIED HIM A BIT TRIAL. HE HAD A HEAP O' PATIENTS WHEN HE CAM' FIRST, BUT NOO THEY'RE A' DEID."

A POETIC SOLILOQUY.

On reading the morning paper, September 23.

I.

YES, on this Day of Days
My wayward vision strays,
As usual, down the columns of the *T-m-s*,
And with the other eye
The *D-ly N-ws* I spy—
Its leader page, I see, is bare of rhymes.
All's right—I needn't chafe,
My reputation's safe,
No other bard has weighed in with a
verse;
The Laureate is mum,
And even K-PL-NG's dumb,
And M-RR-s ditto—well, it might be
worse!

II.

I speedily peruse
The page of foreign news,
And skim the agony column in a trice;
The hatches and the matches,
Likewise the day's despatches
I glance at—all seems very neat and nice!
I read about the CZAR,
And think of many a par
I penned about his crowning-show in
June;
Then, coming nearer home,
I wonder where that pome
Of mine is, for this day so opportune.

III.

Hullo, what's this I see?
Great goodness, can it be?
Here, what in thunder do the people
mean?
Is this my loyal ode
Among the "ads" bestowed,
An insult both to me and to the QUEEN?
They've gone and printed small
My purple patches all,
About Himāla, Kishna, ghaut and shroff;
With carpets and bovril
They've ranked my Muse's skill—
To-day's for me a Day of D's enough!

THE BATTLE OF THE BACTERIA.

(Subject for a Modern Epic, suggested by President Sir Joseph Lister's Address at the British Association.)

LIST, list, oh, list!—to good Sir JOSEPH
LISTER!
Science is sure Humanity's kindest sister,
A sister like a good nurse, patient, placid,
But inexhaustible. Carbolic acid
As subject for the Muse, seems scarce
poetic;
But the great surgeon, sage and sympa-
thetic,
Makes antiseptics' history most romantic.
The microscopic microbe's lethal antic,
The friendly phagocyte's protective fight,
In our poor body's battlefield, out of sight,

Save of Sir JOSEPH and his brethren sage,
Who watch the mimic warfare which they
wage,
Might give a modern HOMER a great
theme,
Of which the blind old singer did not
dream.
"Microbes and Man I sing!" VIRGIL to-
day
Might warble—save that epics do not pay.
Later LUCRETIVUS, without apology,
Might find fit subject in Bacteriology.
But heroes now do not come off in that
form,
Their epics are recited on the platform.
HOMER—some say—sang of the frogs and
mice,
LISTER finds theme scarce smaller or less
nice
In Microbes versus Phagocytes! Sounds
skittish?
Well, the association surnamed British
Is not a larkish thing, but high and
solemn,
Whose high "proceedings" fill the great
Times' column,
Where, if you want an intellectual twister,
Read the Address of good Sir JOSEPH
LISTER,
Whose "septic" nous has banished an-
cient errors,
And robbed the surgeon's steel of half its
terrors.

POETRY FOR POLITICAL CHILDREN.

(A droll of bit Doggerel brought up to Date.)

THERE was a clever earl, who had a twirly curl,
Which hung down the middle of his forehead,
And some thought his policy was very, very good,
And some thought his policy was horrid.

He "stood on his head" on the hustings, he once said,
And nobody his high career could hinder;
Though some squealed and some squalled, and some yelled and
some bawled,
And shied their little stones agin his winder.

But alas! (as BALFOUR said,) that clever earl is dead,
And his foes have been—comparatively—silent.
But now they're popping up, every tyke, and cur, and pup,
And a-pitching into him extremely vilent.

And *Punch*, who of old made considerably bold
To criticise that earl, whilst he was living,
Thinks it very far from right to keep up mere sputtery spite,
When the time has come for praising and forgiving.

He's aweary of the noise of those "little vulgar boys,"
Each brain like an empty attic,
Who against Earl BEAKY blare, and he'll catch them unaware,
And spank them—most emphatic!

RESTORATION OF KING CYMBELINE.

HEARTILY, nay uproariously, were welcomed Miss ELLEN TERRY and Sir HENRY IRVING (announced in the bills as "HENRY IRVING" *tout simple* without "Mr." or "Sir") when, as *Imogen* and *Iachimo* respectively, they walked on to the Lyceum stage, September 22, memorable for the first representation at this theatre of a certain Shakspearian play called *Cymbeline*. "*Cymbeline* condensed," of course, was the mixture presented most suited to the public taste, as "*Cymbeline* entire" would have been too much for the friendliest audience. The talkative lords and gentlemen of the old play were cut out or cut down, and for those characters who survived the operation, it sufficed that they "looked the parts" to admiration. Miss ELLEN TERRY was simply charming as *Imogen*; perfectly natural, which is the same as saying "genuinely artistic." So thoroughly did she identify herself with the modest, virtuous,



Interior of the Chest, as seen by the aid of the Röntgen Rays.

Awkward position of Sir H-nry Irv-ng when, as *Iachimo*, the lid is closed and he is suffering from pains in the chest.

retiring-to-bed-early *Imogen*, that, when roused from her sleep by the plaudits of the audience, after the Bed-room Scene, when from her arm wicked *Iachimo* has stolen her bracelet, Miss ELLEN shyly refused to face the house, but hid her face with her hands as, in her snow-white *robe de nuit*, she stood by the friendly bedpost as if shrinking from the boldly-expressed admiration of a thousand *Iachimos* in the stalls, boxes, and gallery. Her every action was in itself quite in keeping with the romantic ideal of the poetic dramatist. And HENRY IRVING, as *Iachimo*, or *Jackimo*, the cool, wicked, cynical

blasé man of the classic world, how excellent! Not as a mere vain *beau séducteur*, not as a gay *Don Juan*, but as one who "knows the ropes," and who believes in nothing and in nobody—except himself.

Crowded was the house, only one box vacant, and into that,



Jackimo in the Boximo.

Physical Exercise. *Iachimo* opens his chest and strikes an attitude.

on the stage, HENRY IRVING went. It was his own private box, kept by Mr. LOVEDAY and Mr. BRAM STOKER solely and only for Sir HENRY's use: and made to hold one, not more, and that not quite comfortably.

What did *Jacki* do with his legs? If he doubled himself up, then out of that box should have come two *Iachimos*, or *Iachimi*! If ever actor "doubled a part" that actor was HENRY IRVING, as *Jackimo*, when he "doubled himself" (so he did in the *Corsican Brothers* and the *Courier of Lyons*) up, and lay concealed in his own chest!! Marvellous legs! Wonderful feat!

Then his fight with brave *Frank Posthumus Cooper*, who floored but spared him! Again, what more wonderful than the apparently sudden conversion of *Iachimo*, when he confesses everything, makes amends, and is so profoundly contrite as to excite our pity, and awaken in all the hope that he will for the remainder of his life be a good boy, never indulge in betting, and, it may be, marry and live happy, but henpecked, ever afterwards.

Mr. FRED ROBINSON as hearty, rough-and-ready *Belarius*, a "banished lord," calling himself "Morgan" (which he perfectly at liberty to do), and his two "supposed" sons, Mr. B. WEBSTER and Mr. GORDON CRAIG, who were not wise enough to know their own father, were, all three, immediately on the best terms with the audience, who recognised *Bill Arius* as an old friend and stager in spite of all his disguise. There is a grand stage-fight, so realistic that had it not been for the chiefs, *Belarius & Co.* appearing triumphantly at the back, in a well-arranged *tableau*, it would have been difficult for an un-military audience to decide which party was victorious.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, as the wicked Lady *Macbethlike* queen, and Mr. NORMAN FORBES, as her brainless, conceited, quarrelsome son *Cloten*, were both uncommonly good in two not uncommonly good parts.

The play is in five acts, set to appropriate music by Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE, while the scenery, by Messrs. HAWES CRAVEN and HARKER, shows some such perfectly perspectived interiors as the artists themselves will find it difficult to excel. In the bill it is announced by the manager, rather "dropping into rhyme" for the occasion, that

"Mister L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.,
Has kindly acted as adviser
In production of the play."

In this instance "R.A." stands for "Roman Adviser," Mr.

ALMA-TADEMA being an unimpeachable authority in the matter of classic costumes. Everybody was pleased with his work, though we doubt whether ancient Britons were quite such gorgeous swells, in silks, satins, and gold, as are the Cymbelinians; but, if ALMA-TADEMA is pleased, then Box and Cox are



Miss Imogen Terry (seeing Bill 'Arry Oos). Is it Mr. Fred Robinson Crusoe?

O Mr. Robinson Crusoe,
Why do you look at my trows so?

My name is Norval—no, I mean Fidele.

British Bill 'Arry Oos Robinson Crusoe (heartily). Fidele-de-dee! Avast, my hearty! Cave canem! There's the Cave (L.H.), and there's the Canem. (Pointing to hound just off R.H.) And now no more words. I believe you, my boy!

satisfied. It is no doubt due to the eminent Royal Academician's accuracy that the deer-hounds of the first century, in which the play is cast, when brought on by *Guidarius*, are carefully muzzled in order to comply with the police regulations of the present year of grace. The forethought was admirable. How awkward if, in Scene 1, Act IV., a constable, say A.I. from Bow Street, close at hand, should have stepped on the stage and taken both dogs into custody! Next day we should have read how *Belarius & Co.* had been let off with a small fine in consequence of its being their first offence. However, the muzzles were there, and the *contretemps* avoided.

Cymbeline must be in for a run of good luck, thoroughly deserved by Sir HENRY, and by all concerned with him, in this his latest Shakspearian revival.

"HAVE I DONE WELL?"

[The *Morning* states that the QUEEN, on being reminded that she had reigned longer than any of her predecessors, asked "Have I done well?"]

"HAVE I done well?" Most gracious Queen,
Look on the record of your life;
Think of What is, What might have been.
Empress of Peace, mid constant strife!
"Have I done well?" O! peerless She,
Why query thus your endless fame?
When other beacons may not be
There still will burn your deathless name!

At a Progressive Meeting.

First Old Woman. It's marvellous to me, ladies, how BURKE, with all his up-to-date ideas, could have devoted so much time to the compilation of the peerage.

Second Old Woman. Yes! but he never got at the proper ages of the ladies!
[Enthusiastic cheers.]

BRIGHTON.

À Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—At the fine of my little voyage in England I arrest myself here. One has often spoken me of Brighton, the english Nice, the town of sunshine. Therefore, in quitting the Island of Wight, I make a little *détour*, and I visit Brighton in road from Portsmouth to London. After to have voyaged in a train astonishingly slow, I arrive to Brighton the evening, I go direct to the hotel, I dine about the nine of clock, I smoke a cigar, and I couch myself. My bedroom gives on the garden, and is very tranquil.

The morning I get myself up of good hour, and I go out to respire the air from the sea. It seems to me that he makes some wind, which I had not remarked in my room so well sheltered, and I see the paving is wetted. I open my umbrella, and I descend from the *perron*. Oh, la, la! At that instant there I encounter a wind, a tempest—ah but, a veritable cyclone!—my hat flies himself away, my mackintosh cape of Inverness raises herself all around of my head, I am thrown against the balustrade of the hotel, and I see not where I am. I hold strongly my umbrella, for an instant he struggles violently, and then the frame and the silk leap into the air, *emportés*—how say you?—by the wind, and I hold but the stick. As soon as possible I re-enter, and then I find all that so amusing that I laugh—*nom d'une pipe, je me pâme de rire!*—and the spectators laugh also, and we are all very gay. Better worth to laugh than to weep. But all of same I lose a good umbrella. As to the hat, a brave coacher, of what you call a "fly," entraps him—*attraper*, how say you? But he is so much hurt that he resembles to the old hat of the coacher himself, and I give him to this last, with a piece of six pennys in addition.

This arrives a certain saturday. Figure to yourself, Mister Punch, that he rains without cease all the day and all the night, and still all the sunday until the evening! And not only some rain, but some wind—a tempest, a hurricane, a cyclone! After my little promenade of the morning, when I lose my umbrella, I go not out the saturday. From the windows of the coffee-room and of the tea-room I regard the sea, extremely agitated, the horizon veiled by sombre and heavy clouds, the sky entirely grey. I see also the promenade, deserted, of grey asphalte, wet and shining, and the *jetée*, the "Ouestpir," also deserted. She is not so ugly as the *jetée* of Nice, but she is enough ugly all of same.

Oh well, the sunday he falls still of the rain! *C'est assomant!* And one has said me that the sunday is less sad at Brighton than in the other parts of your country. *Triste! Ah, mon Dieu!* In fine, after the lunch, I am resolved to see the town. I go to see the *boulevards*, the gardens, the palace of the King GEORGE, and I make to come a "fly." *Ciel, quelle voiture!* She is entirely closed, like a carriage of a *convoi funèbre*, a funereal convoy, and one sees nothing if one has not the head *penchée*—how say you?—by the door. The coacher conducts me all the long of the deserted promenade, where the wind is terrible, and then we see the palace. Oh, la, la! *Un palais de carton! Un décor d'opéra-bouffe!* A decoration of buffoon opera. The sole thing amusing in all the town so sad! After this we traverse some miserable little streets, of houses so ugly and so *mesquines*—how say you?—that I arrest the coacher and I say him, "Go to the *boulevards*, the grand and large streets." He responds there is not of them. *Il n'y en a pas?* What says he after? "In Hove." *Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Ah, une autre ville!* And we traverse again more of miserable streets—my faith, so ugly!—until I arrest him of new and demand, "Where, then, is this Hove?" "Here, maounsiyah," says he. "But," I respond, "how that? It is here Brighton." "No, maounsiyah," says he, "thissirs Hove, thatthairs Brighton, all one town." Then he continues, and *subitement* we arrive to some streets so enormously wide that in this rain one sees hardly from one side to the other. Some ones are almost as wide as long. And they are all absolutely deserted, and the grass begins to grow at the side.

A la bonne heure! *C'est assez!* I return in the "fly" to the hotel by a tempest of wind and of rain, passing the "Ouestpir," where I read the affix, "Band now playing," but I go there not. *Que faire? Nous verrons.* Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

LOYAL AND TRUE.—"A propos of the recent downpours," quoth Mr. JOHN BULL, "the only continuous rain of which I heartily approve is the beneficent reign of good Queen VICTORIA." Hear! hear! from everywhere.



FOR LADIES ONLY.

"RESERVED CARRIAGES." (See "Day by Day" in "Daily News.")

"If you travel in one, you run greater risks than in travelling in the ordinary carriages. I have known railway officials allow men to jump into them at the last moment before the train starts, with a mutual wink at each other and a very objectionable grin."

THE CZAR IN SCOTLAND.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE Great Magnate, who is at present attracting universal attention, declares that the weather, the police, and the soldiers have impressed him with the belief that he has never left Russia. Could any greater compliment have been paid to our social and atmospheric system? Strolling around Balmoral this morning I picked up several Victorian orders, which had been evidently dropped by some of the CZAR's attendants. Unfortunately, they do not admit to the Castle buttery, where, I understand, brose and verse go mouth with mouth. I honestly confess that Mr. CHARLES FRASER, Her Majesty's Chief Constable, is too much for me. I endeavoured to obtain access to the domain by disguising myself as a bundle of dirty linen, but Mr. FRASER remarked that such effects were never washed off the premises, and sent my cart back to Ballater. Again I tried to get within the sacred precincts by adopting the garb of a Cossack. FRASER "spotted" me in a moment, and I regret that his shoemaker puts pointed tips to his boots. As a final resource I garbed myself in a kilt, but again FRASER was too many for me, for on my neglecting to answer his query, made in an unknown tongue (presumably Gaelic), he declared me to be an imposter; and once more I took up the

position of a Peri. Nevertheless, I like FRASER. He wears the best frock coats that I have ever seen; he is not rough in his treatment of the uninvited, and, from what I hear, he can throw a fly as well as the late JOHN BRIGHT. Certainly, I like FRASER, and I beg to thank him in your columns for the privilege, which he has not only given to me but to other "special correspondents," of writing about the CZAR, the CZARITZA, and the Grand Duchess OLGA in the seclusion of an inn, solaced by the spirit of the country, and absolutely debarred from giving any descriptive account of these Imperial personages from personal observation. Mean time, you are paying my expenses, for which I am as thankful as is a Highlander when he sees the fag-end of the harvest moon.

SAM WELLER AND THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

"HAVE you a pair of eyes?" said Sergeant BUZFUZ. "Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied SAM, "and that's just it. If there was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs, and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited." [Trial scene in *Pickwick*.

THE REAL "TRIPLE ALLIANCE."—A three-figure innings at cricket.

THE QUEEN!

Sixty years ago, your Majesty, sixty years ago!

And the years slip by so swiftly, though the tide of advance seems slow. We have gathered some fruit of the hours, some golden and glorious fruit, But the things to be done e'en yet are mighty, and many, beyond compute.

Sixty years ago, great Queen! 'Tis a glorious stretch of time!

In the sweep of the mighty orb of State there is something at least sublime.

The years have fled, and the men are dead who have made your record great; But something remains to be garnered yet, though the harvesting seem late.

The century runs to its fated end; and how shall its record close?

In the blood-red sunset of battle fierce, or the crimson flush of the rose,

Herald of hope and love and joy, with the lily of peace close-knit?

How much hangs now upon royal wisdom, how much upon statesman wit!

Let the dead past bury its dead! The whirligig of time

Brings its revenges—which to snatch at a cruel cost were crime.

The cynic sneer, and the blatant boast of the jubilant Jingo day

Are silent now, for the feast is o'er, and reckoning's yet to pay.

Peace with honour! A splendid phrase! May its echoes never cease!

But if the honour be left aside, how long is the reign of peace?

A purple patch on a garment worn is triumph at cost of right,

It glows awhile in the firework glare, and then falls to rags in the light.

Lady, who like Ulysses, that "gray spirit," of heart so grand,

Canst now look back o'er a long, long track of the tale of a great old land.

"Till old experience doth attain," as our mighty MILTON said,

"To something of prophetic strain" in a brain by memories fed.

Lady, our true, brave Queen of Hearts, whose reign outrecords now

Our strongest kings, and our noblest Queens; the sturdiest Briton's brow

In reverence bends and in honest love and patriot pride to-day

O'er the woman's hand that a sceptre grand hath known so well to sway.

Sixty years ago, your Majesty! Every year well filled

With strenuous duty which won respect and a simple love which thrilled

The simplest heart in all your realm with the wisest, bravest, best.

God save the Queen, and give her and her England true honour and lasting rest!

At Whist.

Old Gentleman (at close of game). Why did you trump my best card, Miss X.?

Miss X. (who has seen her mistake). Because I thought you wanted me to lead up to you.

[O. G. pacified immediately.]

INTERESTING TO MATCHMAKING MAMMAS.
—Cub hunting has recommenced.



“BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.”

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY. “ADIEU! DEAR KINSMAN’ IF WE BUT ACT TOGETHER, ALL WILL BE WELL.”.

[“It has been officially announced that the visit of the Emperor and Empress to the Queen at Balmoral will terminate Saturday, October 3.”]

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Since my escapade at Doncaster I have been living what (were I a man) I should call the life of a hermit at Scarborough. My cave, it is true, is situated in the Royal Hotel, and possibly my pursuits are not those in which an anchorite would indulge. Nevertheless, I feel that I have taken the veil for (don't publish this in the local papers)



Lord ARTHUR RANTIPOLE, like some dervish on the Sea of Time, has been recovered by his wife! It happened in this way. ARTHUR (forgive the all-too-happy familiarity of nomenclature) and I were sitting on the Spa promenade, listening to that delicious band, which my dear friend says always reminds him of MEYER LUTZ and *Little Doctor Faust*, and the beach was moaning in sympathetic concord (just like a dog) with the music. In three words, we were happy, and murmured soft nothings, except when a beast of a man threw the end of his cigar on my dress (then Lord ARTHUR got up and talked of bloodshed); but this incident was as nothing to what followed. He had, under the influence, I suppose, of a twentieth cigarette and a fifth B. and S. (*cela va sans dire*), seized my hand, and exclaimed, "My darling KADJ, will you always be mine?" and

I, maiden like, was hanging matrimonial fire, when his hat was, as ARTHUR at once described it, "bashed" over his brow by a FEMALE. I was so surprised that I forgot to scream. The Female exclaimed, "At last I've found you, you villain!" Lord ARTHUR, as usual cool as the proverbial cucumber, replied, "And where's the catch?" This seemed to anger her, quite unnecessarily as I thought. She hissed—I should say "whispered," did that convey the diabolical tones of her utterance—"I am in earnest this time. JONES is round the corner." At these mysterious words Lord ARTHUR's nonchalance vanished. "All right," he said, "I'll come with you." And then without even raising his *chapeau* after his *vieille noblesse* style, he disappeared, and I have not seen him since. Now, who is JONES? The only explanation which I have received is the following telegram sent from York:—

"Nobbled by wife. We shall meet again in heaven.—ARTHUR."

This document, as you may suppose, is but small consolation to me. Again I ask, who is JONES? Is he the FOUCHÉ of some gross connubial plot, or the No. 1 of a dynamite conspiracy to ruin my happiness? Papa, always unfeeling, asserts that Lady ARTHUR and JONES have conspired to enable Lord ARTHUR to make a hurried flight. Luckily he was not staying at our hotel, for from several inquiries we gather that he has not satisfied his landlord, and his grooms are, I know, *in extremis*. Poor fellow! Had he never been foolish enough to bind the sacred cord round his neck he and I might now have been one. I feel the situation, ETHELINDA, perhaps more than you can imagine, and am reading *East Lynne* for consolation. Mrs. HENRY WOOD knew where and when the heart grew fondest. *Il faut se distraire*. I have just seen a charming yachting costume for winter wear, the novelty of the suit being that every button is different, so that the Royal Yacht Squadron, the London, the Thames, the Corinthian, the Southampton, and even the merry Mudhook are represented on the discs. I shall order a jacket, waistcoat and skirt ornamented after this description from "Messrs. —" directly I return to town. A good dish for supper at Michaelmas is a Solan-goose, boiled with grapes and capscums, and, before serving, "doused" with Parmesan cheese and Harvey sauce.

Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

P.S.—But who is JONES?

P.P.S.—My poor ARTHUR! What is JONES? More next week if I can discover where is JONES!

* Name blotted out.—ED.

Modern "Criticism."

George. What a splendid notice that is of yours, ALFRED, on the new piece at the Gymnasium. It is quite an epilogue!

Alfred. And so I meant it to be, dear old chap; for, don't you know, I also wrote the prologue for the excellent manager.

LATTERDAY LIONS.

(Notes from a Society Paper of a future date.)

THE present season promises to be an exceptionally brilliant one, owing, in large measure, to the number of distinguished visitors from foreign countries who are honouring London by their presence. It is true that in former years social gaieties were much enhanced by the appearance of such notabilities as the SHAHZADA and LI HUNG CHANG, but never until now have so many illustrious strangers visited us at the same time, to refresh our jaded spirits by the quaint originality of their habits and conversation.

DURING the past week Prince BOBO, the famous head of the West Indian Scalpatzite tribe, has continued his tour of the provinces, and has displayed a most intelligent interest in the various manufacturing processes which he has witnessed. A very humorous incident occurred at Messrs. HARDWARE's factory, during an exhibition of the work of smelting. The Prince, who was in the best of spirits, suddenly seized the manager, who was showing him round the works, and dropped him head foremost into a huge caldron of molten iron, greatly to the delight of his dusky suite. At Messrs. CANNON's ordnance factory, one of the staff ventured to assert to the Prince that a machine-gun was a more effectual weapon than those in use among the Scalpatzite tribe, whereupon the Prince smilingly drew out a tomahawk, and with marvellous dexterity promptly killed two of the factory hands who happened to be standing near him.

THE eccentric manners of Lord PIM-PAM-POM, that celebrated Oriental statesman, continue to amuse London Society. While in conversation with Lady PLANTAGENET at the Archbishop's garden-party, his keen eye discerned that the beauty of her ladyship's *coiffure* was not due to Nature alone, and, with a most impassive countenance, he suddenly snatched away her wig and placed it upon his own head. At the same entertainment it is said that he proposed to no less than eleven ladies, seven of whom were already provided with husbands. Lady PLANTAGENET he offered to assign as a bride to his secretary, remarking to her "that she was both too old and too ugly to suit himself."



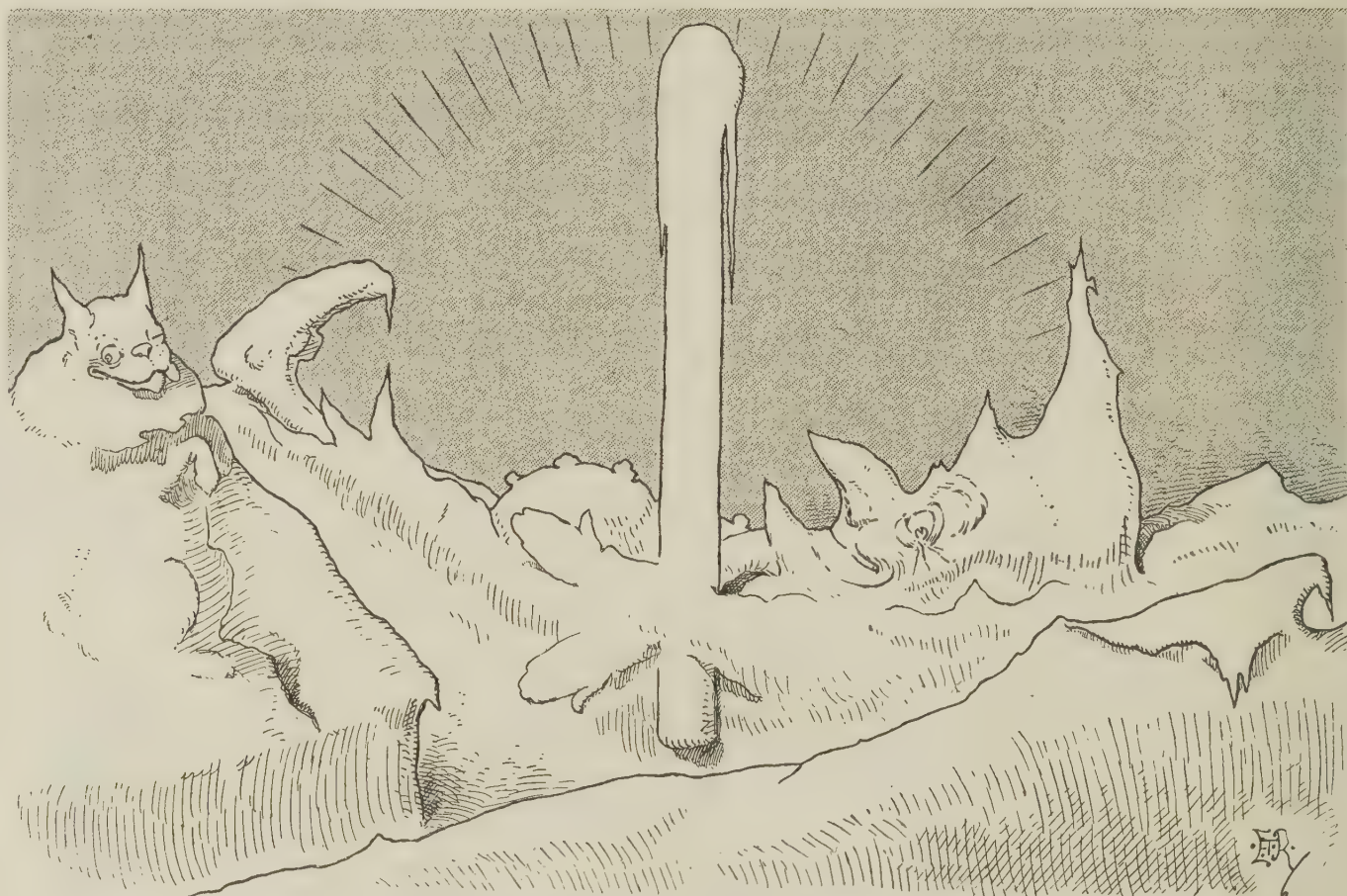
I HEAR that the *chef de cuisine* of PIM-PAM-POM's household is in despair, owing to the fact that his lordship insists upon dining upon roast fox daily. Great difficulty is experienced in obtaining a sufficient supply of these animals, and the unfortunate cook is not reassured by his master's expressed intention to dine off him if his favourite dish be not forthcoming.

KING KOTCHAWAYO, with his African attendants, took great pleasure in the *ballet* which he witnessed on Saturday night at the Labrador Theatre of Varieties. Indeed, he insisted upon its being continued for five hours, and shot with his revolver two of the performers who showed some symptoms of fatigue towards the end of the third hour. He also took home with him the big drum and some suits of stage armour, both of which are to be utilised on his return to his native land.

THE true explanation of the regrettable *fracas* which occurred in Piccadilly on Saturday night has not yet been given. Put shortly, it is as follows:—about seven o'clock, a cab-horse, which had been much overworked, suddenly fell down dead in the road. The incident was perceived both by the Esquimaux attached to Baron HECLA's suite and by the African retinue of King KOTCHAWAYO. With a simultaneous yell each party rushed upon the fallen animal, with the purpose of claiming it as their booty and conveying it to their kitchen, and the dispute at once became animated. Fortunately, however, the amount of harm done was trifling, a detachment of life-guards separated the combatants, and the total number killed on each side did not much exceed twenty.

What we are Coming to.

Uncle (to Nephew going back to Eton). Here's a pound's worth of silver for you, JACK. I'm sorry that I haven't got a sovereign. Nephew. Oh! don't mention it. I'm a bimetallist, you know.



THE NORTH POLE AS IT REALLY IS.

(For the information of Dr. Nansen and others.)

A WORLD OF WORDS.

[Professor FLINDERS PETRIE, in an Address on "Man before Writing," delivered at the Annual Meeting of the British Association, says that the present generation is "drunken with writing," that "we let it override the growth of our minds and the common use of our senses," and that "the servant, speech, has come to be mistaken for the master, thought."]

DRUNKEN with writing? Aye, Sir, and dyspeptic,
Hysterical, insane, and epileptic
With sheer excess of scribble!
'Tis words, words, words, in plenteous
printer's ink,
Make man a thing that never thinks to
think,
A phrase-devouring fribble.

The Parliament, the Platform, Pulpit,
Press,
Pack us with words, and yet we make a
mess
Of most things that need *thinking*.
We suck up speech as sands suck water
up,
And yet compare as *Hamlet* with a
KRUPP,
From "name of action" shrinking.

A crowd of geese, we cackle, cackle,
cackle,
But when Fate gives some Gordian knot
to tackle,
Still wordily we wrangle.
A multitude of talkers all unstable,
Confronted with a knot they are unable
To cut or disentangle.

The petty babble or the big bow-wow,
Equally inconclusive, swell the row,
But do not help the issue;
The great god Talkee-talkie is our Dagon.
Tongues, futile as Penelope's shuttle, wag
on,

Spinning talk's gossamer tissue,
Which talk anon unravels. Ins and Outs
Exchange wild eloquence in windy flouts,
And papers print the lot of it;
We word-devourers read and call it
grand,
All unaware we do not understand
The stale sophistic rot of it.

Clichés and cant, and clap-trap, catch-
words, clack,
At the command of every Grub Street
hack,
Sway us in Art and Letters.
Earth's early Titans could not read or
write,
But oh, they *could* make up their minds,
and fight!

In which they were our betters.
Ah, FLINDERS PETRIE, as you slyly hint,
There are some drawbacks e'en to speech
and print.
Progress we'd not be slighting;
But speech, the master—thought, the serv-
ant? Yes!
There were great wits before the Penny
Press,
And MEN—e'en before Writing!

THE cab strike ought to be settled at
the next cabbin' it council.

À BOULOGNE.

(Verse à propos of the capture of Tynan through
the sharpness of Mr. Riley. With apologies
to Mr. Robert Martin, the composer.)

Tynan sings:

Is that Mr. RILEY
A-looking so smily,
The gendre du brave maître
Of the Folkestone Hôtel.

Mr. Riley sings:

It is Mr. RILEY,
Uncommonly wily;
Ye're TYNAN, I'm RILEY,
I know ye right well.

[*Exeunt together.*]

LAST week Lord SALISBURY left his
Castle, which is Walmer, for Balmoral,
which is colder. Hope Great Britain
generally will be benefited by his visit.

Song of the Khedive Incognito.

At the battle of the Nile
(Upper Nile, I mean)
I was there all the while
(Or I ought to have been),
With KITCHENER the General
A-serving of his Queen,
While I was in Paris
Enjoying the *cuisine*.

THE Emperor of RUSSIA has ordered a
new autocar. He says that an autocar
is the only conveyance fit for an auto-
carat.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. III.—OUR GENIUS.

A DUNCE was JIM, a dunce, indeed,
A perfect sample of the breed—
On this were all the world agreed,
Except his doting mother.
"My bairn! my bonny bairn!" quoth she;
"It is his lungs are weak, ye see."
"Alack, it is his head," thought we,
And glanced at one another.

Her fear about his health was great,
And still the more that JIMMY ate,
The more she thought him delicate,
And more and more she gave him.
"He's but a het-hoose flower!" she cried,
"Owre beautiful tae live," she sighed,
"But yet I'll try, whate'er betide,
An' dae my best tae save him."

So tender was her care that lo!
The hot-house flower began to grow,
And soon was six-foot-two or so,
A healthy sixteen-stunner.
"Noo, mark my words," she cried in glee,
"As sure as three times one is three,
My JIM a genius will be,
An' fill the warl' wi' wunner."

"What wad ye wish tae be, my sweet?
I doubt the farmin's gey and weat:
The damp might get intil yer feet,
An' then the cauld wad tak' ye.
The books is fine an' dry, but oo!
They're sair upon a body's broo.
Eh, losh me, JIM, I hae't the noo!—
An' airtist we will mak' ye!"

The mother had a mind, the son
To all appearances had none;
Her will was law, and swiftly done;
JIM smilingly acceded.
She bought him brushes by the score,
With chalks and canvases galore,
And paints and palettes—far, far more
Than ever artist needed.

Well, JIM set to and daubed away
Some pictures for the R. S. A.,
And when it came to showing day
His friends were asked to view them.
We came in crowds the gems to see,
But which was cow and which was tree
No two of us could quite agree,
And JIM himself scarce knew them.

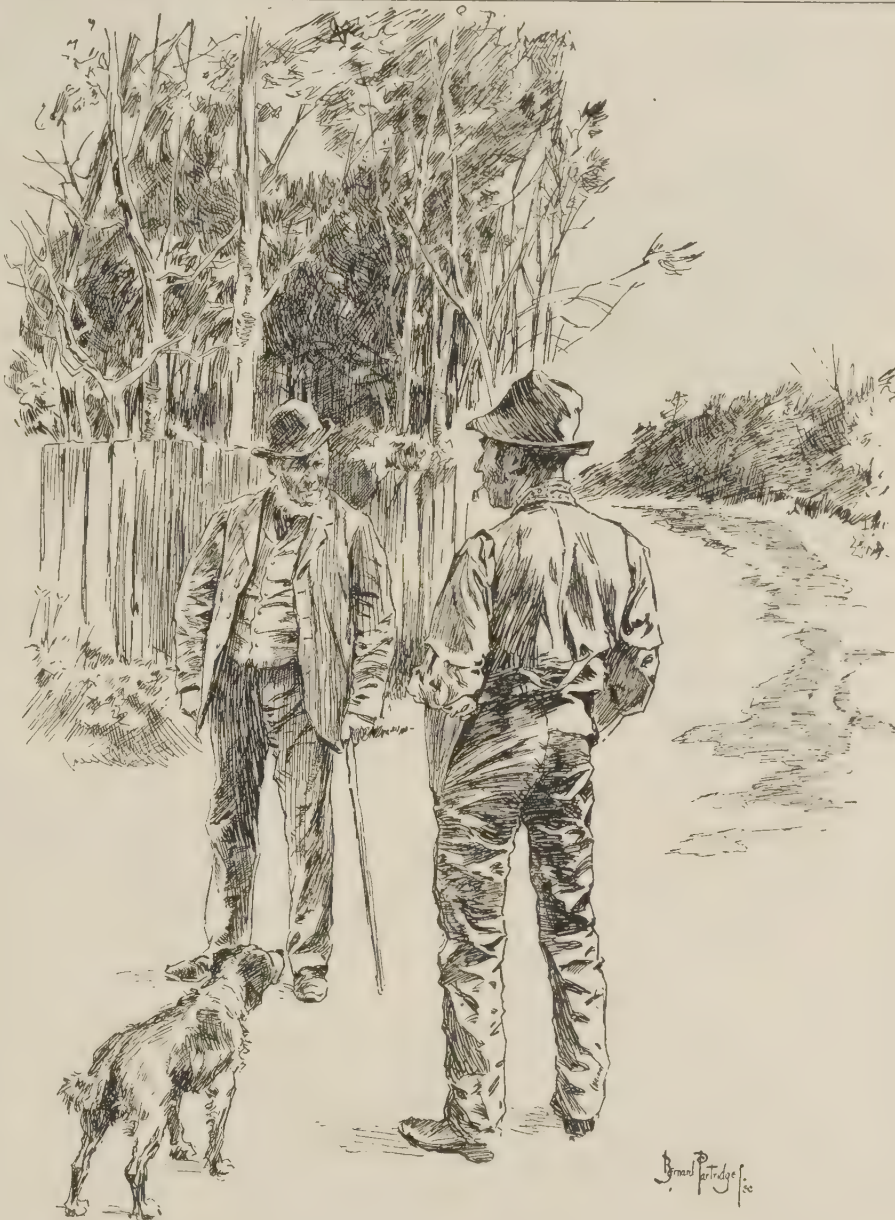
"H'm, yes," said we, "a pretty show;
But don't you think that JIM might go
And learn to draw? 'Twould help, you
know,

In painting cows and creatures."
"Na, na," his mother answered then,
"An' airtist's no like ither men,
For eh, he's born, no mad', ye ken—
My JIM shall hae nae teachers."

So JIM worked on as best he might
By artless Nature's simple light,
Untrammelled by a point of sight
Or any such vexation.

But, strange to say, none took the whim
Of buying any gems of him:
They stuck like barnacles to JIM
With grim determination.

A year or two went slowly past,
And JIM grew tired of it at last:
His weary brushes down he cast,
And took instead to drinking.
"Eh!" cried his mother, "let him be.
His mind is overstrained, ye see.
He'll jist lie fallow for a wee.
'Tis genius, I'm thinking."



A DRY CALLING.

"TH' OLE SQUIRE STOP AN' SPOKE TO ME THIS MARNIN'; AN' OI AST 'IM 'OW MASTER PHILIP WAS GETTIN' ON IN LUNNON. 'OH,' SAYS 'E, 'E'S BIN CALLED TO THE BAR.' OI DUNNO WOT 'E MEANT, SO OI DIDN' SAY NOTHIN'; BUT OI SAYS TO MESELF, 'AH,' OI SAYS, 'FROM WHAT OI REMEMBER OF 'IM, 'E DIDN' WANT NO CALLIN'!"

Well, JIM lay fallow, and he found
That when he tried to loaf around
His efforts with success were crowned—
No living man could match him.
It was a calling, it was plain,
That suited to a T his vein.
D'you think he'll ever paint again?
No—JIM knows better—catch him!

TO A CANTERBURY PILGRIM. — Mr. Punch's congratulations to THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., as being hale and hearty on his ninety-third birthday. In animal painting he has made many a first-rate "coo." "Always a goot prishe, ma tear, for a Cooper, and none of his lambs were ever bought sheep." Mr. SIDNEY COOPER lives at Canterbury, within the vicinity of Hales Place, where all the Hales and Hearties are. *Ars, et vita longa* with his veteran Brother Brush.

JEAMES IN EXCELSIS. — The *Daily Chronicle* of Saturday recounts how "ACHILLE VANDERCAMP, one of the royal footmen, for rescuing King LEOPOLD in a recent carriage accident, has received the decoration of the First Order of the Croix Civique." Bravo, ACHILLE! "Bouillant ACHILLE!" This footman has now in waiting on him a page in history.

A NEW DEPARTURE. — The Imperial Institute has lost "her VINE, the merry cheerer," as WILLIAM the Di-vine hath it. Who is to take the cheer of the merry cheerer now?

MRS. PHOSSYL wishes to know whether the capture of Dongola will interfere with the winter season at Venice.

CYCLE SHARE MARKET. — Cycles been moving irregularly. Dunlops fell. All coming round again.



"MAMMA!" "YES, DEAR."
"WHERE'S THE WIND WHEN IT DOESN'T BLOW?"

LES CHERS AMIS.

Pensées d'un Président.

Ah, ces préparatifs! Je suis anéanti. Quelqu'un qui me demande? Qui donc? Ah, la leçon de russe! Mon professeur. Je n'ai rien appris, pas un seul verbe irrégulier. Je n'ai pas le temps. Dites-lui de revenir ce soir à minuit, ou plutôt à deux heures du matin. Dormir? Impossible. Voyons donc! Ce programme. Oh, le sacré programme! Toujours le programme. On a enlevé l'échafaudage de l'Arc de Triomphe? Bon. On va couvrir les ruines de la Cour des Comptes de haut en bas? De quoi? De bouquets d'orchidées. Bon. Et les arbres des Champs Elysées absolument sans feuilles? Oh, quelle horreur! Qu'est-ce qu'on va y mettre? Des feuilles en papier, ou de papier. Ah, la bonne idée! Et le train impérial? Mais il y en a deux; le train impérial de l'Empereur, et le train impérial de la République. Quelle drôle d'idée, un train impérial républicain! Comment? Les voies ne peuvent supporter le poids du train? Alors nos chers amis seront obligés de descendre? Où ça? A vingt-deux kilomètres de Cherbourg. Et puis? Il faut continuer le voyage en voitures de troisième, qui ne sont pas si lourdes? Mais il faut absolument reconstruire tout le chemin de fer. Impossible? Oh, mon Dieu! Mais la Seine? Si nos chers amis pouvaient venir de Cherbourg à Paris en bateau-mouche impérial républicain? Mais non! Il faudrait tous les cinq jours de leur séjour en France pour ça. Quelqu'un qui me demande? Un projet de fête? Le cent trente-huitième que j'ai reçu aujourd'hui. Et encore? Des représentants d'une ville de province. La soixante-troisième délégation! Qu'est-ce qu'ils disent? Un projet de cadeau pour nos chers amis? Oh, mon Dieu! Encore un cadeau! Le deux cent quatre-vingt quinzième depuis cinq heures du matin. Mais voyons donc! Nous n'avons pas un instant à perdre. Le programme. Encore quelqu'un? Qu'est-ce qu'il dit? Un cheval est mort? Un cheval impérial républicain, que nous avons acheté si cher? Quel malheur! Mais nous en avons encore dix-neuf. A propos des voitures impériales républicaines, où faut-il m'asseoir? Nous serons trois. Et il n'y a que deux places en face. Est-ce qu'on peut construire une voiture avec trois places en face? Impossible? Eh bien, que faire? Si je montais à cheval, ou à bicyclette, ou à côté du cocher? Mais non, mais non! Oh, mon Dieu!

Si je pouvais me retirer au Havre! Ah, le cher petit nid là-bas, si tranquille, si charmant! Mais il faut nous dépêcher. Ce programme—Quoi donc? Encore quelqu'un qui me demande? Un rédacteur? Encore un projet! Toujours des projets! Et mon habit? Comment arranger ça? Un habit noir, comme un simple Président des Etats Unis? Tiens, j'ai mon ruban rouge! Ou quelque chose de fantaisie, un habit de fête, en velours jaune, en satin blanc, brodé, galonné? Ah, ça m'est égal! Faites-le comme vous voulez. Je n'ai pas le temps. Voyons! Ce sacré programme! Dépêchons-nous. Ah, les chers amis! Quel plaisir de les recevoir convenablement! Mais c'est éreintant tout de même.

TO THE ENRAGED POET.

DEAR SIR EDWIN, —ESAU, in consequence of JACOB's oily artfulness, sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and if a great poet chooses to part with a sample of his genius in consideration of receiving a pot of blacking, who shall blame the bard for doing just exactly what he likes with his own?

Nay, SIR EDWIN, you take this too much to heart.

I confess, that when I opened my *Times* on Wednesday morning, and perceived your stirring verses lying in small type surrounded by various advertisements of a distinctly unpoetic character, I at once turned to the central page to see if you had been "crowded out" by the publication of the Austinian Laureate's *ad cap-in-handum* verses. But the muse of ALFRED the Less had not been inspired (I wonder if he got a wigging for his negligence from Her Most Gracious Majesty, forwarded per LORD SALISBURY?) to write, and consequently there would have been space for one poet inside the great daily journal.

That it should be in small type! in that, to my mind, lay the indignity. O the pity of it! O the printing of it!

If SIR JOHN MILLAIS's "*Bubbles*" had been indifferently reproduced or belittled (as has your poem by its type) on our walls, might not that great artist have had a word to say on the subject to Messrs. PEARS & Co., who purchased the above-mentioned charming picture for one thousand guineas? Did not SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., has not PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A., done work for hoardings, and do not "hoardings" mean "savings"? I devoutly hope so. If I am wrong in quoting the above, have not several notable artists contributed, by pictorial advertisements, to the mural decoration of our dull city? Then why not verses as advertisement by one of our leading poets?

When some thrice-happy publisher is fortunate enough to obtain the right of printing and publishing your poems, my dear SIR EDWIN, will he publish them without advertisements, literary perhaps, but that's as it may be, within the two covers? Does this derogate from the poet's dignity? Not one whit. Are not the gems of wit and humour contained in *Mr. Punch's* weekly pages invariably framed, as it were, by an outer sheet of worthy and most useful advertisements?

Then, poet, please to moderate the rancour of your pen, and if you can strike the lyre, at three times as much, per chord, with advertisements, as you can obtain for the same without advertisements, why, pocket the coin, and sing us the song which all the world (consider the circulation of these journals) will be delighted to hear! Who can sing without notes? Let the purchasers supply the notes. For yourself, insist only on two things,—*big type, and a central position!*

Yours sincerely, A LOVER OF POETRY AND PICKLES.

The Moral of Balmoral.

Her Gracious Majesty to the Czar:—

To Deeside you have come.

Wise counsels be your guide.

Here, in our Highland home,

For lasting Peace decide.

Strange Tale from the Sea.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Times* of Wednesday last week told us how a shark had been caught, and in its inside was found by the sailors "a complete copy of the *Times*" newspaper. Perhaps the shark "took in the *Times* regularly," but, being in a hurry that particular morning, only read but did not thoroughly digest the contents. The shark's circulation was soon stopped, but the *Times* goes on as before.

THE ARMENIOUS BLACKSMITH.—MR. GLADSTONE.



THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THE LITTLE VULGAR GIRL.

(A Street Study in the School-Board Era.)

AIR—"The Little Vulgar Boy."

It was in London yesterday, I strolled a Board School near;
I saw a little Vulgar Girl—I said, "What make you here?"
She grinned at me with youthful cheek,
her lip with scorn did curl;
Again I said, "What make you here, oh little Vulgar Girl?"

She sniffed, that little Vulgar Girl! Now childhood should not scoff,
And when the gentler sex is young, sneers do not set it off.
She put her finger in her mouth, the shrillest shriek arose,
Such as a fierce Red Indian might yell at savage foes.

"Hush! Don't do *that*, my little miss. It splits my ears!" I said.
"Garn, you old guffin!" she replied. "Git 'ome and go to bed!"
"Garn?"—"An old guffin?"—"Go to bed?"—"And this to me? Oh, fie! It's very wrong for little girls to be so rude!" said I.

"Way-oh! old wrinkles!" yelled the child. Then upwards she did fling
Her little heels into the air, like—oh! like anything.
I've noticed all about the streets that girls of tender age
Do fling their little limbs about like minxes on the stage.

I said, "My little female-girl, I *must*, politely, beg
You not to play such vulgar pranks as that with your poor leg!
You'll dislocate your joints, my child!"
She grinned, "All right, old flick!
You keep yer 'air on, poor old crock.
That's only my 'igh kick!"

"There ain't a girl in our Board School can kick as 'igh as me,
Although I ain't eleven yet, I tyke the cake, Sir! See?"
With which she sprang, and spun, and shrieked, a thing of shame and dread,
And, with one final flourish, kicked my hat from off my head!

I blushed, and picked it from the road. I said, "My dear young girl,
I'm sure the Board School cannot teach you thus to spin and twirl.

I trust they teach you the Three R.'s—perchance a fourth—but, oh!
Don't you see kicking high like this is really very low?"

She placed two fingers in her mouth, and made a frightful noise,
When up came running several girls, and also several boys.
"Oh, chummies, 'ere's a lark!" she cried.
"This funny, fat, old fool,
Thinks the three R.'s the only things we learn at our Board School!"

"Oh, little Vulgar Girl!" I said, "what is it else you learn?"
She eyed me with a brazen stare which made me blush and burn.
"Vulgar be blowed, old boy!" she said.
"You've been upon the shout!
We learn to darnce, an' smoke, an' swear, an'—know our ways about."

"And this is Education, then!" I mused.
"Her legs to twirl
Like minxes at the Music Halls delights this little girl.
Her grammar's very shaky, her pronunciation queer,
But her high-kick is marvellous, and can't she chaff and jeer?"

"She and her sort come shrieking round the square wherein I dwell.
They never play at girlish games, they always romp and yell.
To battledore and shuttle-cock, skipping-rope, hoop and stick
They never stoop; their only joys seem noise and that high-kick.

"I wonder much what sort of wives such Vulgar Girls will make——"
"Wot *are* you mutterin' of, old boy, and wot's your little fake?"
The little Vulgar Girl inquired. And then they all took hands,
And danced about me like wild tribes in dark and distant lands.

I grabbed my hat, I up and fled, pursued by their wild shrieks.
I've watched such scenes about my square, for weeks, and weeks, and weeks,
And what I want to know, what time I see her blare and twirl,
Is—what will be the future of the little Vulgar Girl?

BEDDED OUT PLANTS.—"Dossers" in St. James's Park.

[Query.—Is "dossers" derived from "dozers"? Ask *Slang Dictionary*.]

A STORY ABOUT THAT LLUSTRIOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

(Translated from the German. Origin uncertain.)

HAVING nothing to do—I am tired of composing national songs and giving directions to people to paint pictures for me—I may as well turn my hand to narration. Shall some day attempt a romance. Got an idea already. Young man in love with young lady. One poor the other rich. Girl (wealthy) has a haughty mother. Mother won't let girl marry poor young man, who commits suicide. Capital notion. Only got to find some novelist fellow just to write the thing for me. Ought to be a companion to my cartoon. Sell like wildfire.

But I want to jot down how I came to send that photo. Fact is, I didn't know I had it. I had just been forwarding a batch of telegrams to a lot of interesting people—the Khalifa, chap commanding hostile Arabs in the Soudan, and others—when I came across an English paper. Looked through it and found it abused me! Never saw such ingratitude! Why, I actually speak English, and if I have opposed England in every possible shape for the last few years, what *does* it matter? It's only a pleasant little way I have. My fun! I am an immensely amusing chap when I please to be. I never laughed so much in my life as when I turned off poor old Bizzzy. He was so surprised! I had flattered the poor old chap up to the skies, so, when I turned round and told him to go, his astonishment was absolutely killing! I could scarcely keep my countenance sufficiently to make him a duke, or something of that sort. Poor old Bizzzy! But it was screamingly funny!

Next to the abuse of me in the English paper was a column devoted to an account of the SULTAN's atrocities. His Imperial Majesty is a wag like myself, but I really think he does sometimes carry a joke a little too far. Comical to turn bludgeons to account in preserving order, but, protracted, the custom becomes monotonous. Old GLADSTONE's nickname for him rather appropriate—"the Great Assassin." However, I waded through the page, and then my eye was attracted by an unopened parcel. I unloosed the string, and there was a big photograph of myself in the uniform of a British admiral! I didn't want the beastly thing! So a happy thought struck me. I put it back in the paper and sent it to the SULTAN!



A DAY OVER THE ARMENIAN COVERS.

Squire H-r-r-r, "HALLO, ROSEBERRY! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN OUT WITH US."
 Lord R-s-b-ry, "UM! I DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT IT. THE WEATHER'S SO UNCERTAIN."

FLOREAT HOVA!

BRIGHTON, as well as France, has, it seems, a difficulty with its Hovas, if the inhabitants of the "residential and quiet town" of Hove—whose "eccentric motto" (as the *Daily Chronicle* calls it) is "*Floreat Hova*"—may be so called. As France desires to absorb the Hovas, so Brighton, it seems, wishes to "amalgamate" Hove. Brighton is brisk and bustling; Hove, like the celebrated young lady in the epitaph, is "bland, quiet, and deeply religious." Also it possesses "several important powers and privileges" which it does not wish to lose by being "merged" in uppish, up-to-date London-on-Sea.

Brightness, Briskness, Business, Bustle,
Are the Busy B's of Brighton;
But to hear the green leaves rustle,
See green lawns eve's gentle light on,
Are sweet things that tired ones love
In that peaceful haven, Hove!

Doctor Brighton is a tonic,
Sedative, perchance, is Hove.
Let them live in bliss harmonic,
Neighbours in contiguous love,
Like the lion and the lamb,
But without a hint of "cram."

Love means not "amalgamation,"
Independent friendship's better.
Hove her own administration
Wants to keep. Well, why not let her?
Modern wisdom does not hallow
The old policy of swallow.

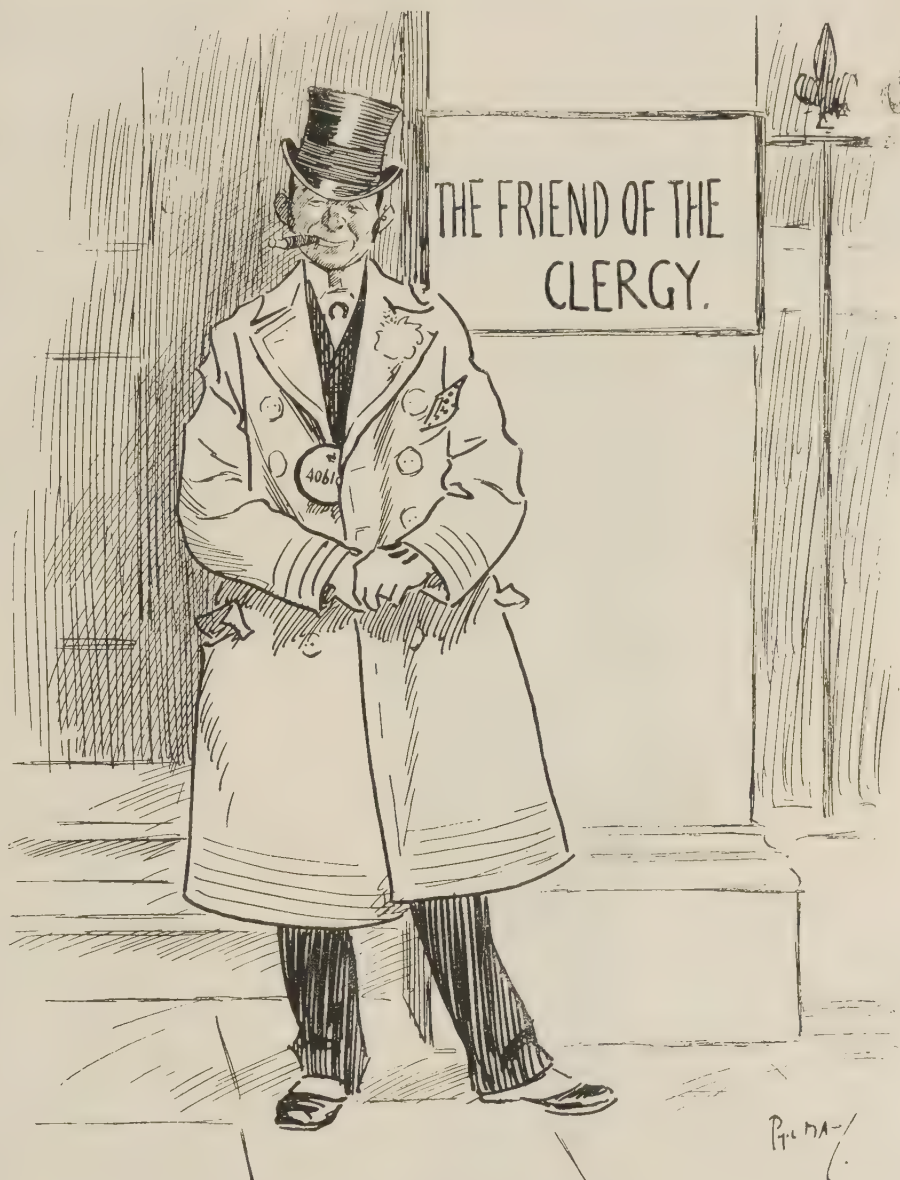
Hove would not be made a martyr
To the ghoul Centralisation;
So she fights for her old charter
'Gainst big Brighton's annexation.
Let them live in neighbour love,
Brighton Brighton, Hove still Hove!

Big things will be consequential.
Hove declares with bold temerity
That her "quiet, residential
Character gives her prosperity."
Punch admits he oft doth love a
"Quiet spot," so—"Floreat Hova!"

AN EXTRA NOTE.

THE Frascati Restaurant has just instituted a "Musical Luncheon," that is, when the pie is open the band begins to play. An overture for the commencement—*Ouverture de bouches*. Grand march for an entrée. A warlike song, "*Aux Armes, Citoyens!*" for the *pièce de resistance*. Something sweet to follow, with a *Ranz des Vaches* for the cheese. Excellent in its way—if you are alone. But if you want to talk, how then? Perhaps there is another room for the talkers—this would be a *salle à manger-et-à parler* combined. As "music is the food of love" there should be a pleasant reserved corner called "The Bird-cage," for example, where would be served, quite close to the orchestra, "The Lovers' Lunch." We recommend this to the *Restaurateurs* generally. Why not add musical attractions to the "bars"? Say from "two to four in a bar." Bacchanalian music only. The next novelty will perhaps be an advertisement headed "*Conversational Luncheons. Cuisine Parfaite. No Music.*"

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—Unanimous opinion of the ambassadors that the situation is always "grave"—for the Armenians.



A SKETCH NEAR PICCADILLY.

BRAVO, BURNS!

"THOUGHTS that breathe and words that burn,"

Fell from BURNS (of Scotland) often.
BURNS (of Battersea) has his turn!

JOHN, like ROBERT, does not soften
Saxon speech to courtier sleekness

When with the oppressor dealing.
Words *won't* take on maudlin meekness

When heart's fired with honest feeling.
BURNS of Battersea, bravo!

BURNS of Scotland would have praised you.

And that speech, all fire and go,
Has in true men's judgment raised you.

Straighter talk unto the Turk,
Greater pith and more compactness,

None have given. The mark some shirk
JOHN has hit with much exactness.

Fustian of the florid kind,
In a park or on a platform,

Punch disdains, but would not mind
If all spouters kept to that form.

Praise to him who praise well earns,
So Punch cries, "Bravo, JOHN BURNS!"

OLD TIMES REVIVED.—I say, Mr. P., shan't we be in for splendid banquets when the new Lord Mayor begins his entertaining! Alderman GUZZLETON and Common Councillor SWIGGLETON will be "on"—very much "on"—in this scene; that is, if there's anything in such a name as "Lord Mayor Fuddle Fill-lips!" 'Ooray!

Yours,
THE OLD PIPER OF PORTSOKEN.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—The *Hamburger Nachrichten* last week quoted, warningly, a speech of Mr. ALFRED BEIT's, in which he seemed to point to another "JAMESON raid." The *Hamburger* and others need have no fear; this utterance, if it ever were uttered, *quod est disputandum*, sounds more like a bark than a Beit.

WHAT the director of the National Portrait Gallery said when he closed the Sunday show for present season:—"If I open this again this year, I'm blest—no, I mean I'm Cust."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXIV.

Mr. Jabberjee relates his experiences upon the Moors.

I AM now an acclimatized denizen of Caledonia stern and wild; which, however, turns out to be milder and tamer than depicted by the jaundiced hand of national jealousy.

For, since my arrival at this hamlet of Kilpaitrick, N.B., I have not once beheld any species of savage hill-man; moreover, the adult inhabitants are clothed with irreproachable decency,



"Of incredible bashfulness and bucolical appearance."

and, if the juveniles run about with denuded feet and heads, where is the shocking scandal?

Mr. ALLBUTT-INNETT, sen., did me the honour to appear in person upon the Kilpaitrick platform, and welcome me with outspread arms to his temporary hearth and home, but I shall have the candour of confessing my disappointment with the size and appearance of the same. It appears that a "Manse" is not at all a palatial edifice, furnished with a plethora of marble halls and vassals and serfs, &c., but simply the very so-so and two-storied abode of some local priest!

My gracious hostess was to tender profuse apologies for its homeliness, on the plea that it is refreshing at times to lay aside ceremonial magnificence and unbend in rural simplicity, though it is not humanly possible to unbend oneself upon the thorny bosoms of chairs and couches severely upholstered with the prickling hairs of an extinct horse.

Still, as I assured Miss WEE-WEE, she is the happy owner of a magical knack to transform, by her sheer apparition, the humblest hovel into the first-class family residence with every modern improvement.

With the said Miss I continue on terms of hand and glove-ship, with mutual harmless jokes, which would perhaps be as caviare on toast to a general, though I shall venture to recount some examples.

A certain local young laird, of incredible bashfulness and bucolical appearance, is a frequent visitor at the manse, and the fervent admirer of Miss WEE-WEE, who cannot endure the tedium of his society, and is constantly endeavouring to escape therefrom.

Now his name is Mr. CRUM, and I have frequently entertained her in private by play upon the word, alluding to him as "Mister CRUST," "Mister OATCAKE," or "the Scotch Bun," and the like; but he informed me that he preferred to be addressed as "Balbannock," and upon my inquiring his reasons for selecting such an alias, he answered that it was because he inhabited a house of that name.

Whereupon I facetiously requested that he would address myself in future as "Mister Seventy-nine, Hereford Road, Bayswater," which stroke of wit occasioned inextinguishable merriment from Miss WEE-WEE, though it did not excite from the aforesaid laird so much as the smallest simper!

From an ingrained love of teasing, and also the natural desire to stimulate her appreciation of my superior fertility in small talk and *l'art de plaire*, I do often slyly contrive to inflict his sole society upon her—to the huge entertainment of her father and mother, who carry on the joke by assisting my manoeuvrings; but, although it affords me a flattering gratification to be plaintively upbraided by Miss WEE-WEE for my cruel desertion, I am resolved not to persist in such heartless pranks beyond her natural endurance.

Shortly after my arrival, I heard from my host that he was the recipient of an invitation from a Mister BAGSHOT, Q.C., that he and his son HOWARD would accompany him to a shooting expedition upon some adjacent moors, and that, being now immoderately plump, and past his prime as a potshot, he had requested leave to nominate myself as his *budli* or substitute, explaining that I was a young Indian prince of great prowess at every kind of big games.

Accordingly, to my great delight, it was arranged that I should take his place.

My young friend HOWARD, beholding me appear at the breakfast-table arrayed in my short kilt and superincumbent belly-purse with tassels, did entreat me to change myself into ordinary knickerbockers, lest I should catch death with a cold.

But I declined, disdaining such dangers, and assuring him that I did not at all dislike the excessive ventilation of my knees.

We drove to Mr. BAGSHOT's residence, Rowans Castle, in a hired machine, and found the gentlemen-shooters gathered outside the portico. Amongst the party I was pleased to observe Hon'ble Justice CUMMERBUND, who, when we were all ascended into the waggonette-break, did rally me very good-humouredly upon some mixed bag of elephants and tigers he had heard (or so he said) I had accomplished in some up-country jungle.

At first, knowing that this was the utter impossibility, I perspired with terror that he was making me the fool, but apparently he was himself under a misunderstanding, for when we had left the vehicle and were preparing to advance, he paid me the distinguished compliment of entreating that I might be awarded the command of one extremity of the line, while he himself was to preside over the opposite end!

And thus we commenced to climb a steep hill, thickly covered with a very pricklesome heather, and black slimy bogs, wherein the varnish of my patent-leather shoes did soon become totally dimmed. So, being gravely incommoded by the shortness of my wind, I entrusted my musket to an under-keeper, begging him to inform me of the early approach of any stag or deer.

However, we saw nothing to shoot at except various sorts of wild poultry, and when some of these flew up immediately in front of me, I was too late, owing to the carriage of my gun by an underling, to do more than fire off a couple of barrels as a declaration of hostility.

But profiting by this lesson in being *semper paratus*, I refused to part again with my deadly instrument, and stumbled manfully onwards with finger upon the triggers, letting them fly instantaneously at the first appearance of any animals *feræ naturæ*.

It is not customary, I was assured, to slay the wild sheep in these districts, though horned, and of an excessively ferocious appearance, and even when firing my bullets at birds, I was subjected to continual reproofs from some officious keeper or other.

For example, I was not to shoot into a flock of partridges, for the superstitious reason, forsooth! that it was still the month of August, which is supposed to be unlucky!

Again, I was rebuked for burning powder at a grey hen, because it is the wife of a black-cock, which may be shot with impunity. Although a highly chivalrous chap in questions of the fairer sex, I am yet to see why it is allowable to render the female bird a bereaved widow, but totally forbidden to make the male a widower! Or why it is permissible to slay a minute bird such as a snipe, while a titlark is on no account to be touched.

Being eventually exasperated by these unreasonable faultfindings, seeing that I had merely emptied my gun-barrels without actually destroying any of these sacred volatiles, I addressed the keeper in the withering tones of a sarcasm: "Mister Keeper," I said, "as I am not the ornithologist or soothsayer to distinguish infallibly every species of bird by instinct, when flying with incredible velocity, would it not be better that I should discharge no shots in future?"

To which, abashed by my severity, he replied that he could not just say that it would make any considerable difference whether I fired at all or none.

My fellow-shooters, however, could not refrain from shouting with irrepressible admiration at the intrepidity with which, forestalling the fleetest dogs, I did rush forward to pick up the fallen grouse-birds, and repeatedly exhorted me to take greater care for my own safety.

I cannot say that they exhibited equivalent courageousness, seeing that, so often as I raised my gun to fire, they flung themselves upon their stomachs in the heather until I had finished, upon which I rallied them mercilessly upon their timidity, assuring them repeatedly that they had nothing to fear.

Yet English and Scotch alike accuse us Bengalees of being subject to excessive funkiness. What about the Pot and the Kettle, Mist'ers?

I am to reserve the conclusion of my shooting experiences until a future occasion.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. IV.—OUR GUIDE.

HARD by the secret postern in the grey old Castle wall
In the pleasant summer sunshine stands the hoary seneschal.
A much read man is SANDY BROWN, of strange historic lore,
And in his cups he'll spin you yarns you never heard before,
For then his tongue is loosened, then are Time and Space as *nil*,
And Imagination riots through the ages at her will.

"Guid mornin', gentlemen," says he, "'tis gey an' fine the day.
Ye're for seein' roun' the Castle, Sirs? Then please tae step
this way.

Aye, yon's the Keep. 'Tis Norman—early Norman, as ye see,
An' built by WULLIE CONQUEROR in fourteen saxty three.
'Twas ta'en frae him by CROMWELL—yon's the marks mad' by
his shell—

An' gien tae MARY QUEEN o' Scots—ye'll mind o' that yersel?
Noo, MARY she was awfu' for the Martyrs—cudna sleep
Unless she had a pickle o' them lockit in the Keep,
An' when there was nae huntin' an' the times a wee thing slack
She'd hae them for an hour or twa an' put them on the rack.
Weel, ane o' these was KNOX—JOHN KNOX—ye'd ken the laddie
fine?

Eh, mebbe no, he's deid, ye see, a guid few years sin' syne:
A meenister, wi' glowerin' ee, an' lang beard turnin' gray,
An' eh, a vara deevil at the preachin', sae they say.
Noo, MARY cudna thole the man; she wished tae hae her fling
Withoot the fash o' sermons, Sir, or ony sic-like thing,
An' she wearied o' his preachin' an' his talk o' flames an' hell,
An' his everlastin' prayin', as ye micht hae done yersel!
But JOHN had mony zealous frien's, an' when they learnt his
fate,

They cam' awa' tae MARY, a' the greatest in the state,
An' they begged she'd let the parson gang, wi' tears an' sighs,
nae doot,

But 'Na,' was a' she answered, 'he'll be lang ere he win oot.'
'Aweel,' said they, 'my Lady, gin ye winna set him free,
We'll awa' tae QUEEN ELIZABETH an' then, begad, we'll see.'
Sae aff they rade, an' MARY had JOHN KNOX upon the rack,
An' she stretched him ivry mornin' till the gentlemen cam'
back.

The QUEEN she gied them audience doun yonder in the Ha',
An' they handed her a warrant wi' the Royal Arms an' a',
An' she looked at it an' read it, an' 'It's quite correc,' ses she.
'Ho, bring in Mister KNOX,' she ses, 'we'll hae tae set him free.'
Sae Mister KNOX was ushered in, but eh, Sirs! what a change!
His mither wudna kent him, they had altered him that strange!



THE POET-LAUREATE ON TURKEY.

["You are not alone in the opinion you appear to entertain that it is incumbent on me, by virtue of the office I have the honour to fill, not to remain altogether silent when the entire nation is palpitating with wrath at the atrocious massacres that have occurred in Armenia," &c., &c.—*Mr. Alfred Austin's letter to a correspondent, quoted by the Westminster Gazette.*]

He was short an' fat an' dumpy-like when last he had been seen,
But noo, wi' a' the stretchin', he was lang an' lank an' lean.
His vara beard seemed grown too short,—scarce covered half his
cheeks,

An' his trows were mair like bathin' drawers than honest parson's
brecks.

Then ses the Queen, 'Ye'll think,' she ses, 'ye've beaten me,
nae doot,

When ye mind o' hoo I swore that he'd be lang ere he won oot,
But eh!' she added, an' a smile cam' crinklin' up her mou',
'I've kept my word, for 'faith, my Lords—he's lang eneuch
the noo!

True?—Aye, Sir! True as Gospel! Yon's the dungeon an'
the rack,

What mair cud ye be wishin' for tae prove that it's a fae'?—
The offeecial charge is saxpence, but it's thirsty work, ye ken,
An' gin ye — Thank ye, kindly, Sir! Guid mornin', gentle-
men!"

SUGGESTION TO THE CAMBRIDGE A. D. C. AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.—"An Outsider" writes to us:—"How is it that there should have so long existed in the town of Cambridge, and belonging to the University, the unique play of an author whose work, whether he be yet in this world or out of it, has never yet been tried on your stage, i.e., 'PARKER'S piece'? A friend of mine, a Cantab, tells me has often 'seen some play on it,' but, as far as I can gather, without any acknowledgement having been made as to the original source."

OUR ONLY ONE.—Our Poet-Laureate, ALFREDO, is rarely so good as when he is writing prose. See his letter in *Morning Post* last week. Then, like "Little DAVY GARRICK," when inspired, he is "quite six foot high."



BAD HABITS GROW APACE.

Traveller (whose train is due). "LOOK HERE, I'M GOING TO GET OUT AND WALK. THAT BRUTE WILL MAKE ME MISS MY TRAIN!"
Jarvey. "KAPE STILL, SURRE. FOR THE LOVE AV' MOSES, KAPE STILL. SURE AN' IF THE OULD BLAYGUARD BATES US, I'LL NIVER GET HIM UP TO THE STATION NO MORE!"

ODE TO AN UN-FAIR ONE.

(By a Depressed Farmer, after George Withers.)

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die, because Trade is not Fair?
 Or—what cheek!—for nations care
 Whose trade tariffs stiffening are?
 Be Trade free as light or day,
 What odds, if it does not pay?
 If it be not Fair to me,
 What care I how Free she be?

Shall I for Free Trade "go it blind,"
 Just to please the COBDEN kind?
 Or because that COURTNEY creature
 Swears it is our fixed feature?
 For, despite the Cobden Club,
 I'm depressed—ah! there's the rub!
 If Trade be not kind to me,
 What care I how Free she be?

Shall the foreigner's cunning move
 Me to perish for their love?
 Or their prosperity, well known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 With Free Trade's Half Century blest(?)
 I still love Protection best.
 If it be not so to me,
 What care I how good Trade be?

While all tariffs range so high,
 Shall I play the fool, and die?
 Whilst Free Trade I worship blind,
 Other countries riches find.
 I would do as they all do,
 Then my trade perchance they'd woo:
 And unless hard cash I see,
 What care I how "great" I be?

Great, or Good, or Free, or Fair,
 I'm hard up, and I despair!

In Free Trade I don't believe,
 Did it die I should not grieve.
 Faugh! Free Trade no more I'd woo;
 Chuck her up, and let her go!
 For if she be not Fair to me,
 What care I for whom she be?

LEADER AND FOLLOWER.

(An Old Catch brought up to (Political) Date.)

I.
Liberal "Leader" (languidly). Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow Me!
Liberal (would-be) Follower (doubtfully). Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow thee?
Whither shall I follow, follow thee?
Liberal "Leader" (cautiously). Find the road that's safe and easy, muster up, and then—I'll see!

II.
Liberal Follower (sharply). Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me!
Liberal "Leader" (anxiously). Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow thee?
Whither shall I follow, follow, thee?
Liberal Follower (sardonically). Till I find some real leader, who can lead, and then—you'll see!
 [Exit in search of one.]

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (once more at large).—The most shameless conduct in the world. That of a future coalowner, who is ploughed at Oxford in "greats."

Class or No Class.

MASSSES against the Classes set?
 That is acknowledged work for asses!
 Technical teachers have, you bet,
 Hit on the wisest motto yet,
 In "Classes for the Massses."

SOMETHING IN A NAME AFTER ALL.—According to the *Daily Chronicle*, Signor LUIGI ARDITI mentions, in his recently published *Reminiscences*, that he was in the habit of flourishing his conductor's *bâton* with such vigour that he once raised a bump on the head of a violinist at New York, and another on the head of Signor MARIO at a Crystal Palace concert. "What else can you expect with a name like his?" commented Mr. P.'s tame 'ARRY. "'Ard-'it-'e!'"

Professionals of the Floor and Field.

EXACTLY the same, though not so in name,
 Are dancing and football "pros."
 For both money make and salaries take
 For supporting the ball with their toes.

MEM. BY A THAMES TRAVELLER.—When at Old Windsor, always look out for the "Belles of Ouseley."

THE DAILY BEVERAGE OF THE GREAT POWERS.—Porte whine.

PROPER FOOD FOR THE WITCHES IN MACBETH.—Haggis.



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FRANCE TO THE FORE !

BRITANNIA (*to France*). "WELL DONE, SISTER, I AM WITH YOU HEART AND SOUL !"

["The conference of M. CAMBON, the French Ambassador, with the SULTAN is asserted to have been of the highest importance."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

BRIGHTON.

À Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—I have said you how I am of return—*de retour*—to the hotel that afternoon of the Sunday in that droll of “fly,” by a veritable tempest. Eh well, I rest—*je reste*—at the hotel, I dine, I smoke a cigar, and then I go to see if he falls still of the rain. *Parbleu*—by blue, he makes beautiful! I seek my by-above—*pardessus*, how say you?—and my hat. At present I have but one sole, and it wants not to risk him by this wind. Happily, I remember myself that I bought at Edimbourg a scottish bonnet, *un bonnet*



“A pretty little burges Miss.”

écossais, a droll of bonnet with two long ribbons behind, almost as those on the hat of a woman. In effect these ribbons are also well useful for to be tied under the chin, but they should to be a little more long. However, I succeed to tie them, and, wearing my bonnet, I go to make a little walk at the clear of the moon. He makes less of wind. And truly as I smoke a cigar, strolling all gently on the promenade, so well lightened, *éclairée*, it seems to me that Brighton is not after all so beast—*si bête*. It goes without to say that the Sunday one cannot to amuse himself. As *partout* in England, all is shut, excepted the bar, the tavern, the publicouse, and the ginpalais. But it is something that to walk himself at the border of the sea, to smoke a cigar, to encounter his friends, even, for a stranger as me, to regard the pretty little burgeses misses, *demoiselles bourgeoises*, perhaps employeds of the magazines of confections, *magasins de confections pour dames*, or other little misses of counter, *demoiselles de comptoir*—how say you all that? Truly it is not so beast, above all when he makes beautiful.

At the instant that I think that, a drop of rain falls on my nose, I regard *effaré* the sky of new all cloudy and sombre, *à pas de course je file*—at step of course I file upon the hotel, and I gain the entry at the moment where the tempest rebegins. By blue, what climate!

Monday in awaking myself I think, “Eh well, AUGUSTE, my dear, to-day in fine

he goes to make beautiful. It is impossible that he falls all days of the rain at the English Nice.” *Pas du tout*, not of the whole! For the rain falls as if he came of to begin. Oh, what villain time!

All desolated I descend for to take my cup of coffee to the milk—*café au lait*, how say you? I cannot to eat your english “breakfast”—the kipered haddocks, the poached hams, the eggs, the sausages, the biftecks, the cutlets, and all that, with some “mufins”—*ah ça, quelle horreur!*—and some jams. Ah, no! And see there as I eat one little bread, *un petit pain*, a ray of sunshine! And when I go out, the paving, the road, all is dry, the sun shines and the sky is blue. It is not precisely the blue of Nice, but in fine the blow of the eye is not entirely grey. All joyously I walk myself on the promenade, and I regard the bicyclist ladies, who mount so well. What pleasure to see them! They are so beautiful, so gay, so gracious, so *sveltes*—how say you? As I regard them I am almost overthrown by a *chaise roulante*, what you call a “chair of Bath.” And then I remark many of these chairs of Bath, enormous, gigantic, as heavy as—*tiens!*—as your bun of Bath! Ah, by this beautiful morning, even a little *calembour* is permitted, *n'est-ce pas?*

Then I arrive to the Aquarium, but I enter not, for it is absolutely a subterranean, *un souterrain*, and he has the air of a mausoleum, of a humid tomb. Instead of that I regard the old jetty, the “Shainpir.” All to near, *tout auprès*, there is another jetty, all ruined, all rusty, all incomplete. One says in your country, “Half done is well begun,” but this jetty is not well begun, and she has the air of never to be finished. Why leave her there, an object so miserable? I have never seen anything of more frightful.

At Brighton they love the iron, for towards the east extends herself an arcade of the most drolls; an interminable range of arches in cast iron, painted in sombre colours. So ugly, my faith, so ugly! A friend has told me that there was here formerly a pretty little promenade, adorned with shrubs and with ivy, something of green at Brighton where there is almost not of trees, and that all that was destroyed to construct this hideous arcade, which has cost more than one half million of francs, perhaps in fine one million! And nobody goes there, excepted some child and their goods—*bonnes*, how say you? It is as a travesty of one cloister of a *Campo Santo*. Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, one side of the *Campo Santo* of Pisa in cast iron! Ah, the good idea! I make present of her to *Misters* the Municipal Councillors of Brighton. Their beautiful arcade would be more superb with some monuments—also in cast iron—of the great personages of their artistic town. There is enough of iron in the ruined jetty for to fabricate an infinity of busts and of statues for the *Campo Santo* of Brighton.

Agree, &c.,
AUGUSTE.

On the Crystal Palace Cycling Track.

Miss Random (who has fallen off her machine ten times in five minutes, to instructor). Do you think I shall ever get on?

Instructor. I doubt it, Miss, you seem to me to be a born “Ne'er-do-wheel.”

“ONE WHO IS DOWN.”—The eider duck.

STRIKE ME PINK!

OR, THE CRUSTACEAN'S CRAVING.

A LOBSTER swam in the Western Sea,
Weary and heavy of heart was he
As he ploughed through the Gulf
Stream's wrack;
For all around him was fair to see
In the ocean, green as the vernal pea—
But the lobster's shell was black.

He sighed at the sea-weed's radiant hue,
And the mussel-shell's cerulean blue,
And the mackerel's mottled back;
He wept when he saw the whitening pure,
And fled away into nooks obscure,
For the lobster's shell was black.

He gazed at the tints of the graceful
prawn,
And the roseate hues of early dawn,
And he bitterly cried “Alack!
The sea-gull is white as the driven snow,
And the star-fish shines with a fiery glow,
Oh, why is my shell so black!”

They fished him out of the lobster-pot,
And plunged him in water—boiling hot,
Until they pronounced him dead;
Then turned his carcase on to a dish,
But oh, how changed was the weary fish,
For the lobster's shell was red!

Yes, that which in life he had sought so
sore
Was granted him now that life was o'er,
And the worn-out spirit had fled;
For Death in pity had heard his cry,
And changed his hue to a brighter dye,
And the lobster's shell was red.

No more the electric eel would shock
His sensitive nerves, nor the turtle's mock
Would cause him to hide his head;
No more would he sigh at the sea-gull's
flights,
Nor feel abashed at the Northern Lights,
For the lobster's shell was red.

The storm-tossed body they gently lay
In a lonely aspic far away,
Far from his Western bays;
They softly smooth out his wrinkled legs
And cover him o'er with the white of
eggs,
And the peaceful mayonnaise.

There blossoms the fragrant cucumber,
There the vinegar flows, and there
The lettuce her leaves doth shed;



And there by all may be clearly seen,
Through the transparent gelatine,
That the lobster's shell is red!

A New Story anent Stonehenge.

American Professor. I reckon that these monoliths are the fossilized oaks off which the Druids were once accustomed to snip the mistletoe at Christmas-time.

[Theory immediately wired off all over the world by the Razzle-Dazzle News Agency.]



"THE SOMERSAULT CURE!"

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED TO THOSE INCLINED TO *EMBOINPOINT* FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE FIGURE.

["Once you learn to turn somersaults, even at fifty, the exhilaration grows on you, and its effects on one's girdle-measure are simply astonishing." — *Daily Telegraph*, September 29.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Anchorite, from his Cell near the Embankment, greets the first Fog of the Season.

THE first thick fog has wrapped the town
Within its ample fold,
And painted all a dirty brown
That was a dainty gold.
The sparrows recognise the spell,
And quite forget to fight
For crumbs upon my window sill—
They think that day is night.

My dog, an ever ardent beast,
Well-known to all as *Spot*,
Turns tail upon the outlook east,
Whence sunlight cometh not.
He views his muzzle with disdain,
And, on the rug tight curled,
No doubt he deems a man insane
Who'd seek the outer world.

This tawny atmospheric blend
Of smoke and mist and wet,
Is like an unexpected friend—
'Tis not November yet!
And yet how well its grasp I know,
Its pungent, icy grip,
That will not let one's nostrils go
Without a deadly nip.

The paper boy is choked with damp,
His shouts are few and weak;
The milkman shows a warning lamp,
While muffled is his shriek;
The cabbies travel on the wood
Like Charon o'er the Styx;
The 'bus-cads are in plaintive mood,
The vans forget to mix.

To pierce the vapour I try hard,
Full many a time and oft.
Tall ghosts look down on Palace Yard
Tom-Bowling-like aloft.
That shadow blurred and indistinct
Perhaps may be St. Paul's,
And something on the landscape inked
Maybe are Cecil's halls.

What desolation! What neglect
Of London's claim to air!
Have County Councils no respect?
Have vestries no despair?
Have I—but stay, a sound I hear,
A peal of tiny bells.
Hurrah! the muffin man is near!
The fog may go to Wells!

THE JUMP CURE.

AN OLLENDORF EXERCISE.

[“The corpulence of the middle-aged can be reduced by throwing a somersault.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone has entered the trapeze-furnished gymnasium of the determined professor. The elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone has been induced to hang by one leg to a rope by the determined professor. The head of the elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone is softer than the stone floor of the trapeze-furnished gymnasium. The elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone having received an electric shock supplied by the determined professor, has recovered consciousness. The elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone is under the impression that he has seen all the stars of the firmament. The determined professor insists that the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone shall “throw a cart wheel.” The legs of the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone are being attached to the trapeze. The legs of the



Edward Partridge fecit.

Visitor. “AH, THAT’S AN OLD MASTER, SURELY?”

Mrs. Veneer (apologetically). “YE-E-S—BUT THE FRAME IS NEW!”

elderly gentleman of eighteen stone have given way. The elderly gentleman of eighteen stone has fallen to the ground, and the determined professor is offering explanations. The determined professor is apologising to the friends of the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone, but not to the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone himself. Why is the determined professor not apologising to the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone? The determined professor is not apologising to the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone because he (i.e., the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone) is unconscious. The good police-

man and the clever doctor are now consulting together, and the mind of the determined professor is disturbed. The good policeman and the clever doctor have come to a decision, and are no longer conversing. The determined professor has been removed to a station-house, and the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone to a lunatic asylum. The friends of the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone are dining in the house of the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone. The good policeman and the clever doctor are at the same table. All is well that ends well (i.e., that has a good ending).



Pedestrian. "I HEAR BROWN HAS TAKEN TO CYCLING, AND IS VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT IT!"

Cyclist. "ENTHUSIASTIC! NOT A BIT OF IT. WHY, HE [NEVER RIDES BEFORE BREAKFAST!

COUNSEL TO COUNCILS.

[The Central School of Arts and Crafts is to be opened by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council at the Morley Hall, Regent Street, with Mr. GEORGE FRAMPTON and Mr. LETHABY at its head.]

"CHARGE, FRAMPTON, charge! ON LETHABY, on!"

Are the first words of *Punchius*.

May you do just the thing that requires to be done,

With wisdom and wit, and without noisy fuss.

The stubborn Briton is falling behind:

"Our fathers' custom" wont serve us to-day;

And to keep his front place BULL must make up his mind

For technical training to strive and *pay*!

British workmen don't lead where so long they have led;

The foreigner's filching our honour and hoard.

Let us hope that our national wooden-head

May be cured by the Technical Board!

ANXIOUS FOR A LUGGAGE-LABEL.

WANTED, by Young Man, very respectable, to join Combination or Company, as Baggage and Small Parts.

THE above advertisement appears in a theatrical contemporary. Mr. *Punch* can only suppose that the "very respectable" young man would undertake the rôle of Mr. *Box*, or appear as an elephant's trunk, or perhaps he has some secret method of disguising himself as a Gladstone bag or an American gripsack. Any way, his demand is novel, and Mr. *P.* hopes that his ambition to join a combination may be speedily fulfilled, even if he have to descend to playing a hamper.

A DONGOLA DINNER.—The quail of the Arab before the Kitchener.

(P)SHAW!

A Page from an Interviewer's Log-book.

"[With the single exception of HOMER, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir WALTER SCOTT, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise SHAKSPEARE when I measure my mind against his.]

"G. B. S." in the "*Saturday Review*," Sept. 26.]

HASTILY donning, by way of partial disguise, a furrow hat, a red tie, and a flannel shirt, I called a day or two ago at No. 1A, Widowers' Houses, in the Isle of Sly Dogs. Not being by any means a Master-mind, it was with no little trepidation that I arrived at the front door of the distinguished Iconoclast's abode. I observed two bells, one marked "Dramatic Critics," and the other "Idiots." There was also a knocker, with the legend "Knock and Wait." I knocked and waited—for twenty minutes, without result. This display of Fabian tactics making me feel sufficiently small, I ventured to press the second bell. The door was then opened by a Social Democratic parlourmaid, and I found myself ushered into the Presence. I thought it better to enter on all-fours, and thus, with downcast looks, I could only hastily notice that the Master was supplied with a snuff-coloured suit of dittos, and a flamboyant head of hair.

"Good morning," I said, as soon as I partly regained my self-possession. "I have called, on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Reputations, to inquire if it is true that you have blown upon HOMER and pricked the SHAKSPEARE bubble."

"Quite so," replied the Demolisher; "reputations more than a day old are as worthless as yesterday's morning paper. They become fetishes, and it is my pleasant duty to expose them. The persons you mentioned have ceased to move with the times. I have therefore abolished them."

"Are PLATO and VIRGIL, and ÆSCHYLUS and HORACE, and the rest of the classics to go, then?"

"My dear Sir, PLATO never spoke in Hyde Park, that I am aware of. He is therefore out of court. ÆSCHYLUS, I understand, wrote tragedies in blank verse, but they are not now played at any London theatre. He would not get a 'hand' nowadays. HORACE, so far as I have patience to read him, is painfully suburban, and his views on bimetallism and WAGNER are crude in the extreme. VIRGIL served his purpose in supplying a title for *Arms and the Man*, but he is an imposition, and rightly used as such. I would not give the bones of a chocolate soldier for the rest."

"Are we to give up our belief in the more modern writers of note, as well?"

"Most decidedly. Take DANTE, for instance. He couldn't even write decent English; and RABELAIS, who wouldn't write decent French. And BACON, who I am told wrote *Paradise Lost*, and *The Sorrows of Satan*, and much other sensational journalism of a bygone day, besides knocking off 'SHAKSPEARE' in his spare moments. They are all as hopelessly parochial and prehistoric as DICKENS and THACKERAY. It positively hurts me to think how contemptible they are compared with myself. Why, it is as much as I can do to keep from tearing out my hair in handfuls with disgust at hearing them called 'eminent writers!'"

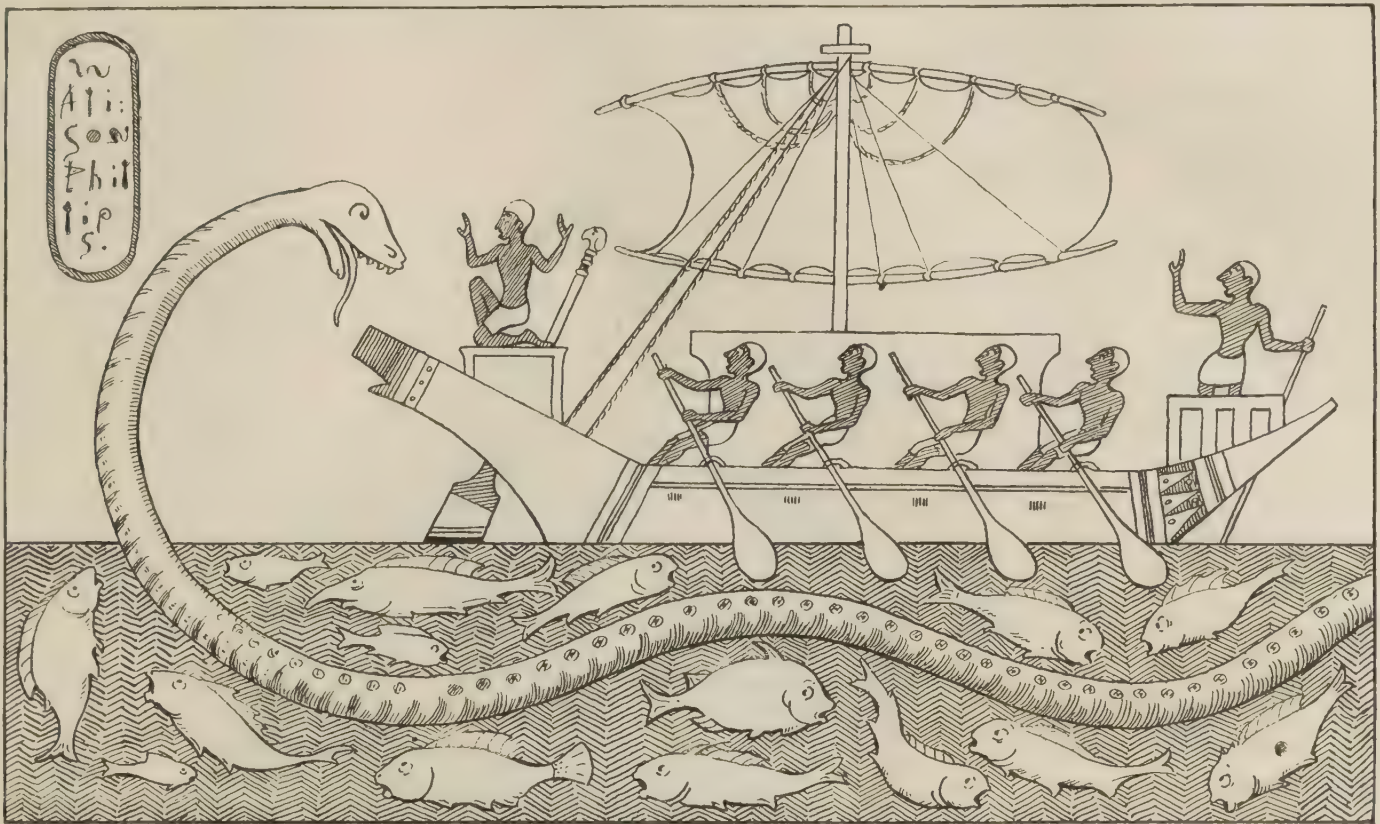
"Are there no ideals, then, left for us to cherish?" I despairingly asked. "For example, don't you still retain a good opinion of the Equator?"

"The Equator, my good Sir, is too despicable for words. It has no sense of humour, and cannot appreciate a paradox. Its only use is as a salutary terror to the fourth-form schoolboy. I do not recognise its existence as a serious factor in modern life."

"Then you probably don't think much of the Solar System, if I may hazard a final question?"

"I consider it a vastly overrated institution, in spite of the advertisement it has received from interested parties. I spend half-an-hour every day despising it. This is a useful practice, I find, and keeps the Universe in its proper place. I feel like ATHANASIUS—or was it ARCHIMEDES?—*contra mundum*, as I walk down Southampton Street. It is an exhilarating sensation, I assure you, pushing the planet away from beneath one's feet. The other day I measured my length on the pavement (assisted by a piece of orange-peel), and got up with a most profound contempt for the Law of Gravitation. But if you will excuse me, now, I have an engagement with a Popular Idol, whom I have arranged to pulverise."

I left hurriedly, feeling thankful I was only an Obscure Item



THE EARLIEST RECORD OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

This remarkable Picture from an Egyptian Illustrated Paper is accompanied by the following unpublished remarks of Herodotus, its Special Correspondent:—

I went to a certain place called Pelusium, which is at the mouth of the Nile, to make inquiries concerning the great sea-serpent. For it was told me that every year, after the rising of the Senate, and while the Chief Magistrates are away from the city, there appears in the ocean, not far from the harbour, a monstrous snake. All affirmed it to be many parasangs in length, and exceeding fierce, some described it as of a dingy white colour, and as advancing silently and with a sinuous motion; others, on the other hand, declaring it to be mottled with the most gorgeous colours, to proceed by leaps like a dolphin, and with hideous bellowings. All agreed that it only appears when the Senate is not sitting. Thus I conclude the subject of the sea-serpent.

THE CAB-HIRER'S VADE MECUM.

(During the Strike.)

Question. If you are on your way to town from the country, what should you do, say, when you get within one hundred miles of London?

Answer. I should beg the railway guard to wire to the terminus to engage a conveyance for me on my arrival.

Q. What will be the consequences of this proceeding?

A. Assuming that my train is half-an-hour late I shall have to wait a further thirty minutes for the identification of my Jehu and his chariot.

Q. To whom and to what do you refer?

A. To the railway employé on the box of the company's cab.

Q. Say that you are seated, what will happen next?

A. I shall give my address, and then personally conduct the driver.

Q. Why will this superintendence be necessary?

A. Because, being "new to town," the coachman will fancy that Eaton Square is near the Tower, and Oxford Street within a stone's throw of Waterloo Bridge.

Q. Suppose you desire to get from Kensington to Hyde Park Corner, what would be the route chosen by the driver, without your directions?

A. Very likely he would make for Olympia, then wander into Bayswater, visit Bloomsbury, skirt Pimlico, and come

to Apsley House *via* the King's Road, Sloane Square, the Brompton Road, and Knightsbridge.

Q. Then if you are encumbered with luggage, what should you do?

A. Send it to its destination either by Private Delivery or Parcels Post.



Q. And how would you yourself get home?

A. By walking.

Q. But surely this would cause you inconvenience?

A. Possibly. But it would be far safer to trust to legs than to wheels.

Q. Why would it be safer?

A. Because nearly all the streets of London are "up," and consequently it would be better to climb the pavement with an *alpen-stock* than to drive through the gas-pipes in a hansom.

THE PIANO-BABY'S LULLABY.

[Many of the itinerant *artistes* of Saffron Hill consider that their apparatus is incomplete without a baby-and-cradle attachment.]

MISERABLE infant,

To the organ tied,
Trundled down the dirty street,
Swaddled tightly head and feet,
For your daily ride!

Wretched little morsel,
Squalling little brat,
Though the wheezy barrel turns,
'Tis through you your parent earns
Ha'pence in his hat!

Small and howling human,
Soon no more you'll hear,
Growing quickly deaf as stone,
Thanks to each discordant tone
Ground into your ear.

Truly, for two buttons,
This is what I'd do:
I'd a stout policeman fetch,
Take your father up, the wretch,
Smash the organ, too!



'OUT OF AN ENGAGEMENT.'

Herr Wilhelm (the Quick-Change Artist). "WHAT HAVE WE HERE? HUM! THIS RUSSIAN STRIPLING SEEMS TO HAVE HAD SOME BIG RECEPTIONS! BUT WAIT TILL I GO ON TOUR! AHA!"



GONE TO GROUND.

Keeper (long suspected of being no friend to Foxes). "THE CUBS SEEM ALL UNDER GROUND THIS MORNIN', MISTER CAPEM."
Huntsman (having just drawn the man's coverts blank). "WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW. BUT, I SAY, MISTER POTTER, WHERE DID YOU BURY 'EM,—EH?"

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. V.—THE BAILIE.

HA, who comes there with lordly air of calm superiority,
 With portly mien and look serene of self-assured authority?
 Who can it be?—Some great grandee?—Sh! Do not stare and dawdle, Sir,
 It is no Royal Highness, but our worthy Bailie CAUDLE, Sir.
 Well may he walk with stately stalk and cast an eye of scorning
 On us mere nobodies that dare to whisper him "Good morning."
 To him that bears a city's cares, dons scarlet robes and ermine,
 Sir,
 What are mere men, mere human men, but worthless dirt and vermin, Sir?
 Far other thoughts absorb his soul—themes mightily superior,
 The pipes and drains, the water-mains—a living town's interior.
 Ha! think of that and tremble, Sir, that you have dared to greet a man
 Who, when the lion's roused, can look as if he meant to eat a man:
 Well may the hungry beggar blench when haled before his Mightiness,
 Well may the tripping damsel blush in sorrow for her flightiness,
 Well may the trembling truant dread his worshipful verbosity,
 And shrink and quail abashed and pale before my Lord Pomposity.
 Or see him on a Sabbath morn in solemn elder's state,
 His hand upon his bosom and his eye upon the plate.
 The people, as they enter, in Sabbatical reflection,
 With nervous fingers feel the bawbee destined for collection;
 But as they feel, they blush to think how monstrous it would be
 To offer common copper to a magnate such as he:
 They drop the vulgar metal, and ashamed, yet half unwilling,
 Produce the silver threepenny, the sixpence and the shilling.
 And when, with boots that creak importance, in his lordly style,
 The Bailie in his majesty comes marching down the aisle,
 We rise, we stand in silence, as is meet for man to do,
 What time he passes in his glory to the elder's pew.

And as we watch him move along, so stately and so tall,
 There is a thought that rises in the bosoms of us all—

What need of sermons or divines, of BUTLER, BARROW, PALEY?—
 O Lord, we know that Thou art great, for Thou hast made the Bailie."

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE DENMAN.

LATE ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES.

(An Unrhymed Sonnet.)

"Not a great lawyer." Well, that may be so:
 I care not greatly for that parrot-cry.

Here is his portrait, on my study wall:

Integrity and Dignity sit there,
 A wise Experience and Thoughtfulness,
 Firm to rebuke the Wrong, uphold the Right.

Perhaps I trace a wearied, far-off look
 About the eyes. Nay, you are wrong, my friend,
 I am not much imposed upon by robes.

Forget the office! Think but of the man,
 Kindly and cultured, stately, gracious, true;
 Robed or unrobed, a man to be beloved!

Come, now, I'll cap your sneer with one plain word,
 There sits a truly noble Englishman.

CURIOUS FACT.—The special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Cherbourg says, that the officers received the CZAR "lowering their swords with the points to the ground, in salute." Had the officers lowered their weapons and simultaneously directed the points towards the sky, the situation might, indeed, have been more striking than that described by the eminent word painter.

OBSERVATION BY OUR MAN OF LETTERS.—"Great wits jump—on one another, when they see their individual ideas simultaneously produced."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BAROO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXV.

Mr. Jabberjee permits himself to make a most unwarranted attack upon a distinguished fellow-contributor, and to criticise the Editorial discretion with considerable freedom. After which he concludes the thrilling account of his experiences on a Scotch moor, greatly to his own glorification.

MAY I humbly be permitted to commence this with the personal explanation?

The gracious and patronising readers of this periodical must often, very properly, have experienced sensations of profound disgust and disappointment to find almost every alternate number



"I presented my trophy and treasure-trove to the fairylike Miss Wee-wee."

of *Punch* completely destitute of a single jot or tittle from this pen; in consequence from which my experiences when (at last) suffered to appear have become totally *ex post facto*! For this dilatoriness the responsible party is not myself.

I am ready at any time to occupy an entire number with my unassuming lucubrations, which would then be up to their date; but of course it seems that, to the Editorial optic, the jejune scribblings of some foreign Mister are of more pressing importance, though ludicrously incapable to write intelligible or idiomatic English style, and interlarded with frequent Gallinisms of very, very dubious correctness!

Far be it from me to raise an international question at a rather difficult crisis, but I must meekly suggest that it is unworthy of a patriotic periodical to snub the nose of a cultivated British subject by postponing his contributions to those of this so-called AUGUSTE, who is admittedly a mere Parisian Frenchman. I may return to this subject anon—if necessary. *Verbum sat sap.*

Now to resume the rather arbitrarily truncated account of my gunnery on Scottish moors.

Before luncheon I ventured to remonstrate earnestly with my entertainer, Mr. BAGSHOT, Q.C., concerning the extreme severity with which he chastised a juvenile sporting hound of his for such trivial offences as running after some rabbit, or picking up slaughtered volatiles without receiving the *mot d'ordre*!

"Listen, honourable Sir," I entreated him, "to the voice of Reason! It's the second nature of all such canines to pursue vermins, nor are they at all capable of comprehending the Why and Wherefore of a shocking flagellation. If it is your wish that this hound should play the part of a Tantalus, forbidden even to touch the *bonne-bouches* with his watering mouth, surely it is possible to restrain him by a more humane method than Brute Force!"

At this mild reproof Mister BAGSHOT became utterly rubescent, murmuring excuses which I did not catch; and I, perceiving that this object lesson of kindness to animals from an Oriental had strongly affected all the shooters, patted the hound on the forehead, consoling him with some chocolate I carried in my cartridge sack.

We picnicked our lunch under a stone wall, and I, becoming an hilarious, rallied my companions unmercifully upon the solemnity with which they had marched in cautious silence, and with stern countenances as to attack some formidable foe—and all to slaughter sundry braces of inoffensive grouse-birds—truly an heroic sort of undertaking!

To which Hon'ble CUMMERBUND replied, with his utterance impeded by cold pie, that I might congratulate myself on having kept my own hands unstained by any grouse's gore.

"True, Mister Ex-Judge," I retorted, "but as you have already testified," (here I hoisted his own petard at him rather ingeniously,) "I am more an *au fait* in the extermination of elephants *et hoc genus omne*, and have hitherto reserved my powder and shot for a stag or some similar monarch of the glen. However, after lunch let us see whether I am not competent to kill, or at least maim, one of these same grouse-fowls, *faute de mieux*!"

A repartee which excited uproarious laughter (at Hon'ble C.'s expense) from all the present company.

Subsequently, we were posted in a row of small fortresses constructed of turfs, to await what is termed a "Drive," i.e., until some flock of grouse-birds, exasperated to fury by the cries and blows of certain individuals called "beaters," should attack our positions.

Hearing that the grouses on this moor were of an excessive wildness, I was at first apprehensive that one might fly at my nose or eyes while I was busied in defending myself against its fellows, but the keeper who was with me assured me that such was seldom their custom.

And, indeed, such as came in my direction flew with wings so accelerated by panic that they were invisible before I could even select one as my target, so I was reduced to fire with considerable random. Presently the beaters approached, carrying flags of truce, and we sallied out of our forts to pick up the slain and wounded. After diligent search, I had the happiness to discover a grouse-bird, stone dead, in the heather, and, capering with triumph, called to the keeper to come and see the spoil.

On his arrival, however, he said that he could not just think it would be my bird, as he had not noticed any fall in that direction. But after I had presented him with a piece of silver, he did agree that if I chose to claim the bird as mine, it was not his place to contradict me, and so in great glee I exhibited my prize to the others, appealing to the keeper (who basely remained *sotto voce*) for confirmation.

"A devilish clean shot, Prince!" Sir CUMMERBUND graciously remarked; "why, the bird is stiff and cold already!"

Whereupon I was cordially congratulated, and awarded the tail feathers to decorate my "tommyshanty," and during the next driving, having now acquired the knack, I rendered several more denizens of the air the *hors de combats*, though—either on account of their great ingenuity in running out of the radius, or creeping into holes, &c., or else the stupidity of the retrieving dogs—their corpses remained irrecoverable.

On taking my leave, I expressed unbounded satisfaction with such sport as I had had, and my fixed intention to assist on some similar shooting-expedition, and Mr. BAGSHOT kindly promised to let me know if he should again have vacancy for an additional gun.

I regret to say that young HOWARD, who, having only laid low a couple of black cocks and a blue hare, was immoderately jealous of my superior skilfulness, did seek to depreciate it by

insinuating that my grouse was one which, having been seriously wounded by other hands some days previously, had come up to the hills to shuffle off its mortal coil in seclusion, arguing thus from its total absence of heat and suppleness.

This is the merest quibble, and to travel out of the record, since, of course, if a bird is at all of a venerable age, it becomes stiff and deficient in vital warmth long before it is popped off! Moreover, if the grouse were not legitimately my property, why, forsooth, should I be permitted to carry it home?

I presented my trophy and treasure-trove to the fairylike Miss WEE-WEE, who was so overwhelmed by the compliment that she entreated for it to be cooked and eaten *instantly*.

As soon as I have recovered a missing link of my fishing-rod (which it seems has been overlooked by Mister Pawnbroker), and when I have procured some suitable bait, &c., it is my intention to catch a fine salmon out of the burn for my enchanting divinity, and, as I place the fish in her lily-like hands, to strike iron while it is hot and make her the formal proposal of matrimony.

Mister CRUM, hearing of my piscatorial ambitions, has, with almost incredible simplicity, offered to lend me his salmon rod, with a volume of flies, little suspecting that he will be assisting me to catch two fish upon one hook! I am immensely tickled by such a tip-top joke, and can scarcely refrain from imparting it to Miss WEE-WEE herself, though I shall wait until I have first secured the salmon.

I had some valuable remarks upon Scottish idioms and linguistic peculiarities, &c., but these, of course, are to be suppressed *sine die*—unless I am to be permitted to overflow into a special supplement.

What do you say, eh, Hon'ble Mister Editor?

[ED. NOTE.—Not if Hon'ble Mister Editor knows it!]

DARBY JONES ON THE CESAREWITCH.

HONOURED SIR,—The mystic veil, which is invariably thrown by cruel Fortune over the result of a big handicap, shall, if possible, be rent asunder by the old and ever ready seer, whose eye has lost none of its Röntgen-ray penetration. As you are well aware, Sir, it is at this time of year that many owners, to say nothing of backers, are anxious to provide themselves with a copious supply of winter keep, and thus it is that "*bottled-up crooks*" and "*dark outsiders*" may floor the most distinguished members of the Equine Peerage. But now listen to the minstrel, who lays the oof-bird's egg:—



Oh, beware of the Captain, in seeking one—
two,
He's a bad 'un to beat with his *port* full in
view.
Then the *Count* is a stayer that none can
deny,
Though to get *newly rich* someone else means
to try.
O'er a *Kendal-bred dame* there are many who
gush,
But there're others who know what will come
with a *rush*.
I've respect for the *son* of a pit-owning
peer,
And the *guard in the van* is a person to
fear.
Of a *chat* by the way I am somewhat afraid,
And look out for French tricks in the *harle-
quinade*.
The chance of a *Cyprian coup* is too faint;
But the son of a *dévote* I'll link with a *saint*.

There it is, my lords and gentlemen, the secret is as surely discovered as was TYNAN at Boulogne. Cheques from grateful clients may, as usual, be uncrossed, and postal orders are accepted. This latter tip may not be lost upon you, honoured Sir, who have been, I learn, paying a *fabulous price* for rooms in Paris during the visit of the CZAR. Crumbs from your sybarite table are always thankfully received by

Your indigent servitor, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Hope you pulled off my good thing at Kempton, on Saturday. It was apricot jam on thin bread and butter.

[We do not know to what D. J. alludes. Two hours after the Duke of York Stakes had been decided, we received a telegram from JONES asking us to back the winner for him.—ED.]

A PLACE TO BE AVOIDED BY THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.—GUNNERS-bury.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

OUR dear little Bishop has bought a new bike,
Nor recks what the world may say,
Over hill and down dale, past hedge-row and dyke,
He merrily pedals his way.



When to visit his vicars on Sundays he goes,
To appearance he tries to take heed,
But the one thing he loves is to tuck up his toes
And fly down a hill at full speed.

He can do thirty miles without turning a hair,
Yet he isn't much given to boasting,
"In the joys of the wheel," he will often declare,
"There is *nothing* can come up to coasting!"

And all of his clergy are going in now
To follow "his lordship's" lead;
They're biking and triking, but none, I avow,
Can develop the same turn of speed.

Some day, I've no doubt—his limbs are so supple—
He'll go for some record or race;
I'll be bound that he'll win, if he gets a fast couple
Of curates for making the pace.

Horticultural Amenities.

Unfeeling Visitor (to Host, proud of his flower garden). Why does that bed remind me of a northern town oft repeated?
Host (expecting a compliment). Give it up!
U. V. Because it is full of *lank asters*.

[Summons for assault next morning.]

"THE GALLANT MAJOR."—The much-talked-of—we will not say notorious, as being, perhaps, a rather unpleasant adjective—the much-talked-of Major LOTHAIRE finds himself in the situation of the immortal Mr. Pickwick in regard to Mrs. Bardell. Madame VAN HECKE is suing the Major for breach of promise to her daughter. Damages, 50,000 francs. If the case be proved, it may show LOTHAIRE as the *Gay Lothair-io*. The "*io*" to be added, if he can't pay.

NEWS FROM NOTTINGHAM.—"Mr. OSBORNE's Nurse Agnes won the Sherwood Nursery Plate." This is quite as it should be, and we hope that Mr. (should it not be Master?) OSBORNE's nurse will take care of the plate, and see that Master OSBORNE does not break it.



Younger Sister. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ON YOUR BIRTHDAY, EVA?"
 Eva (a belle of some seasons). "OH, I DON'T KNOW. TAKE A YEAR OFF, I SUPPOSE."

George du Maurier.

("KIKI.")

Born in Paris, March 6, 1834. Died in London, October 8, 1896

"A little work, a little play
 To keep us going—and so, good day!
 "A little warmth, a little light
 Of love's bestowing—and so, good night!
 "A little fun, to match the sorrow
 Of each day's growing—and so, good morrow!
 "A little trust that when we die
 We reap our sowing! And so, good-bye!"

Du Maurier's translation of "Un Peu d'Amour."

"AND so, good-bye!" Light words, and quickly said!
 But could they reach your ears, beloved dead,
 Their burden you would guess
 Better than many wearing graver face.
 Good-bye to genius, gentleness, and grace!
 A vanished presence and a vacant place
 Leave us in heaviness.

Leave us; your comrades, lovers, friends, alone
 With mingling memories of all that's gone,
 The joy, the mirth, the wit;
 The large humanity, the lambent light
 Of humour free from smallness as from spite,
 The bold, frank outlook, and the fancy bright,
 The frolic glee of it!
 And gentler touches, too, not shown to all,
 The graver thoughts which this wild, spinning ball
 Of misery and mad mirth

Awakes in every soul whose laugh is not
 Mere crackling of dry thorns beneath the pot,
 Marking the humours heedless of the plot
 Of our strange drama—Earth.

Gone from the ring of friends to lose him loth!
 He brought from two great lands the best of both

In one fine nature blent.
 Lover of English strength and Gallic grace,
 Of British beauty, or of soul or face,
 Yet with that subtler something born of race
 That charm to cleanness lent.

MILLAIS and THACKERAY, master minds, and men
 Of stalwart strength and health, with brush or pen,
 To these his love was drawn
 In stintless measure. Picturing strong and bold,
 A grip of iron and a style of gold,
 These the ideals which he seemed to hold
 From talent's earliest dawn.

Humour refined, if scarce exuberant, wit
 Unpoisoned, polished, lethal in its hit,
 But gracious in its fence,
 Were his possessions; strength subdued to style;
 A generous scathing of the mean and vile,
 A stinging scourge, though wielded with a smile,
 For prudery and pretence.

A THACKERAY of the pencil! So men said.
 His reverence high for the great Titan dead
 Put by such praise with ease;

But social satire of the subtler sort
 Was his, too. Not the shop, the slum, the court,
 But gay saloons gave quarry for his sport.

'Twas in such scenes as these

His hectoring Midas, and his high-nosed earl,
 His worldly matron, and his winsome girl,

Were found, and pictured clear,
 With skill creative and with strength restrained.
 They live, his butts, cold-hearted, shallow-brained.

In his own chosen walk DU MAURIER reigned
 Supreme, without a peer.

And yet, perchance, to those who knew him best,
 His chosen walk scarce furnished final test

Of all he might have been.
 Who may decide? Success, arriving late,
 But shining far, sensationally great,
 In a new path, is stayed by cruel fate,
 As though in envious spleen.

But he had lived, and loved, and nobly wrought,
 Stoutly against long-threatening terror fought,

Won friendship, love, and fame.
 And so, good-bye! Our dear DU MAURIER, brave,
 Companionable "Kiki," by your grave,
 Your sorrowing comrades cheer and comfort crave
 For all who bear your name.



“WAITING THE SIGNAL.”



Dr. Primrose-bery (the Vicar of "Wide-a-woke-field," quoting from diary). "FOR THE THREE ENSUING DAYS I WAS IN A STATE OF ANXIETY TO KNOW WHAT RECEPTION MY LETTER MIGHT MEET WITH."

Vicar of Wakefield, CH. XXVIII.

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

MONSIEUR ELZEAR BLAZE ON "LE CHASSEUR AU CHIEN D'ARRÊT."

ONE of those insular prejudices which cause our nation to be so justly beloved over the continent of Europe will have it that we alone understand sport, and that in particular the French are natural fools in this department of human activity. The ordinary Briton as he misses his driven partridge or his rocketing pheasant, thinks with contempt of the unfortunate French nation which, as he imagines, knows no more about the handling of a gun or the proper destruction of a bird on the wing than it does about those great feasts of sirloin and steak which, in conjunction with their pale ale, have made Englishmen what they are. In face of this prejudice, it seems almost unreasonable to point out that at the present time there are probably more Frenchmen than Englishmen who are passionately devoted to the sport of shooting, and that some of the best treatises on that sport have been written in French.

It must be conceded, of course, that there are some Frenchmen who have done their best to pour ridicule on the sporting proclivities of their countrymen. Did not the immortal TARTARIN set out from Tarascon every Sunday morning in order to indulge in *La Chasse aux Casquettes*? Winged game being scarce in the neighbourhood of Tarascon, a cap was thrown into the air as a substitute, and the sportsman who recorded the greatest number of hits, was, at the end of the day, saluted as champion and escorted in triumph back to the town. Still, a cloth cap is probably just as good to shoot at and as hard to hit as the terracotta saucer which provides sport and championship cups to our own "inanimate bird shooters," of whose powers and markmanship I occasionally read glowing accounts in our sporting papers.

I WONDER how many Englishmen have heard of Monsieur ELZEAR BLAZE and his treatise on *Le Chasseur au Chien d'Arrêt*. I have the fourth edition, which was published in 1854, and is adorned with a frontispiece representing a gentleman with a swallow-tail coat and a top hat gazing intently through an eye-

glass at a shop window in which are displayed all kinds of cakes, jellies, fruits, and other culinary delicacies. This may be explained by the fact that the book was published "au Dépôt de la Collection Culinaire de Carême," and that this edition of it forms part of a series in which, seemingly, *Classiques de la Table*, "ces écrits étincelants de MM. BRILLAT SAVARIN, CUSSEY, DE LAREYNIERE, BEROHOUX, &c.," also appeared. This, however, is quite in our English manner, for does not every volume of *Fur and Feather*, our latest sporting series, contain a chapter on cookery?

It is impossible to wish for a more agreeable companion than M. ELZEAR BLAZE. His publisher, in a Preface, justly remarks "Que de gaieté, de verve, de traits incisifs, d'anecdotes semées dans ces récits piquants de M. ELZEAR BLAZE! que d'aimables peintures de la campagne, des bois, des courses à pied! Quelle animation dans cette vie que sa spirituelle plume a si bien retracée." Indeed, there is nothing stodgy or dull about the treatise of M. BLAZE. It is written in a style which is throughout crisp and agreeable, and his advice to novices, even when it is most paternal, never degenerates into pomposity. Here is an extract from Chapter III., entitled, "Habille ment du Chasseur." "In order to disguise themselves as sportsmen," says M. BLAZE, "our dandies stop at nothing. Like coquettish women, they have their *négligés*, which cost more than ball dresses, and they wear these in the hope that the ladies who see them will lose their repose and their appetite, that their complexions will pale, that possibly they will die of it, a thing that happens every day, as we all know. And then, when they have seen the ravages caused by their costume, when a wan and leaden colour has succeeded to the rosy tint on two beautiful cheeks, then these gentlemen triumph. Oh, the scoundrels! Poor women, I pity you! Those who are most beautifully dressed for shooting are always the least skilful. The handsomest game-bags are always nearly empty. I affirm this as the result of constant observation." This chapter contains some admirably sound advice as to shooting costume, and winds up in true French style with some reflections on the style of dress that best fits a man to win the affections of his lady-love, and the conversation which is best calculated to charm her. "Relate to her, here and there," says our author, quoting a friend of great experience, "some adventure in which you have miraculously escaped death. If you have no adventure, manufacture one. Suppose you got up at twelve o'clock, what does it matter? Tell her that you have spent the whole morning on your horse in order to school him, a matter of the utmost difficulty, seeing that the horse is ungovernable. Your beast scarcely ever goes beyond a walk, and can only be induced to trot by the aid of your whip. Never mind! tell her that it has been playing you tricks. Season your story with many details. Embroider, always embroider; and endeavour to make her believe that any man except yourself would have been unseated."

HERE, for the present, I must leave M. BLAZE, but I hope to take him up again next week.

THE SULTAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BISMILLAH! One more "Concert of the Powers"—

The Powers of Party—I have now upset!

PRIMROSE? Ahem! That prettiest of flowers

Will now look yellow with—ahem!—regret.

BEACONSFIELD loved the Primrose—in a way.

Wonder if SALISBURY now shares that taste?

Perhaps—just now—I should not like to say—

GLADSTONE, mine enemy, may regret his haste.

Or—can it be—to the Grand Old One's whim,

Like *Peter Bell*, this Primrose, on the brim

Of Party's a mere Primrose now, to him?

At the Albert Club.

First Member. Me and my Missus run over to Paris to see the CZAR, and—

Second Member (who means business). 'Ere, 'ARRY, drop the CZAR and let's come to the Seizervitch!

[Motion carried nem. con.]

AT THE ELYSÉE.

American Lady. Say, why have those magnificent footmen got "F. F." on their buttons?

American Gentleman. Out of compliment to the CZAR. *Félicitations Françaises*, of course!



DESIGN FOR A FAURE-POSTER!

In which the President may sleep off the fatigues of recent exciting scenes in Paris.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betrothed Swain is distressed by the knowledge that his Fiancée, a damsel of rare pedigree, is familiarly known by a zoological appellation.

Your family is one whose name
Is old and well-renowned;
Its sons are always known to fame
The British empire round;
Its daughters have by Nature's charm
Moved Puritans to tears,
And by their beauty could disarm
Licentious Cavaliers.

To-day prevails the self-same grace;
This comeliness is fast!
So surely must each winsome face
Be heirloom of the past.
Each lad—of him why sing the praise?
He does not need my word
While cutting for himself the bays
By vigour of his sword!

In short, my muse could never tire
To sing of yours and you;
The simplest minstrel might aspire
To strike a chord so true!
I've read of doughty "Digue-en-bac,"
Who fought with CHARLES MARTEL!
Of HAROLD nicknamed "Hack-and-
Hack,"

At Agincourt who fell.

Such heroes went from sire to son,
Like stream from fountain head
For ages, once the race begun,
For years and years they led!
So, too, their ladies music made
Through centuries of crime,
And even kings have disobeyed,
Fair monarchs of their time!

In England, as they did in France,
Each dame or damsel shone
At court, or chase, in play or dance,
A goddess and alone.

And so the legend runs to-day,
For like must be as like;
And you can hold me with your sway
When "scorching" on your "bike"!

But then, there always is a fly
Within one's cup of bliss,
And now I'm going to do or die—
My statement plain is this.

Baptismally your name is JANE
KATE VIVIEN! *Infra dig.*

I hear you called with rage and pain
By all, "The Guinea Pig"!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Sir George Tressady* (SMITH, ELDER, & Co.), Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has dealt in masterful manner with a difficult task. She has for her *dramatis personæ* appropriated contemporary personages, and has avoided personalities. My Baronite knows (or thinks he knows) the principal people who move through this story. Yet so cunningly are the colours mixed, so deftly is a left hand moulded on a figure where one is looking for the familiar right, that Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD is justified in regarding with innocent stare of surprise any who label her puppets with other names than those she pleases to hang round their necks. The closest portraiture is that of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. In physical details Mrs. WARD is careful to make *Lord Fontenoy* unlike the original. But those personally acquainted with the Leader of the Fourth Party, who ended by being Leader of the House of Commons, recognize how faithful is the study. They will remember a confession Lord RANDOLPH was rather fond of making at a time when his intimate knowledge of public affairs and his absolute command of the intricate forms of House of Commons procedure were the marvel of mankind. He protested that when he first embarked on political life he knew nothing. "Absolutely nothing," he repeated, clenching one hand, and twirling his moustache with the other. "You forget," says Mrs. WARD's *Lord Fontenoy*, in conversation with *Sir George Tressady*, "that I learnt nothing either at school or college. When you left England the only financial statement I could

understand was a betting-book. I knew no history, except what one gets from living among people who have been making it. I could not understand the simplest economical argument, and I hated trouble of all kinds. Nothing but the toil of a galley slave could have enabled me to do what I have done." There is our dear GRANDOLPH to the life. One other portrait, drawn with inimitable skill, is a pillar of the Liberal Party, who, in the novel, is ticketed *Lord Maxwell*. Here, as in the case of *Lord Fontenoy* and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, points of physical identity are carefully eschewed. But there is the earl in the grand simplicity of his private and public life. These are merely sidelights on a novel cleverly constructed, admirably written, abounding in human interest.

The Oxford University Press possesses, and liberally employs, the art of endowing familiar books with fresh charm. Mr. HENRY FROWDE has taken in hand the Poets, serving them up in what Mr. GLADSTONE used to call three courses. There is an edition of one volume, excellently printed, neatly bound, and low priced. Another, printed upon Oxford India paper, handsomely bound, edges luxuriously gilt over red, costs more money. Finally, comes a gem of bookbinders' and printers' art, a miniature edition in volumes suitable for storage in the waistcoat pocket, yet printed in type that makes reading easy. The Oxford SHAKESPEARE, SCOTT, LONGFELLOW, WORDSWORTH, and BYRON, have already been issued. Now we have the Oxford BURNS, the whole poetical works of the ploughman, edited by Mr. LOGIE ROBERTSON. Never have these poets been more daintily treated.

A WALLED TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

First Sheet.—A Patch of Old France.

Montreuil, Monday.—A rare occasion on which STERNE, pursuing his *Sentimental Journey*, was inclined to make disagreeable rejoinder, was when, standing at the remise door in the coach-yard at Calais, the Inquisitive Traveller volunteered the information that Amiens was on the road to Paris. If he had not already snubbed the monk who came to beg alms, he would certainly have snapped off the nose of his inconsequential interlocutor.

Hope I sha'n't run the risk of being snubbed if I observe that Montreuil is on the road to Paris. As I've only recently discovered the fact I venture to mention it. Hurrying by rail between Boulogne and Paris, we pass Montreuil almost without sight. Never look for it. Probably are not aware of its existence, or have forgotten it. Yet it was on the road to Paris long before Plantagenet times, when King EDWARD and the BLACK PRINCE ravaged Northern France, won Crecy and Poitiers. In quieter days, MARY Queen of Scots, journeying from Paris to Edinburgh, slept a night at Montreuil.

Even more interesting is the fact that LAURENCE STERNE halted here at an early stage of his *Sentimental Journey*. "Montreuil" he spells it, which is near enough. SARK and I are staying in the very hotel at which YORICK put up, and where he engaged LA FLEUR as body-servant. The Hôtel de France has probably altered little since the day when under its roof LA FLEUR unpacked his new master's six shirts and one pair of silk breeches. There is nothing modern about the place, not even blankets, as we discovered on the first night of our sojourn. For all bed-clothes there was a sheet, and over that a wadded coverlet, weighing something less than half-a-ton, hoary with age, impregnated with the dust of centuries. Bathroom, of course, not to be expected. But in an hotel one does look for a sitting-room of some kind, public or private. Those were luxuries not known three hundred years ago, when the hotel first opened its doors to the passing stranger, and they have not been superadded. Across the courtyard, facing the kitchen, is a room which serves for breakfast, lunch, dinner, conversation, reading, and smoking. That has for three centuries met the wayfarer's need, and if at the end of the nineteenth he wants more he must go elsewhere.

When STERNE engaged LA FLEUR as his body-servant on the famous journey through France, he discovered that his main qualifications for the post were that he could beat a drum and make spatter-dashes. MARIE, to-day the maid of all work at the Hôtel de France, is as boundless in range of domestic capacity as LA FLEUR was limited. She does everything but cook. That important function is performed by the proprietress, a lady born about the Waterloo year, with a profile curiously reminiscent of DANTE, a nice turn for making an omelette, and perfect inspiration in concocting *Potage à la bonne femme*. MARIE does everything else. Is head waiter, only chambermaid, and, I suspect, secretly performs the functions of boots.

On Saturday, being market day, there is a midday meal called by *nous autres* an ordinary. Farmers flocking in from the country side crowd the long table. It seems an impossible thing that MARIE should bring in and serve to the six or eight people living in the hotel the successive courses of *déjeuner* and dinner. The difficulty is added to by the facts that, wet or shine, the dishes have to be carried across the court-yard, and trays, being a modern invention, have not yet been included in the furniture of our hotel. MARIE trots backwards and for-

wards with hands full, and having brought in the various dishes, serves them round. The exceptional crowd of Saturday brings no extraneous help. MARIE does it all, and we just wait a little longer for our turn to come round.

"And do you get good wages?" SARK asked MARIE, finding her filling up a spare moment by flushing and sweeping the stony courtyard.

"*Mais oui, m'sieur,*" said MARIE, proudly; "*seize francs par mots.*"

Sixteen francs a month SARK makes out to be something less than £8 a year, and muses sadly over the details of his own domestic establishment.

The best room in the hotel is the kitchen. If we might only



Courtyard of the Hôtel de France, Montreuil.

take our meals there, life would blossom into fairer flowers. Low roofed, boldly beamed, the firelight playing on walls flecked by pewter plates, copper dishes, and brass utensils, polished to distraction, it is as charming as the dining-room is desolate. But we must needs live up to our quality. So have our soup and meat brought to us (usually through the rain) into the dank dining-room, carpetless, gloomy, with long, unlovely table and unresting chairs.

Montreuil is one of the oldest bits of ancient France. Yet its streets present little that is striking in the way of antiquity. This is doubtless due to the circumstance that the town has frequently been besieged, and, occasionally, partly demolished. There are only fragments left of anything, including three churches. One has in this utilitarian age been adapted as a fire-engine station. At one end of the nondescript building

you can trace the beautiful stone work of a window, filled up with heartrending bricks and mortar. The population also seems to have been shot away. Save on market day there is a prevailing ghastly emptiness about the streets.

The glory of Montreuil at the end of these many centuries is its imperishable walls. High up the town stands, jutting suddenly out of the plain of Picardy. *Le bon Dieu* made the mound, some two miles in circumference. *Le Diable* enclosed it within walls, made it a place of arms, round which armies have struggled since the days of PHILIPPE of Anjou. Here and there the outer case of the wall is crumbling. Its broad moat is a fat fruit garden. Like another decayed warrior, Montreuil's helmet is now a hive for bees. Its lance is broken. Its sword is rust. But the massive walls still frown on the peaceful valley, as they did when HENRY THE FIFTH rode by them on his way to Agincourt, and when, nearly four centuries later, LAURENCE STERNE passed out of the gateway to come upon the dead ass at Nampont.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

BRIGHTON.

DEAR MISTER,—I hasten myself to tell to you the excellent idea of my brother JULES. He has written to me from Marseille, where finds himself his regiment in this moment here. He is captain, the brave boy. Eh well, he writes to me that, having studied the english language *au fond*, and being now in voyage in boy—*en garçon*—I should to write a guide for my compatriots, who visit the England. *La bonne idée! En voyage, en garçon. Enfin enchanté!*

Therefore, I propose to myself, *Mister Punch*, to visit some ones of the towns of your country, above all the towns frequented by the strangers. I will write my notes, and of time in time—*de temps en temps*—I will send you of them. Only, seen that I am neither *geographe* nor *literator*, these notes will be but the first impressions of a stranger—the instantaneous blow of the eye of a voyage of agreement.

He arrives by hazard that I receive the letter of JULES at Brighton. It is an excellent occasion of to commence my notes. I have already spoken of some parts of the town. To-day, I visit the jetty, the "Ouestpir." It is not bad. In effect one could to walk himself there with much of agreement, if only the air was calm. Ah but, this wind of Brighton! On the jetty I find him insupportable. Therefore I go myself away, and after a little walk towards the west I arrive to some *pelouses* in the town of Hove, where an assembly of persons very well put, *très-bien misés*, walk themselves around of a military music. It is not excessively gay, but it is very as he must, *très comme il faut*, and absolutely correct. Again, if the air was calm! But by a such wind, holding firmly his hat, *bousculé*, almost *bouleversé*, is it that even an English can to be absolutely correct? The hurricanes of Brighton can even to disturb the calm of your compatriots. And of same the hurricanes of Hove. For the two towns, which have the air of to be one sole, have nothing in common, except the air—the hurricanes. I have heard to speak of the quarrels between the two, veritable storms in a cup of tea. All lately the english journals tell us how many hours of sun there has had at Brighton, as at Westminster. It astonishes me that the duration of bright sun at Hove is not registered separately. It is incredible that two towns, thus divided, should share one record of sun. He wants of it two. Above all at present, when one sees almost not one sole ray of sun either at Brighton or at Hove!

While that I hear the music, suddenly the rain rebegins. And see there all the ladys and misses, so well dressed in robes so gay and so charming, are obliged of to run, to throw themselves into the lugubrious interior of the "fly" of Brighton—ah no, of Hove, but it is the same thing!—and in fine when there are no more of "flies" to seek a shelter at the door of a house. And in England you have not the coach door, *la porte cochère*, and by consequence there is not much of shelter. Me also, having yielded to some ladys the "fly" which I had caught, I refuge myself under a portal. It is a droll of road at Hove, two roads, twins, separated by railings of iron. At Brighton there is one wide road at border of the sea, but at Hove there is of them two. They love the railings of iron at Hove. They are very droll and very stupid, those railings there. But in fine perhaps I prefer Hove, although the grass grows in the deserted avenues so ridiculously wide. At least one finds not there a melancholy *Campo Santo* in cast-iron, or a ruined jetty, as at Brighton.

That evening there I resolve to make *le lendemain* a little excursion outside of the town. I regard my map and the journal. There is some excursions in steamboat. Bah! By a such wind,



A POSER.

"FARMERS ALWAYS GRUMBLING? WELL, SUPPOSIN' YOUR PIGS WERE DOWN WIT' TH' FEVER, AN' YOUR SHEEP HAD GOT TH' INFLUENZA, IF YOUR CROPS WERE DROWNED IN EIGHTEEN INCHES O' WATER, AN' YOUR RENT WERE OVERDUE—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

"I? I'D GIVE IT UP AND START A GOLF CLUB!"

by blue! *Ah non, merci!* The remembrance of the traversy from Calais to Dovers suffices me. There is some excursions in bicycle. Again, no! There is for that too much of wind and too much of rain. It rains, as one says in english, the cats and the dogs. It is therefore very appropriate that I see now the announces of a "Dog Show." It wants but an exhibition of cats for to show us all that which has fallen from the sky. Then there is some excursions to a certain place called the "Devil's Dyke," a hole in the hills. But how a hole can he to be a dyke, *une digue*? It is an error. It wishes to say "Devil's Dig," that which the devil has dug, *creusé*. Eh well, is it that he is worth the pain of to make a voyage on the hills, in a "fly" of Brighton, by a such wind, for to see a hole, even a great hole? Again, no! *Ca ne vaut pas le diable!*

In fine the excursions in railway. If I was at Nice, and that he was falling of the rain so continually—that which would be impossible at Nice—I would file, *filerais*, direct upon Monte Carlo. It is not that I love the play, for I lose alldays, but in fine I amuse myself to regard the players, and if one loses a *louis*—eh well, one is not ruined! But near to Brighton one finds not a Monte Carlo. *Tiens!* See there on the map a town, at almost the same distance, also on the sea, Vorting. No, Worthing. *Parfaitement! C'est bien ça*, that is well that. Tomorrow to Worthing. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

THE *Daily Graphic*, last Saturday, showed the CZAR, CZARITZA, with M. and Madame FAURE, standing in front of the Royal Box at the Comédie Française. The title of the picture ought to have been "*Faure in a row*." There is no orchestra at the Française, otherwise the overture, in honour of the President and his wife, should have been in "Two Faure time."

FROM AN IRATE HOUSEHOLDER.—A consistent believer in the main chance. The gas company's inspector.



EVERY POISON HAS ITS ANTIDOTE.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. VI.—OUR PHILOSOPHER.

Long beard, long locks, wild and unkempt—a tawny, tangled mane,

An ancient coat grown greeny-grey by years of sun and rain,
Hands crossed on back, brow creased with thought, eyes fixed upon the far,

He slowly moves and meditates upon the things that are.

There is a philosophic lurch about his wayward feet,

A spirituous odour, too, is wafted down the street,

And when he murmurs to himself his utterance is thick,

And punctuated freely, very freely, with a *hic*!

"Time, Shpache and Time! Whash Time? shays KANT. We know it *a priori*?

Then whash the good of clock up there? No, no, KANT! Thash a story!

I dono Time—whash more, don' care. If tishn't night, itsh day,

And if itsh t'other way about, itsh round the other way.

Whash Shpache? I passed the 'Shtar' jush now, and here 'sh the ole 'Cross Keysh.'

Rum thing! Dem queer!—Yesh, yesh, my dear, my usual, if you please.

Your health, Missh KITTY! Wish you joy! And blesh your pretty fache!

And tellush whashu think of Mishter KANT on Time and Shpache?

What! Never heard the genlman? Lose no time, then, for you'll find—

I'd swear it wimme dyin' breath—that KANT 'sha Mashter-mind!

I've read him dayanni', KITTY, for five-and-twenty year;

I've read him drunk on whishky, and I've read him drunk on beer;

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

A SUMMER-HOUSE BALLADE.

DAMP, dismal, dirty place to wait,
If sun or shower too fiercely beat,
Where draughts in spring-time penetrate,
Yet not a breeze in summer's heat—
In storm or sunshine all unmeet
A bower for whispered lovers' vows.
If your AMANDA you would greet,
I cannot praise the Summer-house.

If, having won a *tête-à-tête*,
You'd fain evade pursuing feet,
Remember Mr. Tupman's fate,
And where he sought retirement sweet!
Then choose some more strategic seat,
If you possess the smallest *nous*,
One that ensures a safe retreat—
I cannot praise the Summer-house.

And whether old, or "up-to-date,"
"With all conveniences replete,"

I hold it, in whatever state,
A snare, delusion, and deceit;
Outside though picturesque or neat,
Inside it smells of mould and mouse,
A whited sepulchre, a cheat—
I cannot praise the Summer-house.

Envoi.

Unpleasant haunt where you may meet
With earwig, spider, sylvan louse,
And slug and beetle—I repeat,
I cannot praise the Summer-house.

Trafalgar Day.

(At the Board School.)

Teacher. Now can any boy tell me why
Nelson's Column was erected in Trafalgar
Square?

Johnny Grimes (immediately). Please,
Sir, to 'elp 'im up to 'eaven, when 'e died
in the arms of the Wictory.

A BEAU-STREET AXIOM.—*Il faut souffrir
pour être BELL.*

I've read him backwards, forwards, and in all the beggar's rant
There 'sh not a word I undershtand! A Mashter-mind is KANT!
He knows Time *a priori*—sho he shays. Why, then, alri'.
KANT'sh clever man, dem clever! 'Fact, a Mashter-mind,
shay I!

Put him 'side me. There 'sh clock, you shee, stuck up behind
the bar.

Now I can't even shay for shure how many hand shere are.
At firshight, shpeaking roughly, I should think there 'sh three
or four,

But when I shtudy qeshtion there 'sh conshtderably more.
I can't tell Time; but KANT knowsh Time without a blessed
wash

By shimple appercepshun or shome transhendental bosh.
Ish wonderful! Mosh wonderful! That feller KANT 'sh a brick!
Take my advce and read him. He 'sh a good ole Mashter—
hic!

Yesh, laishangemmen, whash is Man? A ph'nomenon—no
more!

He strutsh his hour upon the shtage, and then his day is o'er.
You're nothing but a ph'nomenon in Time and Shpache, Miss
KITTY.

Dem jolly ph'nommen, too! Jesh wish the resh were all ash
pretty!

He's ph'nomenon! She's ph'nomenon! And I'm a
phommen, too!

All ph'nomena together, laishangemmen, I and you!
Thash KANT, and sho ish true! Don't think I'm trying to
amuse you all.

Ish firsh-rate phlosophy!—Thank you, dear! Another of my
usual!"

SONG OF THE PROMOTED PEER.—Baron to bed and Early to
rise.

MOTTO FOR THE CZAR.—Bear and FAURE bear.



CINCINNATUS GLADSTONIUS. ("Return!" Not if I know it!")

[It was suggested at a public meeting that if Mr. Gladstone would return to Parliamentary life an uncontested seat would be found for him.]



DAMAGED GOODS.

Sportsman (invited to help shoot some bucks in Mr. Meanman's park, and has just knocked one over). "BY JOVE! WHAT A LOVELY HEAD! YOU MUST LET ME HAVE THAT FOR MOUNTING."

Mr. Meanman (frightfully indignant). "WHAT! CUT HIS HEAD OFF! WHY, MAN, IT WOULD RUIN THE SALE OF THE CARCASE!"

THE NEW NIMROD.

[MR. PAT O'BRIEN, M.P., was first in at the death the other day with the Meath Hounds on his bicycle, and was presented with the brush.]

AIR—"The Hunting Day."

"WHAT a fine hunting day"—
 'Tis an old-fashioned lay
 That I'll change to an up-to-date pome;
 Old stagers may swear
 That the pace isn't fair,
 But they're left far behind us at home.
 See cyclists and bikes on their way,
 And scorchers their prowess display;
 Let us join the glad throng
 That goes wheeling along,
 And we'll all go a-hunting to-day!

New Nimrods exclaim,
 "Timber-topping" is tame,
 And "bull-finches" simply child's play;
 And they don't care a jot
 For a gallop or trot,
 Though they will go a-hunting to-day.
 There's a Fox made of clockwork, they
 say,
 They'll wind him and get him away;
 He runs with a rush
 On rails with his brush,
 So we must go and chase him to-day.

We've abolished the sounds
 Of the horn and the hounds—
 'Tis the bicycle squeaker that squeals,
 And the pack has been stuffed,
 Or sent to old CRUFF,
 Now the huntsmen have taken to wheels!

Hairy country no more we essay,
 Five bars, too, no longer dismay,
 For we stick to the roads
 In the latest of modes,
 So we'll bike after Reynard to-day!

MUSICAL HONOURS.

To all whom it may concern. Commander-in-Chief PUNCH begs to notify that Lieutenant DAN GODFREY retires from the Grenadier Guards with the well-earned bâton of a musical Field-Marshal. Commander-in-Chief PUNCH also wishes it to be understood that Lieutenant DAN GODFREY is henceforth entitled to wear the decoration (First Class) of the high and mighty Order of the Merry Minstrel. Furthermore, Commander-in-Chief PUNCH desires to shake hands literally with a gallant officer, whose attack has always been unrivalled on the field of instrumental battle, and to wish him many years of melodious engagement. F. M. DAN GODFREY is the last man in the world to blow his own trumpet, so Commander-in-Chief PUNCH does it for him.

A WORD TO FRENCH WISEACRES WITH REGARD TO OUR OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.—Remember the excellent Marshal MACMAHON's saying, "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" Our rest is also our cue at this game of Pyramids.

RESULT OF THE CAB-STRIKE.—That many handsome drivers have become growlers.

A New Name for Party "Leaders."

(By a Disgusted "Follower.")

LEADERS, quotha? Why, the prospect's infernal!

The Party's becoming increasingly like An ill-managed, scrappy, political journal.

We're edited—badly—but led? Why, a strike

Is conducted with far more decorum and dignity.

Masterdom's not to be hoped for, of course;

But when we find neither strong will nor benignity,

How shall we hope for cohesion or force? Swashbuckler, Laodicean seceder—

Parties are not to be managed in pets! We're like potshot papers, with never a leader,

Though any number of leaderettes.

Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.

[The Right Hon. ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, born 1851.]

GLORY and honour to NELSON,
 Who the French and the Spaniards whipped!

And in "BOB AKERS,"* too,
 Let each honest True Blue
 Toast a whip that has never been clipped!

* Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS's nickname at Eton.

SOCIAL PURITY LADIES.—Those who try to collect dirt at the music halls. Tea leaves not wanted for sweeping reforms.

A WALLED TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PAGE II.—*A Blotch of Modern France.*

Montreuil, Monday.—Standing on the walls when the sun has gone down, looking westward, one catches sight, on far horizon, of a couple of lights, so near together that, to SARK's fanciful mind, they suggest the eyes of a tiger watching us through the gloom. They are, in truth, the beams of the twin lighthouses on the coast by the mouth of the Canche. Why two,



Le Sportsman.

no one knows. There is nothing like them on any coast. Apart from duality, they are cosily built, well inshore. Instead of their base being sea-washed they are set in pleasant gardens, where are grown the best pears for miles round.

Between them and the sea there is space for a watering-place. Paris-Plage it is called. VILMESSANT, the creator of the Paris *Figaro*, gave it this name, and it has stuck ever since. Good Parisians before they die buy a patch of sandy soil near the twin lighthouses, and build their souls a lordly pleasure-house. These are, for the most part, fantastic monstrosities, the structure budding forth in all kinds of excrescences. Balconies that will hold nobody; pillars that uphold nothing; towers so unwieldy as to threaten to bring the whole building down; bits of coloured glass wherever they can be stuck. Each *propriétaire* further shows his independence by building his house at an angle obtrusively corner-wise to his neighbour's. The general effect is as if the ginger-bread contrivances had been shaken out of a Brobdingnagian pepper-box, and left where they had fallen. But they please their owners, and that, after all, is their main object.

Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé come down in the season, bathe in the newest costumes, lounge about the beach, grow ruddy

and brown, and believe they are having a high old time. Some of them are mighty Nimrods. When I was last here, in the summertime, I was much struck with a Monsieur who strolled about the place from morn till eve armed cap-a-pie for *la chasse*. A gun was slung round his shoulder. A warlike belt, scarce concealing a liberal supply of cartridges, girt his portly waist. He wore a velvet coat and waistcoat, corduroy trousers, thick-soled boots, and a very large bag to bring home his game.

As far as close observation went, he never shot anything, not even the postman. When he was not drinking *petits verres* or smoking cigarettes in front of the *café*, he haunted the beach, sometimes going down to the water's edge. This suggested to me at the time the suspicion that he shot shrimps.

By chance, to-day, his secret was disclosed. Walking through the pine-woods at the back of Paris-Plage, we came upon a small clearing. At one side of it was what, at first sight, looked like the top of a well. There was a wooden cover, some three feet broad by five long. This, we learned, was our gallant chasseur's happy hunting ground. Hither he came, in the gloaming or early morning, with his game-bag half full of succulent cabbage leaves. These he spread about at the further edge of the clearing. Then, with stealthy step, he withdrew to the wooden box, lifted up the lid, and dropped into a carefully-dug pit, closing the lid upon himself.

"For all the world," SARK says, "like IRVING doing *Iachimo* in *Imogen's* bedroom."

The front part of the lid does not close level with the ground, thus not only supplying the sportsman with light and air, but leaving loophole through which the muzzle of the gun projects. Presently the rabbits come to feed on the cabbage-leaves, and the noble sportsman lets fly.

Ah, *le beau sport!* Here is its sublimation. SARK, like the late TROCHY, has a plan. He notices that the padlock lies on the top of the lid. Good. Next season he will repair to Paris-Plage, will stalk the noble sportsman. When he has settled himself in his pit and pulled down the lid, SARK will advance on tip-toe from the wood behind, will quietly turn the key in the padlock, and will withdraw, leaving the noble sportsman to enjoy an unexpectedly prolonged opportunity of making a bag.

In the meantime, SARK does not want the thing mentioned. Premature disclosure of the plan might prove destructive of its full success.

SHYNESS PAST AND PRESENT.

THE OLD STYLE.

PLACE—*Anywhere.* CHARACTERS—*He and She.* TIME—*Yesterday.*

He. Forgive me for addressing you, but I believe we were introduced to one another by your parents.

She. Yes, with the sanction of my grandmother.

He. So you will pardon me for taking a seat next you.

She. I should be sorry to see you ill at ease, especially as you have secured the esteem of my relatives. My uncle JOHN holds you in great regard.

He. I am delighted to hear you say so; but, disregarding your uncle JOHN (with infinite respect), I am most anxious to obtain your own goodwill. I am sure you will give it to me.

She. I am afraid that our acquaintance has been so short—I have only known you for the last five years.

He. But surely that is sufficiently long a period to get some idea of my character! Pray answer me.

She. I am so shy.

He. Then permit me to give you a few moments for reflection. May I light a cigarette?

She. Tobacco! I would far prefer to hear you play the guitar.

THE NEW STYLE.

PLACE—*The same.* CHARACTERS—*The same.* TIME—*To-day.*

He. I say, we don't want an introduction, eh?

She. Why, no! Fancy, too, we have met before!

He. Dare say. Guvnor and Mater know an odd lot.

She. So does my grandmother!

He. Got room for me, beside you?

She. Rather. Hate to see a man looking like a cod-fish, as uncle JACK says.

He. Bother uncle JACK! Want you to think well of me.

She. Think well of you! Why, I scarcely know you!

He. Nonsense. You have been chatting with me for at least five minutes! Come, out with it.

She. I am so shy.

He. Then I will give you a pause for reflection. How would you like a tune on the banjo?

She. Music! I would far sooner join you in a cigar!

MISS TWIDDY ON MODERN SHYNESS.

[The *Daily Telegraph* has "opened its columns" to a discussion upon the startling question "Why are People Shy?"]

DEAR MISTER PUNCH,—I'm confident an error worse than clerical
Has crept into the statement of this interrogatory.
I'm shy; I always have been, to the verge of the hysterical,
Which I was taught, α years ago, was a young maiden's
glory.

I'm hushful, and I'm blushful, as I was when young and
mittenish,—

For mittens in my girlhood were the ensigns of the modest
ones,—

But now that all the maids seem fast and all the matrons
kittenish,

This query strikes me, truly, as the oddest of the oddest ones!

My sainted mother taught me a Mimosa-like timidity

Was maidenhood's bewitchingest, most captivating quality;

But now it seems regarded as the height of insipidity,

And rigorously excluded from the scheme of virgin polity.

To blush, to lower eyelids, and to twiddle with one's toes about

The pattern of the carpet in a fashion feebly fluttery,

Is now a mark of mawkishness that nothing useful knows about,

The stamp of school-girl silliness absurd and bread-and-buttery.

Now girls are bold as—brass knobs, and as cool as any icicle.

To ask why *they* are shy, then, these young "misses" imper-
turbable

Who smoke, and put on knickers—*oh!!!*—and, *yes*, bestride a
bicycle,

And are, in short, emancipate, smart, up-to-date, uncurbable,
Is really most preposterous! As well ask why a porcupine

Is sleek and saponaceous! If you share the *modern* girlishness,

To emulate the masculine in play as well as work you pine,

In billiards as in business, evening "nips," and early-purl-
ishness!

Shy? Goodness gracious!—Only they've small goodness and
scant graciousness,

These girls, whose "naked egos" are now advertised ob-
trusively—

That's a "psychologic phrase," although suggestive of "owda-
ciousness"

To those whose early training left them "ladylike" ex-
clusively—

Amidst the modes and phrases, manly customs, unsexed crazes,

Of—my nieces and their "she-pals." I feel "shy," and even
giddy;

But to apply *that* word to *them*—as poets do to daisies—

Fits—well, like "up-to-date" applied to, Yours,
MATILDA TWIDDY.

DARBY JONES NATURALLY ELATED.

HONOURED SIR,—Was I right over the Cesarewitch or was I
not? Did I give the straight tip or did I not? Are your
readers not now rolling in gold or are they not? These three
plain and simple questions are best answered by *Fact*. Yes,
Sir, in giving them *St. Bris* I laid *low*, but came out at ten
to one. Is there any prophet in the United Kingdom, who
could boast of the same record? I am well assured that not one
was in it with yours truly, and I am confident that you your-
self, mistrusting the advice of some gutter-snipe of the turf, did
not plank your hard-earned doubloons on a rank impostor like
Phœbus Apollo, a disreputable towel-horse, whom I never even
named in my diplomatic despatch to your Napoleonic columns.
But my second string, *Piety*, was fourth, and under other circum-
stances might have run third. I was truly glad to see the
Prince of WALES in time to salute the Ditch—"Ditch dien"
ought to be H.R.H.'s motto—Lord ROSEBERY seemed
none the worse for his discrepancy (a political word of mine
own) with the Ill-Liberal party. The Duke of WESTMINSTER,
despite the coloured collars, which he insists upon wearing like
the late Duke of HAMILTON, is always above the dead level of
Armenian atrocities, and made the Duke of CAMBRIDGE smile
with his anecdotes of *Rampion*, who would not take his little
bit between his teeth for the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton
Park.

Newmarket always reminds me of the Maze at Hampton
Court. You never know where the races begin or end. I love
the stewards of the Jockey Club for their lightheartedness in
this respect even more than I respect their determination that
no one but the judge can possibly find the winner up the hill.



Mamma. "THERE! I'VE DRAWN A DEAR LITTLE DOG, A DICKY-
BIRD, A PUSSY CAT, AND A PIGGY-WIGGY; WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE
ME TO DRAW NOW?"

Effie (after due consideration). "A LITTLE GIRL BEING RUN OVER
BY A CARRIAGE AND PAIR!"

When a man-backer (I take no count of females) thinks that his
own particular fancy has done the trick, lo and behold the
number of some despicable quadruped, which has been actually
crawling beside the Birdcage is hoisted on the board! Can such
things be, and a man afford new socks for the winter? I know
not. Nevertheless, with my pockets moderately garnished with
a *saintly* benefaction I hope to brave the "battle and the
breeze" of Christmas. In your esteemed wire you ask "Have
you anything good for the Cambridgeshire?" Yes, Sir, I have
at present the name of the animal, which shall not be revealed.
Suffice it to say that the prize shall not go East or West or
North, but South, in the humble opinion of

Your fervent admirer, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—At Newmarket, always expect to meet "loo-sers."
Verb. sap.

O. K. (By 'Arry.)

O. K. indeed! That's tidy cheek, I say!

That clever Roosian lydy they may call so.

(For OLGA NOVIKOFF is dubbed O. K.)

But she attempts to prove, in 'er sly way,

That Roosian Policy is O. K. also!

She's orful hartful and a stunning talker,

But when *she* sez O. K., wy, I sez "Walker!"

NEW NAME FOR SAME THING.—It is proposed for the name of
"Dynamite" to substitute that of "Tynamite." This informa-
tion does *not* come from France.

The Sultan's Proverbial Philosophy.

THOUGH England on "humanity" greatly dwells,
Give her an inch, she'll take the Dardanelles!



THE LAST CONGRATULATION.

Fair Guest (who, having had a desperate flirtation with the Bridegroom a short time ago, wouldn't be absent from the Ceremony on any account). "WELL, ALGEY, IT'S ALL OVER NOW! AREN'T YOU PLEASED!"

[Uncomfortable position of Algey.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR a clearly-told and alluringly-exciting story, which can be read within the limits of a continuously wet day, or on the evening of a fine one, FLORENCE WARDEN'S *Inn by the Shore*, published by JARROLD & SONS, can be confidently recommended. The locality of the incidents will be recognised at once by any one acquainted with that portion of the south-east coast where grazing fields, lying between the monotonous road and the sea, are gradually merged into such extensive flats of sand and grass, varied by occasional undulations, as delight the heart and exercise the muscles of the determined golfer. The heroine is a charmingly puzzling personage, who so gains upon the honest reader's sympathy as to make him hope against hope that she will ultimately escape from what appears to be the just retribution awaiting her crimes. Whether that sympathy is deserved, or wasted, it is for the authoress to tell, and the reader to discover. Should any of the BARON'S friends, anxious for a day's quiet, seek any place in this, or any other, neighbourhood close to the melancholy ocean, he will not do better than to make the acquaintance of FLORENCE WARDEN'S *Inn by the Shore*, where there is as good entertainment to be had as the most hungry novel-devourer could desire.

"Never was man better served with" horses of various descriptions than was the

young rattletrap, *Hugh Peters*, the plural-named Puritan in the stirring, or rather galloping, romance entitled *A Puritan's Wife*, writ by one MAX PEMBERTON, and dashing illustrated by Master SIDNEY PAGET, or Sidney Full-Page-it, as all his capital drawings are of this size. It is such a Romance of Multitude, a regular slashing, hacking, cutting, banging, crashing-through-woods, scouring-country (until it is clean), sword-thrusting, fisticuffing, brawling, plunging, lunging, struggling, guggling, half-drowning, with success-crowning-everything romance, as Master MAX and not a few other writers,—he of the Golden Spur, for example,—love to write. Odds bucklers and carbines! but it needs all the relief that the love story of a gentle girl can give to the tale, in order that we may have a few moments' lull. The heroine is an oppressed, thwarted, but ever ready-witted damsel, and though she gives the name of *A Puritan's Wife* to the novel, herself playing the "title rôle," yet is her part not so prominent as is that of the Puritan wife's Puritan husband; nor, indeed, is she so much in evidence as are the friends and enemies of the Puritan wife's Puritan husband. But, Messieurs the romance readers, the Baron, humming "*Suoni la tromba*" from *I Puritani*, doth recommend to your notice the work heartily. Ye can procure it at the sign of the CASSELL & Co., and thereto setteth the Baron his sign and seal, B. DE B.-W.

THE CYCLING GOVERNESS.

I no longer teach my classes
Their SHAKESPEARE and the glasses,
And the uses of the globes, as was my custom;

But all they'll learn from me
Is to ride the iron gee—
All other lessons utterly disgust 'em!

The girls no more will meddle
With the painful piano-pedal,
They'll only touch the pedal of their
"Humber";

Like their grannies, they begin
At an early age to "spin,"
But the road it is their spinning-wheels
encumber.

So wheeling now my trade is,
And finishing young ladies
In the proper kind of bicycling deportment;

I'm nearly finished, too,
And battered black and blue,
For of falls I've had a pretty large assortment!

A Zoological Error.

MR. BARNEY BARNATO has presented President KRUGER with a brace of marble lions. What the eminent financier really meant to give was a couple of other animals, well known on 'Change, a bull and a bear, only, unfortunately, they broke loose previous to shipment.



“PLAYING PATIENCE.”

ROSEBERY (*the Hermit of Dalmeny, 1894*). “THEY MAY SAY IT’S A DULL GAME, BUT AT LEAST IT DOESN’T WANT A PARTNER!”

MUSICAL NOTES.

[“The bagpipe threatens to be a fashionable instrument in London this winter.”—*Daily News*.]

CERTAINLY the reproach sometimes urged against us that we are an unmusical nation is in a fair way to become obsolete. The number of concerts given this winter beats all previous records, and most of the music performed, whether by professionals or amateurs, is of the very highest class.

ON Thursday, for instance, at Lady CLAPPERCLAW'S *soirée musicale*, the orchestra of amateur bagpipe-players distinguished themselves greatly. The orchestra consists of twenty-seven members, and the drawing-room at Clapperclaw House is



fortunately small, so that the effect gained was simply stupendous. A few of the audience thought that the *fortissimos* were almost overdone, but these were captious persons who had forgotten to place cotton-wool in their ears, an elementary precaution always to be observed before attending a modern concert. On the other hand, a distinguished foreign musician was overheard to remark with great emphasis that no such performance was even possible in his own country.

A FEATURE of the Duchess of MARGATE'S reception on Saturday was the magnificent trombone-playing of Miss ALAMODE. This talented young lady played with such success that all the electric-light globes in the room were shattered, and several of the audience were deafened for life. Charming! pathetic, too, was Herr THUMPOFFSKY'S solo on the big drum; indeed, tears stood in many eyes at the conclusion of his performance.

Now that the older musical instruments are falling into well-deserved neglect, it is interesting to find how readily well-known artistes move with the times. Señor SARASATE'S penny-whistle recitals have been crowded, and there is sure to be a full house at his next concert, when he will play the whole of *Don Giovanni* on that delightful instrument. Not to be outdone, on the following day Herr JOACHIM will render the overture to *Tannhäuser* and the choral symphony with the assistance only of a small comb.

AMONGST the new music recently published we would especially commend a volume of *Twelve Morceaux for the Bones*, by Professor VILLIERS STANFORD, which

are provided also with a tambourine *obbligato*, and *The Wanderer's Return*, a stately triumphal march, specially written by Doctor HUBERT PARRY for performance on a latchkey. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S new work, *Israel's Lament*, a symphonic overture arranged for an orchestra of Jew's harps, will be produced, we understand, at the next Birmingham Festival.

MANY complaints have lately been made of the unsatisfactory character of the Dictionaries of Music now in use, which supply hardly any information as to the musical instruments of the day. However, this ignorance will be partly remedied for those who attend Professor BRIDGE'S historical lectures, which are doing a great work for the musical education of the public. The next course will begin on Monday week, and will deal with “The Structure and Development of the Barrel-organ.” The lectures will be illustrated by performances on the instrument under discussion, given by M. PADEREWSKI, Herr ROSENTHAL, and others.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—“*On ne badine pas avec l'amour*,” says ALFRED DE MUSSET. Ah! how regretfully do I recognise the truth of the poet's adage. When I recently told you of the capture of poor Lord ARTHUR RANTIPOLE at the Spa of Scarborough by the female who is unhappily privileged to call herself his wife, I mentioned that the unlucky fellow was reduced from leonine resentment to sheep-like docility by the mere mention of the name “Jones.” Which JONES? Aided by an astute *employé* of Mr. ROPESEND, the celebrated private detective, I have discovered that this JONES (I might say, *our* JONES) is a betting man with whom ARTHUR has been rash enough to plunge into turf speculations, naturally to his financial embarrassment. The FEMALE (I can call her nothing else) having discovered this fatal secret, ingratiated herself with the man JONES (probably he is a blood relation), and, whenever in want of funds, she has produced him like a god out of a bathing-machine, as some Latin author remarks, to his temporary discomfiture. Talking of bathing-machines reminds me that an admirable substitute for soap is a mixture of cigar ashes and crushed apples, which I have registered under the title of “Pom-Nic.” Demand it at all confectioners and bookstalls.

Mr. ROPESEND, who served with distinction in the Peruvian army, says that JONES is as hard as a Brazil nut—by the way, I can give you an excellent receipt for a *purée* of Brazil nuts, and will do so later—and that, if ARTHUR does not settle his liability, he means to have “his lordship warned off every course in Christendom.” This sounds like an Armenian atrocity—but I gather that unless the sum of £2,660 is paid to this implacable JONES, my hero will have to suffer *peine forte et dure*. This must not be, and so, like another JOAN OF ARC, I have resolved to sacrifice my little fortune (left me, you will remember, by my godmother, Lady POKEDOWN), for the rescue of my GUY LIVINGSTONE. JOAN v. JONES. Mr. ROPESEND says that I am behaving like a real lady, but his praises fall from my ears like water from the feathers of a teal or

widgeon. *A propos* of widgeon, roast it with cayenne and onions, stir gently into beetroot sauce, caviare, lemons, and three ounces of delicate fresh-herring-roe jelly, and serve hot, with capers to follow. ROPESEND also states that I must not see ARTHUR, who is (I again quote his language) “lying doggo,” having (*Dieu soit béni!*) escaped momentarily the persecution and presence of JONES and the FEMALE. In my conduct I know that I am both wicked and immoral, but *que voulez-vous?* I shall earn the praise of GRANT ALLEN and SARAH GRAND.

I will let you know how my scheme “pans out” (dear ARTHUR'S expression).

We have moved into a new flat, and I must say that the Art wall-paper in my



boudoir, illustrating MACAULAY'S *Lays of Ancient Rome*, is worthy of WALTER CRANE. It can only be obtained from—* At the Stores you can now buy the new Kamchatkan drapery, made from Siberian rabbits. A capital way of dressing pheasants is to stuff them with larks and sausages, and baste, while roasting, with Burgundy. The original flavour of the bird by this process entirely disappears. Serve with sage and garlic sauce. KADJ.

* No, you don't.—ED.

THE MUSIC HALL LICENCES.—According to the report in the papers last Thursday, Mr. COOTE (surely not the representative of the musical COOTE family, of the “COOTE and TINNEY” band, which it was most unfair ever to term “Tinney,” being “strings and wind”) opposed the licence for which the Palace Music Hall had applied. *Coûte que coûte* he was determined to oppose it, was COOTE; and ultimately, when granting the licence, our unfortunate COOTE was actually told by the Chairman how they, the magistrates, through him, their chief, regretted he (COOTE) should ever have expressed his strong opinion against the living tableau illustrating “*La Source*.” Who can object to *nuda veritas*? Ladies and gentlemen visiting the Empire find no fault with “*La Source*.” And what is “*La Source*” for the Goose is *La Source* for the Gander.” So why complain?

SUGGESTION TO MODERATE LIBERALS.—The formation of the Primrosebery League. Plantagenets, or old brooms with new faces, warned off.



A STUDY OF FOUR PHILANTHROPIC AND USUALLY PEACEABLE LITTLE GENTLEMEN, WHO ARE PREPARED, AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE AND IN THE TEETH OF EUROPE, TO FORCE THE PASSAGE OF THE DARDANELLES, OCCUPY CONSTANTINOPLE AND ASIATIC TURKEY, DETHRONE THE SULTAN, AND RIGHT THE WRONGS OF THE UNIVERSE AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

ON THE THAMES.

DEAR MISTER,—I am not gone to Worthing, for the day where I wrote to you I received a letter from one of my friends, who inhabits Goring, inviting me of to render him visit, there where I could see the Thames. Ah, the fine occasion for to make some notes for my guide! I have already seen the Thames at London, at Richmond, and at the Lock of Boultaire. Ah, how it is gay the sunday—even the english sunday—that to see to pass all the adorable misses and the brave misters by the Lock of Boultaire! But until here I know not Goring.

Therefore very *volontiers*, voluntarily, I make my mail—*je fais ma malle*—the morning, I go to the station, I make to put an *etiquette* for Goring on my baggages, and I demand if there is a train direct. The factor—*facteur*—responds that yes. Then I obtain a ticket of to go and return, and I part in the train for Goring.

After a time incredibly short, in arriving at a station, I find that it is already Goring. *A la bonne heure!* Very content of to arrive so quick, I descend and I seek my friend, whom I will name Mister X. He is not there. Eh well, it is equal to me, something has prevented him, *j'irai chez lui*, I shall go at him. So I demand if Mister X. has sent a carriage. The factor says that no. Then I demand where lives Mister X. The factor knows not the name. Nor another employed no more. Nor the coacher of a fly. Nor the chief of station. In fine I seek the letter of my friend, and I show to them his name. "Ah," they cry themselves all, "that is Goring on Thames!" "Eh well," I say, "and what is this that this is that that?" "This is Goring, Sussex," respond they. After some time I comprehend that there is two Gorings, and that this one here is not that one there, the Goring of my friend, and—name of a dog!—in fine I return to Brighton, and I go to London to the station of Victoria, and I traverse London to the station of Paddington, and at Paddington I entrap the last train, and, all *épuisé*, I arrive to the other Goring after a voyage of the most longs and of the most annoyings—*ennuyants*—a voyage of all the day in omnibus trains. And this by a cold, ah but, a cold!

However, in fine I arrive, and the to-morrow, *le lendemain*, I

find that Goring is enough pretty, even when the season of the canoeing, *canotage*, is passed. It is true that one sees not the adorable misses and the ravishing colours of their robes of summer, but *en revanche*, in revenge, one sees the beautiful tints of the leaves of autumn, red and yellow, on the hill of Stritly. She is very well situated, the hill of Stritly, and dominates the landscape. Goring and Stritly are two ancient villages, united by an ancient bridge in wood, very picturesque, with a mill to water at side, of which the artist painters make all the days some pictures. I admire much your english villages. Even in the houses of the peasants one sees a little of the english comfortable—*le comfortable anglais*. And all the villages have the air of a garden, the little houses surrounded of trees and of flowers. My friend Mister X. fears that the ancient bridge may be *un peu usé*, a little used—ah no, you say "worn out." What misfortune if he should be replaced by a bridge in iron! *Ca se peut*, that may himself, for even at Venice there is a bridge in iron of the most detestables, but I hope that not. With a bridge in iron the river at Goring would be absolutely ugly, as ugly as he is at Charingcross where the bridge of the railway, traversing the river, destroys all the beauty of the *quai*, of the Embankment. The lock of Goring should not to resemble to the quay of London.

The valley of the Thames is charming when the sun shines. When the sky is grey and he falls of the rain, that which arrives so often in your country, she is a little sad. And when there is some inundations, and the inhabitants of the riverain houses are obliged of to rest at the first—*rester au premier*—because the *rez-de-chaussée* is full of water, I believe that the valley of the Thames is a little humid. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

The Meat and Marriage Markets.

A MARKET-RETURN from Porkopolis reads:—

"*Ribs pressed for sale and closed weak.*" Yanks are smart.

But this seems a fitting account of the deeds

Mothers do in our own Matrimonial Mart;

For the phrase would apply with a fitness quite funny
To daughters tight-laced, and then married for money!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A fond but foolish Lover rejoices in the decadence of the Season.)

I LIKE to see the life-spent leaves
Come tumbling on the sodden ground,
When swallows quit the cottage eaves
To warmer lands and sunshine bound.
I like to watch the year's decay—
A melancholy subject that—
And think of things of yesterday—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

The bracken browns beneath the pine,
The mast is winnowed from the beech,
The creepers make a thin red line,
And shed the blooms we could not reach.

E'en daisies born of Michaelmas,
Upon the earth are lying flat,
Nasturtiums stoop to meet the grass—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

Across the heath the lapwings wail,
They know the time of joy has fled,
And mourn beneath a sky too pale
The sunsets that were rosy red.
The misty cloak is damp and cold,
It scares the ever-greedy bat,
Who fears to leave yon tower old—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

And yet I love this dreary scene,
This picture of the dying year,
That tells of what the world has been
Before the trees were gaunt and sere.
For Time despises day by day—
A leveller, a democrat—
And I unhold his iron sway—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

Of't in the days that are no more
I longed to live. But what avail
To hoard such wishes in my store,
When Hope is but a fairy tale?
When many an autumn long ago
My ark was wrecked on Ararat,
You could have saved me then, you know!
Meanwhile the rain goes pit-a-pat.

HOSPITALITY.

(Found in an Imperial Diary.)

Monday.—Reception, déjeuner, reception, review, banquet, concert, reception. Their friendly hospitality delightful. Bed—in train—1 A.M., after reading despatches.

Tuesday.—Rise 7, in train. Reception, breakfast, procession, reception, déjeuner, drive, receptions, visits, interviews, drive, reception, dinner (such a dinner!), reception, opera, reception, despatches. Well-meant hospitality rather fatiguing. Cut fireworks and opera; rather tired, bed 2 A.M.

Wednesday.—Rise 6. Despatches. Breakfast, reception, visits to churches, palaces, &c., &c., foundation stone with verses, steamboat trip, visits, Mint, Institut, more verses, concert—cut short concert—banquet, reception, theatre, &c., &c. Hospitality tiring. Bed at 3 A.M.

Thursday.—Rise 5. Despatches, breakfast, reception, picture galleries, drives, &c., &c., *da capo*, with variations. Hospitality awful! To bed at 3.55 A.M.

Friday.—Rise 4. Hardly worth going to bed. Despatches, banquet, final reception, train—off! Rest at last. To bed, utterly exhausted, at 9 P.M. Their hospitality—oh, save me from my friends! WILLIAM of Germany is the only man who could stand it. They should invite him.



LONG TO RAIN OVER US!

Bill. "BE 'T STILL A RAININ', SAM?"

Sam. "AH, THAT IT BE; AN' NOT LIKE TO GIVE OVER, NEITHER. BIN A COMIN' DOWN POWERFUL 'EAVY, IT 'AVE! WY, I DID 'EAR SAY AS IT'S BIN SO BAD UP IN LONDON THAT THEY 'VE BEEN A CELEBRATIN' THE LONGEST RAIN ON RECORD!"

NOT ENOUGH YET?

["There is a deficiency of rain."—*Meteorological Reports.*]

Pour down, oh rain, from sodden air,
While at barometers we stare,
They never more will point to "fair,"
Pour down unceasing everywhere!
We envy—they alone don't care—
The fish in sea.

Pour down, oh rain, day after day,
Soak sodden man on sodden way,
Soak sodden horse, and sodden hay,
Soak all the land from Thames to Tay,
Because—my goodness!—there is a
Deficiency!

MOTTO FOR A MASSEUSE.—There's nothing like rub-bish.

"They Manage these Things," &c.

Bumbleshaw (reading from daily paper). During the CZAR's stay, 6,000 policemen, out of a force of 8,000, were constantly on duty, each man doing fifteen hours service daily.

Grumbleshaw. That's what comes of entertaining a despot! And I suppose that we, the down-trodden ratepayers, will have to pay for this gross truckling to imperial vanity by a free country?

Bumbleshaw. Not unless you happen to have property in France.

Grumbleshaw. In France! What d'ye mean?

Bumbleshaw. Only that the paragraph refers to the guardians of liberty, equality and fraternity in Paris.

[Collapse of GRUMBLESHAW.]



AFTER THE FÊTES!

First Citizen. "SAY THEN! WAS IT NOT A FINE CHANGE TO CRY 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR' FOR NEARLY A WHOLE WEEK, INSTEAD OF 'VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE'?"

Second Citizen. "AH, MY BRAVE, IT WAS TRULY MAGNIFICENT! AND SO NEW! I'M HORRIBLY BORED WITH ALWAYS CALLING OUT 'VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE'!"

[*They smoke and consider.*]

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

MONSIEUR ELZÉAR BLAZE, ON "LE CHASSEUR AU CHIEN D'ARRÊT."

M. BLAZE, I should mention, was not only a keen sportsman, but he had been a soldier, and had fought in the armies of the great NAPOLEON. Here and there in his pleasant book he scatters anecdotes of his military life, which agreeably diversify the narrative. And it must be admitted that he by no means forgets the maxim in which he lays it down that one of the chief duties of a story-teller is to embroider. At the end of his chapter on the hare he gives an account of the finest "*chasse aux lièvres*" that has ever, according to him, taken place in the memory of man. "There were four hundred thousand of us, Frenchmen and Austrians in equal numbers, engaged in the sport, which took place at a little village called Wagram, a few miles from Vienna. The plain was covered with hares; at every ten steps several started in front of our side. Our muskets and our cannons alarmed them dreadfully, and away they ran in the hope of escaping. But further on they met two hundred thousand Austrians, who were in no joking humour. So back they came to us, and squadrons of them were to be seen running between the two armies. A charge of cavalry, which was in no way intended for them, would put them to rout. They pierced our ranks, passed between our legs. We killed them with sword-cuts, with bayonet-thrusts; we took them alive. On that day we saw a great slaughter of men and of hares. A hare killed made one forget the death of a comrade; it was like farce after tragedy. How many bullets, intended for the enemy were shot at these unfortunate hares! Never has so great a number been seen, never before have so many been killed. That evening, after the battle, nearly all of us supped on hare."

HERE is some advice which will come home to the heart of many a British sportsman:—"Be very careful," says the sagacious BLAZE, "of young shooters. If you are walking in line

with them I advise rather to be behind than in front of them. Such fellows lose their head at the sight of a partridge, a hare makes them dizzy, a pheasant throws them into convulsions. They keep on firing, no matter how, and their neighbourhood is very dangerous, and the best plan is to keep out of shot of them." Any young sportsman, however, who reads M. BLAZE's chapter on "The Pheasant" might well be excused a slight tremor at the sight of this bird. This is how it opens:—"But here is the king of game-birds! the pheasant! At this name a sportsman's eyes glitter, his heart beats faster. Listen to him! If he speaks of his exploits he does not pronounce the word pheasant like any other word. With a certain lightness he mentions the partridge, the rabbit, the hare; but when he comes to the pheasant his mouth is full, the two syllables are broadly articulated. He emphasises each of them so that you might fancy you hear two words joined by a hyphen." I recommend this method of pronunciation to country-house parties. But in whatever way pronounced, the pheasant in M. BLAZE's day was not easier to stay than he is now, for novices are told by him that when they shoot at a pheasant they must in thought separate the body from the tail:—"The tail saves many a pheasant; it deceives novices. None of the pellets that hit it count. A shot in the tail scatters many feathers in the air, and one imagines the bird is wounded. Not at all. Like the fox in the fable, the bird has lost its tail in the conflict, and is no whit the worse for it."

THE above advice is, of course, elementary; but the book is full of cunning hints, not merely for the improvement of a man's shooting, but also as to the best method of bringing various animals to bag, and as to the training and treatment of dogs. "No man ought to lend either his wife, or his horse, or his dog," says M. BLAZE, but he proceeds to recount how he himself, being endowed with a magnanimity out of the common, once pushed that quality to the extent of lending *Médor*, the illustrious *Médor*, to a friend, *Médor*, the best of dogs; and that, an hour afterwards, *Médor* came back alone, having left his sportsman on account of a succession of six bad shots. "A dog hunts for his own pleasure, much more than for yours. Amuse him if you want him to amuse you." And, by the way, I may mention that I never yet met a French dog who was not called either *Médor*, or *Phanor*, or *Azor*, or *Belphegor*, or "*le vieux Stop*."

THE CONCERT OF EUROPE.

RUSSIA's first fiddle, France bassoon,
And England the big drum;
But when it comes to any toon,
The lot of us are mum!
We do not know each other's parts,
We funk cacophonous war
We are a happy concert troop,
We are, we are, we are!

At a Dog-Show.

First Fancier. That's a well-bred terrier of yours, BILL.
Second Fancier. And so he ought to be. Didn't the Princess of WALES own his great grand-aunt!

CLEARING THE AIR.

WITH party missiles flying,
With wild shillelaghs blent;
Armenia slowly dying,
The SULTAN well content;
To "clear the air," by speeches,
Is well. Yet must we pray
For him, more wise, who teaches
England to "clear the way."

THE POETRY OF BUSINESS.—"*The Lady Loch*" and "*The Forrest King*!" Do not these names sound like the title of a romantic poem? Yet, they are but the names of two gold mines, and poems are not invariably "gold mines" to their authors.

At Chalons.

(*Did not miss his opportunity.*)

Energetic Bonapartist (at last at liberty). Vive l'Empereur!
Police Official. It is defended, Sir!
E. B. But I only cry for the Czar! [*P. O. takes a back seat.*]



G. DEN HOLM ARMOUR.

THE "BIKE" FROM A DOG'S POINT OF VIEW!

DARBY JONES ON THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—Had I had the privilege of being educated like yourself at a Public School and a University, where the Knowledge of the Ancients is dispensed like Soothing Syrup to the offspring of the Good, Great, and Wealthy, I might be able to grasp that touch of Nature which make all men of the world kings. But unfortunately my bringing up was established by Providence amid the grave-to-gay surroundings of a Baked Potato Merchant's *lares* and *penates*. I am not ashamed of my sire's calling. On the contrary, oft in the stilly night the residue of his unsold stock-in-trade has furnished me with a substantial supper-breakfast, while the expiring embers of his peripatetic furnace have only been equalled in warmth by the condition of my body after he had discovered the loss of those vegetables with which the names of RALEIGH and PARMENTIER will be immortally associated. You, honoured Sir, in your Pacha-like sanctum—I can picture you in an old-gold dressing-gown, with fez to match, whirling the luscious Latakia through your thoroughbred nostrils—will probably wonder what my early training has to do with the winner of the Cambridgeshire. It is in this wise. Nineteen years ago, on the eve of this race, at the corner of Waterloo Place, my esteemed parent was pursuing his vocation, no longer a beardless youngster, but still almost as fine a judge of a horse as he was of a "spud"—in which latter merit he yielded not to the late Mr. PADDY GREEN, of EVANS'S—when he was approached by two richly-garbed French noblemen, who not only regaled themselves with the mealy delicacies, but also in handsome style stood treat to many of the Outcasts of our ever-hungry thoroughfares. When paying for the delicacies one of them asked the name of the street. "Waterloo Place," said my father, "but no offence meant." "Ha! ha!" cried the stranger, grimly, "always your sacred Waterloo! But to-morrow we shall avenge ourselves at Newmarket. Nevare fear!" My dad was one of those sanguine individuals who would have taken a tip from a broken-down billiard-marker. What did he do? Sold his entire business the very next morning in the Market, and planked down all the "dibs" which he could beg, borrow, or annex, on the Gallic *Jongleur*! I need not record the result, but suffice it to say that but for baked potatoes he would not now be handsomely entombed in Kensal Green Cemetery, nor I be privileged to communicate to your readers those forecasts which must make the weather-prophets of the daily journals redden with ill-concealed envy. That I have servile imitators I allow, but this is the ubiquitous Fate of Genius. I have seen Sir HENRY IRVING burlesqued, and have heard Mr. GLADSTONE'S name held up to the derision of a time-serving audience. Once more, then, without fear or reproach I shall, like a second BAYARD,

endeavour to find the pea under the thimble, and tune my lyre with all truthful prescience.

The *Victor* of a dozen fights will battle game and true,
But I prefer *Kilwarlin*'s son when there's short work to do.
A *Kendal* lass may do the trick, our Prince has got a chance;
But oh, beware the *Second All* that hails from tricky France!
The *Devil* there may be to pay, and *Wisdom* bear in mind,
While *Barcaldine's* successor might leave many more behind.
Let *Canterbury* be my shrine. "On, *Pilgrim*, on!" I cry.
Though *Irish Pride* may have a win—a fact I can't deny,
Remember that TOM CANNON may a great upset supply.

Such is my augury; passed as quickly through the ever ardent oven of my brain as is the grateful woodcock through the kitchen when an opulent Mendicant is ravening for his evening provender.

Contented with Irish stew and beef *à la mode*, and taking the quips and cranks of Fortune as the squibs and crackers of existence, I am, as usual,

Your devoted henchman, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I intended the last paragraph to refer to yourself. I assure you that your jokes and jibes fall from my head like hailstones off a well-conditioned widgeon. But your *ingratitude* pierces me like the false tooth of a senile boa-constrictor.

[DARBY JONES has, we learn, since the Cesarewitch been living at the rate of £50,000 a year. Perhaps the "ingratitude" to which he refers, was due to our refusal to send ten cases of dry champagne to his lodgings. Any person meeting him is earnestly requested not to join him in consuming intoxicating liquor. He can't stand it—no more can we.—ED.]

AT WIESBADEN.

W-lh-lm (at 12.50). My dear fellow, how rejoiced I am to see you after your many perils in foreign lands. I was only thinking this morning that if you and I—

N-ch-l-s (interrupting). I know, were to have a drink together, how happy we should be! Order up the refreshment!

W-lh-lm (when the liquor has arrived). *Prosit!* my dear fellow, and now what do you think—

N-ch-l-s (again interrupting). Of your Hamburg cigars? Well, frankly, I prefer my Russian cigarettes. Wife and family well?

W-lh-lm. Naturally, under my constant care. But now, dear friend, the time has come—

N-ch-l-s. By St. George! So it has. I promised to be back for luncheon. Order my carriage!

[Leaves Wiesbaden for Darmsdadt at 2.30.]

W-lh-lm (watching departing train). And this fellow calls himself an Autocrat! Perish the suggestion!



Linley Sambourne. Inv. Del.

THE POLITICAL FAT BOY AGAIN.

Old Lady (who is timorous). "LAWKS! WHAT CAN YOU WANT NOW?"

Fat Boy. "I WANTS TO MAKE YER FLESH CREEP!" (Pickwick Papers.)

[Lord ROSEBERRY at Colchester said that an inquiry by the Chambers of Commerce into the progress of technical and commercial education in Germany would produce a compact and handy volume which would make *all your hair stand on end!*]



MOST UNFORTUNATE.

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE WHICH HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN FUSSEY (OUR LADIES' MAN) ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE OPENING MEET.
NEW COAT, NEW BOOTS, NEW HORSE, NEW EVERYTHING! HARD LUCK!

THAT FAT BOY AGAIN!

A PICKWICKIAN FRAGMENT UP TO DATE.

[Lord ROSEBERRY, speaking at the opening of the Technical College at Colchester, said "he was afraid of the Germans," warned England against the danger of being thirty years behind Germany in technical and commercial education, and said that the result of an inquiry into the matter would "produce a compact and handy volume which would make all your hair stand on end."]

It was the Old Lady's habit to sit quietly and contentedly in the old arbour—which was also a harbour (of refuge)—of which she was so proud, as defying competition by her friends, much more demolition by her enemies. From behind a peg in the Old Lady's chamber, she took a close, helm-shaped black satin bonnet, a warm cotton-shawl of a bunting-like texture and florid flag-pattern, and a thick stick with a curious tri-form handle; and the Old Lady, having put on the bonnet and shawl at her leisure—for she disliked hurry, did this Old Lady, exceedingly, and all new-fangled notions in dress or demeanour—walked also leisurely to her favourite arbour. Like another Old Lady—her of Threadneedle Street—she loved to take things easily, and follow old fashions, as, indeed, is the way with old ladies in general.

The Old Lady was very precise and particular; and as this ceremony had been observed for goodness knows how many years without the slightest deviation from the accustomed form, she was not a little surprised, on this particular morning, to see the Fat Boy, instead of quietly leaving her in her comfortable seat in the arbour, walk a few paces away, look carefully round in every direction, and return towards her with great stealth and an air of the most profound mystery.

The Old Lady was timorous—most old ladies are—and the Fat Boy's unwonted manner and movements alarmed, or, as she said, "worried" her.

"Drat that boy!" she muttered; "whatever ails him lately? He used to be such a silent lad, though he always *did* stare, like—like a sleepless codfish. But now he's always bothering a poor old body, about burglars, and designing neighbours with an eye

on my property, and so-called Christians as are worse than regular Turks for joint viciousness and individual ill-will. And since he fell out with his fellow-servant, WILLIAM, he seems wuss than ever. What does ail the boy?"

She watched his motions with feelings of alarm, which were in no degree diminished by his coming close up to her, and shouting in her ear in an agitated and, as it seemed to her, a warning tone:—

"MISSUS!!!"

"Well, PRIMMY," said the trembling Old Lady, "what's the bogey, now? Nasty neighbours again, Rumrooshians, or terrible Turks, eh?"

"No!" said the Fat Boy, emphatically. "GERMANS!!!"

"What does the boy mean?" cried the Old Lady, trembling.

"Germans!" repeated the Fat Boy, ogling her oracularly. "Technical Teutons! Cunning tow-headed commercial travellers, fellows thirty years ahead of you in teaching, who mean to deprive you of your favourite arbour, and collar all your trade—ah! and are a-doing of it, too, like one o'clock!"

"Good gracious, boy!" cried the Old Lady; "what do you mean, and what do you want to do, now?"

"I wants to make yer flesh creep!" replied the Fat Boy.

With the New Forest Hounds.

First Cavalier. That new horse of yours doesn't seem to be much of a jumper.

Second Cavalier. No; but he's a deuced cunning chap at picking his way through rabbit holes.

The Delights o. Football.

Amy. I suppose that your poor brother lost his left leg and right eye fighting for his country?

Rose (proudly). Oh, no, dear! He lost them playing for his county. Brave old fellow!

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXVI.

Mr. Jabberjee expresses some audaciously sceptical opinions. How he secured his first Salmon, with the manner in which he presented it to his divinity.

Owing mainly to lack of opportunity, invitations, *et cetera*, I have not resumed the offensive against members of the grouse department, but have rather occupied myself in laborious study of Caledonian dialects, as exemplified in sundry local works of



"Whether he had wha-haed wi' Hon'ble Wallace?"

poetical and prose fiction, until I should be competent to converse with the *aborigines* in their own tongue.

Then (having now the diction of Poet BURNS in my fingers' ends) I did genially accost the first native I met in the street of Kilpatrick, complimenting him upon his honest, sonsie face, and inquiring whether he had wha-haed wi' Hon'ble WALLACE, and was to bruise the Peckomaut, or ca' the knowes to the yowes. But, from the intemperance of his reply, I divined that he was totally without comprehension of my meaning!

Next I addressed him by turns in the phraseologies of Masters BLACK, BARRIE, and CROCKETT, Esquires, interlarding my speech with "whatefers," and "hechs," and "ou-ays," and "dod-mons," and "loshes," and "tods," *ad libitum*, to which, after listening with the most earnest attention, he returned the answer that he was not acquainted with any Oriental language.

Nor could I by any argument convince this beetle-head that I was simply speaking the barbarous accents of his native land!

Since which, after some similar experiments upon various peasants, &c., I have made a rather peculiar discovery.

There is no longer any such article as a separate Scottish language, and, indeed, I am in some dubitation whether it ever existed at all, and is not rather the waggish invention of certain audacious Scottishers, who have taken advantage of the insular ignorance and credulity of the British public to palm off upon it several highly fictitious kinds of unintelligible gibberish!

Nay, I will even go farther and express a grave suspicion whether the Scotland of these bookish romances is not the daring imposture of a *ben trovato*. For, after a prolonged residence of

over a fortnight, I have never seen anything approaching a mountain pass, nor a dizzy crag, surmounted by an eagle, nor any stag drinking itself full at eve among the shady trunks of a deer-forest! I have never met a single mountaineer in feminine bonnet and plumes and short petticoats, and pipes inserted in a bag. Nor do the inhabitants dance in the street upon crossed sword-blades—this is purely a London practice. Nor have I seen any Caledonian snuffing his nostrils with tobacco from the discarded horn of some ram.

Finding that my short kilt is no longer the mould of national form, I have now altogether abandoned it, while retaining the fox-tailed belly-purse on account of its convenience and handsome appearance.

Now let me proceed to narrate how I became the captor of a large-sized salmon.

Having accepted the loan of Mister CRUM's fishing-wand, and attached to my line certain large flies, composed of black hairs, red worsted, and gilded thread, which it seems the salmons prefer even to worms, I sallied forth along the riparian bank of a river, and proceeded to whip the stream with the severity of Emperor XERXES when engaged in flagellating the ocean.

But waesucks! (to employ the perhaps spurious verbiage of aforesaid Poet BURNS) my line, owing to superabundant longitude, did promptly become a labyrinth of Gordian knots, and the flies (which are named *Zulus*) attached their barbs to my cap and adjacent bushes with well-nigh inextricable tenacity, until at length I had the bright idea to abbreviate the line, so that I could dangle my bait a foot or two above the surface of the water—where a salmon could easily obtain it by simply turning a somersault.

However, after sitting patiently for an hour, as if on a monument, I could not succeed in catching the eye of any passing fish, and so, severely disheartened by my ill-luck, I was strolling on, shouldering my rod, when—odooks! whom should I encounter but Mister BAGSHOT and a party of friends, who were watching his keepers capture salmons from a boat by means of a large net, a far more practical and effectual method than the cumbersome and unreliable device of a meretricious fly with a very visible hook!

And, just as I approached, the net was drawn towards the bank, and proved to contain three very large lively fishes lashing their tails with ungovernable fury at such detention!

Whereupon I made the humble petition to Mister BAGSHOT that, since he was now the favourite of Fortune, he was to remember him to whom she had denied her simpers, and bestow upon me the most mediocre of the salmons, since I was desirous to make a polite offering to the amiable daughter of my host and hostess.

And with munificent generosity he presented me with the largest of the trio, which, with great jubilation, I endeavoured to carry off under my arm, though severely baffled by the extreme slipperiness with which (even after its decease) it repeatedly wallowed in dust, until someone, perceiving my fix, good-naturedly instructed me how to carry it by perforating its head with a piece of string.

I found Miss WEE-WEE in a secluded garden seat at the back of the Manse, incommoded, as usual, by the society of Mister CRUM.

"Sir," I said, addressing him politely (for I was extremely anxious for his departure, since I could not well present my salmon to Miss WEE-WEE and request the *quid-pro-quo* of her affection in his presence), "accept my gratitude for the usufruct of your rod, which has produced magnificent fruit. You will find the instrument leaning against the palings of the front garden." And with this I made secret signals to Miss WEE-WEE that she was to dismiss him; but she remained bashful, and he seemed totally unaware that he was the drug of the market!

At last, weary of concealing my captured salmon any longer behind the small of my back, I was about to inform Mister CRUM that he had Miss LOUISA's permission to absent himself, when she broke the silence by informing me that, as the old familiar friend of both parties, I was to be the first to hear a piece of news—to wit, that DONALD (Mister C.'s baptismal appellation) and she were just become the engaged couple!

I was so overcome by grief and indignation at her perfidious duplicity (since she had frequently encouraged me in my mockeries of her admirer's uncouthness and rusticity), that I stuck in the throat, and then flung the salmon violently across a boundary hedge into a yard of poultry.

"Madam," I said, "that fish was to have been laid at your feet as the visible pledge of my devotion. You have not only lost the gift of a splendid salmon, but have thrown away the heart of a well-educated native B.A. and Member of the Bar! And you have gained—hoity toity! What? Why, a Scotch Bun!"

But almost immediately I was taken by violent remorse for my presumption, and shed the tears of contrition, entreating forgiveness—nay, more, I scrambled through a hole in a very thorny hedge, and, recovering the salmon (which had not had time to become very severely henpecked), I begged them to accept it between them as a token of my esteem and good wishes, which they joyfully consented to do. I had expected that my worthy host and hostess would have shared my astounded disappointment on hearing of their daughter's engagement; but, on the contrary, they received the news with smiling complacency.

It appears that Mr. CRUM, though endowed with a somewhat sheepish and bucolical exterior, is of tip-top Scottish caste and lineage, and the landed proprietor.

I am not to deny the attractiveness of such qualities, though I had hitherto been under the Fool's Paradise of an impression that they would have infinitely preferred this humble self as a son-in-law.

However, I am now emerging from my doleful dumps, with the reflection that, after all, it is contrary to common-sense to drain the cup of misery to the dregs for so totally inadequate a cause as the ficklety of any feminine!

Suggested by the Cab Strike.

(A Word of Advice to Jehus.)

HANSOMS and growlers together,
Fares don't care for your love or your war!
In this coming November
Just please to remember
You've a rival—the new motor car!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"VENI, Vidi, Vici!" The remark has been made before, or it might have served to tell *The Story of My Life*, which Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, under the fostering care of CASSELL'S, has expanded into two volumes. The resources of type in the mammoth establishment in La Belle Sauvage Yard are practically illimitable. But it is probable that when these two volumes were set up there was scarcity in the "box" containing the first person singular. It is to some extent inevitable when a man writes his autobiography that he should have frequent recourse to the letter I. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE literally peppers the pronoun over his pages. In the evening of his days, reviewing his career, he is honestly lost in loving admiration of his own achievements. "For sixteen years I governed about 115 millions of British subjects. . . For five years I conducted the finances of British India. . . I personally supervised and commanded in the field the operations for the relief of famine for two occasions, on a gigantic and unprecedented scale. . . I governed, at different times, the provinces which included both the capital cities, Calcutta and Bombay." This is a summary of big achievements. Incidentally, we learn how "the villagers loved to watch me, the pale-faced, beardless Anglo-Saxon, seated against the trunk of some monarch of the grove, dispensing patriarchal justice." Sir RICHARD ever has an eye for scenic effect. Thus, "on the day of my leaving Lahore, I spoke my final words to the natives standing in front of the old Moslem gateway under the umbrageous trees." But though consciously decorative himself, he is not niggardly in his admission of corresponding beauty in other directions. There is a pretty scene of his unexpectedly coming upon the Himalayas. "Instinctively I take off my white helmet to salute the peerless mountains on this my first sight of them." Likeways they bows. My Baronite can well imagine how, had time and place been convenient, Sir RICHARD would have taken on each arm a couple of the youngest and prettiest of the Himalayas, and led them off to show them the tea-room of the House of Commons, the lobby, the terrace, and the table in the library at which the late Member for Evesham used to sit. All this—or a little of it—is funny. But as often happens the well of tears is near the source of laughter. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE'S career in India was one of unbroken success, a triumph achieved by high capacity and stupendous industry. His career in the House of Commons was a lamentable, occasionally a ludicrous failure. In March, 1880, he resigned the Governorship of Bombay and hastened home to take part in the General Election. For him, the House of Commons was merely a new world to conquer. It would be India over again, only with more brilliant results. Beaten in East Worcestershire in 1880, he was returned for Evesham in 1885. It was characteristic of him that he made his maiden speech on the first night of the first session of a new Parliament. That was of itself sufficient to predicate



THE AUTOMATIC UMBRELLA AND CAB-CALL.

DROP A PENNY IN THE SLOT, AND PROTECT YOURSELF FROM THE SHOWER, AND WAIT TILL THE HANSOM ARRIVES.

failure. Through seven sessions he stubbornly fought against the prejudices of the House. At first amazed that it would not listen to him, then angry, at length subdued. Finally, at the dissolution of 1892, he resolved to retire to "my ancestral home," and write the story of a life that should prove to a scoffing House of Commons that the eighteenth century had not a monopoly of Indian administrators of the stamp of WARREN HASTINGS and CLIVE.

Had Mr. E. E. BENSON taken a hint from his own title of *Limitations*, and limited the dialogue of his characters to just one half of what he has given them to say, at the same time enlivening them all round with something to do, his novel with the above title would have been half its present bulk, but its value would have been doubled. The dialogue is bright, not so bright as to be of dazzling brilliancy, but just so steadily bright as to weary the reader's attention and induce him to close his eyes and the book. Now this ought not to be, as the *dramatis personæ* are few, distinctly drawn, and true to life: the story is as "simple as *bonjour*," and the picturesque descriptions, notably that of Athens, are excellent. The misfortune of having previously written a novel so successful as *Dodo* handicaps its author with the public. Mr. BENSON has to go one better than *Dodo*. That Mr. BENSON is a student of certain popular contributions to Mr. *Punch's* popular periodical is evidenced by one of his light-and-leading characters suggesting that a piece of sculpture should be executed from University models and called "Typical Developments of Modern Dons." The *magnum opus*, "Typical Developments," projected to be in several volumes, and started many years ago by the anonymous diarist of *Happy Thoughts*, has never, the Baron believes, advanced farther than the note-book stage. A post-mortem examination of this wonderful collection may produce a posthumous work of unexampled interest, as it was intended to be a book of the very rarest ideas; only, the ideas becoming rarer and rarer every day, most of the pages in the various volumes, all pre-arranged, panned out, and pre-named in order, still remain blank. However, this is just thrown in as a hint to Mr. BENSON in case his sculpturing character should need a few that might be useful to the Typical Developer, whose office it clearly is, not to originate but to develop. So says

THE BARON.



AT THE RINK

He. "I SAY, WHEN ALICE MARRIED THAT LITERARY FELLOW, SHE SAID HE WAS GOIN' TO RAISE HER TO A HIGHER LIFE AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING, DON'TCHERKNOW." She. "AND DID HE?" He. "YES; THEY'RE LIVING IN AN ATTIC NOW!"

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

A Memory of October 21, 1896.

["May the Great God whom I adore grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me; and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend!"—*Nelson's Prayer on the morning of Trafalgar Day.*]

THE memories of greatness make men great,
Till the chill pulse of coward fear and greed
Palsies the slackened sinews of the State.
Great sailor! Here to-day let England heed
Her best-loved hero's lesson, written large
In that brief life whose fame is England's charge!

Priceless possession, of all precious gifts
Most precious, is the record of the man,
Heedless of odds or diplomatic shifts,
So that his patriot heart in honour's van
Might strike for that "just cause," unto
life's end,

"Which is entrusted to me to defend!"
Certain there be to-day that curl the lip
In cynic scorn at mere "humanity,"
And "sentiment," which lets large chances slip;

Would bid self-interest rule on shore or sea
Our island policy, pledged to things that pay,
And swell our powers. It was not NELSON'S way!

It may be that reminder shall strike home
Where gentler pleadings fail. No
shouter he,

No mere emotional thing of froth and foam;

He struck for "great and glorious victory,"

And gained it, dying, strong, yet soft of mood,

For England's glory, and for Europe's good!

Yon wreathed column, those memorial flowers,

This thronging crowd whose thoughts a moment lift

High as the effigy which above us towers,

Passingly conscious of the glorious gift
Of such a memory—shall their influence fail,

Or pass, unfruitful, like an old wife's tale?

Illustrious seaman, we are sea-lords still,
And must be, till that sea o'ersweeps

our fame,
Burying all records of the valour, skill,

Love and devotion which upbuilt our name

As rulers of the waves that wash our coast.
Shall sordid thrift leave that an empty

boast?

Hold firm, hold fast, ye countrymen of him

Whose memory is best honoured by resolve

To let the fame he won you never dim,
Whilst the waves leap, and whilst the

stars revolve.
Europe in arms we may have yet to meet;

Bid party strife "hands off" the British Fleet!

But let not grasping greed or craven fear
Plant the white feather in our England's helm!

There may be—as there have been—dangers near,

And banded foes may menace to o'erwhelm;

But ill 'twill be with England when, for Right,

Like NELSON, against odds she dares not fight.

The braggart oft turns poltroon at the pinch,

Timidity as wisdom loves to mask:
When honour calls it is not safe to flinch,

Not the wise Titan shirks the Titan task;
And they will never rank with history's

gods
Who too solicitously count the odds.

Humanity—whereat the swaggerer rails—

Is not "predominant partner," hints a chief,

Who, mayhap numbering dauntless NELSON'S sails

At Trafalgar, had stayed him! His belief

Was that humanity, fearing no defeat,
Was "the predominant feature in our

Fleet!"

Humanity with Duty hand in hand,
Served the great patriot seaman to the

last.
So shall they serve our NELSON'S well-

loved land,
Whilst courage to their counsels to hold

fast
Fires our defenders as it fired him then.

Such to her hero's prayer is England's best "Amen!"



PREPARING HIS SPEECH.

MR. JOE CH-MB-RL-N (*to himself*). “‘IN SHORT, GENTLEMEN—IF YOU ARE ONLY TRUE TO YOUR PRINCIPLES, ANY ONE OF YOU MAY BECOME—AS I HAVE DONE—A MINISTER IN A LIBER—I SHOULD SAY IN A CONSERV—I BEG PARDON—I SHOULD SAY IN AN UNIONIST GOVERNMENT.’ H’M—RATHER CONFUSING—I DON’T THINK *THAT’LL* QUITE DO!”

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is announced to speak to-night, Wednesday, October 28, at the Jubilee Union of the Birmingham Debating Society.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

On a fine night a Financier remembers in a well-known pleasure the Moonlight of other days.

The moon to-night shines full and fair,
Her gentle tones make argentine
The oak and chestnut nearly bare,
And deepen shadows of the pine.
The manor house, all red by day,
Is silvered to a deadly white,
And here and there a long bright ray
Pierces the copse with spear of light.

Just twenty years ago the scene
Was just the same for you and me!
The moon was full; the weirdlike sheen
Made glamour round our trysting tree,
The beech, that all our secrets knew,
And never once our trust betrayed;
A loyal-hearted friend, so true
That e'en his fall of leaf he stayed.

We spoke our vows, as lovers will,
Arranged a life-long plan of dreams!
While on our rapture, calm and still,
The moon looked down with blessing
beams!

As though she said, "My children, this
Is but a forecast of your joy.
Oh, prithee join another kiss!
Thrice happy maid! Brave constant
boy!"

This mute advice we did not need—
It naturally came to both—
But still we gave Diana meed
For thus approving of our troth.
Your father's wrath I swore to dare
For you, my sweetest empress-queen!
Though sovereigns I'd none to spare;
And you were only seventeen!

Your sire was one to cut a dash,
Lord of the park wherein we stood.
He never wanted ready cash,
And ever had a princely mood!
Oh! how I quailed beneath his eye,
And envied him his lavish reign!—
Before, somehow, he had to fly,
And seek another home in Spain!

And you went, too! Some whiskered Don
Mayhap has claimed you for his wife;
Perhaps, like me, you think upon,
Sometimes, the ironies of life.
I now am rich, am not afraid
Of any cavalier's doublet!
Diana should have lent her aid
To us, when Father shot the moon!

"THE SORROWS OF—SOLICITORS."

SIR,—Why should the public pay three, nay four, lawyers to do the work of one? The junior counsel is altogether superfluous, yet "the etiquette of the Bar" prescribes that a Q.C. shall not appear in Court without a junior.

If a litigant may and does appear in Court in person, why should he not be represented by his solicitor, thus doing away with two unnecessary lawyers?

To carry the idea a step farther, why should a litigant be forced to appear either in person or by counsel before a judge, who is himself a lawyer?

Why should not the solicitors for the respective parties arrange matters between themselves without the intervention of a judge, thus doing away with the third unnecessary lawyer?

By this simple arrangement only one lawyer would remain, namely,

Your obedient servant,

London, October. BEDFORD ROWE.

SIR,—I have been in practice for ninety-nine years, and consider, therefore, that I am authorised to speak on this question.

The curse of our profession is overcrowding, owing, I believe, to the modern craze for examinations.

A young fellow finds that by steady "cram" he can pass the three qualifying "exams," as he calls them, and be admitted. In my days, the examination was a mere matter of form, and neither cleverness nor "cram" were necessary to satisfy the then examiners.

My proposal is to do away with the attraction of the "exams" altogether, and, as *experientia docet*, not to admit any solicitor who has been less than ten years in a lawyer's office, and who is under forty years of age. I am, yours, &c.,

OLD PRACTITIONER.

Burgess Hill, October.

DEAR SIR,—It is all very well to talk about the sorrows of a solicitor, but look at my case.

I was briefed at the Blankshire Sessions to defend a prisoner charged with stealing a pair of boot-laces.

Entirely owing to my, I will not say eloquence, but exertions on his behalf, the prisoner got off—with twelve months' hard labour—and so did his solicitor; he did not get the hard labour, but he got off without paying my fee.

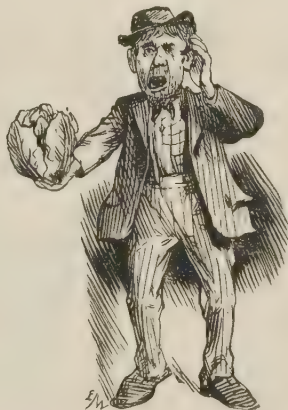
I have applied to him at the address endorsed on the back sheet (my sole instructions) he supplied me with, but he is not known there.

I can only trust that by the time I am on the bench he will be discovered, and brought before me, and if he is not a sor-crowling solicitor now, he will be then.

Yours disgustedly,

Temple, October. RISING JUNIOR.

SOMETHING IN ADVANCE.



At a meeting of the L. C. C. last week, Colonel Ford moved that "the Local Government and Taxation Committee should further consider and report with a view for the mitigation or suppression of such street noises as constitute a public nuisance." Bravo! Don't waste time in "mitigating," but get to "suppression." "Suppression is the better part of valour" in this case. Wandering musicians with inharmonious instruments, street howlers, street bands in London one and all without exception, organs of all kinds—away with them! And let Peace be with us scribblers and invalids who can't sit at home and do our writing and thinking with ease! War to the itinerant musicians! Let them be the *expulsés* of London. Go it, gallant Colonel Ford, L.C.C.! Away with all street noises except the drum and pipes of the Punch and Judy show!

THE NEW VERB.

(As Used in an Automoting Log-book.)

A SINGLE word for "to travel by automotor" is apparently required. Like "to bike," the verb "to mote" has been sniffed at by purists. It has, however, been completely conjugated as follows:—

(VERY) ACTIVE VOICE.

PRESENT TENSE.

I mote.
Thou stokest.
He looks out for the police.
We run into a lamp-post.
Ye knock a man over.
They pay damages.

FUTURE TENSE.

I will mote.
Thou shalt come along with me.
He will sit tight.
We shall go twenty miles an hour.
Ye will sell your horses.
They shall eat sausages.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

I was moting.
Thou wast trying to steer.
He was carrying a red flag in front.
We were going four hours a mile.
Ye were cussing like anything.
They were giving it up as a bad job.

PERFECT TENSE.

Wanting.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

Wanted.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

I had walked.
Thou hadst biked.
He had taken a hansom.
We had gone by train.
Ye had 'bussed it.
They had stayed at home.

SUBJUNCTIVE PRESENT.

I may mote.
Thou mayest buy me a motor.
He may think better of it. (*Aside.*)
We may start to-morrow.
Ye may meet us.
They may pick up the pieces.

SUBJUNCTIVE IMPERFECT.

I might mote.
Thou mightest mote, if you weren't such a silly guffin.
He might mote, only he can't afford it.
We might mote in the dim future.
Ye might mote, or, on the other hand, ye mightn't.
They might mote, and pigs might fly.

IMPERATIVE.

Mote thou (by moonlight alone).
Let him meet some other gal.
Let us get down, for heaven's sake!
Mote ye—or perish in the attempt.
Let them burst.

PARTICIPLES.

Present: Moting.
Past: Sat upon by coroner.

PASSIVE VOICE.

The subject of the above is now passive, and has no further voice in the matter.

THE MOTTO OF ANGLO-PHOBE THISTLE EATERS IN NORTH AFRICA.—"Nemo me in Tunis lacessit." But, of course, bray away at England in Egypt as much as you like. A court-nez does not always mean the absence of long ears.



UNRECORDED HISTORY!

TELLING TO THE MARINES ON BOARD H.M.S. TARADIDDLE THE DETERMINATION OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT—AS A CONCESSION TO THE PREJUDICES OF THE CONTINENTAL POWERS—TO EVACUATE EGYPT AT AN EARLY DATE: PROBABLY THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1897.

A WALLED TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

LAST PAGE.—*A Dip into the Future.*

Montreuil, Monday.—There is something better in store for this stretch of the northern coast of France than is supplied by the tawdry vulgarity of Paris-Plage. JOHN BLACKLEY has taken the territory in hand, and will presently work a transformation scene. JOHN is a hard-headed, keen-sighted Yorkshireman, who has spent some courses of a useful life in accomplishing the apparently impossible. Other people visiting Etaples, driving to Paris-Plage, and passing onward beyond the two light-houses, saw nothing but a pine forest coming down to the marge of a beach stretching to the horizon. JOHN BLACKLEY discerned in it the making of an international watering-place that would beat anything at present going either in Great Britain or France.

Situate almost exactly midway between London and Paris, within four hours' travel of either point, JOHN's prophetic soul swelled at prospect of the pleasure-loving population of two capitals racing to Mayville. That was the name he forthwith bestowed upon the new watering-place. Five minutes later he decided that (when everything is completed) the new paradise shall be inaugurated by the gracious presence of the Duchess of YORK. The whole thing was irresistibly logical. The place was called (or is to be called) Mayville. The Duchess of YORK's maiden name was the Princess MAY. *Q. E. D.* In other words, There you are!

That settled, JOHN BLACKLEY went to work to prepare everything for the inauguration. He secured the refusal of the property, and then laid it out on the most beautiful and convincing maps. Broad roads traverse the pine wood. A row of charming villas front the sea. There is a pier, with a band upon it, a casino, a racecourse, and golf links four miles long, in contemplation of which the golf champion of England has been thrown into a state of ecstasy. Finally, in order that no time may be lost by the crowd making their way to Mayville, JOHN BLACKLEY has arranged for a branch line of railway from Etaples to the sea-front, a distance of three miles.

Whilst all the world will be welcome to purchase building sites on the property, JOHN BLACKLEY, shrewd Yorkshireman as he is, has been first in the field. He has selected for his private residence a site on a wooded height, commanding rare views of land and sea. Practical in every detail, he has had a platform built among the branches of the pine-trees at about the level of his drawing-room window. (*Mem.*—At present it is the only building in Mayville.) SARK and I made a perilous ladder ascent and viewed the prospect o'er.

"Yes," said our guide, regarding the scene with soul full of content, "this will be JOHN BLACKLEY's home. We are standing now on the level of the drawing-room. The dining-room will be below, opening out on to a terrace. There are the stables, and there is the billiard-room."

"Where?" asked SARK, eagerly following the indication of the outstretched walking-stick.

He saw nothing but the top of a pine-tree. JOHN BLACKLEY beheld as clearly as if it stood there the green table with the lights above, the high benches at either end of the room, the marking-board on the wall, and the rack full of cues. He even heard the rattling of the billiard balls. Faintly, in the dim and distant future sounded a ghostly voice, "What's the score, marker?"

"Well, it beats me," said SARK, when we had carefully descended from the level of a drawing-room in a house for the foundations of which the first sod has not yet been turned. "But mind you, that's the way big things are done, and that's the sort of man brings them to pass."

Certainly there is fruitful ground to till. To begin with, Mayville has the rare advantage of combination of pine forest and sea air. The story of the forest is a romance. Seventy years ago Mayville was like the rest of this part of the coast, a monotonous waste of sandhills. A retired Parisian notary bought many acres of the sand heaps for a mere song. One day it occurred to him that he would turn the sandhills into a forest. People laughed at him, but he went his way, morning and afternoon, planting pines in the sand, and to-day a forest blooms, where at the beginning of the century stretched a wilderness of sand. As for the beach, SARK avers that what with its length and breadth and openness to the unbroken sea, it reminds him much of Biarritz.

The country round Mayville is full of historic association. Within easy drive through leafy lanes is an ancient monastery, whose chapel has for centuries witnessed the midnight gathering of a cowed congregation, its walls echoing with sound of praise and prayer. At Etaples, three miles off, is the house

where NAPOLEON passed two nights arranging the invasion of England, still unaccomplished. Yesterday SARK visited the field of Agincourt, and to-morrow drives to Crecy. Is full of his good fortune at Agincourt. Met there an old sergeant, who still wears the badge of the Duke of ALENCON. He fought by the Duke's side, pulled out the arrow that pierced his breast, attempted to staunch wound. No use. The old man, who must have been in the thickest of the fight, also assisted at the obsequies of the Duke of BRABANT and the Archbishop of SENS, who fell on that fateful day.

"Seems a long time back," I said, musingly.

SARK admits it would be so in ordinary case; but in respect of great battles, always one or two survivors. Besides, this old soldier sold to SARK a horse-pistol, part of a crossbow, a buckle with



The Old Sergeant.

S. and a coronet over it (evidently from the belt of the Earl of Suffolk, one of HENRY THE FIFTH's captains) and the plume from the helmet of a nameless knight. That seems to settle the matter.

As for JOHN BLACKLEY, he regards these great battles as having been fought for a purpose only now developing itself.

"They might," he says, "have been located west of Havre, nearer Calais, or south of Amiens. But then they would not have been within driving distance of Mayville, forming, so to speak, extraneous attractions to our golf links, our racecourse, our pine woods, and our sea-bathing conveniences. Quite clear to me why Agincourt and Crecy were fought."

"DOCKING HORSES" was the heading of a paragraph in the *Times* last week. "I have seen rocking-horses," observed an erudite reader, "but—" "You don't understand," said the well-informed party. "Boats and vessels are put in docks—" "And prisoners," interrupted the erudite. The well-informed withered him with a glance. "I am speaking of the expression 'docking.' If a ship is docked and a horse is docked, what do they both possess in common? Clearly capacity for sea-voyaging. Ergo, the horses that are docked must be sea-horses." "The rest was silence."

THAT lion cub born in the Aquarium on Trafalgar day last week "can be called nothing else," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "but Nelson!" Of course, that's it, Nelson, the sea-lion with the "British mane."



Irish Groom. "WILL YE SEND UP TWO SACKS OF OATS AN' A BUNDLE AV HAY."

Voice from Telephone. "WHO FOR?"

Irish Groom. "THE HARSE, AV COORSE, YE FOOL!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

DEAR MISTER.—I have to pick one bone with you, or rather with a certain MISTER JABBERJEE, *jeune rédacteur* of your journal so distinguished. He arrives by hazard that, being at the country, at Goring, I had not the occasion of to read your journal, and that, by consequence, I saw not the injuries of MISTER JABBERJEE before of to expedite to you my last letter. What that this may be who arrives, I go to be calm. In France, at the moment of the most great excitation, the word of order is invariably, "*Soyons calmes!*" Me also I say, "Be we calm!"

But, by blue, is it that AUGUSTE MONTMORENCI DE BASSOMPIERRE will suffer the injuries of a nigger, of a man who is black, of a man who names himself HURRY BUNGSHO? *Sapristi, mais non!* Truly, until here, I have read his letters with a certain sentiment of admiration for the poor Hindou, who essayed all his possible for to learn the english language so difficult, that I write and that I speak so currently. I thought to my proper efforts when I was young student, and, as one says in english, a feeling fellow makes one wonderfully kind.

It was at the month of June, 1895, that I had the honour of to address to you my first letter. At that epoch there MISTER JABBERJEE was I know not where. There is but ten months that he commenced his letters. And now he says to me some injuries, to me that he calls "a mere Parisian Frenchman," me of who the family was noble and illustrious, and inhabited her middle-aged castle, when Paris herself was but the chief-place of a little kingdom, and when the Oriental Indias were but some countrys of savages, devastated by the barbers—*barbares!* *Sacré nom de nom, c'est trop fort!* But be we calm!

Only I say to MISTER JABBERJEE that, if he would to come in France, there is two of my friends, journalists of Paris—and you know, dear Mister, that the Parisian journalist is one can not more ferocious—two journalists, I say, of the most warriors, *guerriers*, who would be truly enchanted of to arrange with his witnesses a meeting *quelque part*, some part. But I doubt myself of it that he may be too poltroon! Then there is the english duel, the box. If he is not also too poltroon for that,

my faith, I will make him, already black, blue and black! Well sure! if I encounter him some part, even in the street, I will pull that "nose of a cultivated british subject," of which he speaks! *Mille tonnerres! Mais soyons calmes!*

In this moment here it is a little difficult to continue tranquilly the recital of my voyage. *Allons donc!* I rested still some days at Goring, where I saw one time the fishers at the border of the Thames, entrapping nothing, all to fact like the fishers at the border of the Seine, but by a cold, *ah ça, un froid!* And then I part by a beating rain, *une pluie battante*, and I go all the long of the valley of the Thames until London, by Reding, Maidenhead, Tapelo, Stanes, from where I see all at the far the castle of the great and illustrious QUEEN, and *partout* the sky is grey and he falls of the rain—*ah mon Dieu, quel pays, quel climat!*—and at London also, and at the beyond, until to this that we arrive to Brighton. And there, where *auparavant* I have seen but some rain, he makes fine. *C'est épatant!* After my voyage in railway I hasten myself of to make a little walk by the fine time.

Et voilà, almost the first thing that I see, in going out from the hotel, it is a *saltimbanque*, a singer of the streets, that which you call a "nigger." There is much of them at Brighton, and enough diverting sometimes, not like the horrible organs of the streets, or the vendors of journals who shout frightfully "Ouinnal!" *Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire?* These last at Brighton are insupportable. But the niggers sing on the *plage*, and their music is not so horrible as the interminable noise of the *cafés* at Monte Carlo or at Nice. Eh well, this nigger, who carries a false collar red and white enormously large around of the neck, and a droll of little bonnet, like a pie of pork *galonné* of gold, on the head, regards me with the smile of a buffoon. And all of following, *tout de suite*, he recalls to me MISTER JABBERJEE! *Mille tonnerres!* Immediately I re-enter to the hotel, where I write to you this letter to protest against those injuries, those outrages, so abominable. But be we calm!

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

OUR FAIRY TALES.

(By Special Wire.)

BLUEBEARD.—THE INQUISITIVENESS OF THE LADY.

BY ANTH-NY H-PE.

THE most beautiful lady that ever was seen . . . in her choicest array, looking like a goddess . . . all his relatives constantly mistaken for one another . . . blue Elphberg hair . . . all valiant, noble, bad-tempered, not to be trusted with a woman, and exactly alike . . . at this moment there came through the window that opened on the street the clattering of horses' hoofs . . . their eyes gleamed in the glee of strife . . . having a Dolly dialogue with the Bishop . . . a purse of gold pieces . . . swords . . . danger . . . strife . . . love . . . laughter . . . fear . . . hope . . . lived happily ever after . . .

FATIMA. BY MRS. H-MPHRY W-RD.

FAIR Vandyk creature . . . MARIE ANTOINETTE's diamonds . . . influence for good . . . head held a little stiffly . . . eyes kind and reserved . . . cool, grey dress . . . great pots of wild flowers . . . merry, child-like airs . . . huge bunch of March marigolds . . . beautiful clear look . . . Old Liberals . . . Prime Minister . . . division . . . Government Whip . . . toiling thousands . . . misunderstanding . . . women should leave politics alone . . . unpleasant quarter of an hour . . . do you see anybody coming . . . Conservative brothers . . . just in time . . . Bill past . . . eyes have it . . . reconciliation . . .

"KIDNAPPED." A Chinaman seized in London. Remains at the Legation. Such was one among the sensational "headers" taken with a splash and a dash by several papers last Friday. The rapid reader of headlines, who stops not his running for his reading, would, from the above, have deduced that a Chinaman, seized in London, had been chow-chow'd or chop-chopped up, and his "remains" had been found in the house of the Chinese Legation! Not a bit. All know by now what happened. The heading had simply omitted the pronoun "He" before "remains." "He remains at the Chinese Legation." That's all. Now the SUN is out again.

AN ASSOCIATION WARNED OFF BRITISH WATERS.—The German Press-gang.



HUNTING IN A FOG.

"SEEN THE HOUNDS, MY MAN?" "AYE, SIR. THEY BE IN T'NEXT FIELD. AH CAN HEAR T'HUNTSMAN A-SWEARIN' AT 'EM!"

WHAT WILL NOT BE SAID AT THE GUILDHALL ON THE NINTH.

THE LORD CH-NO-LL-R remarked that the attention of the Public had been recently attracted to the grievances of barristers and solicitors. If outsiders did not understand the difficulties of the situation, it was because they did not comprehend the origin of the argument. The fact was, that both branches of the profession were willing to regard laymen as shells and litigation as the prime cause of the existence of the oyster. Lawyers naturally preferred the bivalve to its covering. So they clamoured for justice with, and not at, all costs.

A distinguished admiral, returning thanks for the Navy, said that the country should recognise the importance of the Senior Service. Patriotism was a most excellent thing, but it would not go very far without pay. An increased fleet meant rapid promotion. So by all means let ships be procured as rapidly as possible, and there would be any number of officers in the senior ranks to commission them. As to the question of procuring the men before the masts that was a matter of detail.

A celebrated general, in responding for the Army, congratulated his colleague upon his very sensible remarks. In these piping days of peace "pace" was of equal importance to efficiency. Anyone could fight, and the British Army had always been equal to the occasion. What the Service really wanted was men who could keep their hunters and enliven garrison society with smart balls and pleasant polo parties. It would never do to have the army flooded with youngsters who could scarcely pay for their uniforms.

The Marquis of S-L-SB-RY thought the present occasion a fitting one for making a clean breast. He entirely agreed with Lord CHARLES BERESFORD as to the propriety of seizing Egypt, and he begged to say that he had already taken steps to carry the proposed plan into immediate effect. However, as it was customary to inform Foreign Powers, in the first instance, of any step of international importance, perhaps the reporters would be so good as to let his statement go no farther. His right hon. friend, Mr. G., had already stigmatised the SULTAN as "the

Great Assassin." That was a good name for him, but what could be done when the Concert of Europe was a sham? He didn't mind telling those present (but he did not want it to go farther) that England has a private understanding with Italy, of which Germany and Austria were to know nothing. As to his nephew, the Leader of the House of Commons, he thought he gave up too much time to golf, and far too little leisure to politics.

Mr. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N was pleased to put in an appearance, as it was always as well to speak when the noble Lord had sat down. He considered himself (and so did many others) the real Boss of the Ministry, or, at any rate, of the House of Commons. He believed in advertisements, but was rather annoyed at the cartoon in last week's *Punch*, which suggested that he had changed his principles now and again. But he had got out of it by saying that he was "inconsistent," which produced—as intended—a laugh. He had confessed at a dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund that he had once sent a joke to *Punch* which had not been inserted. He might now declare that he had not sent this subject for that cartoon—but it had been inserted. This statement, he was happy to see, had produced a laugh—as intended.

The LORD M-Y-R thanked them all very much for drinking his health. However, he was bound to say, that good as were the speeches to which they had just listened, he could have made far better.

Facilis Descensus.

LORD ROSEBERRY says "his information's good";

And so, there is no doubt, are his intentions;

But such "good" things may sometimes pave the road

To—well, a place politeness never mentions.

ECCLESIASTICAL QUERY.—It is all very well now calling him "Dr. TEMPLE," but, when he becomes Archbishop, ought not he to be "Dr. Cathedral"?



THE OLD PILOT TURNED WRECKER.

Ex-Pilot Bismarck. "THINK I TIMED THAT PRETTY WELL. I FANCY I'VE ORIPPLED HER!"



A MODERN SPORTSMAN.

Landowner (who has asked some friends over for a day's shooting). "LOOK HERE, YOU FELLOWS, I SHAN'T SHOOT TO-DAY! JUST HAD THIS LETTER FROM MY DEALER. THE HOUND ONLY OFFERS EIGHTEENPENCE APIECE FOR HARES, AND WON'T BUY MY PARTRIDGES AT ANY PRICE!"

OUR CONDENSED FAIRY TALES.

(By Special Wire.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, OR THE YELLOW DWARF. (BY MAX MEERBOOM.)

BEAUTY young and mere limp,
out-moded frock lilac cotton
dressed worse on week-days than anyone
else on Sundays sisters malaperts
. . . father flutterpate ace up sleeve,
heart on it loaded claret and dice . . .
cheats BEAST of large sum refuses to
leave castle till he gets it cordially
invited to remain indefinitely as guest . . .
ripping castle terraces and lakes . . .
guests pick quarrels and flowers clever
convolvuluses genial geraniums . . .
prudish primroses served by gilded
homuncles BEAST threading his way
through the acacias fair daughter . . .
Cupid's shaft suitor for her hand . . .
non-smoker BEAUTY refuses not
wicked enough "J'ai demandée à
John Lane, et je suis maintenant"
happy thought fifth of November . . .
disguise as Yellow Dwarf tangled ac-
crescency of hair BEAST throws away
his face and reveals his mask capital
fireworks she smiles forgiveness . . .
they dance the cockawhoop vanilla
rusks, dewberry wine, buns, and bliss . . .

To a Bard.

ALTHOUGH "*Poeta nascitur*" in you,
I see no reasons for congratulation,
Your verses I have carefully gone through,
And find they are "*non fit*" for publi-
cation.

A Chance for Spouter, Ranter & Co.

MR. PUNCH begs to announce that his Goose and Turkey Club is now well established. Subscribers are respectfully informed that by the weekly payment of one shilling, they will, by the Ides of March, be provided with a complete outfit wherewith to proceed to Constantinople for the expulsion of the SULTAN. In consideration of the enormous benefit which this country will derive from the expedition, Mr. Punch has reason to believe that the Foreign Enlistment Act will be suspended for the especial benefit of those taking part in it, on condition that *they never return*. Members holding testimonials from Mr. GLADSTONE and Canon MACCOLL will be allowed ten per cent. discount. No Armenians need apply.

"THE Château of Loo," where the two queens were recently staying, sounds uncommonly like a house of cards. Unless "Loo" is short for "LOUISA," and if so, who is the LOUISA at whose château the two queens were staying? By the way, asks the quiet gambler singing—

"Loo! Loo!
I love you!"

is there anywhere about a "Château of Unlimited Loo"?

LATEST TOAST OF THE G-R-M-N EMP-R-R.
—"In this country we will not to our lips raise the ever pernicious champagne of France! Proudly, with the fruitful vineyards of the Fatherland before my enlarged eyes, do I cry Hock! hock! and again, sparkling hock!"

A STRIKE ON THE BOX.

SCENE—A London Street. TIME—During the "strained relations." Driver of Four-wheeler discovered. To him enter Would-be Fare.

Would-be Fare. Hi, cabby! Take me to the Great Western station.

Cabby. Very sorry, Sir, but I am afraid I can't.

Fare. Why not? Are you a stranger? Don't you know the way?

Cabby. Well, Sir, it isn't a public place.

Fare. Not a public place! Why, it's just by Paddington—

Cabby. Yes, Sir, I know the locality. But you see, according to a decision, it isn't a—

Fare. What does it matter to me what the law is? I want to catch the train!

Cabby. Well, Sir, if you will jump in, I will get as close to it as I can.

Fare. All right; departure platform.

Cabby. Very sorry, Sir, but I can't go there. You see, that would be breaking our rules. But I can take you to the Edgeware Road.

Fare. What nonsense! That won't do.

Cabby. Well, Sir, we are only doing it for the benefit of the public. If we boycott the railway stations, the public will benefit by it. I am sure I have your sympathy Sir?

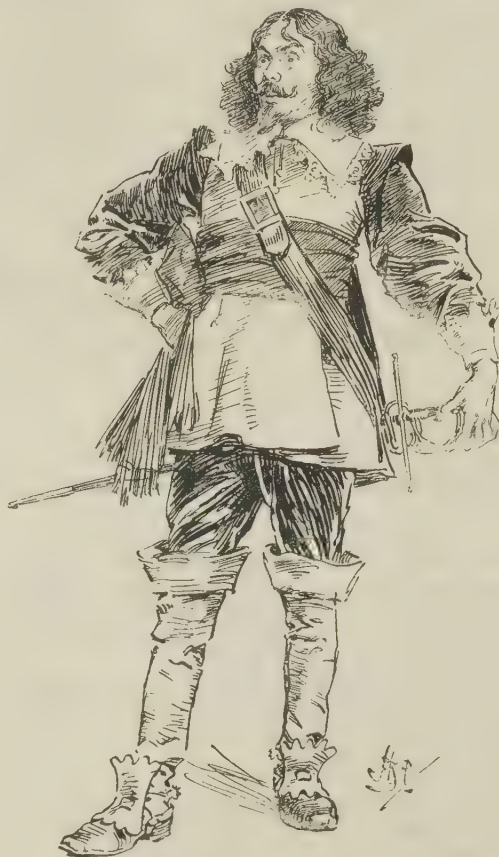
Fare. You may have as much sympathy as you like, but as you can't take me to the station, I shall hail a 'bus! [Does so.]

THE LATEST SENTIMENTAL SONG.—The biker-rôle.

ABOUT THE RED ROBE.

A CHANGE has come over the spirit of Managers, and therefore of Playwrights, as distinguished from Original Dramatists. The Problem Play and the Ibsenitish Woman, the modern fashionable accessories, the whiskies-and-soda drinking, the perpetual cigarette-smoking, the rude repartees of sharp Society folk, all these are temporarily shelved, and the drama comes again before us in its romantic phase with a clean bill of health, so that no longer will the "Young Person" be excluded from the auditorium.

What are the odds against old Drury Lane, after the pantomime carnival is over, returning to the HALLIDAY times of SCOTT's novels dramatised? Nothing more likely, unless DUMAS, or the works of one of the modern Dumas-ings in fiction, be chosen for adaptation. ANTHONY HOPE—anything but a forlorn Hope—GILBERT PARKER, STANLEY WEYMAN, with others, all springing up in the same line and deluging us with cavaliers,



"WHAT'S BECOME OF WARING?"

Robert Browning.

Why, here he is, disguised as Burglar Gil—the newest hero, law-breaker, card-sharper, liar, picklock, duellist, hypocrite, and bungler; but false to the hand that pays him—NEVER!

swash-bucklers, French kings, conquerors and cardinals! Stirring times, too, for the theatrical costumier! Up goes the price of hauberks and "flat King Johns!" Then there are new kingdoms to be opened to the adventurer, such as Ruritania. More work for the costumier and the artistic designer!

And, what a time for the genuine playwright! Not for the original dramatist who invents his own plot; he may get a look in now and again; but the playwright who sees what stuff there is, in a published story, effectively serviceable for dramatic purposes. His is the chance. He has but to read, mark, and send in his card to the author with "gents own materials made up" on it, and if he can but come to terms with the gent in question—they are getting a bit wary, now—the playwright only has to propitiate the manager, and the trick is done. Capitally done, too, is this same trick by Adapter ROSE, who has performed the operation for drama on STANLEY WEYMAN's romance of *Under the Red Robe*. All the plums are here; all the scenes are effective; the plot clear as possible; the "mounting" picturesquely perfect, and the acting as good as it can be. Adapter

ROSE has lost a point in the last act, when the Cardinal and Renée ought most certainly to have had a scene together; and in this last act the dramatic construction is so faulty that the finish is a foregone conclusion full twenty minutes before the curtain drops, and all that while actors and audience are "only puttendin'."

To Mr. HERBERT WARING as *Gil de Berault*, all say, "thou art the man." Mr. VALENTINE's *Richelieu* is striking, and this figure remains in the memory while the others vanish. *Captain Larolle* is a bit of a droll, but is not *le rôle* in which, for his own sake, most of us would have preferred to see Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. Yet is he uncommonly good, and at the last wins the sympathy of the audience. If, in the proposed duel, he were yet a bit more serious, for he is meant to be plucky enough, he would win on his audience still more, and the previous foolishness of the character would be condoned and pardoned. As the nameless lieutenant, Mr. BERNARD GOULD is admirable. He is the rough-and-ready soldier of duty and honour, straightforward, with heart in right place. What a *Marcel* in *The Huguenots* would not Mr. BERNARD GOULD make! Such a *Marcel* would be worth his weight in Gould.

As *Renée*, Miss WINIFRED EMERY is charming, and the shades of sudden changes of temper, in hating yet fondly loving, doubting yet doting, are clearly defined by the actress, who carries the audience with her throughout. Miss EVA MOORE is nice, and sufficiently frightened. *Clon*, the dummy, a necessary evil, is a very difficult part carefully played by Mr. HOLMAN CLARK. The scenery is excellent. But, for exceptional effect, that of the Great Gallery in the Cardinal's Palace, painted by Mr. HARKER, is the best thing of the sort since the great scene in *The Cup* at the Lyceum. Everybody congratulates Messrs FREDERICK HARRISON and CYRIL MAUDE on this most successful commencement of their enterprise at the Theatre Royal Haymarket.

The Lay of a Decorative Monarch.

[Before leaving Darmstadt the CZAR distributed many Russian decorations.]

A RIBBON here, a medal there,
The Hessians cry "*Nach gut!*"
But to Berlin I send with care
The Order of the Boot!

At the Zoo.

Little Chris (who has just seen the pelicans for the first time).
Oh, mamma, come and look at these funny birds with fish-baskets on their necks!

THE Temperance League, whereof the Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury is President, is said to have under consideration the proposition for changing its title to that of the Temperance League. The objection to this is that it sounds as though the suggestion had been made after a vinous dinner in the ward of Portsoken.

At Brighton.

She. They don't allow anybody on the Chain Pier, now, do they?
He. No. It's the chained pier, now.

WHAT NEXT?—Mr. ELGAR's new cantata having been successful at the North Staffordshire Musical Festival, *King Olaf* will probably be followed by *Queen O'Smile*.

HOORAY! NO LACK OF WATER IN FUTURE.—WELLS will be used for the suppression of all fires in the Metropolis. May ne never run dry!

A SURE SIGN OF AUTUMN.—The fur trade is now in full swing. For explanation, see police-court reports and latin dictionary.

APPROPRIATE FOOTBALL FIXTURE FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—A match against Guy's.

EVER-DEVOTED TURTLE-DOVES.—The Aldermen of the City of London.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVY-TATION.—A joint on the spit.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

EDIMBOURG.

DEAR MISTER,—Until here I have forgotten of to send to you my notes on the "north grey metropolis," that I visited at the month of July. I regret him much. However, I may say, "Better too late than never." It is true that the Scottish say that their country is not comprised in the England, but for we other French it is the same thing.

The first thing that a voyager of to-day sees in a town is not, as other times, the gates, the principal streets, and perhaps some of the monuments, from the imperial or from the cut of the diligence, but the station of the railway. And *partout* the stations are some edifices enough hideous. In effect I think that more the town is beautiful, more the station is horrible. By example, at Venice! But of all the stations that I have ever seen, the station of Waverley at Edimbourg is absolutely, and without any doubt, the most hideous, the most horrible, and the most inconvenient. Not only that, she is situated *au beau milieu*, at the beautiful middle—and in this case *beau* is not only an augmentative, but expresses also the beauty—of a city whose site is truly remarkable. And not only that, the station is actually since longtime in state of reconstruction, and there is so little of progress in the works that they have the air of never to be finished. One descends from the train, and immediately one finds a chaos of planks, of poles, and of scaffolding, and naturally between them some *étangs*, some pools, without number, because the provisory roofs admit the rain who falls so often. The voyager falls also. There is no more of quay, nor of office, nor of room of wait, nothing but some miserable sheds, at some enormous distances one from the other, almost some *kilomètres*, which he must to traverse *à pas de course*, at step of course, in leaping by above the planks, the poles, and the pools—a veritable "steplechase." And all that in following a scottish factor, *facteur*, who speaks not english! *C'est assommant!*

Eh well, I arrive to this charming station, and when I have enough admired her, I go to one of the hotels in the Prince Street. I leave my baggages, and, the rain having ceased, I make a little promenade the long of the street. Truly she is admirable, as street, resembling a little to the Rue de Rivoli, houses of one side, gardens of the other, but much more picturesque. The blow of the eye of the castle on the rock is superb, and the gardens are charming. But all is spoilt by the horrible railway in the valley. *Quel dommage*, what damage!

After the dinner at the hotel—*pas grand'chose en effet*, not great thing in effect—I walk myself of new, and I seek some divertissement for the evening. *Pas de café*, not of coffee, not of music, not of promenade, nothing! In fine I arrive to a "music hall." *A la bonne heure!* See there the place for to study the music of the Scottish, the "bagpips." I enter immediately and I rest some time. Figure to yourself, Mister *Punch*, that there, in the principal hall of music of the scottish metropolis, one finds absolutely not one sole "bagpip"! The orchestra, the songs, the music, the assistance, are precisely as in England—perhaps a little more sad, if that can himself. All desolated and fatigued I return to the hotel, and I couch myself. For to sleep? I hope it. *Attendez!*

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

SHOWS IN ACTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—*Monte Cristo*, the new ballet founded upon DUMAS' romance, is a distinct success at the Empire. It is true that about two-thirds (or even three-fourths, or perhaps nine-tenths) of it is spectacle, and the remainder story. But for all that, the plot is the guinea stamp and the dancing is the entertainment (as BURNS would say), "for all that and all that." However, as one triumph makes many, another production on the same lines may be confidently expected before the close of the present century. If there is any difficulty about a *scenario*, I can give one. How would this do?

THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

(Founded upon the celebrated Story by Alexandre Dumas, Père.)

The three soldiers meet. They go to sleep and dream a dream. *Dream*.—Grand French ballet. Dance of early Normans. Bretonne *Pas de Quatre*. Parade of the Empire, with dresses of the period. The armies of France past and present. Military manoeuvres. Knights in silver and gold armour. Musketeers. Comic *pas seul* by Mr. WILL BISHOP as *D'Artagnan*. The soldiers of to-day. Reception of the CZAR in Paris. Grand finale with electric lights.



ON THE NINTH.

Freddy. "AND DO THEY HAVE A NEW LORD MAYOR EVERY YEAR, MUMMIE?"
Mother. "YES, DEAR."

Freddy. "THEN WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THE OLD LORD MAYORS WHEN THEY'VE DONE WITH 'EM?"

The three musketeers awake. They express surprise at the magnificence of the tableau. Curtain.

There, that would do nicely. I feel sure that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, with the aid of Madame KATTI LANNER and talented assistants, could do wonders with such a theme. Let him try when the attractive powers of *Monte Cristo* are exhausted.

And now, Mr. *Punch*, allow me to subscribe my name

Yours, well pleased,

TERPSICHORE.

NEW MUZZLING ORDER.

By P.C. *Punch*.

Notice.—Since faction much the public fogs,
If there's not silence soon among our shouters,
We'll have to take the muzzles off our dogs,
And clap them on our noisy party spouters.

SLIGHT CORRECTION.—"You must march with the times," observed the eloquent Mr. DICKENS, Q.C., when trying to obtain a license for a promenade at a music hall. Excellent argument, only, when he repeats it next year, for "march" let him substitute "promenade," and there he is!

A BROADWAY INDEED!—That promenade must be an uncommonly wide one when processions of men "from all walks of life" were able to march along it during recent election excitement in the States.

RIVER MEM.—The inhabitants of Putney are clamouring for a lock. Mr. *Punch* wishes them all success, but begs to point out that a new quay is also badly needed.



FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.

Algernon Cozcombe. "OH, I KNOW THE MAN WELL—A CAPABLE FELLOW, BUT, IN MY OPINION, AN INVETERATE EGOIST."

Miss Pinkney. "DO YOU DISTINGUISH THEN BETWEEN AN EGOIST AND AN EGOTIST?"

A. C. "UNDOUBTEDLY. THE DISTINCTION IS SUTLE, BUT WELL MARKED——"

Miss P. "THEN WHICH ARE YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN you see before you an attractive-looking volume, brought out by the combined efforts of Messrs. HODDER and STOUGHTON, as though STOUGHTON couldn't have ventured upon such a proceeding without HODDER, or any Hodder man, nor HODDER, which, of course, is hodder still, without the assistance of STOUGHTON, and when you see that the author of the book in question is Mr. H. W. LUCY, our TOBY, or, we may boldly assert, the TOBY, without whom in the Gallery no Parliament is perfect, you will settle yourself down in an easy chair, giving yourself as much time as possible for the perusal of what apparently is a novel in one volume, entitled, *The Miller's Niece*, but which turns out to be a volume of tales ("Toby's Tales"—an excellent title!) writ by the accomplished raconteur aforesaid. *The Miller's Niece* is the first of these stories, told with such graphic touches when dealing with mere accessories, as forcibly to remind you of DICKENS at his lightest and best. The dramatic situation in *The Miller's Niece* is akin to that in the Erckmann-Chatrian story of "Le Juif Polonais." Mathias, in the latter, is hypnotised, and rehearses his crime in action; in this, the Miller, walking in his sleep, does precisely the same thing. It may occur to some that the story would have been more perfect had it not been completed. But—quite good enough as it is. The story of the Colonel is charming. The Baron's only regret is, that this rough-and-ready "true grit" man should ever have been presented at Court, and should have so far been influenced by snobbism as to belittle his dear niece Kitty's hand by a flunkeyish comparison. One of the best is "From the Chapel Roof." If after the exertions of the day you have only a short time left you before dressing for dinner, read the last-named story, and tell it to your convives as your own experience.

The Temple Shakspeare is now completed by the publication of the sonnets. There is no better small edition of the Divine WILLIAM's entire works, plays, poems, and sonnets, with erudite prefaces, practical glossaries, and most useful notes, than is issued by Messrs. DENT & Co., Aldine House, availing themselves of the "Cambridge" edition, by kind permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN and W. ALDIS WRIGHT. The Shakspearian

student can easily pocket any two of them, honestly, of course, carrying them with less discomfort than he would a small cigar-case or note-book, and during his travels he will have in his pocket two delightful travelling-companions, ever ready to converse with him when others are silent, always instructive, ever suggestive, never for one second dull. "A most convenient and invaluable series," quoth the Baron.

A more picturesque, dramatically-tragic, that is, as far as concerns the first part of the story, and altogether more absorbingly interesting novel than *Taquisara* it would be difficult to find, even among the works of its author, Mr. MARION CRAWFORD. He is thoroughly at home in Italy; he knows it and its society, from the highest to the lowest, better than CHARLES LEVER knew Ireland, and as well as CARLETON knew Irish peasant life. The author has created a charming heroine, the *Princess Veronica*. The portrait sketch of *Cardinal Campodonico* is admirable. The journey of the Princess by rail and road, and the sketches of the peasantry, are rare examples of picturesque descriptive-writing. The reader feels it to be the work of a truthful, simple, and sympathetic writer. There is a strangely powerful scene of death and marriage; but how all ends, whether happily or not, it is not for me to reveal; it is for the reader to discover. Only one question arises, and that is of fact. But probably Mr. MARION CRAWFORD has consulted the highest authorities, and has satisfied his own literary conscience. If "the essence of marriage is consent," with or without witnesses, with or without ecclesiastical benediction, then what becomes of the difficulty he has imagined? Thus: A. and B. agree to be married. If A., meaning to marry B., accidentally takes C.'s hand, while a third party, priest or layman, pronounces the words of union, surely A. is not married to C.? However, apart from this, the novel, published by Messrs. MACMILLAN, is delightful, and its perusal is a real recreation. At least, so thinks and says THE BARON DE B.-W.

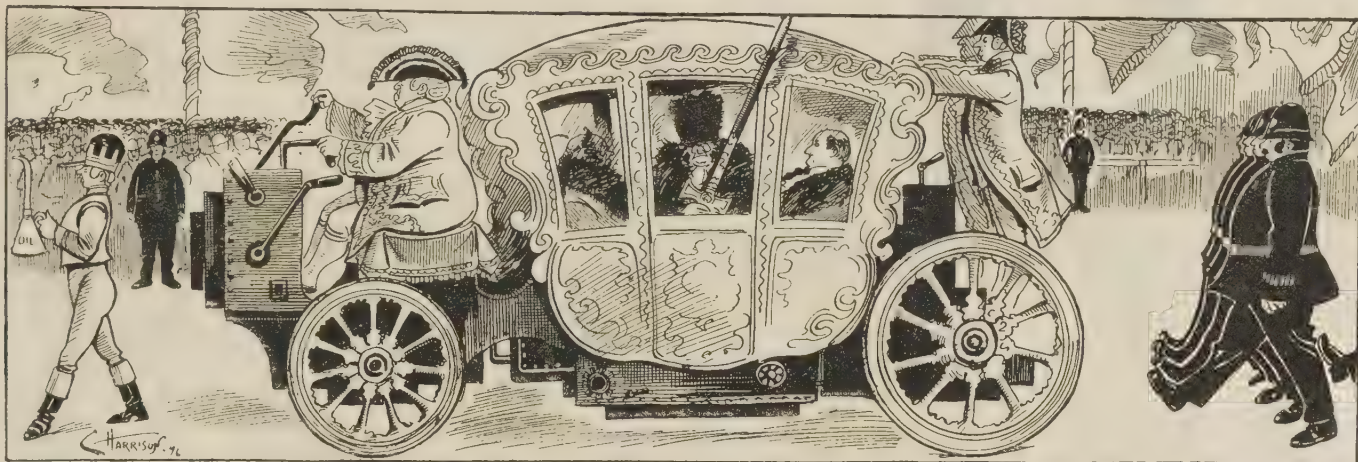
NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (again bailed out).—The French authorities have released TYNAN, and they would also like to re-lease their Government to the people for an indefinite period. St. Petersburg and Moscow papers please copy.



COLUMBIA'S CHOICE.

COLUMBIA (*to* PRESIDENT MCKINLEY). "AH, YOU ARE THE MAN FOR ME!"

SHADE OF WASHINGTON. "I CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR! 'SOUND MONEY' IS THE BEST POLICY!"



WE HOPE IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO SUGGEST A MOTOR LORD MAYOR'S CARRIAGE FOR THE NINTH.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE "GUY FAWKES GAZETTE."

THE cycling mania having now taken firm hold of the fashionable world of guys, it is expected that there will be a large meet on the 5th at Hampstead Heath, when many effigies of light and leading will be mounted on boneshakers of the most elegant and combustible description.

GUYS, don't forget to light up at 5.40 P.M. next Thursday! Prove yourselves worthy of the noble name of "scorcher," and let us have a record demonstration. Quit you like men of straw, and explode for all you are worth! England, or, at any rate, the juvenile population of it, expects that every guy this day will do his duty.

GREAT anticipations are being entertained of the forthcoming procession of auto-guys on their motor cars. Fancy or court dress will be worn, and it is recommended that, for the sake of uniformity, the participants shall each adopt the regulation cocked hat, with or without feathers, and a sword of lath. There will be a light collation of squibs at the start, and the run to Clapham Common will be accompanied with crackers and catharine-wheels.

I HEAR that the carnival and masked ball to be given this year at Lewes will be unusually brilliant. All the prominent county magnates have promised to be present in effigy, and they are looking forward to quite a warm reception. There will be several interesting *débutantes*, who, I am told, will completely dazzle all beholders.

No guy of any pretensions to taste and breeding should omit a visit to Mr. FAWKES, the costumier, of Rag Fair. He has an extensive assortment of well-ventilated costumes and outfits, and is really unrivalled in the delicate art of figure-padding. With a broomstick and a bundle of old newspapers he will work wonders with the most hopeless case.

THE open-air palanquin is the mode just about this time. It consists of a kitchen chair, which need not have any bottom, slung on two poles. The occupant is then securely tied on, and the whole turn-out presents a striking appearance. Possibly guys of a retiring nature might ob-

ject to the crowd of admirers which this form of conveyance invariably attracts, but I fancy most effigies are accustomed to the glare of publicity, and would, I think, be disappointed with a longer, but more humdrum, career.

It is not improbable that the Sultan of TURKEY, amongst other celebrities, will



"Turkish Delight!"

be represented at this year's festivities, as his Majesty has now achieved a high degree of popularity in guy circles, and no re-union is considered to be complete without him.

THE CAB STRIKE.

Cabby sings:—

STRIKE, strike, strike!—
I'm forced to go out, yer see;
But I would that my tongue might utter
The oaths that arise in me.
Oh, well for the omnibus cad,
That he shouts "Bank, Bank," all day!
'Tis well for the tram-car lad,
As he climbs to the roof for pay!
And the privileged cabs go on
To St. Pancras or Ludgate Hill;—
But, oh, for the crack of my unused whip!
And the sound of my wheels that are still!

Strike, strike, strike!—
But there's one thing that strikes ME,
That there isn't nothing to strike about,
And the game is all UP.

WHERE THE CORN PINCHES.—Now, at the baker's shop.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Jilted Lover at Folkestone vents his feelings on the first day of the week.

On Sunday morning, smartly dressed,
You join the *frou-frou* on the Lees;
Your little sins are all confessed,
Your mind must surely be at ease!
I wonder if, when gained your shirt,
You vows for better conduct made,
Or into worldliness redrift,
On Church Parade?

Sackcloth and ash are not for you,
Nor mortifying of the flesh;
Your hat is decked with peacock blue,
Your rosy tints are pure and fresh;
Your varnished boots, your curling fringe,
Reveal the prowess of your maid;
Of conscience you have not a twinge
On Church Parade!

The sermon may your soul have vexed
With dreary diatribes, and yet
I'll bet you do not know the text,
The preacher's moral quite forgot!
Denunciation of the world
You listened to all undismay'd,
But longed upon your cushion curled
For Church Parade!

Sun-kissed, you scarcely look upon
That glittering wild of tossing wave,
But in your heart give *pro* and *con*.
Of how to make another slave.
That dapper captain from the camp
Falls to the ambush deftly laid;
An aide-de-camp he now must tramp
On Church Parade!

On me your glances do not waste,
Too well I know those cruel eyes
That welcome with such ardent haste
Each victim as he loves and dies!
One time I paid you constant court,
But now I call a spade a spade.
I wish you'll know none other sort
Of Church Parade!

At the Paper-Chase.

Master (to most energetic hound, who has suddenly tailed off). My dear fellow, what's the matter?

Hound (exhibiting torn paper). Only this, that among the scent I have found the remains of a very private letter which I wrote last night to the sister of one of the hares. [Left disconsolate.]



THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF GUYS, SUITED TO ALL POLITICAL TASTES—SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND MANUFACTURED—MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO OUR ARTIST. APPLY EARLY!

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

(Being some Letters from Mr. Roundabout to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. I.—OF RELATIONS—OF CAMBRIDGE IN OCTOBER—OF YOUTH AND AGE—OF BEDMAKERS AND GYPS.

MY DEAR JACK,—I promised to write to you as soon as I got back to London, and here is the letter. I noticed that, when I spoke of writing with such haste, you looked at me with some curiosity. Naturally, you wondered what more I could have to say to you after we had spent the best part of three days together in Cambridge, and after I had, as it must have seemed to you, exhausted all that even a prosy uncle can have to say to a nephew just embarked upon his freshman's voyage. But honestly, JACK, I think you will find when you cast back in your memory that, though we talked a great deal, I did not speak much of the place, nor did I try to depress your bubbling spirits with any weight of avuncular advice. I did, indeed, ask you to remember that you were a ROUNDAABOUT, and that in all things that concerned the bearing of a man you could have no better guide and example than your memory of your father, one of the best and staunchest as he was one of the truest and most loyal men that ever lived. He was my brother, and I loved him. That sounds a simple and a natural thing to say—but is it so? Is it not too often the case that such a relationship—and, in truth, almost any relationship, save that between child and parent—is a barrier rather than a link? Courtesy and tolerance there may be, but affection is a different matter. However, all that is not to the point. What I wanted to say was this: When I was with you in that dear old town I meant to talk to you—my heart was full, but the thoughts were ill-defined, and the words would not come. Don't tear up this letter under the impression that it's going to be what we used to call a "pi-jaw." It isn't; but the sight of Cambridge once more, and in your company, affected me strangely, and, in short, I want to write to you, my dear boy, and free my heart.

I was glad to go with you, and to see you make your start. It refreshes an old chap to plunge into that sea of young faces, to hear the old familiar sounds, the footsteps hurrying across the court at night, the bells ringing to hall or chapel—you carp at the bells, now, no doubt, but you don't know how instantly and vividly they brought back a troop of old delightful associations to me. It was as if a curtain had been drawn, and the inexorable years had rolled back, and I wandered, a freshman

once more, and with all the proud awe of a freshman, through these ancient sacred haunts. Every bell told its story and brought back a well-known face till the court was peopled again with my friends, and the tumble-down staircases resounded to their calls. Across the gulf of years I heard them plainly, and for a moment I lived again the old gay, free, enchanted life as though nothing had been changed, and fate had not scattered us all irrevocably to the four winds of heaven. We were much the same, I take it, as you and your fellows are now—more prim, it may be, in our costume, less addicted to cloth caps, but in all essentials, in our spirits, our manners, and in our youth we must have been as you are. And yet, till I saw you all in chapel that evening, I never realised how gloriously young we were in spite of the emphatic manhood which we had assumed with our caps and gowns. As you and I came from chapel, a half mist lay wrapped round the court and its grey pinnacles and towers, and the lights twinkled away into the distance while the throng of youngsters moved along. That was Cambridge in October. They may talk as they like about the May Term, when the days grow long and the skies are clear, and the avenues are rich in the freshness of their leaves, but to me Cambridge in the October Term is the real Cambridge. Then better than at any other time, in those long evenings when the darkness comes down and blurs the outlines, or when the moon lays a soft and hazy light on the gateways and lawns and fountains, you seem to get that impression of vague mystery that lingers about old buildings, the feeling of hoary and venerable tradition renewed by abounding youth, of tottering age refreshed by strenuous life and vigour. That is the Cambridge of my dreams, and that to me is the real Cambridge.

And what, after all, are thirty years? To you looking forward their length seems infinite, incalculable. You think that when you shall have accomplished them you will be a broken-down old fellow, with all your joy, your keenness, your exuberance thrust away into the past, with only a few melancholy years still left to you for the living of a grooved and humdrum existence. But to me, as I look back to my freshman's day, they seem as a wind that has blown and touched my cheek in passing, and life still seems full and fresh and delightful. We realise advancing age by starts and surprises. A twinge in the back, a stiffness in the knee-joint—what are these? A spin in an outrigger, a bout with the foils will soon chase them. But they are not chased so easily, and in the morning, when you stand at your looking-glass confessional, and do penance with your



Rector. "Now, WHAT YOU WANT, MY GOOD MAN, IS OXYGEN, PLENTY OF OXYGEN."
 Giles (brightening up). "Law now, is it, SIR? AN' THANKYE KINDLY. I CAN'T SAY AS I EVER TASTED THAT SORT O' GIN, BUT I'LL ASK FOR IT OVER TO THE 'THREE TUNS.'"

razor, you may notice a gray patch or so where formerly all was black or brown, and the little network of lines that many years of repeated smiles have stamped about your eyes. And the youngsters treat you with a deference that is almost disagreeable, though you would think them unmannerly if they abandoned it. You are no longer slapped heartily on the back, your ribs receive no more familiar digs, and you marvel as you watch two of your nephew's friends chasing and tripping, and disarranging and battering one another, with shouts of laughter as though nothing in the whole world could be so amusing as to bruise or be bruised by a familiar friend. Still, we are not old—shall we ever be?—and when we meet together, as we sometimes do, at festivals and celebrations, we are apt to say, with OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out without making a noise.

If you are not acquainted with the works of this kind and friendly American, get them at once and read them. You will find in them a truer refreshment and a serener wisdom than in all the ponderous volumes of the philosophers. And here let me observe, by way of parenthesis, that when I was in Cambridge, I saw my old bedmaker and my gyp. My dear JACK, bedmakers and gyps never grow older. Something there must be in their occupations that keeps them immovably fixed at a certain point of life. These two familiar faces were not altered by a single line from my memory of them. Mrs. WRIGLEY's well-worn shawl hung on its accustomed nail, the same shawl, to all outward appearance, that used always to stray mysteriously into coal-boxes or cupboards. Her voice was the same. She came to greet me, bearing the same old tin dish-cover in one hand, and the same piece of cracked crockery in the other, and she still complained that Cambridge was not what it used to be, and that two brass fardens would cover all that was spent daily in food upon her staircase. She will never change and never die. Someday she will cease to be. A company of ghostly bedmakers will come on an evening when her work is done and

spirit her away to a place where there are no tables to be laid and no beds to be made, and where there are no tradesmen's boys to offer her any impudent suggestions.

Good-bye, my dear boy. Your affectionate uncle,
 ROBERT ROUNDABOUT.

A Word to Wrangling Leaders.

It is not much use to sneer or to hiss,
 It is foolish and futile to froth and foam!
 And were it not well—at a time like this—
 To wash dirty (party) linen at home?

ILLOGICAL CONDEMNATION.—Experiments with the Zalinski pneumatic gun were recently tried at Milford Haven, which is a haven all very nice for Cymbeline's Imogen, but not for a quiet visitor when gun practising is going on, and the result was that the Zalinski gun made only one hit out of seventeen rounds. So, observed a naval correspondent in the *Globe*, "the gun cannot be considered a success." Ahem! But suppose Mr. WINKLE SNODGRASS ZALINSKI, out with a shooting party, nit only one partridge in seventeen shots, would every one at once declare that the fault lay with the weapon, and not with Mr. WINKLE SNODGRASS ZALINSKI? Of course, ZALINSKI himself would say so, just as Mr. WINKLE, not shooting, remarked about his skates. Probably the gun is not a success, but this decision is not to be arrived at by the reasoning aforesaid.

FRESH WATER AND NEW NAME.—Works to purify the River Ure were recently inaugurated by Lord RIPON, Marquis and Mayor. It is to be hoped that they are of those "good works" which do not go unrewarded. And when the river purified shall begin to run afresh its new course, let its name be changed to what sounds ordinarily like a *tu-quoque* retort, and be called "Ure Another," which it will be, quite another.



THE LANGUAGE OF SPORT.

"WHERE THE——! WHAT THE——! WHO THE——!!! WHY THE——!!!!"

DARBY JONES ON TURF MATTERS.

HONOURED SIR,—You and your readers must now, indeed, be callous as to the upheaval in the price of cereals. While believing that the ever-resourceful TOM CANNON might fire an unexpected shot at the last moment, I nevertheless boldly proclaimed the probable victory of *Winkfield's Pride* in the Cambridgeshire. And of course it came off, as easily as does the gold foil of a champagne flask at the hands of an expert. Nevertheless, I frankly confess that I was fairly puzzled by the way in which MR. J. C. SULLIVAN's chestnut colt was knocked about (metaphorically) a few days before the contest. With tears of anguish I remember that on the previous Friday I twice refused to take £1,000 to £5 about the Irishman's chance! Think of that, honoured Sir! By my egregious weakness with regard to my own powers of divination, I have probably deprived myself of a glorious Winter of Content. Not but that sundry shekels have been added to the wallet which I carry in my pistol pocket, but I missed the *grand coup*. the Austerlitz or Waterloo of the racing campaign, owing to the plausible pleading of a "Fly-flat." No more pitiable creature exists than this. He is, to borrow a simile from the Wizard of the North, the *Dugald Dalgetty* of modern chivalry. Always thinking that he knows better than anyone else, and but too eager

to take advantage of the failings of others, he is invariably captured and stripped of all his possessions before he is well aware of the fact. And yet by such a Braggart, who professed to know a Stable Secret, an Old Campaigner was induced to abstain from raking in the plunder, which none-too-kind Fortune had again placed at his disposal. I therefore implore all noblemen and gentlemen to take warning by my woeful example, and avoid the "Fly-flat" as they would immature whiskey, or tickets in a Hamburg lottery. He is pretty easy to recognise, and must on no account be mistaken for "One of the Boys," or that candidate for a *paulo-post-futurum* workhouse, the harmless, but perhaps necessary, "Mug." The "Fly-flat" is not only dangerous to himself, but his existence is inimical to others. That I should have been entrapped by his specious birdlime proves that even a Solon might be deceived by oaths, considerably more voracious in quality than those employed in her Majesty's Courts of Equity and Justice. Yes, Sir, even the most knowing birds are occasionally "twigged." For instance, MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY, after despatching large fields of silken jackets with faultless celerity, had to return home on the Cambridgeshire day minus his well-appointed, and, I doubt not, well-lined, overcoat.

Newmarket is, I take it, the Metropolis of the racing world, and the Jockey Club

must be the equine Houses of Lords and Commons rolled into one, while always in the Birdcage flit hither and thither the most radiantly-clad bipeds that ever delighted the eyeballs of man. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the Jockey Club, Monarchs and Masters of all they survey, resemble that old lady who, on arriving at forked roads, was undecided as to her course of travel. Either the Jockey Club wants to keep its meetings Select, and available only for the Honoured Few who form Upper-Ten Society, or else it desires to attract to the Heath the Many who are not slow to repay Considerate Hospitality with £ s. d. If the former be the object of the Club, it is as successful as were the Japanese ironclads in the late far Eastern war. If the latter, I, with all humility, aver that the Stewards go the wrong way to work.

I believe that the eminent firm of BERTRAM cater for the unseen, but always craving, inner man, both at Newmarket and Kempton Park. I will guarantee that were Messrs. JOHN and WILLIAM examined before a Select Committee of Turfites, they could point out the horrible gulf of non-accommodation which is placed between the Jockey Club Show at Newmarket and that so sagaciously governed by MR. S. H. HYDE from his Elizabethan Castle by the Thames. Indeed, honoured Sir, I fancy that you yourself might give valuable testimony, for, if my waning eyesight did not deceive me, I could swear that an aristocratic gentleman who lighted his choice Havana with a five-pound note after the victory of *Vesuvian* in the Dewhurst Plate, was none other than *mon rédacteur princier*. My knowledge of the Gallic tongue is, I may add, mainly derived from a French marquis, who stood to win £20,000 over *Omnium II.*, and borrowed the cash necessary for the return journey to his native land from

Your trustful adherent,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Next week I shall have Something on Toast for you and yours. There should be many a Christmas Turkey in my information. Was that indeed you, honoured Sir?

[We hasten to resent DARBY JONES's insinuation. In the first place, we were not at Newmarket, but at the Foreign—never mind. Secondly, we could not be guilty of such asinine conduct as that described. The individual referred to must have been D. J.'s friend, the "Fly-flat."—ED.]

Chorus for the New Anti-Jingoism.

WE used to back the Turk,
But we're weary of *that* work,
Our old policy is shifting as an opal.
We'll skedaddle from the Nile,
Just to make the Frenchmen smile,
And the Russians now may take Con-stanti-no-ple!

BRAVO, SYDENHAM!—The Directors of the Crystal Palace announce that next year all their efforts will be devoted to the celebration of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. The splendid building is, without doubt, the best conservatory of HER MAJESTY's good deeds, which have never ceased to blossom since the exhibition of 1851 proved how foolish it was for foreigners to throw stones at our great national glass house.

THE REASON WHY WE HAVE HAD SO MUCH WET WEATHER.—Because the SUN was locked up at the Chinese Embassy.



UNGRATEFUL.

The Pride of the Hunt (to Smith, who, for the last ten minutes, has been gallantly struggling with obstinate gate). "MR. SMITH, IF YOU REALLY CAN'T OPEN THAT GATE, PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY MOVE OUT OF THE WAY, AND ALLOW ME TO JUMP IT!"

THE TWO PRESIDENTS.

[A friend of Mr. McKINLEY says that he disregards "artistic and intellectual interests."
Daily Graphic, October 30.]

McKINLEY has no love for art—
Such trifles are not in his way—
Unlike the President we start,
The painter POYNTER, P.R.A.

Bimetallism is a quite
Entrancing study, some men say;
It's intricacies may delight
McKINLEY of the U.S.A.

But raise this country's taste till we
Raise no more monuments—or stay,
Raze some as bad as bad can be—
Oh, painter POYNTER, P.R.A.!

The London statues, as a whole,
Might make the gravest Goldite gay,
And stir that inartistic soul,
McKINLEY of the U.S.A.

Of paintings, too, there are complaints,
But into these we need not stray,
Because he personally paints,
Does painter POYNTER, P.R.A.

The figure nude, the figure clad,
The figure clerical or lay;
The frightful modern dress, as bad
With us as in the U.S.A.

All these he might improve, no doubt,
And try to sweep bad taste away;
If so, he'd find his work cut out,
Would painter POYNTER, P.R.A.

A GREAT CHANCE.

THIS from the advertising columns of the *Morning Post*:—

GRASS.—Any Lady or Gentleman wishing a quiet turn out for winter months; 40 acres run, abundance of grass, water; nice loose boxes to run into if wet; terms, with every attention, 4s. per week; dealers ignored.

What an opportunity a lady or gentleman wearied by London summer season, unwilling to face the "festive" season of Christmas, and only asking for plenty of space ("40 acres") for exercise when fine, and a loose box to run into when it rains. "Abundance of grass," too. Wouldn't this be the very thing for a "Grass Widow"?

At Melton.

First Sportsman. That crock of yours seems to be a bit of a songster.

Second Sportsman. Yes; he has always been like that since I lent him to a well-known English tenor.

First Sportsman (drily). You should have taken him in exchange.

HULLO, BOYS, HULLO!—There is but one President, and *Punch* was his prophet. *Vide* our congratulatory cartoon last week announcing the election before the news was received here.

THE WALKYRIE COLLECTION.

WALKER, like Christmas, comes but once a year, with his Christmas books, pocket-books, and diaries. The printed descriptions of these pocket-books (which are all pocketable, that is, after legitimate purchase, when they become presentable), are sometimes magnificent, often interesting, and occasionally touching. Thus how spacious must be the Imperial Pocket, which can hold "Russia," and, next in size, "Morocco." How strong could be the interest that every admirer of such books as *Alice in Wonderland* or of *Sandford and Merton* would take in ordering a specimen of "Polished Crocodile." How the tender-hearted would willingly expend six shillings in comforting "Crushed Morocco." That "Cloth limp" should be set down as "Fast" conveys a moral. The notice that "Diaries are Renewable" seems to be an offer made, perhaps on advantageous terms, by Destiny to the mortal purchaser. From experience, *Mr. Punch* praises the Walkerie Pencils. *Mr. Punch* has ere now described them as the handiest of the handy, and he may now add, that as "handy" they "take the palm."

PRESIDENTIAL.—The Silverites in the United States are now known as the Silver-wrongs.



PUTTING HIM IN POSITION.

A long way after his own picture of "Israel in Egypt," 1867.

[E. J. POYNTER, R.A., was elected President of the Royal Academy, Wednesday, November 4.]

AN IMPERIAL PROGRAMME.

It is understood that the Council of the Imperial Institute are taking measures to prevent a repetition of recent "Conglomerate" proceedings. A series of twelve lectures is contemplated, which it is hoped will at once restore confidence and replenish the coffers of the Institute. The subjects and the lecturers in the following syllabus, which has not yet been finally approved, are quite above suspicion:—

"Sound and Colour"	The Moore and Burgess Minstrels.
"Popular Anatomy"	Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.
"Centrifugal Force and the Properties of the Circle"	LORD GEORGE SANGER.
"The War of the League"	Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, M.P.
"Physiognomy of the Facial Angle"	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
"Moral Philosophy"	Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.
"The Ascent of Man"	Mr. Steeplejack HARRISON.
"The Descent of Man"	Professor BALDWIN.
"The Transfer of Property"	Mr. WILLIAM SYKES.
"The Eye and all about it"	Dr. ELIZABETH MARTIN.
"French without a Master"	M. VILLEMESSANT, of the <i>Figaro</i> .
"Summers in the Vineyards of South Kensington"	Sir SOMERS VINE.

A Cat-astrophe at Hamburg.

It is not generally known that, in addition to his love for boardhounds, Prince B-sm-rck is an ardent admirer of the feline race. The other day at Hamburg he loosed a splendid Russian-German cat from his bag, which caused great wonder in all European menageries. It was originally an unsuspected member of the Triple Happy Family, which Prince B. formerly managed, but its presence was wholly unsuspected by the Austrian Eagle and the Italian Buffalo. It is believed, moreover, that the great showman has several other equally startling specimens of kindred race, but he sincerely regrets that he has no Anglo-Teutonic freak in his collection. At least one Imperial authority inclines to the idea that Prince B. is afflicted with *Katzen-jammer*, and wishes that he would retire to Heligoland.

THE LOFTIEST BALL-PLAY KNOWN.—That of Sir ROBERT BALL, who is constantly landing himself among the stars.



Bad Little Boy. "YOU TELL YOUR BROTHER! AN' I'LL BREAK EVERY PANE O' GLASS IN YOUR FACE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Reviewer of Books is disturbed in his sanctum by a request from a Literary Young Woman, who perpetrates fiction.

WHERE sparrows build I have my nest,
High on the topmost floor.
The very place for work and rest,
With close and "sported" door.
What matter if the street boy yell
"The winner!" Here his voice
Can scarcely reach. Mid asphodel
I could not more rejoice.

A tranquil air my books surround,
Friends that can never fail
To rouse, refresh, make pleasant sound
In words that never pale!
For speech is theirs, loud to the ears
As if they spoke indeed!
The solace of a lifetime's years
They bring to those who read.

Brave classic HORACE, minstrel king,
Flushed with Falernian wine,
Shall now his deathless ballads sing
With music-words divine!
Let VIRGIL meet the grand old Greek
Who told the tale of Troy,
And I, amid the great antique,
Become again a boy!

Let SHAKESPEARE supplement the feast,
And HAZLITT's subtle pen,
TRELAWNEY from the glowing east,
Make bright my dingy den!
And shall my SCOTT neglected be,
Or shunned my dear DEFOR?
What time that KINGSLEY makes our Sea
The pride of *Westward Ho*!

A hundred others I could name
Whose style can never fade,
The pioneers of English fame
Where English hopes are laid!
Yet with them there are strangers, too,
Who doughty deeds have done.
Who caught that thought of "derring do"
That makes the wide world one.

You see that all my spirit goes
Back to the faded past.
I do not like the mind that knows
The leaves that cannot last.
What's this! A ring! I quit mine ease;
Repose for me is fled!
A book! A note! You ask, "Do please
To read *Miss Go-a-head*!"

OF one LEYMARIE, who shot at a policeman, the report—not of the pistol, but of those who examined the shooter—was that "he professes to be an anarchist, but his sanity is doubtful." Surely, for "but" should be read "therefore." The sentence ought to have been, "He professes to be an anarchist; if this is proved to be true, then his insanity is beyond question." If not true, he is sane, and a criminal.

At Ventnor.

Grimes (to Dimes, a famous Alpine explorer). Why, what on earth are you doing here? Lungs not weak, I hope?

Dimes. Not a bit. But the fact of the matter is, it does me good to climb up to the station every morning to get my daily papers.

THE VERY OLDEST MOTOR-CAR.—The Whirl-gig of Time.

AN APPEAL.

[A large proportion of the numerous recent bicycling accidents to ladies has been caused by the dangerous practice of "coasting," or riding with the feet on the foot-rests, down-hill.—*Daily Paper*.]

PRITHEE, PHYLLIS, give up coasting—
This appeal to you I'm making—
'Tis your neck, down hillside posting—
And my heart—you're after breaking!

Woman—so they say who know her—
Let not this suggestion rankle—
Chiefly coasts that she may show her
Pretty foot and well-turned ankle!

Even so, pray give up coasting,
Homage I will duly render,
And instead, admire them toasting,
If I may, upon the fender!

"Silly libel!" Yes, I know it—
On that point we need not quarrel;
But he is concerned, your poet,
For the Queen who gave his laurel.

Coasting is a "dangerous practice,"
Let me beg of you to end it;
Do not argue, for, the fact is,
Argument cannot defend it.

Yes, I know—you say you've never
Had a spill yet—don't be boasting!
Though you do it "clean and clever,"
Prithee, PHYLLIS, give up coasting!

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."—Rather! See the *Times* of a century ago reproduced this week.

POPULAR TOAST IN A RAPIDLY INCREASING SUBURB.—"Brix-ton and mortar!"

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXVII.

Mr. Jabberjee is unavoidably compelled to return to town, thereby affording his Solicitor the inestimable benefit of his personal assistance. An apparent attempt to pack the Jury.

THE Public will be astounded at the news (which came with the perfect novelty of a surprise upon this insignificant self) that I have ceased to be the cherished guest beneath the hired Scottish roof of Mister LEOFRIC ALLBUTT-INNETT and his bucksome lady.

It fell out after this fashion.

One fine September morning, when I was accoutring myself in order to go out and hunt the robert (N.B. a genuine local Scotticism for individuals belonging to the rabbit genius), there came to me my young friend HOWARD, who was to teach my young idea how to shoot, in great gloom, asking me if it would take me a prolonged period to pack up my *impedimenta*.



Baboo Chuckerbutty Ram.

I replied that I could do the trick instantaneously, inquiring the reason for his question.

"Because," said he, "if I were you, I should have a wire requiring me to come up to London at once."

"From my solicitor?" I inquired. "Is he then desirous of consulting with me?"

My friend answered me that it was the one object of his present existence.

"In that case," said I, rather spiritedly, "let him come up here, since I am not a mountain that I should obey the becking call of any Mahomet. Moreover, I am impatient to achieve the destruction of some Scottish roberts."

"If you will take my advice," he said, "you will grant them a reprieve, and make a scarcity of yourself. There is a train for Glasgow which you can just catch. I wouldn't distress the Mater and Governor by any farewells, you know."

"But," I objected, "I am not even in receipt of any telegram. Nor can I possibly omit the etiquette of a ceremonious leave-taking with your honourable parents."

"Just as you please," replied he. "Just now the Governor and Mater are in the front sitting-room, engaged in perusing the back numbers of your precious 'Jossers and Tidlers' or whatever you call 'em, which have been thoughtfully forwarded by a relative. I don't think I'd disturb them."

"Are they so hugely interested in the performances of my un-

assuming penna?" I cried, with the gratified simpering of a flattered.

"It looked like it when I left the room," said he; "the Mater was very near rolling on the oilcloth, and the Governor dancing and foaming from his mouth. What an awfully old ass you have been, JAB, to go and blurt out everything in print—about your breach of promise case, and getting to know us, and—worst of all—being merely a bogey prince. Naturally, we don't care about being made to look fools. The dear old Mater, you know, is one of those simple, trusting natures that, if they once discover they have been taken in by a sham title, why, they kick up the row of a deuce! And, as for the Governor, he's the sort of old retiring chap that has a downright loathing of publicity, when it makes him ridiculous. If he came across you just now, there's really no saying what he mightn't do. He's such a devilishly hot-tempered old boy!"

I did not comprehend the reasons for such exuberant anger, but, of course, young HOWARD insisted so urgently on physical dangers to myself if I delayed, that I hastened stealthily to my room by a backstair, and flinging my *paraphernalia* with incredible despatch into a portmanteau, was so fortunate as to convey it out of the house without attracting the invidious attention of my host and hostess, who were probably still occupied in foaming and rolling upon the carpet like angry waves of the sea.

Young HOWARD accompanied me to the station, though blaming me as the cause of his embroilment with his progenitors, who, it seems, had insisted—quite unjustly—that he must have known from the first that my nobility was merely a brevet rank; and Miss WEE-WEE bade me farewell with a soft and perfectly lady-like cordiality, being too grieved by my departure to make any allusion to the head and front of my offending.

Now I am once more in London, paying daily visits of several hours to the office of my solicitor, in order to assist him in the preparation of my brief.

The other day, Baboo JALPANYBHOY and Baboo CHUCKERBUTTY RAM attended for the purpose of arranging their evidence, when I regret to say the former made a rather paltry exhibition of himself, being declared by Mr. SMARTLE himself to be totally incompetent to prove anything whatever material to the case, and I am therefore resolved to refuse him admission to the witness-box.

I am more hopeful of Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, who, I think, after diligent coaching from myself, may be induced to restrain his natural garrulity, and speak no more than is set down for him, which is simply that I have already, in his presence, contracted matrimony with a juvenile native, and that the laws of my country entitle me to marry several more.

This is in support of one of my most subtle pleadings of defence, to wit, that I have already offered to marry the plaintiff according to my country's laws, but that she did definitely decline such a marriage as polygamous, (which it is indubitably liable to become at any moment,) consequently, that my said contract is nilled by mutual consent.

Mr. SMARTLE was of the opinion that the plaintiff's solicitors would move to strike out such a pleading as bad in law, since it is no defence to an action for breach of promise that the defendant is already the Benedick. Fortunately they have omitted to do this, and I anticipate exciting excessive admiration in Court by the ingenuity of my arguments from Analogy, Common Sense, Roman Law, &c.

My said solicitor has also communicated with Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND CUMMERBUND, to inquire if he would consent to appear as a witness to my dependent filial condition, and entire lack of the sinews of war; which, with fatherly kindness, he has agreed to do, and, as he rather humorously puts it, convince the jury that I am the good riddance of bad rubbish.

Now the decks are cleaned for action, and all is ready for the forensic logomachy as soon as it may please Providence and some associate in the Queen's Bench Division to place the suit of *Mankletow v. Jabberjee* in the list of causes for the day.

My solicitor's advice, which I shall very probably adopt, is to keep as close as possible to the issues, and more especially to the point that, if I gave any promise to marry at all, it was extorted from me by threats of bodily violence which reduced me to a blue funkiness.

Also he recommends that I am-not to attempt any golden-mouthed eloquence, thereby making the lamentable exhibit of a most stupendous ignorance of human nature!

For what can melt the stony hearts of men, causing them to bellow like an ox and become tender as chickens, or what can rouse them to Indignation, Approval, Contempt, Wonderment, and every other known sentiment as required, so effectively as the trumpeting tongue of oratorical eloquence?

All I can aver is that, if I am not to be permitted to draw the glittering sword of my tongue from the scabbard of my mouth, I shall infallibly, in sheer sickishness at such short-sighted folly, throw up my brief!

I must not omit to say that if any of my fellow-colleagues on this periodical (of course including Hon'ble Editor) should be anxious to become eye-witnesses of my forensic *début*, I shall be overjoyed to procure their admission, and will instruct the Usher that they are to be awarded the seats of honour. Perhaps it might even be feasible for two or three of them to obtain appointments as jurymen.

If so, let them not turn the deaf ear to the gentle wheezings of their *esprit de corps*, but remember that it is not the custom for one eagle to peck another in his optics.

P.S.—Since writing the above, my attention has been drawn to sundry abusive threats and challenges by your esteemed contributor, Hon'ble AUGUSTE, offering to arrange a meeting for mortal combat with certain Parisian warrior journalists, or if I am a "poltroon," he is to beat me blue and black and pull me by the nose. I wish to assure him, first, that it is not humanly possible that I can be a "poltroon," since I do not even comprehend the meaning of the term! Secondly, that, being immersed in litigation over head and ears, it is not convenient, or even practicable, for me either to box or permit the pulling of my nose at present date. Thirdly, that it was *not* this unoffending self whom he saw at Brighton in a false red and white collar and a pork-pie bonnet, since I am never at Brighton, nor do I wear such ludicrous garbage, but ordinary simple European attire. Let him be mindful of the antique fable of the *Wolf and the Lamb*, and not respond to me, "If not yourself, then it was indubitably your mother." Finally, I beg to tender him the most abject and gentlemanly apology, and shall always regard him as my loving brother.

H. B. J.

[ED. NOTE.—The air having been thus completely cleared, this unfortunate controversy must be considered to have ended.]

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

EDIMBOURG. (*Contd.*)

DEAR MISTER,—I have written you there is eight days how I am of return to the hotel in the Prince Street, after to have visited the melancholy singing coffee, where the "bagpips" wanted entirely. Eh well, being fatigued, I couch myself on the field, *sur-le-champ*.

Well soon I find that I have beautiful to couch myself, I have beautiful to essay of to sleep, it is impossible! And for why? All simply at cause of the insupportable noises of the detestable trains, there in face. I have beautiful to turn myself, I have beautiful to cover myself the ears, all is unuseful, I sleep not of the whole. All the night, absolutely without cease, I hear the whistlings, the rollings, the noises. Of time in time I lift myself, and for to repose myself, I walk myself of long in large and I regard by the window, which gives on the valley and on the castle. A beautiful view, but I have enough of her, I assure you of it! I see her in effect by night, by the feeble light of the *crépuscule*, at the point of day, and in full day, without the least relaxation of the *sacrés bruits en bas*, the sacred noises in low. By blue! *Mieux vaut*, for to repose himself, to pass the night even in a spanish train, than in a room on the street of an hotel at Edimbourg! In the train one hears but the sole train, in the room one hears of them an infinity! Only towards the six hours I distinguish less the noises of the trains, because the noises in the street commence. He goes without to say that I descend of good morning, of very good morning. At nine o'clock and half I go to visit the Castle, that I have already seen so well from my *chambre à coucher—à coucher, parbleu!* I arrive too soon, the apartments are not yet open, I must attend. In attending I see to pass some brave soldiers, some "Hihlanders," of the "Blackvatch." Ah, what droll of costume! But the men are magnificent. I hear also a little the music—*tiens!*—of the "bagpips." Oh, la la! I wish not more of her! In fine I visit the apartments, and then I go to the Cathedral. I enter rapidly, being pressed, and at the instant that I mount the marches of the portal, a man, seated at a table, arrests me with some crys. He demands three pennys of entrance. What droll of church! And the good man cried himself so much of violence, because he feared of to lose the pennys, that which would be insupportable for a Scottish. But when I say to him, "Frighten not yourself, I am stranger, I knew not that he must to pay, I pay voluntarily, but be polite at the least," he becomes more civil. When I enter I find that, to true to say, it is not the pain. For the church is entirely



AFTER THE CAB STRIKE.

Very Light Porter. "No, SIR, THE DOIN' UP OF THAT STRIKE AIN'T DONE US NO GOOD; 'AVEN'T 'AD NOTHINK TO CARRY NOT FOR A WEEK, SIR; QUITE A TREAT THIS IS, SIR."

remise à neuf, reput to new. More late I discover that the ancient edifices of Edimbourg are thus new, and that the new edifices, the moderns, are ancient—as the office of post, the hotel, and the fragments of the miserable station of Waverley. What droll of town!

Then I visit the home of JOHN KNOCKS, and the Palace of Hollyrude, all sad and in a miserable quarter. From there I go to the hill of Calton, and the coacher of the *fiacre* essays of to show to me the view so extended. But the fog, until here grey, becomes much more thick, and I see absolutely nothing, excepted the monuments. Oh, the drolls of monuments! Above all the "National Monument," the fragment of a copy of the Parthenon. *Ah ça, un véritable jeu d'esprit, absolument in-attendu*, absolutely inattended in this country so solemn!

At midday he commences to fall of the rain. Edimbourg by the most beautiful day of sun is grey and sad. But by a day of fog and of rain, my faith! I rest at the hotel, and, having enough of time, I visit the *ascenseur*, a veritable object of interest, anciently perhaps in the house of JOHN KNOCKS. He goes so gently that if one is pressed one mounts by the staircase. He is even more slow than the ascensors of the italian hotels. And, *par dessus le marché*, above the market, one sees on the door the american word "Elevator," that which is the most rapid ascensor of the world! An American and his wife and me, who make the ascension together, we laugh much of it.

The afternoon I visit, all wetted, the bridge of the Fourth, and the evening—not wishing to pass one other night without to sleep—I part from the excellent station of the railway of the North-west, I couch myself in the good waggon-bed of the train, and I sleep—ah but, so well!—just until London.

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

DESIRABLE QUALITY FOR A PICKPOCKET.—Pursepickacity.



CUT SHORT.

Affected Young Poet. "DO, MISS BELLA, GRANT ME ONE FAVOUR. LET ME ASK YOU——"

Miss Bella. "I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY. YOU WANT ME TO LEND YOU A HAIR-PIN!"

HELIOS ON THE AUTOCAR.

(*Old Sol's Soliloquy, on Saturday, November 14 1896.*)

It doesn't want horses, it doesn't want sails,
It doesn't want wings, and it doesn't want rails,
Nor reins, nor a whip, nor a bridle!
Prometheus was right! There is *nous* in this Man!
And since he has hit on this capital plan,
To stand out any longer were idle.

My chariot and steeds look romantic—in Art!
But they are such a trouble! A countryman's cart
Is safe whilst slow market-wards plodding.
But going the Zodiac Course at my pace,
With horses like mine of a high-mettled race!—
It leaves not a moment for nodding!

Young Phaeton's self might have handled this car!
Mount, turn on a tap, and by Jove, there you are!
Might make poems, or love, whilst on duty.
Whilst I—I might set all creation on fire
If I stopped for a tippie, or happened to tire,
Or winked at a by-standing beauty.

Could not stand a growler, much less a two D. 'bus.
But this autocar!—it would not disgrace Phœbus.
In fact, I've no doubt proud Apollo,
Who calls himself God of the Sun—which is fudge!—
If finding my autocar answer, will judge
It were wise my example to follow!

He's thundering cocky; but if my new trap
Should give him the go-by, the bumptious young chap
Won't like to be licked by old Solly.
By Jove, I must have one! It won't want much care,
And then I may cut Phœbus out with the Fair,
And that will be awfully jolly.

Besides, I can give my poor horses a rest,
Or send 'em to grass, if petroleum proves best,
As a motor, or e'en electricity.

Kim up!—for the last time, my beauties! I'm on!
As an autocar-driver the life of the Sun
Will be one of supremest felicity!

In the Grand Hotel Smoking-Room.

Artist (who refers to the election of the President of the Academy). Most satisfactory election that of the New President?
Yankee (who refers to the future President of the United States). Yes. I reckon the gold bugs will make things hum.

Artist (somewhat confused). Splendid works of his, "Israel in Egypt" and "A Visit to Æsculapius," eh?

Yankee (equally confused). I'm referring, Sir, to "sound money."

Artist. That must have been one of his earlier efforts. (*Aside.*) He's certainly cracked. (*Aloud.*) Good-night. [*Exit hurriedly.*]

Yankee. Good-night. Guess the cocktails here are too strong for that young man. Egypt! Israel! Æsculapius. He's seeing snakes. I'm off! [*Exit himself, precipitately.*]

PROBLEMATIC.—Should the shareholders, who rejected their directors' carefully-prepared scheme, neglect to furnish "the Wherewithal" to carry out their own plans, then "The Chartered Company" may deem it advisable to change its name to "The Shattered Company."

SUBJECT FOR AN OPERATIO CARTOON, TO BE ENTITLED "THE HOARSE BEFORE THE CARTE."—The Manager of the Savoy sympathetically listening to a tenor suffering from a severe cold.

APPROPRIATE WISH TO AN INVETERATE SMOKER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.—"Many happy returns to your pipe."



THE TURKISH FOX.

MR. PUNCH. "TOO MANY MASTERS, GENTLEMEN! YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM AWAY WHILE YOU KEEP ON SQUABBLING."



DISCOURAGING.

The Poet's Wife. "GOT A CHEQUE FROM YOUR PUBLISHERS?"

The Poet (wearily). "YES: A POST-CARD, SAYING, 'FOR MERCY'S SAKE GIVE US A REST!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PHIL MAY's *Gutter Snipes*, which are veritable "snipe-shots," taken on the spot, and every one of them a hit, is the best collection of genuinely humorous pictures from the London streets that can be seen anywhere. Every figure in it is a type recognisable by all Londoners. The humour is comic, grim, pathetic. It depends solely on the drawing, unassisted by dialogue. They are, indeed, "Living Pictures." They have been brought out in one handsome volume by the Leadenhall Press, Limited, and should have an unlimited circulation.

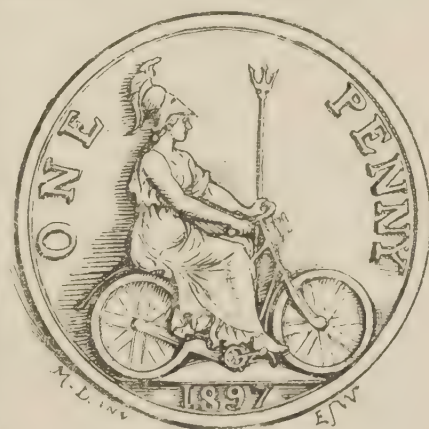
The pictures in *Nonsense for Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody*, written and illustrated by *A Nobody*, are eccentric and amusing, and a dash of colour adds to their effect. The verses, though they may

possibly have suggested the illustrations, are not up to the pictures, and cannot for a moment be compared with those ancient ones of *King Lear* in this particular line, and of this particular sort of line. It is brought out by GARDNER, DARTON & Co., of Paternoster Buildings.

The first volume of *The Political Life of William Ewart Gladstone*—"a noble volume" Lord ROSEBURY calls it—brings a marvellous career up to the end of the Session of 1876, which, at the moment all unknowing, witnessed the withdrawal of Mr. DISRAELI from the House of Commons. Mr. *Punch*, of whose many sterling qualities modesty is not least marked, feels some delicacy in writing about the work of his own progeny. Happily he is relieved by no less an authority than the Prime Minister from the task of describing the objects and estimating the value of

the work. "It is valuable," writes Lord SALISBURY, "as a record of successive phases of political feeling, and to one who can remember those times, it is full of interesting reminiscences." That's about it, all packed into a sentence. It may perhaps be added that for a younger generation who cannot remember the times, here is rare opportunity of seeing how they looked beheld through keen, observant eyes. With something of a shock of surprise my Baronite is reminded that Mr. GLADSTONE's Parliamentary career began nine years before Mr. *Punch*, by the issue of his first number, formally assumed kindly charge of the affairs of the Universe. Once at his post he took note of young GLADSTONE, and for the last fifty years there are few of his weekly numbers that have not contained some pictorial note of this wonderful life. The first time Mr. GLADSTONE was pictured in *Punch* was in the Session of 1859, when he interposed in debate on the Reform Bill of that year. It is a slight sketch, illustrating a Homeric version of the debate, in which reference is made to "the Classic GLADSTONE." His first appearance in a full-page cartoon is in connection with his Budget in 1861. He is presented as the dentist in attendance on Master BULL, comforting the apprehensive youth with assurance that so far from extracting any more teeth in the way of income-tax he means to remit a penny. Thereafter, through all the changes of a bustling life, Mr. GLADSTONE periodically re-appears. It is interesting to watch, as the years pass, how the side-whiskers disappear, the hair grows more scanty over the lofty brow, the wrinkles deepen on the mobile face, the tall, slim figure begins to droop, the decades, as they accumulate, carrying him farther and farther away from the cast and stamp of the dark-haired, bright-faced, distinguished-looking young man whose portrait prefaces the volume. This is an engraving from the picture taken by W. BRADLEY of Mr. GLADSTONE in his twenty-eighth year, which to-day hangs in Hawarden Castle. The illustrations of the volume are, of course, unique. The letterpress is a masterpiece of lucid condensation, marked by judicial tone rare in the biographies of political personages.

THE BARON.



NEW COINAGE.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR "REVERSE" OF PENNY TO BE ISSUED IN CELEBRATION OF THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S REIGN.



FANCY PICTURE REPRESENTING SOME "LIVER-Y MEN" OF THE CITY OF LONDON!

THE DAY AFTER THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

SARK ON SULPHUROUS WATERS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Harrogate, Monday.—"It's very curious," said the Member for Sark, with a faraway look in his eyes.

"What is curious?" I asked, gently.

SARK is, I fear only temporarily, a changed man. What Members on the other side of the House of Commons used indifferently to call arrogance, censoriousness, or dogmatism, has disappeared. Remarkable what effective solvent for these qualities are two twelve-ounce tumblers of strong "Old" sulphur water, taken before breakfast, followed at intervals later in the day by two eight-ounce tumblers of chalybeate, totting up with twenty minutes' stew in strong sulphur bath, heated to 98 degrees.

"It's curious," SARK continued, with just the slightest suspicion of accustomed acerbity, "how, dealing with identical persons suffering from precisely the same diseases, real or imagined, methods of treatment and personal customs vary at different watering-places. At Aix-les-Bains, for example, having had your bath, you are carefully bundled up in blankets till you closely resemble a mummy. Two men enter the bath-room carrying a sort of sedan chair. Into this you are lifted; another twist is given to your blankets; the curtains are closed; you are carried off to your hotel, dropped into your bed (or somebody else's) and there left for twenty minutes—not a second less, not a beat of the pendulum more. I think, *cher Tobee*, you once told a story of an incursion of one of these bundles into your bedroom at Aix-les-Bains?"

I blushed as I recalled how, standing one morning at the window of my bachelor room in the Hotel Splendide, feasting my eyes on the azure plain of Lake Bourget, and the jagged roof-tree of the mountains that girdle it, the door opened. Two men entered with sedan chair; set it on the floor; turned down the bedclothes—*my* bedclothes—and bundled into my bed a portly female. Afterwards, the porters explained that, the lady's

French not being that of Aix-les-Bains, they had misunderstood her instructions, and conveyed her to the wrong room.

But that is another story, and if SARK had only had a third twelve-ounce tumbler of what here is always affectionately alluded to as "Old" sulphur, he would have been too depressed to have hunted up the reminiscence.

"Well," continued SARK, "what I mean is this. According to the rule at Aix-les-Bains, after taking a bath, otherwise under precisely the same conditions as at Harrogate, it is imperatively required that for a while you lay up under the blankets. At Bath the same principle obtains to the extent that having stewed for the ordered time in a hot bath, you sit for a quarter of an hour in the cooling-room. There is the alternative, also recalling the custom at Aix-les-Bains, that at Bath you may be carefully wrapped up and sent home in a bath-chair, with instructions to lie down to cool off. Neither at Harrogate nor at Homburg is there any such observance. As soon as you have had your bath, the attendants, so to speak, call the watch together, let you go, and thank Heaven they are rid of a rogue.

"Then there's drinking water. At Aix-les-Bains there is no water to drink, consequently you don't drink it. At Bath a tumbler of water is incidentally served whilst you sit in the cooling room. Also there is a pump-room, where inoffensive water is taken in moderate quantities. But it is not, as at Homburg, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Harrogate, a leading feature in the cure. At Homburg, some people take baths; all drink water. The fashionable hour is 7 A.M., when the band under the trees by the Elizabethan Brunnen hails smiling morn with a hymn tune. Within half an hour the leafy *allée* is thronged with a gay company, walking briskly up and down for the stipulated fifteen minutes intervening between successive glasses of water. In the miserable little garden enclosing the wells at Aix-la-Chapelle, there is the same brisk walking to and fro, round and round, to the strains of a beautiful band. Here they don't commence with a hymn, but a touch of solemn respectability



THE MOTOR 'BUS.

Fussy Old Gent. "Hi! STOP! STOP! I WANT TO GET DOWN."

Driver. "I CAN'T STOP THE BLOOMIN' THING!!"

is given to the proceedings by every man in the band wearing a top hat. That is interesting as showing how serious a part of the cure water drinking is regarded under some systems. At Harrogate we take our water strong and often. But save during a limited portion of the season we have no band, top hatted or otherwise; nor any long, leafy *alée* in which to stroll.

"Next consider the drinking utensils. At Homburg it is the thing to have your own cup or glass, in which the water is drawn for you. At Aix-la-Chapelle the same custom almost exclusively prevails. In order to meet it, there are in the pump-room tiers of hooks, each numbered, upon which the water drinker hangs his cup when he has finished, and, arriving in the morning, goes straightway to take it down. I remember one morning, at Aix-la-Chapelle, a blustering German bullied the obliging maiden who filled the tumblers, because on going to find his cup on his particular nail, lo! it was not. She tremblingly went about till she came upon it (where he had put it) on the wrong hook. Ah me, the days that are no more! What a life I led that German. Every morning I was at the pump-room, bright and early; found his cup on its own particular peg; bore it off to a distant quarter; hung it on an unappropriated hook. Then to see my friend enter, stamp up to his hook, find it cupless; to see him rage round, Woerth blazing in his eyes, Sédan reddening his tightly-closed knuckles! It did me more good than all the waters of Charlemagne's town!"

"That is still another story," I diffidently observed.

"Yes. Talking about cups, I was rather in them. I was going to say that, neither at Bath nor here, is it the custom to bring your own cup or glass. Then take towels. At all continental watering-places towelling is a solemn function. When the appointed time for concluding the bath is reached, the attendant enters, bringing towels almost red hot from the oven. In one he enfolds you and gently rubs you down. At Bath, this custom is followed to the extent of towels being brought in hot at the conclusion of the bath. Here, the towels, rolled up and warmed to begin with, are placed in your dressing-room when you enter, and thenceforward you look after yourself.

"Finally, as to diet. At Homburg, patients are dieted as rigorously as they are watered. In most cases, as at Carlsbad, butter is anathema. Eggs, dry bread and coffee for breakfast, broth and bread for luncheon, bruised beef for dinner, the meal

washed down by a moderate quantity of hock. At Aix-les-Bains, strawberries are strictly forbidden. As in the season wild strawberries grow abundantly in the neighbourhood, they form the principal feature at dessert. This serves a double debt to pay. It exercises the boarder in self-restraint, and it makes the strawberries last a long time, to the profit of the hotel-keeper. At Bath, I do not remember any restrictions upon diet, whilst at Harrogate coffee, freely taken in identical cases in Homburg, is one of the few articles of daily diet absolutely tabooed.

"Now, you know, dear TOBY, these manners and customs, flatly contradicting each other, yet each in a particular place held as essential to a cure, cannot all be right. What are we poor trusting patients to do?"

"Better pay your money and take your choice," I said, soothingly.

SARK was working himself up into a frame of mind incompatible with the twelve-ounce tumbler of "Old" sulphur at this moment due.

TO AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

[It has been decided in the Appeal Court, Queen's Bench Division, that a householder cannot order an organ-grinder to cease playing outside his residence unless he states his reasons for so doing.]

OH! hurdy-gurdy man, I wish that you would go away,
How can I do a stroke of work if you are going to play?
The language that you make me use I own is somewhat strong,
But why distract me with the air of "Now we shan't be long"?

Oh, macaroni-eating fraud from fair Italia's land,
'Tis useless to pretend, my man, that you "no understand,"
I know the pugilistic art, so, if you won't desist,
I'll give you two good reasons with my left and dexter fist.

The Prevailing Passion.

Father (reading newspaper). I see another Rugby man has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. That's the third Rugby man in succession.

Son (a football enthusiast). Well, I think it is time one of the Association had a turn.



A CAPITAL DODGE.

AMONG HIS NATIVE BANKS OLD PODDLES TAKES A LOT OF BEATING. HE SAYS THERE'S NOTHING EASIER WHEN YOU KNOW HOW TO NEGOTIATE 'EM.

DARBY JONES REFLECTS ON RACING.

HONOURED SIR,—There are moments when a terrestrial angel is impelled by the force of untoward circumstances to make use of language which would scarcely be permitted within the Palace of St. Stephen's, Westminster, without a vehement reproof from Mr. Speaker GULLY. Such an incident occurred yesterday evening when, just as I was about to refresh myself with a dish of Bohea and Green mixed, accompanied by the succulent muffin, one of your richly-liveried emissaries was announced. With customary courtesy he handed me a large envelope superscribed in my name, addressed to your editorial castle, and marked "Immediate. Important. Confidential." "This," I thought to myself, "is no doubt some flattering testimonial from one of my gratified clients," who are, alas! too scarce in proportion to my well-known services. Having dismissed your ambassador, not without a trifling token of my goodwill, I tore open the cover! Then it was that, despite the teaching of the Poet WATTS, my angry passions rose, for the communication was nothing more nor less than a Diatribe on

the Sinfulness of Betting, accompanied by some far from sympathetic remarks with regard to one RICHARD DUNN, a layer of odds in the ready money or cash over the counter style of business, an operator whose magpie costume in days gone by never failed to excite my warmest admiration, and whose voice has ever struck me by its quality and sweetness to be well fitted for filling such temples of the lyric drama as Covent Garden Theatre, the Grand Opera, Paris, or La Scala, Milan. I understand that this unfortunate Mr. DUNN, after having had the complaint against him as laid out by the Anti-Gambling League dismissed by the Kingston Magistrates, is now to be brought into a superior Court, where his alleged iniquities will once more be subjected to the inspection of Themis, a goddess for whom I have but little sympathy, but much respect. It seems to me, Sir, that the continual object of Certain Parties in this Realm is the Sacrifice of Sane Citizens for the Protection of the "Juggins" (or "Mug"). Because there are a few thousand Congenital Idiots, who get periodically overcome by excessive consumption of the produce of the juicy grape, the

pretty little barley, and the merry hop, these Parties urge us to shut up those houses of refreshment which are, in my opinion, so many watch towers of Constitutional Freedom. Equally because these same Parties are aware that there have been instances of unscrupulous fools who have ruined themselves by improvident wagering, that therefore no Englishman shall be privileged to back his fancy! Was there ever a more preposterous and uncharitable notion propounded, when these very same Parties are, for aught I know, playing the good old game of Bull and Bear in that famous establishment which has just shed a financial lustre on the question of the Presidential Election in the land of the Ever-soaring Eagle? But if the "Juggins" (or "Mug") is to be protected from the nefarious designs of base individuals, let the Stewards of the Jockey Club issue yearly licences to the Knights of the Odds! They would not object, I feel confident, for the Ring is like a privileged railway-station yard, and the smaller the competition, the better is it for trade. And it wouldn't be a bad idea to licence the Juggins, too. It is impossible to be too Great-grandmotherly nowadays. The Lord Chief Justice, Sir HENRY HAWKINS, and Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD could from their mighty and experienced brains draw up such a perfect legal scheme that in days to come anxious parents would send their offspring to a Model Race Course, in preference to allowing them to waste their opportunities by the Isis or the Cam! You will, I know, honoured Sir, forgive this honest outburst. I have not felt so indignant since one night a month ago, when, at what I imagined was a respectable Nap Reunion, I found my neighbour, little BEN FERMINADAB, was in the habit, when my eyes were averted, of paying me my gains out of my own money lying on the table! This discovery put an end to a pleasant gathering. Thus will one black sheep defile an entire flock of immaculate fleeces.

But now, Sir, I conclude that you and yours are anxiously waiting for the seer to unfold his augury with regard to the Liverpool Autumn Cup. My Pegasus shall put his best foot forward, and give wings to the winner.

Let no *Parisian* run for me,
The *Count* may come again;
A *rod* in pickle though I see,
I view it with disdain.
But with a *Telescopic* eye
An *Irish* pair I scan;
While *Amphi* n'rans may have a try
To beat the *Market* man!

So runs the Muse away with warblings of "sound money." I do not conceal from you, Sir, that on Wednesday the winner of the Great Lancashire Handicap might respond to a *Spur*. *Verb. sap.* is the wish of Your respectful satellite,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I think you know, honoured Sir, that Liverpool is as celebrated as the City of London for its luscious calipash and calipee. I need not mention the hotel, but have issued satisfactory orders in your name.

[We hereby warn all innkeepers at Liverpool not to supply DARBY JONES with any sort of refreshment without ready money. He is not to be trusted "on the nod."—ED.]

THE GREATEST CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE METROPOLIS AND THE NORTH OF IRELAND.—Lord London-Derry.



THE DRAMA IN THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

GRAND SPECTACULAR SCENE FROM HENRY THE FIFTH. RETURN OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMY FROM AGINCOURT. SHAKSPEARE THEN COULD NOT VERY WELL "SPELL RUIN."

(Dedicated to the Elizabethan Stage Society.)

[The Elizabethan Stage Society is going to act, as it promised, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in Merchant Taylors' Hall. The date fixed is Saturday afternoon, November 28.]

FROM THE DIARY OF PATERFAMILIAS.

["The Americans have hit upon a new woman's industry—namely, lullaby-singing. A certain number of pupils training in the vocal schools and colleges are to be hired to visit the nurseries and sing to the children at bed-time, and they have found a general appreciation."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

Monday.—Children very troublesome again last night. GEORGE (aged one-and-a-half) and BETTY (six months) firmly declined to go to sleep, and howled loudly for hours. The nurse seems quite unable to keep them quiet, and treated with much scorn ELIZA's timid suggestion that she should sing them lullabies, remarking that she wasn't going to demean herself in that way, and that, if we wanted singing done, we'd better hire one of those low professional persons to do it. ELIZA remarks that perhaps it would be well to do this, as the papers say that the new lullaby-singers have met with "general appreciation." Tells me to order one on my way home from the city. (*Later*.) Have interviewed the manager at the College of Music, who promised to send round a high-class performer. Hope we may get a quiet night at last.

Tuesday.—Young lady with a large portfolio of music under her arm arrived at six o'clock last night. Took up her position on the hearthrug in the nursery, and opened fire with "*Sleep, my love, sleep!*" followed by "*We're a-noddin'*." Only result was to make both infants yell with terror. Then she began SCHUMANN'S "*Schlummerlied*," but stopped in the middle, explaining that unfortunately she could sing no more, as she was suffering from sore throat. Dismissed her, and then was kept awake nearly all the night by the children, in whom she seemed to have aroused a spirit of emulation. Experiment not successful so far.

Wednesday.—Called at the College of Music; manager profusely apologetic. Promised to supply another vocalist guaranteed not to break down.

6 P.M.—Lullaby-singer number two just arrived. When told of our former experience, she remarked that with intelligent and cultivated children like ours (ELIZA much delighted at this) the old-fashioned music was of no use. This case evidently needed to be treated with WAGNER. She begins to sing WAGNER forthwith.

8 P.M.—The manager has fulfilled his promise in so far as there is clearly no chance of this woman getting tired. She has a voice like a steam-whistle. She has now been singing WAGNER

for two hours; both children are still wide awake, and screaming fiercely. I fly to the club.

Midnight.—Return, to find WAGNER still being sung, and my wife in hysterics. Servant comes round from next door: "Mr. JONES's compliments, Sir, and please when the epitheted substantive is this noise going to stop?" Expostulate with the singer, and try to drive her away. She refuses to go, saying, that the credit of her profession is at stake, and continues to sing till 3 A.M., when she is at last induced to depart.

Thursday.—My firm resolve to have nothing more to do with lullaby-singers is overcome by the manager, who undertakes to send a more skilful vocalist—free of charge—to-night. Reluctantly acquiesce, and she duly appears. Marvellous to say, her success is complete; after about five minutes of her singing, both children fall into a profound sleep. We immediately offer her a month's engagement.

Friday.—Same delightful result; she manages to soothe the children wonderfully. ELIZA, however, declares that they are both looking far from well.

Saturday.—Alas! we have been outrageously duped! To-night ELIZA, not being quite satisfied with our singer's manner, concealed herself in the nursery while she performed. To her horror, she caught the so-called vocalist in the act of administering chloroform to our innocent BETTY and GEORGE! We decide to dispense for the future with the services of the professional "lullaby-singer."

"ONE MAN MAY STEAL A HORSE——"

[Mrs. CASTLE, a wealthy American lady, sentenced last week to three months' imprisonment for stealing furs, was released after a very short detention. HENRIETTA STEWART, a poor English governess, was sentenced at the same time, and (in a far less degree) for the same offence, to six months' imprisonment, and was not released.]

Journalist interviews Specialist.

I BEG your pardon, but could you tell me the meaning of "kleptomania"?

It is a modern name for a very ancient complaint.

What is it called in plain English?

It used to be known as "picking and stealing."

Why is that term not now employed?

For fear of wounding the sufferers' susceptibilities.

Does the complaint prevail with various degrees of virulence?

Certainly, it attacks persons very differently. It is chronic in the East End, where many of the patients belong to the deserv- ing class of housebreakers and pickpockets. In the West End the victims of the epidemic are less common, but in the City they are by no means rare.

What are the symptoms of the disease?

An irresistible desire to appropriate other people's belongings, whether they be watches or dividends.

What is the course of treatment for the patients?

It is generally found that a three months' cure at Wormwood Scrubs works wonders, though persons have been known to relapse.

Is the disorder catching?

There is a certain amount of catching about it, but a good many cases never come to light.

Was it known to the ancients?

Well, Mercury was a bit of a kleptomaniac, while *Autolykus* and ancient *Pistol* are good Shakspearian instances. In more recent times the patient was liable to be hanged, especially if his complaint took the form of hallucination with regard to property in sheep.

What is your theory with respect to the disease?

I think it is probably due to a bacillus, of a description acute enough to notice the leniency with which its host is treated. Give it the slightest encouragement, and it waxes fruitful and multiplies to an alarming extent.

Is there any check to its depredations?

They say that every bacillus has its phagocyte, and I believe that the resources of science are equal to cultivating the latter with sufficient effect. Meanwhile, we must be content with the drastic remedies at present in vogue, by which the rich may profit as well as the poor.

RE-NATURALISATION.

DURING last month fifty Certificates of Naturalisation were granted to "aliens" by the Home Secretary. Could not a few be spared for distribution amongst the "Little Englanders" of to-day?



KRÜGER'S LITTLE BILL.

IN MATTERS OF "MONEY" THE FAULT OF THE DUTCH
IS GIVING TOO LITTLE AND ASKING TOO MUCH.

[It was recently reported that President Krüger intends demanding a million as compensation for disturbance created by the "Chartered Company."]

IN THE "FRAM"; OR, NANSEN IN THE NORTH.

BY A WOULD-BE HERO.

AIR—"In the Strand; or, I wish I were with Nancy."

Oh, these are the days for a Big, Big Boom,
And NANSEN got it amidst Northern gloom,

In the *Fram*.
He has bossed that Boom at one daring jump,
And it doesn't seem likely to be followed by a Slump,

In the *Fram*.
I wish I'd been with NANSEN,
I do, I do,

In the North Sea froze,
On the Arctic shore,
To live—and boom—with NANSEN!

So the *Fram* weighed anchor in June,
ninety-three,
And they soon were ploughing the dread Kara Sea

In the *Fram*.
They were baulked by ice-floes, they were baffled by fogs,
And they found cold welcome, and they lost their dogs,

In the *Fram*.
Those brave boys bound with NANSEN!
Oho! oho!

Each hero swore
On sea or shore,
To live or die with NANSEN!

But they did not fail, and they did not funk,

In a sleeping-bag, in a frozen bunk,
In the *Fram*.
Though going to sleep seems a difficult matter.

For an hour-and-a-half with your teeth a-chatter,

In the *Fram*.
'Twas a chilly time with NANSEN, &c.

No danger, however, did they turn their backs on,
But weren't they glad when they met brave JACKSON?

Oh, the *Fram*!
For then they were getting in rather a poor way.

But now—what a time for NANSEN and for Norway,

And the *Fram*!
Oh! 'tis fine to be a NANSEN!
Hurroo! hurroo!

From the Arctic shore
To return once more,
And beam and boom like NANSEN!

Some heroes are taciturn, and some laconical;

But—read NANSEN's story in the *Daily Chronicle*,

Of the *Fram*.
'Tis a Brobdingnagian Boom, though he didn't reach his goal.

What would it have been had he really found the Pole,

In the *Fram*?
I wish I'd been with NANSEN,
Just so! just so!

To go the hero's rounds,
And—sack Thirty Thousand Pounds,
Like the smart Norwegian NANSEN!

REFLECTION BY AN OXFORD GRADUATE.—
Little goes of whiskey make double thirsts in time.



Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day). "DO YOU KNOW LORD PECKHAM?"

Snobson. "OH DEAR, YES; I'VE OFTEN SHOT AT HIS HOUSE."

Sportsman. "EVER HIT IT?"

Great Chance for the Collector.

OF all the pictures in various periodicals commemorative of the McKinley triumph, not one represents the interior or domestic view of that event so well or so forcibly as does the frontispiece of our excellent friend *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. "Here we see," as the Showman says, "MR. MCKINLEY a-receivin' of the telegram tellin' 'im as 'ee's selected by a vast majority. An' 'is wife rushes in at the very moment an' implores 'im not to believe only arf 'ee 'ears, an' nothin' as 'ee sees, 'cos it ain't true. Wich annoys Mister MCKINLEY, an' he severely frowns, an' sez, sezee, 'Wot, this 'ere ain't true? 'Oo ar' you a-gettin' at? An' look 'ere, young 'ooman, anyway, true or not, I'm President o' the U-nited States, I am!' An' so 'ee were." But the full force of this can only be given by the picture itself, of which the intelligent reader will at once

procure a copy, and consider his money uncommonly well laid out. As a contribution to history it is well worth—but we will not anticipate.

Arctic Polo.

[MR. LABOUCHERE asserts that, in view of the money acquired by DR. NANSEN for the descriptions of his journey towards the North Pole, he has "quite altered his mind."]

OUR "Labby" is a perfect bear

In Russian inclination,

But now he boldly doth declare

His Polish destination.

Whether he go or whether not,

He's sure to make earth's axis hot.

THE COMING COLOSSUS OF ROADS.—The autocar. Let's hope it will not be allowed, like the cad-ridden cycle, to "scorch," and so become the "Autocrat of all the Rushers"!



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cook. "WASTEFUL, MUM? WELL, MUM, THAT'S ONE THING I'M NOT! WHY, EVERYTHINK IN THE EATIN' AN' DRINKIN' WAY THAT COMES DOWN FROM HUPSTAIRS, I MAKE A POINT OF FINISHIN' UP MYSELF, MUM!"

HAPPY HARROGATE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Harrogate, Monday.—Just before prorogation the Member for SARK and I arranged to go to Homburg. After infinitely stretched courses of long speeches, diversified by a few all-night sittings, must go somewhere to recruit. On reflection, asked each other Why Homburg? Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? If we must needs have most necessities of life "made in Germany," at least let us avoid the practice of getting ourselves re-made there.

"Consult ROOSTEM PACHA," said SARK. "His knowledge of watering-places, home and foreign, is extensive and peculiar."

Dropped in on ROOSTEM at his Pachalik, off Berkeley Square. Stated our case. The great Pacha unfolded his twined legs; re-folded them; hitched them a little on one side; sucked meditatively at his hubble-bubble, and said, "Try Harrogate. Water the same as Homburg, only more so. In addition to a well containing much the same properties as Elizabethan Brunnen there is one that equals Kissingen. Moreover, Harrogate has much the same bracing air that distinguishes Homburg beyond most continental watering-places."

That's how we came to Harrogate. Find the Pacha, as usual, spoke the words of truth and soberness. Quite apart from remedial effects of baths and waters, Harrogate is charming place of residence. SARK, who, like Ulysses and GEORGE CURZON, has travelled much, protests it is one of the pleasantest places he knows. The town is built on a tableland nearly five hundred feet above the sea level. It stands almost midway between the German Ocean and the Irish Sea. This morning the wind blowing from the East. SARK said he was sure he could

scent the German Ocean. As we happened at the moment to be passing a sausage shop this may have been a fancy born of association of ideas. Beyond salubrious height of situation, much is owing to happy accident of the Stray. This is a patch of grass-grown common plucked out of the heart of the ancient forest of Knaresborough, and secured for ever to the people of Harrogate. No builder, speculative or otherwise, may desecrate it with touch of pick or spade. Harrogate is built round it, secure in possession of this mighty lung.

Another accident that confirms to Harrogate the title of Happy is the contiguity of fine, clean, and presumably cheap building-stone. Consequently bricks, which are bearable, stucco which is unendurable, are rarely seen. Overlooking the Stray are here and there to be found peaked and gabled houses that give the place a restful, old-world look. The modern builder, inspired by these, has added broad streets of shapely, comfortable houses. To the casual passer-by they subtly convey impression of being more than houses. They are also homes. Churches, congregational and episcopalian, abound, without exception of admirable construction. As for hotels, their name is anything you like, from The Prospect to The Prince of Wales, from The Crown to The Marquis of Granby.

SAM WELLER's father, if he were still with us, and chanced to drive round the Stray till he passed The Marquis of Granby, would not recognise in it any kinship with an old familiar friend. The little hostelry at Dorking, kept by Mrs. SUSAN CLARKE, displaying as signpost the head of the Markis O'Granby, could comfortably be stowed away in the barn behind the hotel, which at the beginning of the century served Harrogate for a play-house.

Just ninety years ago Lord BYRON stopped at the Crown, and wrote there his poem, "To a Beautiful Quaker." There still lingers tradition of the terrible fights which took place between his two dogs, *Nelson* and *Bo'sun*. Quite a common thing, the oldest inhabitant of Harrogate tells SARK, to see the poet, broomstick in hand, endeavouring to part the combatants. In the end peace was brought about by the tragic withdrawal from the scene of *Nelson*. Tiring of the monotony of munching *Bos'un*, *Nelson* got into the stable, and leaping at the throat of a horse, hung on till a pistol shot through the brain loosened his hold.

"Harrogate stingo," SARK, for shortness, calls the "Old Sulphur" water upon whose ever-bubbling stream Harrogate prosperously floats. Regarded as a table water it is not exactly attractive. It has the faint savour of a beaten-up egg, the egg having been selected chiefly on account of age. The Kissingen water, aerated or still, is almost palatable. Both are in their way excellent, as the yearly accumulating table of those profiting by them testify.

"The Yorkshire Spaw," as the place is called in ancient literature, enjoyed wide fame as far back as CROMWELL's time. Within the last ten years it has experienced a new and more vigorous lease of life. The local authorities have begun to wake up to the wide possibilities that lie at their hands. They've got the wells, they've got the baths, they want the Kursaal too. There is no reason, beyond lack of well-directed enterprise, why Harrogate should not be as popular as Homburg. But the local authorities must do as the shrewd burghers of Homburg have done, and to the attractions of nature add the luxuries and conveniences of Art.

Happily there is a spur on their intent in the presence on the spot of a clear-sighted, long-headed doctor, who has made a study of continental watering-places, and perceives how they might be adapted to the needs and opportunities of the Yorkshire Spa. In his mind's eye he beholds Harrogate endowed with a pump-room common to the service of all the mineral waters; covered promenades where patients may foregather between their cups; a concert-hall; a news-room, even an Art gallery. Above all, a band that need not shrink from comparison with that which discourses sweet music at Homburg.

Towards the realisation of this dream there is already contributed a handsome block of new baths, worthy of the architectural perfectness of the town, enriched with all the latest luxuries. This is to be opened in time for next year's season, when, peradventure, SARK and I will come again.

With the Queen's

Leading Sportsman. Hold ha—rd! Here's some more of that confounded barbed wire! Dashed if I don't think this country is mainly inhabited by retired fishing-tackle makers!

[Makes for nearest gate, followed by sympathetic field.]

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Being some Letters from Mr. Roundabout to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. II.—OF SPELLING—OF MOTHERS—OF SCHOOLBOYS AND THEIR FATHERS—OF FRIENDSHIP AND THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—It was very pleasant to get your letter, and I am obliged to you for writing to me so fully. I may note, by the way, that the accepted spelling of the word "obliged" is as I have set it down. "Oblidged," which you seem to prefer, is a pleasing variant, but there is no good authority for it.

I saw your mother three days ago. She was in London on what she called a professional visit, that is, she was taking the reluctant ALICE to be inspected by the dentist. ALICE appears to have behaved with the Spartan courage that might naturally be expected in one of her sex and name, and to have offered, voluntarily, to go again next day at the same price, namely, half-a-crown in cash, and an afternoon at "England's Home of Mystery," but the perfection of her teeth and her mother's arrangements both precluded such an arrangement. Your mother, of course, was full of you, and though I had written to her and described your start in a University career, I had to go through the whole story again—which I did, not unwillingly. I hope you'll write often to your mother, my dear boy. She thinks you the most beautiful, the cleverest, the strongest, and the most engaging of created beings. She's wrong, of course—even you will admit that—but the least you can do for her to repay her for this amiable delusion, and for all she has done and suffered for you, is to love her with all your heart, and to write to her now and then so that she may feel she has some share in your new life. Imagine the pleasure that it gives her when, for instance, the vicar calls and asks what news she has of JACK, and how he likes Cambridge, and what lectures he is attending, and if he has taken to boating—imagine, I say, her pleasure at being able to say that she has had more than one letter from you, that you have taken to the river, but you seem to think it unlikely that you will get a seat in the Cambridge Eight next term, there being so many of last year's crew left, and that you are attending lectures regularly with a view to honours as a classical wrangler, though, for her part, she hopes you will not overdo your reading, as young men are so thoughtless about their health, and she knows of one poor boy who broke down and became a hopeless idiot owing to overwork. The vicar will smile—vicars have been to Cambridge or Oxford themselves, and know a thing or two—but there will be nothing bitter in the smile, for he will probably remember the eager enthusiasm and devotion of his own mother in days long past, her innocent exaggeration of his merits and her blindness to his faults. There are at this moment in existence some five hundred mothers of Cambridge freshmen (not to speak of about the same number of Oxford mothers), each one of whom firmly believes that she has sent to the University a paragon of good looks, or intellect or amiability, or of all three in combination. When your mother pays you her promised visit at Cambridge, you will be proud of her and make much of her, and show her all the sights. It will be a great day for her—and for you.

At school, things were different, I think. Certainly there was pleasure in the prospect of parents' visits, but there was also a sense of anxiety. Would their appearance, we asked ourselves, be creditable to us, or would they put us to shame by wearing something or saying something or behaving in a way that the public feeling of our fellow-schoolboys might disapprove? Boys, English boys at least, are the merest slaves of the narrowest conventions with regard to fashion, and resent bitterly any transgression of their little code. Your grandfather, as you may remember, had a very large head, and the natural size of his hats was exaggerated by their straight, broad brims. When at an early stage of my school career the old gentleman came to see me, I hoped against hope that DUFF *secundus* might not see him, for I knew that DUFF *secundus* would disapprove of that hat, and would express his disapproval in his usual caustic way. Fate, however, willed it otherwise. My father came, and DUFF saw him full in the cricket-field, where no merciful shadows disguised a single inch of the height and circumference of that fatal hat. "What was that your governor was wearing?" said this hateful boy to me after the old man was gone.

"A coat," I replied, with a feeble effort to avert the inevitable.

"I don't mean that, fat-face. What had he got on his head?"

"Oh—a well, a hat, I suppose."

"Just listen to him," said the little fiend; "he calls it a hat."



THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

Hostess. "GOOD NIGHT, GENERAL! SO KIND OF ME TO HAVE ASKED YOU."

Guest. "NOT AT ALL. SO KIND OF ME TO HAVE COME!"

I call it a jolly big portmanteau." The insult was a gross one, and I felt it, but DUFF *secundus* being an older and rather a bigger boy I bided my time and swallowed the affront. Two terms later, however, a collision at football convinced me that I could cope with him. On the following morning I chose my opportunity, approached him from behind and smashed his hat over his eyes. "Call that a hat," I said, "I call it——" I never finished the retaliatory sentence, for he turned like lightning and banged me in the mouth. We fought in the old hat-lobby. BLOBS was my second, CHOLLOP held an imaginary bottle for DUFF. The contest was short but decisive. At the start DUFF pinned me up against the hat-pegs, and thus did a double execution upon my body from in front and from behind. The position was unendurable; by a great effort I freed myself from it, and, closing with the prematurely exultant DUFF, drove my right fist full on his yielding nose, and then bore him crashing to the ground, where he lay, a gory spectacle. I asked him if he wanted any more; he said he didn't. I told him there was plenty more where that came from if I got any more of his cheek, and so departed triumphantly with the triumphant BLOBS. I saw DUFF only last week. He is bald, he wears spectacles; he is a busy city merchant. We hobnobbed together, and parted good friends. His eldest boy, he told me, is to go to Cambridge next October. You must call on him and be kind to him, if you can. By that time you will be in a position to show some kindness in your little world, though you may think, too, that your circle of friends will be complete, and that you will not require any more. If you do think that you will make a mistake.

But I must break off here, and resume the consideration of this important matter in another letter.

Your affectionate uncle, ROBERT ROUNABOUT.

MANY of the guests of the Motor Club went to Brighton on Saturday last by a horseless carriage—supplied by the L. B. and S. C. Railway.

CURIOUS FACT.—Those who make ducks and drakes of their property are always geese and ganders.



THE SUBSTITUTE.

The Rector's Wife. "Oh, MRS. NOGGINS, I SHOULD REALLY TRY TO BREAK YOUR PARROT OF HIS HABIT OF SWEARING IN THAT AWFUL WAY!"

The Widow Noggins. "WELL, 'M, I FINDS IT SUCH A COMFORT TO 'EAR 'IM. MAKES IT SEEM MORE LIKE AS IF THERE WAS A MAN ABOUT THE 'OUSE AGAIN."

THE MUGGLETON MOTOR-CAR; OR, THE WELLERS ON WHEELS.

A Pickwickian Fragment Up-to-date.

As light as fairies, if not altogether as brisk as bees, did the four Pickwickian shades assemble on a winter morning in the year of grace, 1896. Christmas was nigh at hand, in all its *fin-de-siècle* inwardness; it was the season of pictorial too-previousness and artistic anticipation, of plethoric periodicals, all shocker-sensationalism sandwiched with startling advertisements; of cynical new-humour and flamboyantly sentimental chromo-lithography.

But we are so taken up by the genial delights of the New Christmas that we are keeping Mr. PICKWICK and his phantom friends waiting in the cold on the chilly outside of the Muggleton Motor-car, which they had just mounted, well wrapped up in antiquated great coats, shawls, and comforters.

Mr. WELLER, Senior, had, all unconsciously, brought his well-loved whip with him, and was greatly embarrassed thereby.

"Votever shall I do vith it, SAMMY?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Purtend it's a new, patent, jointless fishing-rod, guv'nor," rejoined SAM, in a Stygian aside. "Nobody 'ere'll 'ave the slightest notion vot it really is."

"When are they—eh—going to—ahem—put the horses to?" murmured Mr. PICKWICK, emerging from his coat collar, and looking about him with great perplexity.

"'Osses?" cried the coachman, turning round upon Mr. PICKWICK, with sharp suspicion in his eye. "'Osses? d'ye say. Oh, who are you a-gettin' at?"

Mr. PICKWICK withdrew promptly into his coat-collar.

The irrepressible SAM came immediately to the aid of his beloved master, whom he would never see snubbed if he knew it.

"There's vheels vithin vheels, as the bicyclist said when he vos pitched head foremost into the vatchmaker's vinder," re-

marked Mr. WELLER, Junior, with the air of a Solomon in smalls. "But vot sort of a wheel do you call that thing in front of you, and vot's its pertikler object? a-top of a coach instead o' under it?"

"This yer wheel means Revolution," said the driver.

"It do, SAMIVEL, it do," interjected his father, dolorously. "And in my opinion it's a worse Revolution than that there French one itself. A coach vithout 'osses, vheels instead of vheelers, and a driver vithout a whip! Oh SAMMY, SAMMY, to think it should come to *this!!!*"

The driver—if it be not desecration to a noble old name so to designate him—gave a turn to his wheel and the autocar started. Mr. WINKLE, who sat at the extreme edge, wagged his shadowy legs forlornly in the air; Mr. SNODGRASS, who sat next to him, snorted lugubriously, Mr. TUPMAN turned paler than even a Stygian shade has a right to do. Mr. PICKWICK took off his glasses and wiped them furtively.

"SAM," he whispered hysterically in the ear of his faithful servitor, "SAM, this is dreadful! A—ahem!—vehicle with no visible means of propulsion pounding along like—eh—Saint Denis without his head, is more uncanny than Charon's boat."

"Let's get down, SAMMY, let's get down at once," groaned Mr. WELLER the elder. "I can't stand it, SAMIVEL, I really can't. Think o' the poor 'osses, SAMMY, think o' the poor 'osses as ain't there, and vot they must feel to find themselves sooperseeded by a hugely wheel and a pennorth o' peteroleum, &c.!"

"Hold on, old Nobs!" cried the son, with frank filial sympathy. "Think of the guv'nor, father, and vait for the first stoppage. Never again vith the Muggleton Motor! Vhy, it vorse than a hortomatic vheelbarrow, an't it, Mr. PICKWICK?"

"Ah, SAMMY," assented Mr. WELLER, Senior, hugging his whip, affectionately. "Vorse even than vidders, SAMMY, the red-nosed shepherd, or the Mulberry One hisself!"



PEACE PUDDING.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, JOHNNIE?"

BROTHER JOHN BULL. "WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN YOUR BEASTLY HUMBLE PIE, ANYHOW."



DEEP-GOING DEFIED. THE PATENT PNEUMATIC MUD-SKIMMERS.

SLIGHTLY HORSEY.

(A Chat concerning Steedless Carriages.)

WHEN I recognised that the establishment of locomotors (says one of our representatives) had become an accomplished fact, I considered it advisable to interview an omnibus horse of my acquaintance to learn his views on the subject. I found the object of my search quietly munching his supper in a stable. He received me with more apathy than enthusiasm.

"I suppose, Mr. GEEGEE," I began, "that you do not object to the use of these new carriages on principle?"

"Well," he replied, after a slight pause, which enabled him to consume a mouthful of corn, "I don't suppose I do. Of course, if we get more rest we shall not complain."

"But how about the shareholders?"

"I have nothing to do with them. My duty is to make so many journeys a day, for which services I receive food and lodging."

"But if you were driven off the road, will not that proceeding cost you some annoyance?"

"Why, yes," returned Mr. GEEGEE, with a horse laugh; "it is certainly not pleasant to be disturbed without compensation. But if we are not wanted in London we shall find plenty of occupation at Margate and other watering-places. I do not believe that the new method will interfere to any serious extent with the bathing-machines."

"Quite so; but then you have mentioned a trade which is confined to the summer months. What will you do in the winter?"

"I have considered that question carefully, and, taking into account the love of Englishmen for horsemanship, believe that there will always be room for us in the circus."

"But does not the arena require special training?"

"To some extent," was the cautious response; "but I am sufficiently conceited to believe that, with a very little practice, I could conquer my natural repugnance to wine to force myself to take a glass of sherry with the clown."

"Then, on the whole, you are not despondent of your future?"

"No, I am not, for even if the bathing-machine and the

amphitheatre fail us, we can enlist in the Army, and even (should the Navy be further augmented) in the Horse Marines."

"I see. And now what are your personal views on the motor-cars? Do you like them?"

Mr. GEEGEE became rather restive, and when he spoke again it was to express a decided negative.

"Pardon me for my curiosity," I said, as I was about to take my leave, "but should you meet one of the new carriages in the streets what would you do?"

"If I were near a church I should attempt to enter it," was the immediate answer.

"And were the doors of the church closed, what would be your next move?"

"Under such circumstances I should undoubtedly do my best to climb the steeple."

A REAL BAGMAN.

(Pleasant for M. F. H., who is belated and quartered pro tem. in the Commercial Room of the "Green Gooseberry," Shoddyford.)

Little Smiffkins (a Knight of the Road). 'IGGINS and me always 'ad a liking for 'unting, and one fine day last December, in 'Ertfordshire, not far from St. Halbans, has we was tootling halong the 'ighway, when 'oo should sneak through the 'edge by the roadside but bold Rainard, has pumped hout has a Heast-End reservore. I 'ops hof then and there, and 'its 'im hover the 'ead with a sample-box, thereby laying 'im has dead has Haustralian mutton. 'IGGINS 'e cries "'alves," so I hout with my knife and cuts hof 'is tail. That 'IGGINS 'ad, but the carcase is stuffed in my 'all at 'ome, and we calls hit the Manx Fox!

[Roars of laughter, during which disgusted M. F. H. beats an undignified retreat, mentally wishing for once that he could run a "bagman."]

A MATTER FOR THE HOME SECRETARY.

THE Earl of DERBY has lately opened a "Gamble Institute" at St. Helen's, Lancashire. As this is the chief centre of the glass trade, the object of the Institute is transparent.



COOKING THE ACCOUNTS.

(A Scene in the L. C. C. Kitchen.)

THE SOOTHSAYER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Are prophetic almanacks popular with the public?

Answer. So it would appear from their prevalence.

Q. And has not this success been secured by the veracity of the predictions.

A. That is the contention of their proprietors.

Q. What is the chief aim of a publishing soothsayer?

A. To narrow a prophecy as much as possible, while extending its limits to the utmost.

Q. Explain your meaning by an example.

A. Say that you narrow your prophecy to the bare statement that in "January a Royal House will be afflicted," you can declare it applicable to the death of the mighty sovereign of a great power, or a ninth-rate princelet unearthed from an obscure page in the *Almanach de Gotha*.

Q. And would not a Royal House be afflicted by anything less than a death of one of its members?

A. Certainly, the loss of a favourite cat or cherished walking-stick would be equally applicable.

Q. Supposing that you foretell that a State will lose a valued public servant, how will the prophecy be satisfied?

A. By the death of almost anyone. A great statesman who had made history in Europe for half a century or a lamplighter to a South American Republic who had been appointed a fortnight since to his office would each do equally well.

Q. How would you discover that "a terrible calamity gravely injurious to the human race" had come off?

A. By noticing that some such occurrence as the earthquake of Lisbon, or an accident to an excursion train in Canada, attended by the decease of a baby in arms, had taken place.

Q. Then you believe that, whatever might happen, you would so hedge round your predictions that you would be ultimately able to surmount your difficulties?

A. Certainly; for a soothsayer who knows his business will always leave himself a loophole for escape, and prove for the thousandth time that prophecy rightly handled naturally and appropriately leads to profit.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Ban of the Gubbe (BLACKWOOD) is probably a first essay in novel writing. If so, Mr. CEDRIC WALDO is to be congratulated upon having made a distinct mark. There are those who say, in their haste, that all the stories have been written, all the plots appropriated. Mr. WALDO triumphantly demonstrates the unsoundness of this assertion. He has invented for his hero a father-in-law round whom broods a dark mystery. That is not uncommon in fiction. Where Mr. WALDO scores is in the peculiar nature of the secret which Mr. Janson ineffectually attempts to hide. He is web-footed. My Baronite is not dealing disloyally with the author in prematurely disclosing this secret. On the threshold of the story Mr. Janson puts his foot in it—or rather a pair of feet. The potential son-in-law, though perturbed, was not to be denied. He married the daughter, and they all lived happy afterwards. Why the father-in-law should have had not only web-feet but



Sexton (to a Divine, who was spending his holidays in the country, and who, on the sudden illness of the Village Parson, volunteered to take the duties). "A WORSE PREACHER WOULD HAVE DONE FOR US, SIR, BUT WE COULDN'T GET ONE!"

"hands like fins," is the secret of the book, and the reader must delve for it himself.

Mr. LATEY, hitting folly as it flies on wheels, has given us a sparkling Christmas Number of *The Penny Illustrated London News*, which he who runs a "bike" may read and enjoy. The Shakspearian quotations adapted to biking incidents are happy, and happily illustrated. SHAKSPEARE was "not for an age" but for "cycles" evidently. But what connection there is between the subject of the last picture—a boatman bidding farewell to a young woman, his wife (presumably) and child, or to somebody else's wife and child—and bicycling, except that "there is a 'B' in both," it is difficult to see.

THE BARON.

OF COURSE.—Mr. WELLDON, Head Master of Harrow, objects to the Sublime Porte. Naturally a Well-don goes in for cold water.

At the Dairy Show.

Who readeth what these sickening pamphlets say,
Must have a stomach strong and palate plucky.
They seem to prove our modern Milky Way,
Like country lanes on a wet winter day,
Is very watery and monstrous mucky.

Consternation in Printing House Square.

Mr. Walter. Help! Salts! Anything!
Mr. Buckle (rushing to help). Why, what's the matter?

Mr. Walter (faintly). LABOUCHERE has talked of the *Times* as a "penny daily"!
[Vide "Truth," November 12.]

SHAKSPEARE ADAPTED.

THAT in a Castle's "kleptomania"
Which in a Cottage is rank larceny.

DARBY JONES IN THE MIDLANDS AND NORTH.

HONOURED SIR,—The signs of the decadence of flat racing, not flat catching, for the winter greet the astute punter (I do not refer, however, to the conductor of a flat-bottomed boat) on every side. The trainers now talk like so many Charons of the possibility of getting some of their sorriest crocks "over the sticks." Well, indeed, is this called the "illegitimate season," for who would father such a miserable meeting (I refer to the stakes, not the fields) as that just perpetrated in cold blood at Birmingham? Prizes of £72, £38, £46, £45, and £33 were the noble recompenses offered for the most part by the promoters of the gathering! I agree with that Eminent Peer of the Realm, Ex-vice-roy, Coal-owner, and Chairman of the London School Board, the Marquis of LONDONDERRY, that if racing is to be maintained as the leading sport of Englishmen (under this designation I include Scots, Irish, Welsh, Manxmen, and Channel Islanders), handsome rewards should be offered for competition, not miserable purses with which a leading pickpocket would be disappointed after an afternoon's ramble down Regent Street. On the last day at Birmingham forty-six quadrupeds contended for a gross sum of £383, or rather over eight golden sovereigns apiece! And to carry off such Broddingnagian Stakes railway fares, jockeys, entries and keep had to be supplied by the adventurous owners! Withal the fields were large. I have read, Sir, of the exploits of Elizabethan mariners, headed by Sir WALTER RALEIGH of tobacco and potato fame, who went forth to discover the Golden City of Manoa, but I'll wager my bull's-hide Gladstone bag to an American-leather grip-sack that Sir WALTER and his comrades would never have ventured the risk entailed by these paltry gatherings on *terra firma*.

Bromford Bridge is not, I allow, the centre of the civilised world, as, indeed the quagmire by which it is approached duly testifies, but when B. B. is taken by the ignorant Southerner to mean Big Birmingham, even a few samples of electroplate would strengthen the value of the *honorariums*. But I suppose that one of these days we shall come to the Golden Age of the Anti-Gambling League—no stakes, no betting, and free and open courses, all done for the love of the sport. Then such capitalists as the Duke of WESTMINSTER, the Duke of PORTLAND, Sir JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE, the Earl of CREWE, the Earl of ROSEBURY, and Mr. BARNEY BARNATO, will be imploring the LORD MAYOR to start a Mansion House Fund for the benefit of Indigent Jockeys ruined by the prevalence of Motor-cars.

But still, Sir, there are, as even the destitute Pelican or the much-abused Scapegoat will allow, Oases in the Wilderness. I trust that I am correct in my Latin grammar. Among these Sanctuaries of Sport let me reckon Liverpool. The Liver is, I believe, a fabulous bird ranking with the Phoenix, the Roc, and the Whistle-Wistle. He exists no longer, having, so the legend runs, been totally destroyed by long-continued fusillades of blue pill. But still the memory of this weird fowl is honoured. She must, I imagine, have been the foremother of the coy and diffident Oof-bird of modern times, so eagerly pursued by everyone, from the gentle Chancellor of the Exchequer down to the exasperating or-

gan-grinder. In any case, her deserted nest has produced and is producing many broods of well-plumed livers up-to-date, who do not hesitate to plunge fearlessly into the Stream of Life. When a Liverpudlian—shudder not, honoured Sir, the epithet is theirs, not mine—resolves on doing a thing, he does it well, inspired, no doubt, to obtain as much enjoyment as riches can command by the ever-horrible sight of the slimy and distressing Mersey, an estuary which yields not to the mouth of the Garonne in the bitter melancholy of its surroundings. The unhappy voyagers from the land of the Stars and Stripes, who first see Liverpool, must indeed imagine that they have come to a country from which the Pilgrim Fathers did well to fly.

But, as a town, Liverpool, like an oyster with an unprepossessing shell, conceals



most succulent relief. At the Adelphi Hotel you may, as I suggested last week, make merry with the Turtle that sings to you in the rhythm of "clear" or "thick." At the theatres you are entranced by the London-like appearance of the stage; at the music halls you can delight the eye and ear while solacing the gullet with its necessary quantum of refreshment. And on classic Aintree you have a race-course second to none within the humble ken of your obedient servant. It has had many patrons, but none more consistent than the Lord of KNOWSLEY, the present Earl of DERBY (would that I could add, "and JONES"), a sportsman, who had so great a love for a horse that he himself became a mayor. For four days in the most distressful month of the year the Liverpudlians (again forgive the expression) kept, as they used to say at the Gaiety Theatre, when it was a theatre, "the ball a-rolling." I would like to be rolling that ball now, for did not *Sardis*, in the great Lancashire Handicap, richly compensate me for previous disappointments? Shall I tell you why—in the strictest confidence? Because before going to the course a Lovely Lady told me that Mr. VYNER's colt was sure to win, inasmuch as she had lunched on sardines à la *Soyer* and champagne. There was a tip! I chalked it up, and consequently returned to mine hostelry possessing a pouch replete with those documents which the Grand Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has never been known to dishonour within the recollection of

Your satisfied serf,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I trust that you, honoured Sir, and my clients in general did not fail to profit by the victory of M. LEBAUDY's titled representative in the Liverpool Cup. If you remember, my prophecy in the burning

words of poesy foretold "The Count may come again," and I also held out warning with regard to the "Irish pair," referring, of course, to *St. Jarlath* and his queerly-named compatriot. I vehemently warned off every one from touching such an inflated animal as *Birchrod*, though she finished first favourite with my colleague "Mr. Hotspur," and the public in general. I do not conceal from you that I fully expected *Stowmarket* to recoup Mr. B. BARNATO for the expense to which he has been put with regard to OOM PAUL's lions, but I cannot rebuke Fortune on this occasion, my motto always being that of a Parliamentary carpet-bagger, "Win and a place."

[DARBY JONES seems to be, as usual when he has succeeded in what he calls "capturing the cake," enjoying himself. We cannot and will not be bail for him at Liverpool or elsewhere. Who is the "Lovely Lady"?—Ed.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Gunner waiting for early wild-fowl rests on a Bathing-machine in a well-remembered spot.

I REST beside the moonlit sea,
Its plash the only sound!
The sands long maindecks seem to be
That have no bulwarks round;
Thé coastguard's signal on the hill
Stands black against the sky,
The air is very raw and chill;
I think of you, and why?
Last August, in this very cove,
Your presence graced the scene;
Here in these waves to swim you strove,
And this was your machine!
I know the number twenty-three.
Hence in the water blue—
You leapt, a mermaid fair and free—
I never looked at you!
But now I seem to hear you trip
Upon this tar-stained board,
And fancy I can see you dip
While "bobbing" with the cord.
Your red-gold locks in oilskin cap,
Your garb of crimson hue—
I always was a modest chap,
And never looked at you!
'Tis like a dream! For then I thought
You swam with grace and ease,
Just like the bathing wench, who taught
Her skill for well-earned fees.
But now I know you always put
Your plump white arms in view,
But on the shingle kept a foot.
I never looked at you!
Like Aphrodité shaking pearls
You rose from out the main,
And coyly hid some errant curls,
And then you "bobbed" again!
Then with a laugh and sinuous leap
You bade the waves adieu.
I dream, and yet I'm not asleep—
I never looked at you!
In toilette trim with floating locks,
No cap their wealth restrained,
You joined me by those sullen rocks—
And welcome haven gained.
You prattled of the joys of Love,
The Beautiful, the True,
And from your side I could not move—
For then I looked at you!
'Twas just three months ago and yet
Your troth was like this sand
On which is written large "Forget!
Mistake me not for land!"
Now do I not—the past is done,
Though day must follow night—
A whirr o'erhead! Here! quick! my gun!
The ducks are on the flight!



OVERHEARD NEAR BERGEN.

Norwegian Host (whose English is not perfect—to British Tourist).
 "WHAT THAT I TELL YOU, SARR, IT IS QUITE TRUE. NANSEN
 KILLED HIS LAST DOG TO SAVE THE OTHERS!"

LETTERS OF MARJORIE AND GLADYS.

I.—THE DECLINE OF FLIRTATION.

MY DEAR GLADYS,—I had not heard from you for so long—not, indeed, since the sad termination of your last engagement—that I was quite struck by the casual, inconsequent tone of your letter, and still more by the calm flippancy with which you express the surprising opinion that "*flirtation is gradually dying out.*"

I know there is much to be said for this view, and without going as far as a young friend of mine, who recently declared the only lady-killer of modern times was the unpopular character known to contemporary history as "Jack the Ripper," I admit I do perceive a slight falling-off in the number of those young men who were formerly classed as "mashers"; a decline in the quality and quantity of the tame cat. The Don Juan is rather shy than wild, and the *jeune premier* in general is extremely rare (and dreadfully spoilt in consequence). It is quite unusual, nowadays, to find a young man who lives for ladies' favour. Where is the rush at dances to secure the envied hand of the belle of the ball? Is there such a thing, now, as the belle of a ball? I think not. In France, they attribute this decline to the increasing charms of the bicycle. But what do the French know about flirtation? Flirtation is an essentially English product (in America, it is too frequently liable to degenerate into mere friendship); and, though the French imitate us now, there seems to me always something a little depressing, even a little sinister, in a Parisian's mode of carrying on what he calls "*un flirt*" with an English girl. I doubt if an English girl ever quite realises his point of view.

But to speak of it as a quaint old custom, surviving merely on Margate Pier and in the Kensington Town Hall, is to ex-

aggerate dreadfully. Especially it is not for *you* to make such an assertion, you, who spend your spare time in collecting all the most frivolous living exponents of the art. You forget that I watched, through the opera-glasses of friendly interest, your somewhat breathless gallop through your last season. You left me gasping at the immense strides you have made since you came out, at your caprices, your fickleness. There was a time when you liked one young man better than the others for a month, or even more; now, one musical afternoon is the average duration, and a couple of dinner-parties the limit. And then, your reasons for your preferences. They are as futile as your excuses for giving them up. You liked DE VERNEY "*because you heard he took cocaine,*" and threw him over because he was "*too thin and too fond of jewellery.*" You became inseparable friends with young MONTFORD for nearly a whole evening, because you had been told "*he had naturally curly hair that was artificially straightened out.*" When you found out that the iron had never entered into his hair you dropped him at once, on the trivial pretext that he sent you some roses, and that you are "*tired of roses.*" Tired of roses! at twenty! Sometimes the reason for your sympathy is the same one as the reason for your coldness. You took a fancy to CARINGTON "*because he wore a black ribbon watch-chain,*" and you gave up CARINGTON "*because he wore a black ribbon watch-chain.*" Indeed, ever since your engagement with that serious young man, ORIEL, who left England under a cloud, for which his father had to provide the silver lining, I observe that your admirers become more and more of a trivial type. Two points in common are to be found in them all, whatever their variety—either they are called REGGIE, or they are Secretaries. In extreme cases, they are both. They all do nothing, and think they know everything; they are constantly being photographed, frequently in some sentimental difficulty, and complain a good deal to one another of the "wearingness" of being faithful to five people at once. Marriage never even occurs to them, and since, I suppose, you have not given up the idea—not thinking a Humber a sufficient substitute for a husband—I should strongly advise you to turn your thoughts, soon, in a different direction. But when you write again, please don't complain of the decline of flirtation; the lament, from you, has so hollow a sound. Rather, give me instead some instances of the new methods, your own and your friends'. I have not kept up with the movement of late, and I have been told that you have reached a high level of artistic merit. But do be more serious!

Your affectionate friend,

MARJORIE.

CANINE SAGACITY.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A PUPPY!

DEAR SIR,—My little son (AUGUSTUS, aged four-and-a-half) was left in a room by himself, about three days ago. He found two or three stray lucifer matches, and proceeded to strike them for his own amusement. I happened to reach one of the doorways leading into the apartment just as he had succeeded in burning his first match. Imagine my dismay—and thankfulness! Before, however, I could say a word, or step forward, another actor appeared upon the scene—a young St. Bernard (named *Squelch*) which had not hitherto shown marked intelligence. He saw the danger, and decided upon action as promptly as any human being could have done under the circumstances. With a blow of his paw he knocked the remaining matches from the hands of my little son. The latter has a spirit of his own, and not understanding the wisdom and kindness which dictated the dog's action, endeavoured pettishly to recover his playthings. Now comes the supreme interest of the story! Seeing that he was likely to be foiled in his benevolent purpose, the devoted animal *deliberately chewed up and swallowed the remaining matches!* thereby preventing all further risk to the child at considerable inconvenience to himself!

I read with much interest a letter which appeared exactly a year ago in your columns about a dog who unselfishly presented his mistress with his best bone; but I think you will agree with me that *Squelch* has broken the record. He has shown decided signs of seediness for the last day or two, undoubtedly due to the harmful nature of the chemicals absorbed into his system. Yet the noble dog must have been aware at the time that such unnatural diet was bound to disagree with him—yet he never faltered. Believe me, Sir,

Yours ever,

A THANKFUL PARENT.

DESCRIPTIVE DEFINITION OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE SUMMER TERM.
 —"*Backs, et præterea nil.*"



"CREDE EXPERTO."

Mr. Gladstone (to Prince Bismarck). "TAKE MY ADVICE, PRINCE. DO AS I DO, AND STICK TO POST-CARDS!"



(LEADEN) HALL MARKED.

Notorious Covert Owner. "THERE HE GOES, MY LORD! ISN'T HE A BEAUTY?"

Noble Master. "H'M—YES. A FINE FOX. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL YOUR KEEPER TO PICK THE STRAW OUT OF HIS BRUSH?"

THE OLD ROCKET-CASE.

[BISMARCK, who calls himself "the old rocket-case in the Sachsenwald," is reported to have said that old age, in the country, when the physical powers no longer permit the saddle and the chase, is a depressing fate, and he is sorry he had not taken a house in Berlin and received his friends daily in genial converse.]

The Teuton Titan ruminates:—

CAPTAIN MORRIS was right! I feel chock-full of spleen.

"A cow on a common, a goose on a green,"

Mean boredom incarnate, to one of my mood.

There's rust in my iron, there's ice in my blood!

Blood and iron? *Ach, Himmel!* I might be a lath
Painted iron—like CECIL, and impotent wrath
Stirs my blood—into biliousness. Who cares to stop
Effervescence, when harmless as cheap ginger-pop?

A regular old rocket-case, void, fizzled out,
Like a woman grown old, or a man with the gout.
Who says "up like a rocket, and down like its stick"?
He'll see—if he comes within reach of my kick!

Pyrotechnics! *Ach!* mighty poor substitutes, those,
For gunpowder,—in guns, or the sword's slashing blows.
Ah, MOLTKE, old Silence, you're happiest, far,
Not tempted, like me, to mere tongue-wagger's war!

A firework Sedan! Why, that is but a show
For JOHN BULL's Crystal Palace; a fiz-gig *tableau*,
To make boys blare and bellow, and old ladies gasp.
Oh, memory, "You're dowered with a sting like an asp!"

Yet fireworks, well handled, *may* frighten. At least,
Upset old women diplomats, scared at their feast
Like BELSHAZZAR the fool. That last cracker was fine!
A quib, for a moment, may seem like a mine!

But Sachsenwald solitudes tempt one to—sin.
"Oh! give me the sweet, shady side of"—Berlin.

Mad MORRIS again! Yet he was *not* so mad.
There is Tophet for strength on the shelf. Which is sad.

Old age in the country, *sans* saddle, or chase,
Is like—Ithaca's rest to Ulysses—*my* case!
The Dr. WATTS twaddlers, no doubt, in far lands,
Hint that Satan finds mischief for *my* idle hands.

The dolts! Could I trip them, like ARNIM.—Ah well!
If Count HARRY were here, he might hint that a cell
Was his foeman's desert full as much as his own.
Ach! Minnows make mouths at a triton o'erthrown.

O'erthrown! As though Etna could e'er be destroyed
Save by its own fires! True, if those were employed
In volcanic self-wreck!—Faugh! My care is so slight
For the babblers who hint this. Yet—*how if they're right?*
[Left brooding.]

Our Christmas Game Bag.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Yet the gentle Italian "*Attratto*" hardly suggests a new and exciting method of fishing on the table. For explanation, C. W. FAULKNER & Co., who publish them, have added a stock English translation of "catch 'em." Another enticing amusement known as "Nurky," is somewhat mystifying to the uninitiated; it is an easy method of making ducks and drakes of your money. So simple!

IN THE NORTH EXPRESS.—Astonishment of an affable Lincolnshire squire on inquiring "Do you know what Grantham is celebrated for?" expecting the answer "Gingerbread," to receive the retort from his fellow-passenger, a soured advocate, "Yes; sitting on the Bar!"

A DUCAL LINE.—The Duchess of PORTLAND has, in the Floors Water, captured no less than three salmon. Henceforth she ought to be known as Her Grace of Fishland.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HUREY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXVIII.

*Mankletow v. Jabberjee. Notes taken by Mr. Jabberjee in Court during the proceedings.**Queen's Bench Court, No. —. 10.20 A.M.*

THE eventful morn of my trial for Breach of Promise has at length arrived, and I am resolved to jot down on the exterior of my brief such tittles as take place. I have taken my seat in Court on one of the benches reserved for long-robed juniors; in my immediate rear being my solicitor, SIDNEY SMARTLE, Esq., who will officiate as my Remembrancer and Friend in Need.

In the Great Hall below I had the pleasure to encounter Miss JESSIMINA and that worthy Madam her Mamma, being prepared



"Fresh as a daisy, and fine as a carrot fresh scraped."

to greet them with effusive kindness, and assure them I was only a hostile in my professional capacity. Whether they were struck with awe by the unaccustomed majesty of my appearance in brand-new wig, bands, &c., in which I am fresh as a daisy, and fine as a carrot fresh scraped, or whether they simply did not recognise me in the disguise of such toggeries, I am not to decide—but they passed by without responding visibly to my salutations.

10.25.—A stout, large Q.C., with luxuriant cheek-whiskers has just entered the row in front. Mister SMARTLE whispers me that this is WITHERINGTON, whom I refused to engage, and who is now in opposition.

I have taken the undue liberty to pluck him by the sleeve and introduce myself in straightforward English style to his honourable notice, acquainting him that his unfortunate client had a very flimsy case, and was not deserving of success, while myself was a meritorious Native Neophyte, whose entire fortune was impaled on a stake, and urging him not to show too windy a temper to such a shorn lamb as his petitioner.

However, he has declined rather peremptorily to lend me his

ears, nor can I induce his learned junior, who is my next neighbour, to show me any fraternal kindness. My said solicitor is highly indignant at my treatment, and warns me in an undertone that I am not to make any further overtures to such stuck-up individuals.

10.30.—Hon'ble Mister Justice HONEYGALL enters in highly dignified fashion. He is of a bland, benignant, and intensely clean aspect, which uplifts my downfallen heart, for it is obvious, from his benevolent and smiling bow to myself that he already feels a paternal interest in my achieving the conquest of my spurs.

The jury are taking the oath. Whether any of my co-contributors to *Punch* are among them I cannot discover, since they do not vouchsafe to encourage me by the freemasonry of even a surreptitious simper. But this is perhaps occasioned by over prudence.

The learned junior on my right has risen, and in shockingly bald and barren verbiage has stated the issues which are to be tried, and, being evidently no Heaven-born orator, sits abruptly down, completely gravelled for lack of a more copious vocabulary. A poor tongue-tied devil of a chap whom I regard with pity!

WITHERINGTON, Q.C., is addressing the jury. He is not a tongue-tied, but he speaks in a colloquial, commonplace sort of fashion which does not shed a very brilliant lustre upon boasted British advocacy.

Though of an unromantic obesity, it appears from the excessive eulogies he lavishes upon JESSIMINA that he is already the tangled fly in the web of her feminine enchantments. What a pity that such a prominent barrister should be so unskilled in seeing through the female heart!

He is persisting in making most incorrect and uncomplimentary allusions to my underserving self, which it is impossible that I am to suffer without rising to repudiate with voluble indignation! However, though he makes bitter complaints of my interruptions, he does me the honour to refer to me as his friend, for which I thank him with a gratified fervour, assuring him that I reciprocate his esteem.

Hon'ble Judge has just tendered me the kindly and golden advice that, unless I sit down and remain hermetically sealed, the case will infallibly continue for ever and anon, and that I am not to advance my interests by disregarding the customary etiquettes of the Bar.

11.5.—JESSIMINA is giving her testimony. Indubitably she has greatly improved in her physical appearance since I was a resident of Porticobello House, and her habiliments are as fashionably ladylike (if not more so) than Miss WEE-WEE's own! Alack! that she should relate her story with so many departures from ordinary veracity. Her pulchritude and well-assumed timidity have captivated even the senile Judge, for, after I have risen and vehemently contradicted her in various unimportant details, he has actually barked at me that, unless I wait until it is my turn to cross-examine he will take some very severe measure with me at the rising of the Court! A pretty specimen of judicial impartiality!

1.30 P.M.—The Court has risen for lunch at the conclusion of a rather severe cross-examination by myself of the fair plaintiff, and, not being oppressed by pangs of hunger, I have leisure to record the result—which, owing to the partisanship of Hon'ble Bench, the disgracefully complicated state of the laws of Evidence, and Miss JESSIMINA's ingenuity in returning entirely wrong answers to my searching interrogatories, did not attain to the sanguine level of my expectations.

For instance, when I asked her whether it was not the fact that I was notoriously deficient in physical courageousness, she made the unexpected reply that she had not observed it, and that I had frequently described to her my daring achievements in sticking wild pigs and shooting man-eating tigers.

Also she entirely refused to admit that the turquoise and gold ring I had given her was not in token of our betrothal, but merely to compensate her for not being invited as well as myself to a certain fashionable dinner-party; and the Judge (interrupting in the most unwarrantable manner) said that, as he did not understand that I seriously denied the existence of an engagement to marry, he was unable to perceive the bearings of my query.

Again, I reminded her of her mention of the gift of a china model of Poet SHAKESPEARE's birthplace, and required her—on her oath—to answer whether it had not been originally intended for another lady, and whether, having accidentally seated myself upon it, I had not decided to bestow the *dissecta membra* upon herself instead.

To which she replied, with artfully simulated emotion, that all she knew was that I had assured her at the time that the said piece of china had been expressly purchased for herself as a souvenir of my ardent affection, and she had accepted it as such, and carefully restored it with some patent cement.

Before this the Judge had asked me how I could expect the plaintiff to know what was passing in the tortuous recesses of my own mind, and informed her that she need not answer such a ridiculous question unless she pleased. But she did please, and her answer was received with applause, which, however, the Bench perceiving, though tardily, that I was entitled to some protection, did declare in angry tones that it was on no account to be permitted.

Next I inquired whether it was not true that she was of a flirtatious disposition, and addicted to laugh and talk vivaciously with the gentlemen boarders, and whether I had not earnestly remonstrated with her upon such conduct. Here WITHERINGTON, Q.C., bounded on to his feet, and protested that I was not entitled to put this question now, since I had not dared to allege in my letters or pleadings that I had breached my promise owing to any misconduct of plaintiff. But, instead of submitting to such objection, JESSIMINA answered in mellifluous accents that she had never manifested more than ordinary civility towards any gentleman-boarder, but that I had displayed passionate jealousy of them all prior to my engagement—though never since, because she had never afforded the slightest excuse for remonstrances.

Whereupon she was again flooded with tears, which stirred my heart with tender commiseration; for her maidenly distress did only increase her charms to infinity. And the Judge, feeling fatherly sympathy for myself, observed very kindly that I had got my answer, which he hoped might do me much good. For which good wish I thanked him gratefully; and the Court was again dissolved in senseless cachinnations!

Next I cross-questioned her as to her refusal of my offer to marry on the ground that I was already the husband of one infant wife, and whether it was not the fact. She responded that I had referred her to Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM for corroboration of my story, and that he had informed her that my said wife was a deceased.

Here I cleverly took the legal objection that what Mr. RAM said was not evidence, and warned her to be careful, while the Hon'ble Judge partly upheld my contention, remarking that it was evidence that a conversation was held, but not of the truth of the facts stated in such conversation, thereby showing clearly that he did not credit her story.

Upon the whole, I am confident that I have at least silenced the guns of WITHERINGTON, Q.C., for upon the conclusion of my cross-examination, he admitted that he had no further questions to ask the plaintiff!

My solicitor says I shall have to buck myself up if I am to reduce the damages to any reasonable amount, and that he had been desirous from the first to brief WITHERINGTON. But this is to croak like a raven, for the cross-examining is, after all, of very minor importance compared to the Gift of the Gab—in which I am notoriously *nulli secundus*.

2.15 P.M.—The Court has returned. WITHERINGTON's Junior has called JESSIMINA's mother, whom I shall presently have the bounden but rather painful duty to cross-examine sharply.

Already I experience serious sinkings in stomach department. *Sursum corda!* I must buck it up.

A BISHOP'S IDEAS ON LADIES' IDEALS.

THE Bishop of HEREFORD, in distributing the prizes at the Redland Girls' High School at Bristol, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, said:—

"There was one ideal against which he ventured to warn young women, especially of the upper and middle classes, viz., the ideal of aping men's fashions and manners. He sometimes saw very smart young ladies in waist-coats and so on, which suggested imitation of men, and he always felt it was a mistake."

Miss MIDDLECRUST is of opinion that this attack comes with a very bad grace from a smart, middle-aged man who attires himself in "lawn sleeves," an "apron," and "so on," and she would like to know his feelings on that subject.

"THE only Patti Concert" was announced for last Saturday. Would it not have been even more correct to have styled it, "The Concert of 'the Only PATTI'?"

SUGGESTED.—New up-to-date novel by the author of *Carissima*, to be called *Motor-Car-issima*, with pedal notes by M.C.C.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. I.

EXAMINATION PAPER

For Candidates for Teachership at our Educational Institutions.

1. GIVE a short history of cricket during the last two centuries, marking the changes in the game, with special regard to "no-balls."
2. Has any foreigner made a "not out" century? Briefly summarise the exploits of any three Australian batsmen and a prince of Indian extraction.
3. Who were "the three Graces"? Describe the favourite attitude of "the Doctor."
4. What are the rules of football? In what respect does Rugby differ from Association regulations?
5. Write a short essay upon either golf, lawn-tennis, or quoits.
6. What do you know about University sports? Give records of high jump, the one hundred yards, and putting the stone.
7. How would you coach an eight? When should a crew go into training? What should be the diet of a coxswain six weeks before starting on the Thames at Putney?
8. Show by diagram what you should do if the white ball were three inches to the left of the right upper pocket, the red on spot, and you yourself in baulk. Should you play for a cannon or a hazard?
9. What should be the outfit of a public schoolboy? Should he have two pairs of cricketing boots? Give reasons for your answers.
10. Show that athletics are more important than book learning. Why has croquet been described as "the game of girls"?
11. What is your weight? How much do you measure round the chest? How many inches are you above six feet?
12. Finally, if you have time, for the question is optional, and carries no marks, state briefly what you know about Latin and Greek.



HERE COMES SIR CHARLES THISTLEDOWN AND HIS NEWLY-MARRIED WIFE. AND YET PEOPLE SAY HE MARRIED BENEATH HIM!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AUTOMOBILISTIC BRIGHTON.

DEAR MISTER,—The great event of this month here is the inauguration of english automobilism. At Brighton above all one is in the movement, *dans le mouvement*. Naturally the fourteen I desire to see to arrive the fifty-four carriages of which one has spoken, the before-runners of the great changement, the inaugurators of automobilism in England.

Therefore, towards the four hours, I regard by the window of the hotel, and I perceive much of persons who walk themselves by a time of the most frightful. He rains, as at the ordinary in your country at the occasion of any assembly in full air. *Quel climat!* Not only that, but, the sky being covered, he makes himself already obscure, even before the hour of the going to bed of the sun, and also he makes a wind truly frightening, in effect one half-gale. What time for the unhappy automobilists! At cause of the obscurity, and of the crowd, I see not anything from the windows of the hotel, and I am obliged of to endorse my "mackintosh" and of to go out.

Quel temps! Impossible of to hold an umbrella! And in England one carries not a *capuchon* for to cover the head, as in France. However see there much of charming misses, who walk themselves by a time as that, without to trouble themselves, the least of the world, of the rain, of the wind, or of the mud. And what mud—all as at London! Not only young misses, but also old ladies, old ones—*vieillards*—little child, all are there. Also enormously of bicyclettes and of carriages—"horse-carriages," for he must to distinguish at present. All, excepted the automobiles!

He makes black, but all the world continues of to walk himself at the electric light. And see there, after to have attended during three quarters of an hour, without anything to see excepted the crowd, all to blow, *tout à coup*, I smell an odour of oil—ah but, an odour of the most disheartenings, *éceurantes!*—and I perceive a little carriage, conducted by a man, in costume of "yachtman," with a droll of bonnet, *galonné* of gold. The little carriage is followed of two other carriages and of two other odours of oil, still more disheartening, and, after some time, of an electric carriage, absolutely without odour. *Voilà tout!* All the world has passed one hour or more by a frightful time, for to

see to arrive four carriages, absolutely covered of mud, and one distinguishes them at pain in the obscurity, excepted by the odour of the oil and by the *vacarme* of the mechanism. Truly it is an historic occasion, the inauguration of the carriage of the future, but extremely disagreeable by a so villain time.

Me I am myself horribly enrheumed. Since that I have had the grip, the influenza, there in some years, a rheum of brain is a veritable malady for me. *Je me mouche*, I pocket-handkerchief myself, absolutely without cease, *j'éternue éternellement*, I sneeze eternally, I have bad at the head, bad at the throat, bad at the eyes. Ordinarily of a natural enough gay, I become a miserable pessimist, incapable of anything to do. I say all this for to explain for what I write this so longtime after.

But in verity one sees some automobiles at Brighton, and by a superb time, all the days since the fourteen, above all the sixteen—all sorts of carriages, the most part as those that I have already seen at Paris. And all the world speaks but of that. It is already that the English call "a new craziness." Even the respectable and ancient "Chainpier" becomes an automobile, and goes gently towards the east. In fine perhaps the "Pavillon," that droll of palace of GEORGE FOUR, will part also, *en route* to Pekin.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

At a Metropolitan Police Court.

(A Forecast.)

Magistrate (to prisoner). You are accused of stealing two loaves of bread. Have you any defence?

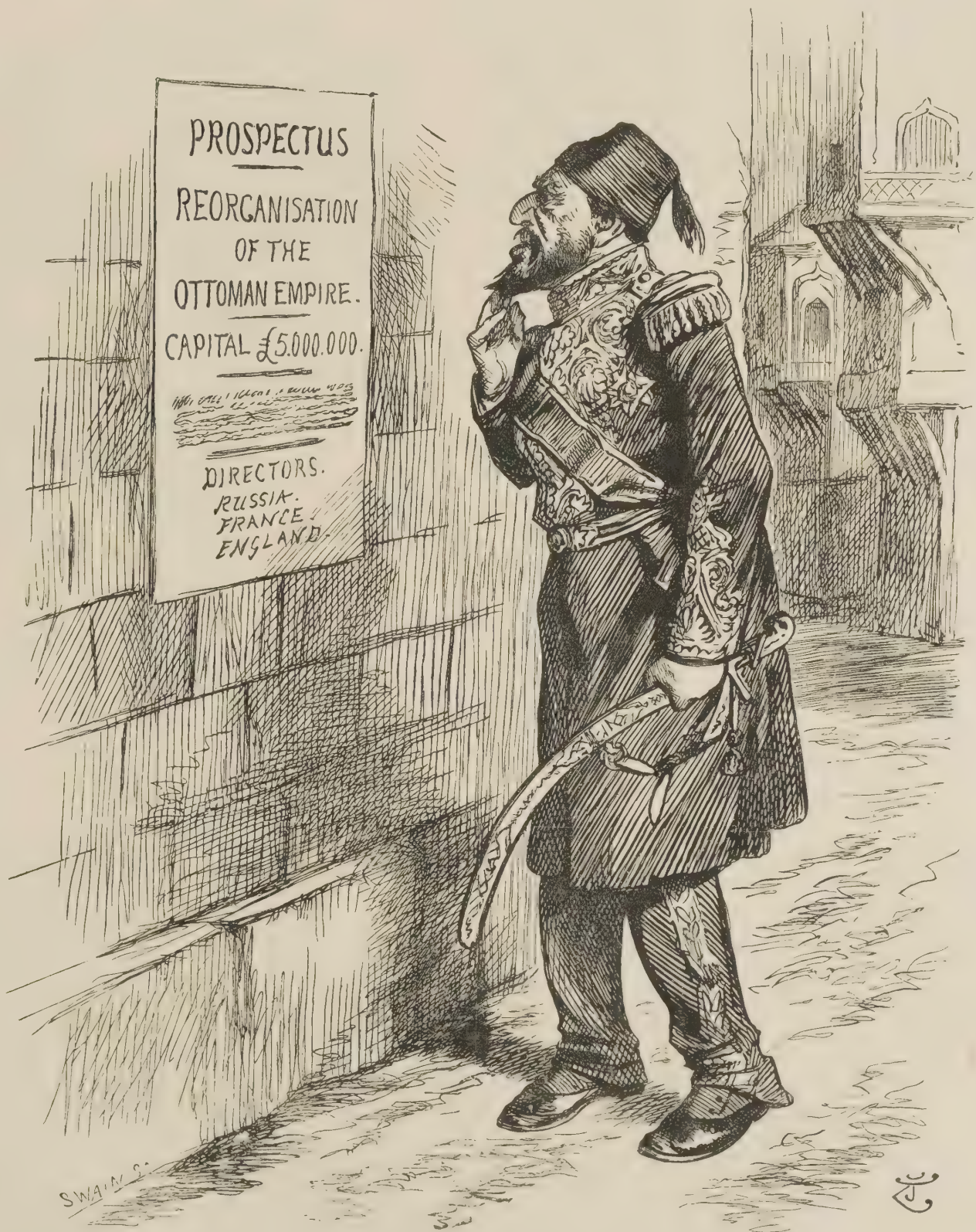
Prisoner. Yes, your worship. I'm a confirmed kleptomaniac—when my wife and children are starving.

Magistrate. Have you any reference as to your statement?

Prisoner. Yes, your worship, all the best London doctors and the Home Secretary.

Magistrate. Discharged! Without a stain upon your character! The quality of mercy can never be strained nowadays. It is only diluted.

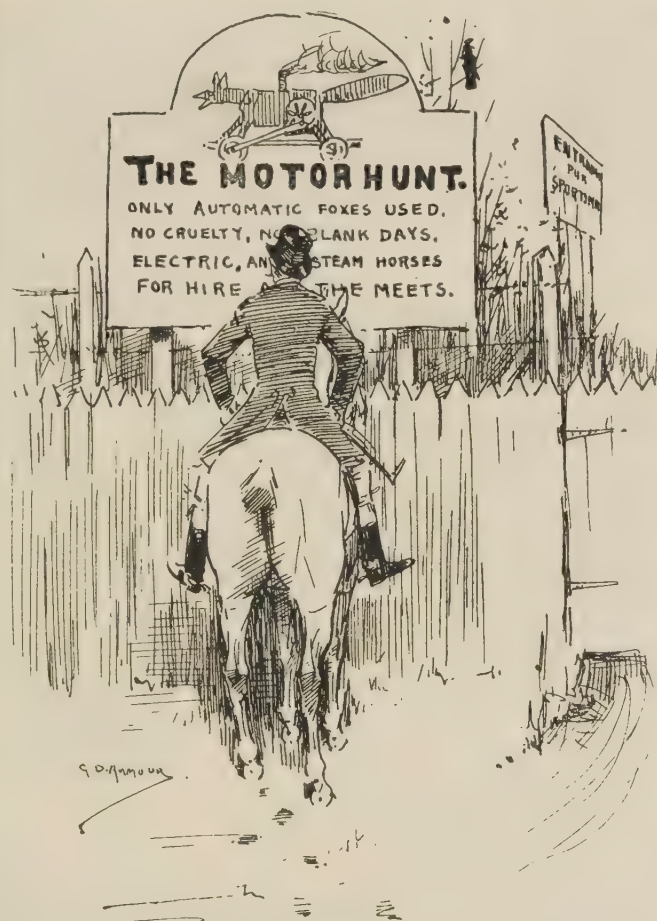
GONE UP ONE.—The *Daily Telegraph* states that Viscount WOLSELEY is to be the guest of the Marquis of ROSEBURY. Is this the outcome of the Primrose League proclivities?



“TURKEY LIMITED.”

SULTAN. “BISMILLA! MAKE ME INTO A LIMITED COMPANY? M'M—AH—S'POSE THEY'LL ALLOW ME TO JOIN THE BOARD AFTER ALLOTMENT!”

[It is reported that “among the proposals” which the Powers have “under serious consideration,” is a scheme for raising a “new Turkish Loan of five millions sterling,” to be applied to the cost of the judiciary, revenue, and police service “under European control.”]



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LIFE among savages is apparently mild compared to the ordinary existence of a schoolboy, especially in *His First Year at School*, by ALFRED WEST (FISHER UNWIN). His time was anything but a peaceful one. "Ragging" and "rotting," with many other modern terms for torture, are suggestive of capital fun, except for the unhappy victim. But the result is effective, the process of evolution admirable through which the namby-pamby individual develops into an every-day youth.

In writing *The Life of Archbishop Magee* (ISBISTER), DR. MACDONNELL has enjoyed the advantage of finding a sequence of letters from the pen of Dr. MAGEE, which, with here and there a deft touch, suffice to tell the story. This is the best way a biography may be written. It is, however, doubtful whether, had Dr. MAGEE been in a position to be consulted, he would have consented to the publication of all the letters which appear in these volumes. There is, for example, one addressed from Spain to his friend Dr. MACDONNELL, then a curate in County Carlow. "If I were in your place," he writes, "I should borrow without scruple for my sermons. It is the only debt a man is not obliged to repay." For an unsophisticated layman like my Baronite this is a little startling. Suppose the analogous case of a journalist preaching his weekly sermon in, say, the *Spectator*. Suppose, in order to fill up his appointed space and earn his apportioned fee, he were to delve out of back numbers articles by other hands, furbish them up to suit time and occasion, and pass them off upon an unsuspecting editor as his own. What would be said of such a sinner in quiet country parishes? Another section of the correspondence which grates upon the sensitive lay mind, unsuspicious of such things in Rectories and Deaneries, is evidence of hankering after professional promotion. Once MAGEE permitted himself to utter the frankest complaint of a bishop who had been an unconscionably long time dying. "The Bishopric of Meath," he writes, on August 1, 1886, "would, I believe, have been mine had Dr. SINGER's death taken place just three weeks sooner than it did. Three weeks of an expiring and seemingly useless life lay between me and all that a bishopric im-

plies." Whilst this inconsiderate man lingered on, clinging to life with reprehensible selfishness, EARL RUSSELL, who would have promoted the Dean of Cork, was turned out of office, and LORD DERBY, who had other clerical friends to serve, took his place. Hence these angered tears over the bier of the dallying bishop. From a historical point of view, MAGEE's letters penned during the progress of the fight over the Irish Church Bill are the most interesting and valuable portion of the book. On every page he discloses his inner self, supplying rare opportunity for the study of a man. Occasionally he sums himself up in a phrase. "You will think me," he writes, in April, 1873, "a strangely pugnacious bishop." Three years later he declares, "I ought to have been the editor of a Radical newspaper instead of being a Conservative bishop." If for "ought" we read "might" this is very true. As his career was shaped it was infinitely better. The editor of a Radical paper is a commonplace of humanity as compared with a MAGEE on the Episcopal Bench. The letters will rank among the best in the English language. The sentences follow each other like hammer strokes, each one hitting the nail.

Let us praise heroes. *The Life of Nelson*, by SOUTHEY, brought out by Messrs. DENT, of the Aldine House. To the neatness and daintiness of the binding of this DENT's production, this in-dent-ure witnesseth.

Powerfully told is the sad story of *A Child of the Jago*, by ARTHUR MORRISON, published by METHUEN. It seems to the Baron as though the author had been inspired to write a modern version of that hideous and squalid part of DICKENS's *Oliver Twist*, in which old Fagin, Bill Sikes, Nancy, Charley Bates, and the Dodger are the principal actors. In the action of the hypocritical "fence" there is also a touch of our old friend "Melter Moss" in TOM TAYLOR's *Ticket-of-Leave Man* who, in the drama, went to the merchant's office to "split" on Bob Brierly, just as Weech, in this tale, ruins the prospects of the unfortunate Dicky Perrott. The flight of the criminal after the murder recalls both that of Bill Sikes and Jonas Chuzzlewit, under similar circumstances. The description of the great fight between Josh Perrott and Billy Leahy is a master-piece. A glossary of thieves' slang—or the slang of The Jago—ought to appear as appendix. It is horribly, detestably fascinating.

Except that Amyas is true to his Geraldine, the story of *Sir Amyas, Cavalier*, up to a certain point is that of the ballad of Billy Taylor, whom his "true love followed after under the name of Richard Carr," disguised as a sailor. So Geraldine, disguised as a youthful soldier, follows her lover, Amyas, and becomes his wedded wife while yet "masking as a cornet of the king's horse." The interest of the story ends with the discovery and the marriage, in the middle of the book. After that, all about KING CHARLES and OLIVER is *vieux jeu*. Mr. M. H. HERVEY's *Sir Amyas* is to be heard of, in a single readable volume, at the house of one MASTER ARROWSMITH, of Bristol.

CONSTANCE COTTERELL's *Impossible Person*, to be found in FISHER UNWIN's Autonym Library, began as a kind of composite being, something between *Dora Spenslow* and little *Paul Dombey*. Then "Little" ELIZABETH grew up and became another version of Mrs. David Copperfield of Blunderstone Rookery, who was wearied out of life by Mr. Murdstone and his amiable sister Jane, here, in this story, represented by Lucas and Elaine. Yet, those who take up this little book, will thank Miss COTTERELL for a delightful story, and will finish their expression of genuine approbation with the child's usual request, "Now tell us another! do tell us another!" Yes, "tell us another," quoth THE BARON.

To Princess Charles of Denmark.

(Born November 26, 1869.)

PRINCESS! a birthday-greeting, not

The stereotyped congratulation

That is the wonted fulsome lot

Of those who represent high station.

This from our hearts, good, bright Princess,

Long may you, Danish wed, possess

The love of all your father's nation!

THE NATURAL CREST OF EVERY GOLF CLUB.—The lynx.

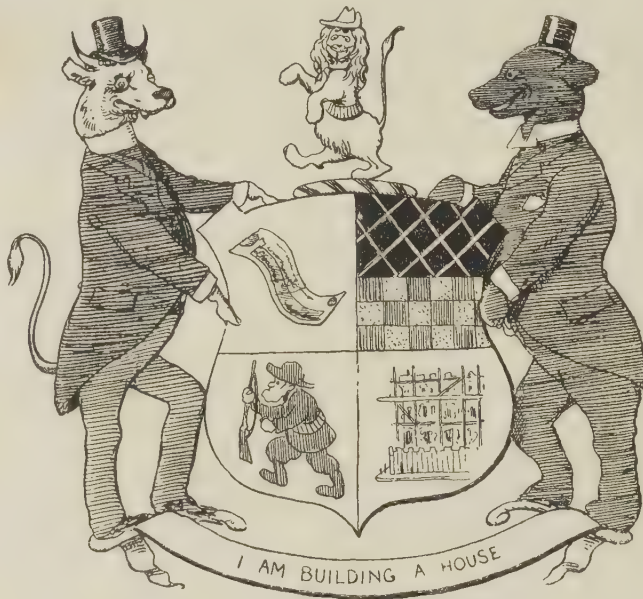
LETTS calls them "desk or rough diaries." Why "rough," when they are intended for "Gentles all"? Ladies who like to keep strict account of their dressmakers' bills will find these diaries eminently adapted to suit their figures.

THE FAVOURITE OF THE MOTOR-CARS.—Petroleum.

"TO ARMS!"

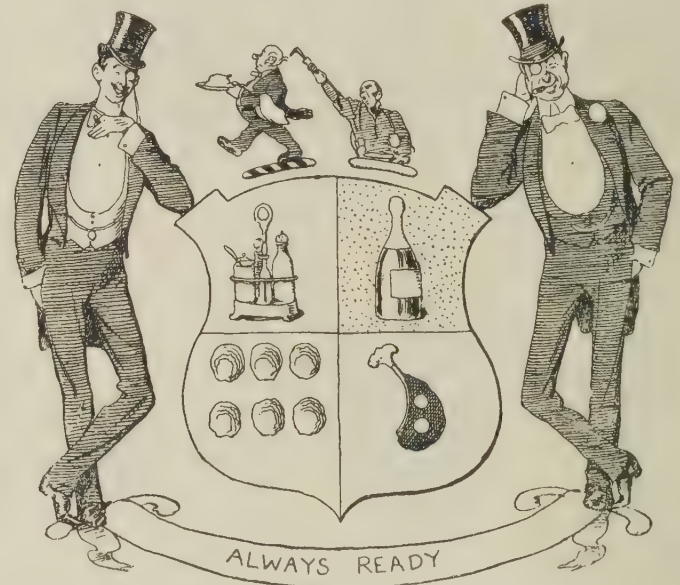
In the *Saturday Review* a writer, signing himself "X," an unknown quantity, has recently started a series of articles headed the "Snobbery of it," in which he shows how certain new men, and some old ones too, ambitiously eager to possess heraldic devices associated with ancient houses and noble lineage, have rushed in where Dukes feared to tread. The title of "X"'s articles might have been more appropriately "Robbery and Snob-

bery Under Arms." But, we ask, why hark back to ancient and well-worn devices? Why not commence a new era? Why not let our Millionaires of the Moment and Newly-Titled Ones send to Mr. *Punch's* own Heraldic Artist for their arms, which will always be ready to hand on the shortest notice, and for their quarterings, which will be provided "while you wait?" We give a few specimens to start with, and "you will do the rest."



THE EARL OF B-RN-TO.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st (of the month), a regal cheque in advance proper; 2nd, fretty but cheeky; 3rd, a Boer rampant and bristled; 4th, grand quarters (in Park Lane), behind heraldic scaffolding a castle garnished all proper. *Crest*: South African Lion rampant ducally gorged or. *Supporters*: Dexter, a bull; sinister, a bear, both proper, plain collared (celluloid) and chained or.



VISCOUNT G-TTI OF THE STRAND.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, argent a cruet charged extra; 2nd, a magnum or très sec; 3rd, six native oyster-shells all passable; 4th, a côtelette de mouton charged twice over. *Crest*: 1st, a waiter passant charged with a salver argent, sinister arm a serviette; 2nd, a demi-customer rampant holding in the sinister hand a parapluie vert. *Supporters*: Two jeunesses dorées flippant regally gorged or.



THE DUKE OF RH-D-S.

Arms: Sable, a British lion trippant, collared, chained, and muzzled; charged with a raid over a bordure all improper bearing the British flag depressed. *Crests*: 1st, a Boer's head coupé at the neck; 2nd, a hand grasping a sword sinister. *Supporters*: Dexter, a blackamoor semée of pellets and guttées de sang (Loben)gules, sinister, a Chartered Company trooper gorged with laurels.



BARON M-PLE OF TOTTENHAM COURT.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, five dining-room chairs (a bargain); 2nd, three race-horses sable just rounding Tottenham Cour—no, Tottenham Corner; 3rd, a winter sale (at greatly reduced prices) proper; 4th, an art sofa of the very latest, vert, azure, or gules. *Crest*: A pegasus rampant, new wings furnished throughout by M-ple & Co. *Supporters*: Two shop-walkers monstrant frock-coated sable.



OVERHEARD AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

NO CLASS, THESE 'ERE BICYCLERS, IS THEY, CAPTAIN?"

THE ONE TOPIC.

Old Lady. Yes my dear, it is very interesting. I remember, when I was a girl, going to see the first train pass through Bath, just as you went to see these motor-cars, &c., &c.

Small Boy. Hullo, TOMMY! My guv'nor's given me ten bob, and SMITH minor and me are going to make a motor-car, &c., &c.

Old Gentleman. I think I'll take some shares. The papers are full of it. My belief is the motor-cars, &c., &c.

Young Lady. It would have been rippin' if the weather hadn't been so awful. I biked as far as Croydon. I'm awfully keen now on ridin' in a motor-car, &c., &c.

Infant (in a legal sense). I say, you fellows, private hansoms ain't in it. I've just ordered a motor. Take TOTTIE DE VERE down to Brighton. Rippin' lark! Never told the beastly counter-jumper how old I was. And he can't get anything out of the guv'nor. Some bally old judge said fizz is a "necessary," but motor-cars, &c., &c.

Infant (in every sense). Boo-hoo! Don't like dolly. Don't like Nana. Naughty Nana. Me want dada give me a moo-car &c., &c.

Cabman. Wot I arsts is, wot am I a-goin' ter do with my bloomin' oss? If these 'ere motor-cars, &c., &c.

Doctor. How about JONES and his pair now? Awful sell for him! Wonder how soon I can leave off jobbing some old screw, and start a motor-car, &c., &c.

Undertaker. A henterprisin' firm must move with the times. Must see about had-vertisin' my "Gothic Glass-panelled Necropolitan Motor-car, Registered." That'll fetch 'em, "Gothic" halways does, and now these motor-cars, &c., &c.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An unhappy Swain compares himself to a Candle of ordinary fabrication, and draws a comparison.

Said the candle to the match,
"I am waiting.
If you flash, I cannot catch,
Still I'm waiting.
When you lightly look on me,
I reply with sympathy.
But I'm waiting, waiting, waiting!"

Said the candle to the match,
"I am weary.
You once promised me despatch;
But I'm weary.
I am longing for the flame
That shall change your other name.
But I'm weary, weary, weary!"

Said the candle to the match,
"I am hoping;
Though no glimmer do I catch,
Still I'm hoping.
In the darkness of the night,
Tho' there comes no sign of light,
I am hoping, hoping, hoping!"

Said the candle to the match,
"It is morning.
Lo! the swallow quits the thatch
In the morning.
You have never been to me
As you promised you would be
'Fore the morning, morning, morn-
ing."

"I'm the candle in the vale,
Oh, my darling!
And my love can never pale,
Oh, my darling!
But I'd dearly love to know
Why that lamp had such a glow
When you touched it, darling, dar-
ling!"

L. C. C. AS PLAIN AS A B C.

First Citizen meets Second Citizen. They exchange greetings.

First Citizen. I say, aren't you on the London County Council?

Second Citizen. I have that distinguished honour.

First C. Then what's all this to-do in the Works Department?

Second C. There has been grave irregularity, which is being promptly remedied.

First C. Yes, I read that in the newspapers. But what does it all mean?

Second C. That the jobs undertaken by the Council were more expensive than they would have been had they been entrusted to outside contractors.

First C. How did that happen?

Second C. By ignoring the current prices of the labour market.

First C. And where did "the grave irregularity" enter?

Second C. In the preparation of the accounts. The books were undoubtedly cooked and served up with sauce.

First C. Indeed; and was it any particular sauce?

Second C. No, general sauce; or, to be more explicit, "Progressive Sauce."

First C. And yet there was some talk of "profits."

Second C. A misnomer. The "profit" was the difference between the actual cost and an exaggerated over-estimate.

First C. Then the "profit" was merely a disguised loss?

Second C. Quite so, but the first name is prettier than the second.

First C. And when will the ratepayer fully realize this disguised loss?

Second C. When he receives his next note of assessment.



HINTS FROM OUR INVENTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

PATENT CONVERTIBLE KNIFE-GRINDING SAFETY.

DARBY JONES AT DERBY.

HONOURED SIR,—It has often puzzled me why the Midland Railway Company should have its headquarters at the town which for so many years was associated with the political fame of Mr. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT and Sir THOMAS ROE—the latter an eminent authority on soft sawdust. We Londoners, who gaze with awe on the wide-spreading span of St. Pancras Station, frequently forget that the directors, who see no medium between First and Third-class passengers, issue all their edicts from a place whence both the Lord of KNOWSLEY and the Blue Ribbon of the Turf derive their appellations. I confess that I like Derby, quite apart from racing or railway reminiscences. There is a certain air of "Tread on my toes and I'll walk on yours" about the inhabitants. They don't hesitate in their method, they *do* it, as I know to my cost, after inadvertently coming in contact with a citizen whose feet were considerably larger in space than that accorded to most of the Queen's subjects. His language corresponded with his weight carriers. It was very heavy and broad, and I am still dependent on a couple of walking-sticks. Nevertheless, I like Derby, and it was in honour of Sir WALTER SCOTT and the late Lord TENNYSON that I placed my humble "fiver" on *Northern Farmer* for the Chesterfield Nursery Stakes, not a bad solution where no less than a score of two-year-olds were engaged. Albeit, I am strongly averse from this kind of race at the close of the season. Young quadrupeds ought in November to be housed for the winter. Many a promising four-footed performer have I known ruined for life by appearing in public at a time when sensible bipeds are preparing to wing their customary flight to Monte Carlo or Algiers. And surely babies, be they colt or filly, require a little nursing? I notice, honoured Sir, that you (in addition to other superfluous and crude remarks) inquire "Who is the Lovely Lady?" I regret that, consistently with Honour and High Principles, such as have always, I trust, been my Goals in Life, I cannot satisfy your extravagant curiosity as to the Divinity, and was truly inspired by the Blessing of Prophecy at Liverpool. Suffice it to

say that she is fair as an Oleander in the south of France, wise as a rattlesnake of far-distant Florida, and as sagacious as the pig, which, I understand, discovers the luscious truffle for the wanderer interested in the manufacture of Strasburg pies. I must therefore ask you, with all deference to your high status, not to seek to reveal the identity of the Lovely Lady. Your indiscretion in alluding to her has, despite my crippled state, compelled the acquaintance of a Supple Ash plant with the shoulders of an Imprudent Baronet. As they say in the classics, "a little knowledge often makes a dangerous sting." Therefore, as Mr. JOHN HAWKE, the industrious secretary of the Anti-Gambling League, knows to his cost, it is dangerous to be *over curious*. "Herewith I drop the subject," as the Barbary Ape said when he handled the over-roasted potato. Like NANSEN to the Pole, I now turn to those items in which I know you, Sir, despite your feigned callousness, have an interest second to none. How it has gladdened my heart to watch you surreptitiously hovering about TATTERSALL'S Ring, endeavouring to get a better price about your pet fancy than the market justified! I believe that you even *shaved* on one occasion in order to accomplish your object. With the Manchester Handicap in view I chortle about a small field.

The Epi-cure may odds upset,
The Dale make Chat look small;
A Belgian river don't forget,
While Anne may beat them all.

I indite the above with the winner of the Derby Cup before my visionary organs. I doubt not that you were delighted with the special wire which I sent you announcing beforehand the victory of *La Sagesse*. It was a Christmas present in advance from Your delighted adviser,
DARBY JONES.

[DARBY JONES'S absurd remarks with regard to "the Lovely Lady" and our presence at race meetings are beneath contempt, and, from a letter just received, we understand that his encounter with the baronet was far from satisfactory to him. We had no special wire.—ED.]

WESTMINSTER wants to be a corporation. Of course the first mayor will be Westminster "Labby."

IN THE MIDLANDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you, like the dear old darling that you are, please tell some of the gentlemen who hunt with us that we are not all New Women. It is very well for Lady HENRY SOMERSET to talk about the equality of the sexes, but I frankly confess that I like a *lead* from one of the *others*. Also, when I get a "spill," as I did the other day, I don't appreciate being left for dead. I really think that the "Manners of Modern Men" would make just as good a subject for discussion in the newspapers as the ways of children. I know that certain of my sisters, who never took anything higher than the platform at St. James's Hall, are responsible for the inattention which we now receive; but, believe me, we, who are (what shall I say?) "Liberal Unionists?" like to be shown that courteous attention which has been our prerogative ever since the world began with the deception of Woman. We don't mind being hurt, but we do hate being *crushed* by neglect. I also know that a great many selfish men dislike our hunting at all. Why, we are born huntresses as our mothers were before us! And when we have run our prey to a satisfactory finish, we treat him with tenderness and often with affection. Only let the young cavaliers not neglect their opportunities. Personally I don't care much about a gate being opened, but several of my friends do. They likewise want to be fished out of a brook. Therefore, dear Mr. Punch, ask these sportsmen to remember that the *old* (I mean metaphorically) Woman still exists, and oblige

Your constant admirer,

DIANA BULLFINCH.

Melton Mowbray, November 23.

English as She is Wrote.

NOTICE.

This road is private.

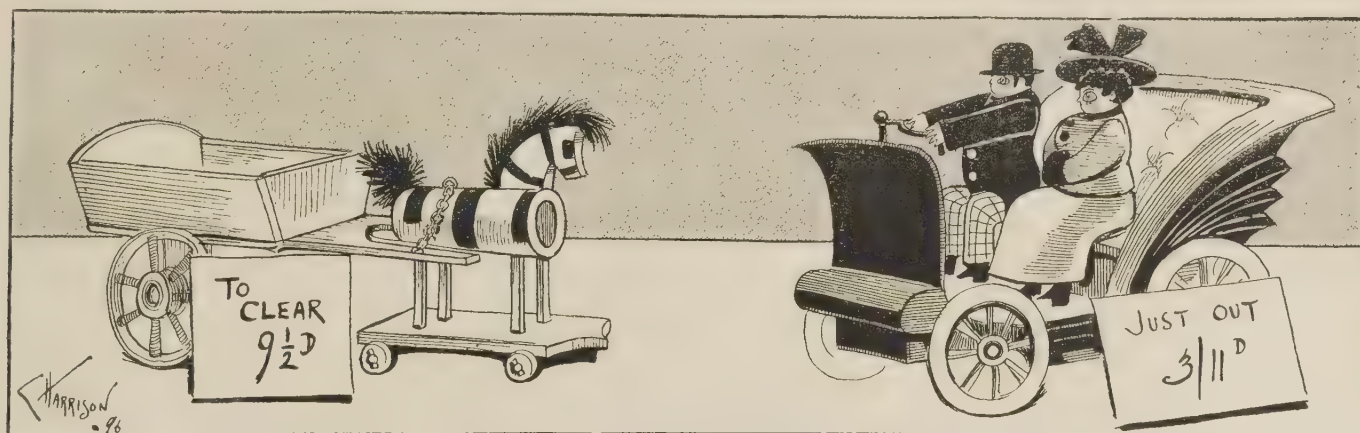
Persons trespassing will be, Prosecuted
in consequence of wilful, damage having
been done with dogs and otherways.

BY ORDER.

THE above is not a specimen of Chinese punctuation, but the exact copy of a notice-board in Sussex.



THE DELIGHT OF MASSA BONES ON HEARING THAT KING MENELEK GUARANTEES "THE ABSOLUTE INDEPENDENCE OF ETHIOPIA"!



SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READING *Sentimental Tommy*, Mr. BARRIE's last book, published by CASSELL, there have been recurrent moments when my Baronite has doubted whether the story might not be more aptly entitled. Tiresome Tommy more precisely describes the prodigy through a quite unreasonable number of pages. The Jacobite rising, the siege of Thrums, and one or two other chapters of ponderously precise fantasy, is, to tell the unvarnished truth, almost enough to make one of the most appreciative and faithful of Mr. BARRIE's admirers lay down the unfinished book. But here and there, shining through this doggerel of narrative, like threads of gold in a mass of sacking, are episodes of humour and pathos which testify that the Window in Thrums is not yet built up. Of such are Hogmanay kept in a London slum, and the home-taking of *Grizel* by the old doctor. The strongest writing is at the beginning, setting forth the life and death of *Tommy's* mother, wherein appears the beautiful and pathetic Hogmanay incident. Mr. BARRIE is ludicrously in love with *Sentimental Tommy*, whereas far away the best character in the book is *Grizel*.

A delightful quality about *Rodney Stone* (SMITH, ELDER) is its lifting "go." There is not a dull page in it from first to last. All is light, colour, movement, blended and inspired by a master hand. When my Baronite read the fight in the coach-house he thought it one of the most breathless exercises he had ever taken, book in hand. So it was till some chapters later he came upon the narrative of the smith's last battle. Like the first, it was, alack! a prize fight. Told by CONAN DOYLE, the subject is ennobled till it becomes quite as respectable and far more stirring than a set-to between SALADIN and RICHARD CŒUR DE LION. Embroidered on the story are picturesque scenes of life in the time of GEORGE THE FOURTH, reproduced with amazing vividness. It seems so easily done. But as Dr. CONAN DOYLE indicates in a preface, a considerable amount of study preceded the undertaking. Amongst the authorities to whom he avows his indebtedness for information upon the subject of the ring is Mr. J. C. PARKINSON. My Baronite knew that "J. C. P." was, amongst other things, a bard, accustomed to inaugurate Eisteddfodau arrayed in becoming Druidical costume. But he never knew he was an accepted authority on ring matters. Which shows how little the world knows of its greatest men.

HENRY JAMES is indifferent Anthony Trollopeian and second-class Meredithian. The Judicious Skipper will find plenty of exercise for his literary athletics in both volumes.* "Oh, my dear man!" "Oh, my dear woman!" all these conversationalists say to one another for pages and pages, and we "don't get no furrader." *Paul Vidal* is a kind of flabby reincarnation of Mr. Toots, with the latter's "it's of no consequence." In this story nobody is of any particular consequence, and dolls, and cake, and tea, and small talk, go on hum-

* By the way, before the Baron took supreme charge of this office in Mr. *Punch's* establishment, it was held for years by a certain "Skipper and his boy," neither of whom was ever dismissed, as Mr. P. never gives the *congé* to any tried and valued servant. So the Skipper and his boy are still retained on the staff. Judge, then, of the Baron's surprise on seeing that this ever-green veteran's style and title had been appropriated by an illustrated paper, which regularly produces a column of review purporting to be from "the Skipper." Well, every vessel has its own "skipper," but Mr. *Punch's* skipper was the first in this line, and any other skipper may be "a Skipper," but he is not "the Skipper" who first appropriated and secured the right to the title with the definite article prefixed.

drummingly; and young ladies ask young gentlemen to sit down beside them and talk, and they *do* talk and talk; and only once is there a dramatic situation. *Tony*, the drowned child's father, howls and breaks into a storm of sobs; *Rose*, "with a passionate wail," throws herself on the grass; the doctor "looks from one prostrate figure to the other," as well he may, and curtain descends on end of Book Second. Then Book Third: more dreary dialogue. And when the secret is revealed the question must occur, Was it worth going through so much to learn so little? Yet, HENRY JAMES is a favourite with reviewers and readers of the very superior sort.

From the Aldine Press Messrs. DENT & Co. have already sent forth the first of *The Temple Classics*, edited by ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A., consisting of a neat, handy-shaped book, containing WILLIAM WORDSWORTH's *Prelude*. The poet became a Johnian Undergraduate at Cambridge in 1787, being then just seventeen years of age. Young men went up a year or so earlier in those days than they do now; yet do his notes show that, in spite of many alterations, there is really very little change in the ancient University within the last hundred years since WORDSWORTH caught his first "glimpse of Cam,"

"And at the 'Hoop' alighted, famous inn."

Then the youthful poet's account of the "motley spectacle":--

"Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers."

And how pleased he was

"With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
Smooth housekeeping within, and all without
Liberal and suiting gentleman's array."

A light on academical ways in the past, on the banks of the Cam, and a link with the present, this handy volume, with useful silken marker sewn in, is a pleasure and a treasure.

The Missing Prince, by G. E. FARROW (HUTCHINSON & Co.). An extra special sort of fairy nightmare, likely to visit any youthful dreamer of dreams when retiring to bed with their ideas somewhat mixed. It ought to fascinate the æsthetic taste of cultured nursery folk. Mr. HARRY FURNESS and his daughter DOROTHY comically and daintily illustrate the book.

For quite little people SHEILA E. BRAINE has worked up a new theory of how that cackling hen of old travelled *To tell the King the Sky was Falling*. *Molly* and *Max*, who follow in her claw prints, come across many ancient acquaintances only to be met with in the happy hunting-ground of Fairyland. Delightful illustrations by ALICE WOODWARD complete the story, which is on the catalogue of BLACKIE & SONS.

(Signed) THE BARON AND HIS BOYS.

At a West-end Club.

Hospitable Southerner (to *Scottish guest*). Have another go of whiskey?

Scottish Guest (with a sigh). I thank ye. No.

Hospitable Southerner (astonished). What! Why surely it's not a case of "the wee drappie i' the ee"?

Scottish Guest. Nae, mon, it's no that; it's the wee drappee i' the glass. [H. S. takes hint and orders a tumbler of whiskey.]

ONLY A LITTLE LONGER TITLE.—The *Gil Blas* says that all Europe will shortly demand the Evacuation of Egypt by the English. The name of the paper should be changed to the *Gil Blagueur*.



DR. PUNCH'S PRESCRIPTION FOR DR. JIM.

Dr. Punch. "PLENTY OF FRESH AIR AND AS MUCH EXERCISE AS POSSIBLE TO BE TAKEN FREELY!"

[“Dr. JAMESON’S painful indisposition we feel sure will be lamented in the Transvaal as much as in this country . . . nor will the most exacting of his enemies complain if he is released, for reasons of health, before the expiration of his sentence.”—*Standard*, November 28. “I am in a position to state that President KRUGER personally is not opposed to the release of Dr. JAMESON.”—*From Pretoria*, *Daily Telegraph*, November 28. (Dr. JAMESON was President KRUGER’S doctor, and saved his life.)]



A CONVINCING TEST.

Youth (on Pony). "COME ON, GRAN'PA! IT'S SAFE ENOUGH. BORE US EASILY!"

CURIOUS SIMILARITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The plot of *Under the Red Robe*, at the Haymarket, is as follows:—A spendthrift commits a crime which brings him into the power of a great French statesman. His life is offered to him on the condition that he goes to the frontier to bring back to Paris a man hateful to the powers that be. If he does not do this his fate is the scaffold. The spendthrift accepts the hateful mission. He goes to the frontier, and falls in love with the sister of the man he is bound to betray. In the nick of time he repents, and returns to Paris ready to forfeit his life in satisfaction of his mission unperformed. He is followed by the woman he loves. But thanks to a shuffle of the cards of fate, the man who can crush him ceases to be powerful, and all ends happily.

A capital idea, but I have come across it before. How about this. Figure to yourself a lady instead of a man. This lady is also a spendthrift. She has fallen into the power of Fouché while devoted to the gaming table. At the right moment she is told that she must lure back to Paris a man hateful to the powers that be. If she does not—exposure. She accepts the hateful task. She follows the man to the frontier and falls in love with him. In the nick of time she repents and returns to Paris, ready to pay the sacrifice of her mission unperformed. She is followed by the man she loves. But thanks to a shuffle of the cards of fate, the man who can crush her ceases to be powerful, and all ends happily.

Are not these plots very similar? One is the story of *Under the Red Robe*, the other the story of *Plot and Passion*. They both concern France, but one is a century or so earlier than the other. Richelieu, in *Under the Red Robe*, finds a counterpart in the Fouché of *Plot and Passion*. Then Marie de Fontanges—spendthrift and gambler—has her double in Gil de Berault, spendthrift and duellist. Both are reckless; with their sense of honour once so keen now so blunted. Both are turned from their purpose of betrayal to accept their doom by the power of love. Another coincidence: both *Under the Red Robe* and *Plot and Passion* before realisation on the boards put in an appearance in serial form. The latter was published in a paper called *The*

Welcome Guest. But where were the learned literary or dramatic critics when book or play came out? Where was MOSES when the candle went out? Yours,

HAWKSHAW THE DETECTIVE OF A PLOT.

LINES

Contributed by the Member for Sark to the Visitors' Book of a Welsh Inn.

IN some hotels that I've been at,
I've seen a busy fuss-creator,
Who, running here and running there,
Quick answered to the call of "Waiter!"

A better system here prevails,
A pretty plan of birth much later.
In this hotel
You ring the bell,
And then yourself become the waiter.

Crieyllwdwlmycwrmtyl, November.

At a County Ball.

Young Slapperton (who has just been presented to Fräulein von KINCKESTEIN, newly imported from the Fatherland). May I have the honour of the next Lancers?

Fräulein (who does not understand). I not comprehend.

Young S. (struck with a brilliant inspiration). I mean, shall we do the Uhlans together? Comprennay?

[Leaves the Fräulein more amazed than ever.]

"HERE'S (DE LA) RUE (& Co.) for you," with a new game called "Homo." Poor Homo! This is not the first time he's been considered as fair game. And this game is, of course, quite fair, and not unlike the fascinating "Halma." Well, something new must be invented for the game season.

VERY LIKE A WEYLER.—"Great defeat of the rebels in Cuba."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXIX.

*Further proceedings in the Case of Mankletow v. Jabberjee.
Mr. Jabberjee's Opening for the Defence.*

Queen's Bench Court, No. —. 2.40 P.M.

I HAVE just resumed my seat after a rather searching examination of Madam MANKLETOW, as will appear from the notes of her evidence kindly taken by my solicitor:—

MY SOLICITOR'S SAID NOTES.

Mrs. MARTHA MANKLETOW (*formidable old party—all bugles and bombazine*). Would certainly describe her establishment as fashionable and select. All her male boarders perfect gentlemen—except defendant. Was never anxious to secure him for her daughter—on the contrary, would have much preferred her son-in-law white. Gave her consent because of the passionate attachment he professed for plaintiff. Nothing to her whether he was of princely rank or not. He appeared to be very well able to support her daughter, which was the chief thing. Had never threatened defendant with personal chastisement from other boarders if he denied any engagement. Did say that if he meant nothing serious after all the marked attentions he had paid the



Mr. Justice Honeygall.

plaintiff, he deserved to be cut dead by all the gentlemen in the house. Insisted on the engagement being made public at once; thought it her bounden duty to do so. Did not know whether defendant was married already, or how many wives he was entitled to in his own country—he had taken good care not to say anything about all that when he proposed. Did not consider him a desirable match, and never had done, but thought he ought to be made to pay heavily for his heartless behaviour to her poor unprotected child, who would never get over the slight of being jilted by a black man.

Here I sat down, amidst suppressed murmurs from the Court of indignation and sympathy at such gross unmannerly insults to a highly-educated Indian University man and qualified native barrister.

3.15.—More witnesses for plaintiff, *viz.*, Miss SPINK and sundry select boarders, who have testified to my courtship and the notoriety of my engagement. Seeing that they were predetermined not to answer favourably to myself, I tore a leaf out of Mister WITHERINGTON'S book, and said that I had no questions to ask. . . . The plaintiff's junior has just sat down, with the announcement that that is his case. I am now to turn the tables by dint of rhetorical loquacity. . . .

The annexed report, though sadly meagre, and doing very scanty justice to the occasion, is furnished by my friend young HOWARD, who was present in Court at the time.

Jab. (in a kind of sing-song). May it please your venerable Lordship and respectable gentlemen of the jury, I am in the very similar predicament of another celebrated native gentleman and well-known character in the dramatic works of your immortal *littérateur* Poet SHAKESPEARE. I allude to OTHELLO on the occa-

sion of his pleading before the Duke and other potent, grave, and reverent signiors of Venice, in a speech which I shall commence by quoting in full—

Mr. Justice Honeygall. One moment, Mr. JABBERJEE, I am always reluctant to interfere with Counsel, but it may save my time and that of the jury if I remind you that the illustration you propose to give us is hardly as happy as it might be. The head and front of OTHELLO'S offending, unless I am mistaken, was that he had married the lady of his affections, whereas in *your* case—

Jab. (plaintively). Your lordship, it is not humanly possible that I can exhibit even ordinary eloquence if I am to be interrupted by far-fetched and frivolous objections. The story of OTHELLO—

Mr. Justice H. What the jury want to hear is not OTHELLO'S story, but yours, Sir, and your proper course is to go into the witness-box at once, and give your version of the facts as simply and straightforwardly as you can. When you have given your own evidence and called any witnesses you may wish to call, you will have an opportunity of addressing the jury, and exhibiting the eloquence on which you apparently place so much reliance.

[*Here poor old JAB bundles off to the witness-box, and takes some outlandish oath or other with immense gusto, after which he starts telling the Jury a long rambling rigmarole, and is awfully riled when the old Judge pulls him up, which he does about every other minute. This is the sort of thing that goes on:—*

Jab. At this, Mist'ers of the Jury, I, being but a pusillanimous and no Leviathan of valour—

The Judge. Not so fast, Sir, not so fast. Follow my pen. I've not got down half what you said before that. (*Reads laboriously from his notes.*) "In panicstricken apprehension of being severely assaulted *a posteriori*." Who do you say threatened to assault you in that manner—the plaintiff's mother?

Jab. I have already had the honour to inform your lordship that I was utterly intimidated by the savage threats of the plaintiff's mother that, unless I consented to become the betrothed, she would summon certain able-bodied athletic boarders to batter and kick my unprotected person, and consequently, not being a Leviathan—

The Judge. No one has ever suggested that you are an animal of that description, Sir. Have the goodness to keep to the point. (*Reads as he writes.*) "I was so intimidated by threats of plaintiff's mother that she would have me severely kicked by third parties if I refused, that I consented to become engaged to plaintiff." Is that what you say?

Jab. (beaming). Your lordship's acute intellect has comprehended my *pons asinorum* with great intelligence.

The Judge (looking at him under his spectacles). Umph! Well, go on. What next?

[*So old JAB goes on gassing away, at such a deuce of a rate that the Judge gives up all idea of taking notes, and sits staring at JAB in resigned disgust. (It was spell-bound attentiveness.—H. B. J.) JAB WILL spout and won't keep to the point; but, all the same, I fancy, somehow, he's getting round the Jury. He's such a jolly, innocent kind of old ass, and they like him because he's no end of sport. The plaintiff's a devilish fine girl, and gave her evidence uncommonly well; but, unless WITHERINGTON turns up again, I believe old JAB will romp in a winner, after all! I haven't taken down anything else, except his wind-up, when of course he managed to get in a speech.*

Jab. Believe me, gentlemen of the jury, this is simply the barefaced attempt to bleed and mulct a poor impecunious Indian. For it is incredible that any English female, of genteel upbringing and the lovely and beauteous appearance which you have all beheld in this box, it is incredible, I say, that she should seriously desire to become a mere unconsidered unit in a bevy of Indian brides! How is she possibly to endure a domestic existence exposed to the slings and arrows of perpetual snip-snaps from various native aunts and sisters-in-law, or how is she to reconcile her dainty and fastidious stomach, after the luscious and appetising fare of a Bayswater boarding-house, to simple, unostentatious, and frequently repulsive Indian eatables? No, Mist'ers of the jury, as warm-hearted noble-minded English gentlemen, you will never condemn an unfortunate and industrious native graduate and barrister to make a cripple of his career, and burden his friends and his families with such a bone of contention as a European better half, who will infallibly plunge him into the pretty pickle of innumerable family jars! I shall now vacate the witness-box in favour of my intimate friend and fatherly benefactor, Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND CUMMERBUND, who will tell you—

The Judge (rising). Before we have the pleasure of seeing Sir CHETWYND here, Mr. JABBERJEE, there is a little formality you appear to have overlooked. The plaintiff's counsel will probably wish before you leave the box to put a few questions

to you in cross-examination, and that must stand over till to-morrow. (*At this, old Tab's jaw falls several holes.*)

NOTE BY MR. JABBERJEE.—*Hereford Road, Bayswater.*—I am excessively gratified by the result of my first day's trial, being already the established favourite and chartered libertine of the whole Court, who split their sides at my slightest utterances. So I am no longer immeasurably alarmed by the prospect of being crossly examined—especially since WITHERINGTON, Q.C., has abandoned his brief in despair to a tongue-tied junior, who is incompetent to exclaim *Bo!* at a goose. Indeed, I have some thoughts of declining haughtily to be interrogated by a mere underling.

The only fly in the ointment of my success is the utter indifference of JESSIMINA to my aforesaid triumphs. At the termination of the hearing to-day, I beheld her so deeply engrossed in smiling and cordial converse with the smartly-attired curly-headed young solicitor who is acting on her behalf that she was totally unconscious of my vicinity!

Alackaday! *varium et mutabile semper fœmina!*

DARBY JONES ON TURF TOPICS—ESPECIALLY BELGIAN.

HONOURED SIR,—It may perhaps have escaped even your Argus-like eyes that the Belgian Government, with a fatherly care, which would not disgrace Mr. JOHN MORLEY or Sir WILFRID LAWSON, is about to bring in a Measure for the Regulation of Betting, and, I may add, of Touts and Turf Prophets. Should this Bill become law, speculation on all Foreign Races will be prohibited, and wagering only permitted on Home Events. Thus the British Exile in Brussels will no longer be enabled to back his fancy for the Derby or Leger at the *Taverne Anglaise* or some other home of the Alien, but must invest his francs *personally* at Grœnendal or Spa. It is a magnificent scheme for keeping all the ready money in the country, and it comes well from a country whose king is largely interested in a plan for converting Ostend into a Northern Monte Carlo, conveniently adjacent to the oof-laden shores of England, whence it is trusted many pigeons may be imported in exchange for the rabbits of the locality. The sale of Racing Information will also be prohibited. The Belgian DARBY JONESES are to have their eyes put out like the wretched singing-birds which, sightless, warble for wagers from the Scheldt to the Meuse, and from the German Ocean to the Prussian frontier, without interference from the authorities. Equally the journals devoted to "*le sport*" will be forbidden to insert the advertisements of tipsters, so I suppose that our own Eminent Organs of the Turf will be denied sale at the *kiosques*, or have spaces "blackened out," after the custom of the Russian Censors of the Press.

But this is not all. Racecourses are to be licensed by Government for betting purposes, the gambling to be carried on only in certain enclosures, one inside and another outside, admission to which will be given on payment of a *Premium of fifty per cent. on the entrance money!* This will be the only profit which racecourses are to derive from turf speculation. I confess that I do not understand the last article of the New Code. Does it mean that gate-money is to be abolished, or what? Like a Member of Parliament at question-time—I pause for a reply.

In *The Dodd Family Abroad*, honoured Sir, the inimitable wit of CHARLES LEVER finds abundant scope for flourishing like a mango-tree in Western Africa over the description of a Belgian racecourse. Racing among *les braves Belges* was then in its First Childhood. It is now apparently in its Second, so soon does an infant not indigenous to the soil perish when transplanted from the home of its birth. You are aware that I am personally in favour of Licensed Bookmakers authorised by the Jockey Club, but my most Utopian ideas never soared to the spectacle of Government interference. I would suggest to the Belgian authorities that only Government Meetings should be allowed, under the supervision of a *Ministre du Sport Hippique*, that at these gatherings there should be a number of Knights of the Pencil (*Chevaliers du Crayon*) in Uniform, and decorated according to their grades, that the Race-cards should be Government Gazettes, that the Jockeys should be chosen from the Belgian Cavalry and ride in Uniform, that the Judge should be selected from the Bench of the Palais de Justice, and that the Horses engaged, all bearing a Government Stamp, should only be those hard-working, but not over speedy quadrupeds for which the fair land of Flanders has been celebrated from time immemorial, and which frequently do a little racing between the shafts of a London Omnibus.

There is a rock, Sir, off the east coast of the Land of Cakes known as the Bass. It is celebrated as the breeding-place of that handsome fowl called the Solan Goose. It appears to me that Brussels must be the chosen nesting ground of a less well-favoured bird, the Solon Gander to wit. And now, as Sir



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. II.

MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY might put it, to home affairs. I trust that you did well at Warwick. It is useless for you to deny that you care nothing for race-meetings. I could not be deceived in the appearance of a Distinguished Personage, who, although disguised in blue spectacles and a sealskin overcoat of peerless fit, cut me as dead as Exmoor mutton at the entrance to TATTERSALL'S. I bear no malice that you remembered my advice that of all dangerous folk at the end of the season none are comparable to the Hibernian Cohorts. *St. Jarlath* was bound to annex, bar accidents, the Midland Counties Handicap, and swell the receipts of the whiskey distillers in Dublin and Belfast. There were other ripe plums for those who are about to make Christmas puddings. The Lovely Lady wishes me to say that she has a great admiration for you. As a Man of Honour I give her message, but warn you that your future conduct will be closely watched by

Your devoted, but suspicious adherent, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—At Manchester my first constellations were fairly telescoped; but I trust everyone backed my Belgian river, like a relation of the Lord Chancellor, for a place. One, two, three, is ever the motto of

Yours, sure of his winter provender, D. J.

[DARBY JONES's absurd reference to blue spectacles and a sealskin overcoat is on a par with his statement about the Lovely Lady. We learn that, inflated with winning a few pounds, he presumed to make advances to the sister of an Irish gentleman, and received the just reward of his impertinence from her indignant relative. This is probably what he tried to gloss over last week.—Ed.]

RATHER AN UNSEASONABLE PLACE OF HOSPITALITY.—"The Grand Duke NICHOLAS of Russia is visiting at Eis-grub."

ETONIAN.—The best sequel to Mr. ARTHUR COLERIDGE's *Eton* in the Forties will be *Largely consumed in the Nineties.*

SEASONABLE BOOKSTALL WEIGHTS.—Christmas Numbers.



"LOOK, GERALD! YOUR FATHER AND CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG ARE GIVING ELLA A LESSON ON THE BICYCLE."
YES, MUMMIE; BUT WHY DOES ELLA ALWAYS FALL OFF ON CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG'S SIDE?"

A VOICE FROM THE BOX.

An Old Whip on the new Motor Movement.

'Bus-driver loquitur:—

Kim urp! Yus, a dirtyish day, Sir, and orkurd for 'osses, it are.
But, lor bless yer, they'll soon alter that; all along o' this yere Horter-car!
Ho! ho! I must larf, if I die for it. Horter-car! 'Old urp, old gal!
Mare's a-sniggling, too, 'anged if she isn't, my old wheeler, flea-bitten Sal.
No wonder! She saw the percession of ile-cans and tea-kettles. Yus;
And she, who's the best bit o' stuff ever druv in a tuppenny 'bus,
'Itched her whip of a tail that expressive, it meant 'arf a column, at least!
Oh! 'osses can talk with their tails, Sir, pertikler my Sal, pore old beast!
Hay! Wot do I think o' them motors? Ah! now, Sir, you've nailed me, you ave.
Think? Well, I'm an aged old crock as must soon be tucked up in my grave, And maybe my opinion's no matter, but lor! Sir, if you 'ad been born,
In a manner o' speakin', like me, in a stable; if fodder and corn,
And the whiff of the freshly-forked litter came sweet on yer nateral nose
As the smell from a storberry bed, or the sniff of a fresh cabbage-rose,
You'd know wot I feel when those ile-cans come snortin' and fumin' along.
Talk o' paraffine lamps? Wy, the coster's red naphtha-flames don't smell more strong

Than did one of those wobbly old wotsits a-womiting fumes as it went,
Like a baked-tater can with the staggers.
"That's all narsty sour discontent Of an old 'un fair knocked out o' time."
That's jest wot I'll be told, I've no doubt,
And that HARRY J. LAWSON will chuckle and chortle. All right! It's his shout!
Going to hire Epsom track for a Motor race! Moses! Wot next, and wot next?
Just imagine a Motor-car Derby!!! Kim urp, Sal! The old mare is vext;
I know by that twitch of her off-ear. She's fly! Now a 'oss is a thing—
Or I should say a crittur, perhaps, seeing t'other word carries a sting—
Mark me, mister, wot's made for a man's mate, or servant, but likewise a chum, In a manner o' speaking. A 'oss, though pheelosophers label it "dumb,"
Can talk more sound sense than some spouters in Hyde Park, and Parlyment, too.
I'd rather hear Sal than KEIR HARDIE, TOM MANN, or a pooty good few
Who are certny not 'osses, but hasses. With 'osses I've lived all my life,
And I'm hanged if I don't understand 'em far better than chum, kid, or wife.
Wy, flea-bitten Sal 'as got ways as is better nor patter to me.
We intertwig fust rate, we do; and the feel of the ribbons, d'yer see,
And the swing o' the whip—well, they're human, fair human, Sir, that's wot they are.

But a tin o' petroleum ile, and a wheel, on a wobbly old car,
No reins, and no chink, and no hoof-clack, but only a ghostlyish look,
As though the old 'oss was still there, but had somehow got turned to a spook,
Seeing as how there's its place, and it's wanted!—Oh lor! it's uncanny, it is!
Come to stay? Well, it may be they are, Sir, but—I shall not take to the biz!
I'm a leetle too old and too set to take on with this motor fal-lal.
And perhaps they may find, arter all, that the 'oss has its use. Kim urp, Sal!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BORN JULY 23, 1823. DIED NOV. 26, 1896.

POET of Home, and of High Faith,
In thy serene, yet fervent, page,
For youth is pleasure without scathe,
And fireside cheer for mellowing age.
The sensuous taint, the tawdry trope,
Uranian Venus may not move;
Thine are the higher joys of Hope,
The unvenal Victories of Love.
The Unknown Eros was thy theme,
The raptures of the spirit spouse
To him were no elusive dream
Who wrote *The Angel in the House!*

At Monte Carlo.

First Briton. One never sees any young girls here.

Second Briton (brutally inclined). No! the ladies are obliged to be *trente et quarante* to match the tables.



ON THE PROWL.

S. VAIN SC



G. D. H. A. 1896

NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM. "APRÈS VOUS, MADemoiselle!"

BEWARE!

(A Warning to the Unwise or Unwary Wooer of the Modern Witch, Speculation.)

After Longfellow.

[It is said that the system of "Trusts," which has wrought so much wrong and corruption in America, is likely to be energetically pushed in this country.]

I KNOW a System fair to see,

Take care!

It can both false and specious be,

Beware! beware!

"Trusts" bring "rot,"

They mean fooling thee!

When there's a "rise," thou'lt be done brown,

Take care!

And thou'lt pay up when things go down,

Beware! beware!

"Trusts" trust not!

They may ruin thee!

She—Speculation—is a "do,"

Take care!

Syndicates say what is not true,

Beware! beware!

Or "bull" or "bear,"

Trust them not,

They will diddle thee!

She makes—in coal or cars—a Co.,

Take care!

She knows how shams may make a show,

Beware! beware!

Trust her not,

She is gulling thee!

She offers thee a fortune fair;

Take care!

She makes fool's-caps—for thee to wear!

Beware! beware!

The Yankee "rot"

She will bring on thee!

SUITABLE TOAST FOR MOTOR-CAR COMPANIES.—"So mote it be!"

CAUSING AN EYE-LIFT.

(A Fragment à l'Ibsen.)

He (with bitterness). It was your fault that we lost the child.

She (staring at him after taking a glass of champagne). How was it my fault?

He. You would not attend to him on the boat.

She (pleadingly). But he seemed so comfortable on the paddle-box.

He (after a pause). But you would eat and drink. You remember you took six stale sponge cakes, and four ham sandwiches, and some Bath buns.

She (with a curious smile). And a large plate of pork pie. You will not forget the pork pie!

He (with a shudder). Yes, you certainly took a great deal of pork pie. And then you drank—

She (eagerly). Yes, what did I drink?

He (slowly). You drank two bottles of stout and some sherbet, and a glass of ginger-beer and a tumbler of sherry.

She (with exultation). And plenty of champagne! Don't forget the champagne! I had plenty of champagne.

He (thoughtfully). Yes; you said it was a remedy for sea-sickness, and certainly it was very rough. And then, when you had eaten all this and drunk all that, you lost the child!

She. Yes; he fell overboard!

He. And you, too, went to the side of the vessel. You put your head facing the water.

She (with a shudder). But not to look for the child! (After a pause.) But speak no more about it. It's enough to make one sick!

[Last observation carried nem. con.]

Curtain.

THE CARETAKER OF ALL MEN'S HOUSES.—Time.

OYSTERS.

(A Fragment.)

THE Doctor and the Analyst

Walked on a mile or so,

And then they rested by a bar

Conveniently low;

And all the little oysters stood

And waited, in a row.

"The time has come," the Doctor said,

"To ask how there can be

At Grimsby, or at Cleethorpes,

Or Southend on the Sea,

Bold, bad bacilli branded by

Bacteriology."

"Our characters," the oysters cried,

"Depend upon our chat;

We'd like to prove how good we are,

So luscious and so fat."

"No hurry!" said the Analyst.

They thanked him much for that.

"A microscope," the Doctor said,

"Is what we chiefly need;

Carbolic antiseptic, too,

Is very good indeed;

Now if you're ready, oysters dear,

We'll look before we feed."

"But not at us," the oysters cried,

Turning a little green,

A tint investigators not

Infrequently have seen.

"A microscope," the Doctor said,

"Is such a nice machine."

"It was so kind of you to come

This matter to decide."

The Analyst said nothing but

"I've put some on the slide,

Just ascertain from what disease

We might so soon have died."

"Why, bless my soul," the Doctor said,

"It would have done the trick!

Just look at all those germs, they're quite

Enough to make one sick."

The Analyst said nothing but

"They are uncommon thick."

"I weep for you," the Doctor said,

"But I would rather not

Partake of you in any form,

Not even boiling hot;

No doubt you are not all as bad,

But you're a doubtful lot."

"Oh, Doctors," said the oysters then,

"If thus you cut and run,

Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none—

The learned men had fled, they dared

Not eat a single one.

THE RESULT OF THE BOARD SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Teacher. Why do we rejoice on Christmas Day?

Advanced Pupil (shrilly). 'Cos WILLIAM THE FIRST, surnamed the Conk'ror, was crowned Mo-narch of England on this anniversary.

[Goes up to top of class.]

At the Palette Club.

First Artist (after the election of the P. R. A.). Well, I am surprised! A little bird whispered to me that—

Second Artist (interrupting). Can't you see that an old POYNTER proves where the little bird lies?

NOTE BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (once more at large).—Could not a broker on 'Change be correctly described as a "Variety Agent"?



PREHISTORIC AUTO-MOTORS!

THE GREAT DIFFICULTY WAS THE UNRELIABILITY OF THE MOTIVE POWER, AND ITS UNCERTAINTY PREVENTED ANY VERY GENERAL ADOPTION OF THE SYSTEM!



Doctor (to Patient, who complains of a touch of gout). "WELL, MY DEAR SIR, I AM NOT ASTONISHED. YOUR BUTLER TELLS ME YOU DRANK THE BEST PART OF A BOTTLE OF PORT LAST NIGHT!"

Jovial Patient. "QUITE THE BEST PART, DOCTOR. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU EXPECTED ME TO SWALLOW THE CRUST AND THE CORK AS WELL?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Godfather bids good-speed to his Goddaughter coming out at a County Ball.

To-NIGHT you leave behind old joy,
The school-room task, the nursery toy,
The romp with merry girl and boy,
To plunge into Society—
A county ball the trysting place.
Through many measures you will race
And for a while—a little space—
Will deem you've found satiety!

The local swains will claim your hand,
To foot it to an awful band,
And yet you'll think the meeting grand,
One full of animation!
Your lady-mother's watchful eye
Will see no "detrimental" shy
Shall ask a dance. The reason why,
Your future destination!

Your lady-mother, too, will view
With radiant smile some snobkin new
Who takes an interest in you,
A fresh and fair distraction!
The Lord Lieutenant's son may claim
A valse or polka—while your flame
May pr'aps attract young What's-his-Name,

A Moth that loves attraction!

But still, if I know you aright,
Dear little girl! so true! so bright!
You'll somehow please yourself to-night,
And make your own diversion!
You'll find a Someone who will catch
Your style, your very tripping match,
And so, despite Mamma, you'll snatch
Yourself from her coercion!

Dance on! while yet the blood is young,
Before life's cares their shade have flung.
'Tis good the song of old is sung
For you and all creation!
This is the dawning of your day.
This is the promise of your May.
Know it, while hearts are leal alway
To their own beats' pulsation!

Time for the weariness of years!
Time for the shedding of the tears!
Time for the sorrows and the fears!
But leave them to the gloaming!
Now, when the ship is sent to sea,
When sun is kind and wind is free,
Give sail with happy shout of glee,
Give sail until the homing!

CANINE SAGACITY.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY IN A DOG.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you have opened your columns to letters on the subject of "canine sagacity," I thought that your readers might be interested in the following true story of canine memory.

I possess a retriever named *Eucalyptus*, of remarkable intelligence, although now getting on in years. The animal is very affectionate so far as my family is concerned, and his only failing is a disposition to snap at every stranger who appears in sight. I must confess that his attitude towards the postman and milkman leaves much to be desired, but probably these people have given him good cause for irritation, by their propensity for teasing.

A sailor cousin of mine was home from the sea about seven years ago. He paid me a visit, and (I think) took a dislike to

Eucalyptus. At any rate, on leaving, he deliberately tantalised the dog (who was at a window) by offering him a large bone, and then throwing it over the wall, before his eyes. I told my cousin at the time that the dog would never forgive him, but he only laughed. Now for the sequel. A fortnight ago, I received a second visit from my cousin (his first had lasted two days, the only time that *Eucalyptus* had ever seen him), and within two minutes of his arrival I heard a snarl and a snap.

Eucalyptus had bitten him in the leg! For seven years that dog had cherished his feelings of resentment over the bone incident, and instantaneously recognising the author of the wrong, he had wreaked his vengeance accordingly!

Yours faithfully, "COLONIAL."

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

TINKLE, twinkle, motor-car,
Just to tell us where you are,
While about the streets you fly
Like a comet in the sky.

When the blazing sun is "off,"
When the fog breeds wheeze and cough,
Round the corners as you scour
With your dozen miles an hour—

Then the traveller in the dark,
Growling some profane remark,
Would not know which way to go
While you're rushing to and fro.

On our fears, then, as you gloat
(Ours who neither "bike" nor "mote"),
Just to tell us where you are—
Tinkle, twinkle, motor-car.



THE COURSE OF JUSTICE.

May (threatened with punishment). "Now, DADDY, IT'S NO USE. YOU MAYN'T MAKE ME CRY, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT ON A CLEAN PINAFORE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. III.—OF FOGEYDOM—OF YOUNG MEN AND OLD—OF THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—We were speaking of friends and friendship when I broke off my last letter. Before I say any more about this subject I wish to enter a protest. In your letter to me you speak of one of your respected dons as "a regular old fogey." Now, JACK, is this fair or kind. The gentleman whom you so contemptuously describe was a freshman when I took my degree! If he is ancient, what am I? If he is to have a mansion in the dull realms of foggery, I, your uncle, must have a habitation there. I tell you honestly I don't like to be relegated, even by implication, to dust and obscurity. No doubt you will answer that the Reverend Mr. BIFRONS is as bald as a coot, while your uncle still uses a hard brush for the arrangement of his hyacinthine locks, but I cannot allow you to escape so easily. I know DICKY BIFRONS well, but when I think of him he appears to me as a lad with a head of tousled hair, a particularly pink complexion, and not the slightest indication of a beard. I trust he holds as pleasant a memory of me. Youth and age are mere terms; they represent no absolute and invariable realities. The oldest man I ever knew was TOM SKINNER, a freshman of my year. At eighteen he was a dried-up man of the world, a withered compendium of depravity, for whom life had no savour left. He posed as a terrible killer of ladies, and hinted darkly that the domestic happiness of a certain married Professor depended upon his reticence. None of us took him seriously; his antics and affectations were food for endless chaff. Once when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he dropped a photograph on the floor, and made a great show of picking it up hurriedly and hiding it away lest prying eyes should discover the secret of his latest intrigue, we sprang upon him, wrenched his treasure from him, and discovered a likeness of SKINNER himself, taken in cap and gown, for the delectation of his family circle. Somewhere in the provinces, I believe, he still lives on, a battered exemplar of immorality, a fountain of stale and tainted stories

for the young bloods of his district. If you asked me, on the other hand, to name my youngest friend, I should point to dear old LUCAS. Three years divide him from eighty; and in what other man can you find so keen a zest in life, so hearty and fresh an appreciation of all that is good and honourable and humorous and friendly, so ardent a delight in

Youth and bloom and this delightful world.

His life has been passed in a constant and eager activity, yet he is not wearied, and his laugh rings as full and true as that of the youngest man amongst you.

And now as to your friends and the making of them. You need not, of course, be over-genial or gushing as I have known some men to be. But, on the other hand, I would not have you to choose this man or to reject another as a friend in a cold spirit of calculation, because, after observing him carefully, you judge him to be suitable or otherwise for the high privilege of your friendship. I call this the commercial principle applied to friendship, and for myself I never could endure it. Some men, only a few, I am thankful to believe, adopt it and act on it, but most of us would abhor the notion of treating our hearts as though they were ledgers, entering a man's qualities on a sort of debtor and creditor account, and striking a balance for him, as thus:—

Mr. HENRY BROWN in account with J. ROUNABOUT.

Dr.

A loud laugh.
Untidy clothes.
Great devotion to books.
A provincial accent.

Cr.

Perfect amiability.
Willingness to oblige.
Unselfishness.
A full blue for hammer-throwing.

Leaving a small balance of friendship for poor BROWN to draw upon. You can't choose your friends as you do your tailor, your gyp, the pattern of your clothes, or the style of your neckties. If a man has the true qualities, and you are fortunate enough to meet him, you cannot but choose to make him your friend, and that without conscious effort on your part or his. I am assuming that you, too, have the true qualities, but the assumption is not a dangerous one, for, if I know you at all, I know you are what a lad should be—manly, candid, honourable, unselfish, not personally vain, and a hater of meanness. You meet another youngster in a tub on the river, you exchange a few words, he makes you laugh, you walk up together, something in his manner and his looks attracts you, the sympathetic glow begins and you exchange confidences. He comes from Winterhouse, you were a Charchester boy, you were both in your respective football and cricket teams, you both think tubbing dull—will he come to your rooms after hall and smoke a pipe? Probably at the end of the day each of you will have acquired a life-long friend. But neither of you thought about the process. A man may be on the surface all that hoary moralists approve—steady, sober, thrifty, and all that, but at heart he may be a prig, a humbug, and a mean rascal. Your instinct will keep you from him, however much elderly ignoramuses may urge you to choose so steady a model for your friend. When a man is urgently recommended to my affection, I care not by whom, on the ground of his goodness, his sobriety, and so forth, I feel towards him something of the feeling that comes over me when in a book of essays I read as the head-note to one of them, "Lecture delivered at the three hundredth meeting of the — Mutual Improvement Association." The essay may be excellent, but, such is human nature, I regard it with suspicion, and it's ten to one I don't read it. So with the recommended man. I shun him. Trust to your instinct in these matters, and being what you are you won't go far wrong.

I go to Bracewells on Thursday to shoot at some of the pheasants. There will be a few birds left for you to have a pop at about Christmas time.

Ever your affectionate uncle, ROBERT ROUNABOUT.

In a County Court.

Judge (to Mr. PETTIPHOG, plaintiff's solicitor). I really cannot see that you have proved the defendant's means.

Mr. P. (excitedly, to defendant). No means! How did you get here, Sir?

Defendant. I walked.

Mr. P. Where did you get the boots to walk in?

Defendant. I borrowed them.

Mr. P. (triumphantly). On what security, Sir, on what security?

Defendant. On the fact that you had taken up the case against me. [General merriment. No order.]



DEJECTION.

IN REVIEWING THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS RECEIVED FROM HIS RELATIONS, OUR BACHELOR FRIEND GOLDING FEELS THAT WITH AN EFFORT HE CAN STAND THE WOOLLEN COMFORTER AND SOCKS, THE GOOSE, THE IRON POT GILDED, THE FLOWER-STAND OF FIR-CONES, THE PALETTE LOOKING-GLASS (CRACKED IN TRANSIT), THE BIRD-CAGE, AND EVEN THE IMITATION BRONZE, BUT HE THINKS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SPARED THE PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF IN OILS, PAINTED AS A PLEASANT SURPRISE BY COUSIN EMMA FROM A "SNAP-SHOT."

LETTERS OF MARJORIE AND GLADYS.

II.—ABOUT ASTROLOGY AND THINGS OF THAT SORT.

DEAREST MARJORIE,—I wonder how you can be surprised at my liking for "trivial people," as you call them, after my unfortunate experience of serious young men. Of ORIEL, the less said the better; and I do not look back with much pleasure on my engagement to ARTHUR, whose high principles, vile temper, and determination to play Halma with me every evening drove me to desperation and those practical jokes that led to our disunion. However, you will own I am less frivolous, when I tell you I have taken to believing in palmistry, combined with physiognomy, table-turning, and even a touch of astrology. Mrs. VANDELEUR has a friend, a real Professor, who goes into a trance and reveals the past for one guinea! Isn't it cheap? He also delineates one's character in the most wonderful way by a photograph. You send it under a false name, in a disguised hand. I believe one might even send someone else's photograph, and he is so clever that it makes no difference whatever. He told me that the ear being placed on the side of the head is a sign of quick temper, avarice, and a dislike to arithmetic. He never flatters.

Mrs. VANDELEUR says he *must* be genuine, because he lives in the Edgeware Road. He also does crystal-gazing, and he told Mrs. VANDELEUR when she went to see him, that he saw her in the crystal in a dark-blue dress with a yellow front—the very dress she was wearing at that moment! You may be sceptical, but you must own that was a *rather* extraordinary coincidence!

You asked me for specimens of modern methods of flirting. A

rather good instance would be CECIL CARINGTON and Mrs. VANDELEUR. CECIL is the black-ribbon-watch-chain boy whom I used to like, and she is a dear little woman who adores Mr. VANDELEUR. (I think, myself, Mr. VANDELEUR knows far too much about stained-glass windows, and lets you know it.) She is much amused at CECIL's evident wish that she should have a hopeless admiration for him. He is quite a child, and longs to have it whispered—as loudly as possible, and on the housetops—that he goes about compromising people, and breaking up happy homes, &c. The joke of it is that if Mrs. VANDELEUR could take the slightest interest in anyone except Mr. VANDELEUR (which she couldn't), it would be someone who has lived and suffered, with hair growing a little grey on the temples. A weary smile would be essential.

CECIL is nineteen, and looks much younger. Here's a conversation they had in the Park:—

Cecil (in his earlier manner, not knowing what he means, but intending to dazzle by a strong statement). I should like to burn you, like spice, on the altar of a devoted friendship!

Mrs. Vandeleur (literal, fervent, and demure). It's very kind of you, Mr. CARINGTON, especially as I know you only say so out of politeness.

Cecil. Wouldn't that be carrying good manners rather far?

Mrs. V. (smiles, and changes the subject. Pointing to me with her parasol). There's GLADYS LESLIE, in quite tight sleeves.

Cecil (as if apologetic). Yes. I suppose she doesn't know they're coming in again.

Mrs. V. How horrid of you! How nice and fresh she looks!

Cecil (seeking to ingratiate by disparagement of her friend). As fresh as paint.

Mrs. V. Oh, Mr. CARINGTON! you don't really mean—

Cecil. Well, I should almost fancy she did make up the least little bit in the world, if—

Mrs. V. If what?

Cecil (speaking for effect and not from malice). If I didn't know it for a fact.

Mrs. V. (slightly gratified). You know too much. You mustn't talk of my friends like that.

Cecil. May I talk about you instead? I want to ask you a great favour.

Mrs. V. Isn't that talking about yourself?

Cecil. It's to ask if I may come and see you.

Mrs. V. I am at home on Thursdays.

Cecil. Then may I come all the other days?

Mrs. V. What, when I'm out? Is that quite polite?

Cecil (reproachfully). Is that quite kind?

Mrs. V. You may come on Sunday.

Cecil. Every Sunday?

Mrs. V. Every Sunday for a fortnight.

Cecil. And may the fortnight begin to-day?

Mrs. V. Certainly.

Cecil (in a low voice). And will you be surrounded by crowds of people?

Mrs. V. Well, you haven't given me much time, but I'll do my best by this afternoon. I'll try to get up a juvenile party for you.

Can you tell me what I ought to wear at a spiritualistic séance? A low dress seems *too much*, and yet a hat seems somehow wrong. Would green be a nice colour to wear to have your horoscope cast in? I think a chiffon blouse—and perhaps tan gloves—not white. Do advise me. It's at eight o'clock. With best love,
Ever your affectionate friend, GLADYS.

A FIRST-CLASS RAILWAY PASSENGER.—"General Sir ROBERT BIDDULPH, K.C.B., G.C.M.G.," says the *Daily News*, "Governor of Gibraltar, arrived at Plymouth, yesterday, on board the P. and O. steamer *Caledonia*, which arrived from Bombay, and came on to London by train." What with motor-cars that stick in the mud whilst the promoters empty the pockets of confiding spectators; what with water-wheels that stop out all night; what with the new Brighton railway that is neither boat nor railway carriage, we are coming to great things in locomotion. But this performance of the *Caledonia* beats all. Fancy a vessel of 8,000 tons, just arrived from Bombay, quietly taking the train, going on to London, probably dining at its club, and looking in at the theatre afterwards! Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND has worked marvels since he took direction of P. and O. affairs, and this is his latest.

History (as she is written).

First Lady. Now what do you think started this Matabele war?

Second Lady. Well, I think it was the rinderpest.

First Lady. Oh! is that the name of the Dutch Government?



THE SKIPPER AND HIS BOY.

The Boy (G-rge G-rz-n). "LOOK HE-YAH! YOU MUST NOT SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL!"

["All he complained of was the facility given under the existing system for raising questions of the utmost delicacy and importance without any notice at all, involving a reply from the Minister responsible for the Department, which he might have to deliver on the spur of the moment"
Mr. Curzon at Manchester, Tuesday, December 1, 1896.]



HARDLY LIKELY.

(An Incident in a Motor Race.)

*First Motist (stranded). "HI, STOP! LEND ME A PINT OF OIL, PLEASE. I'M QUITE OUT!"**Second Motist (flying past). "AWFULLY SORRY, SIR. HAVEN'T A DROP TO SPARE! YOU'LL GET PLENTY AT THE NEXT VILLAGE!"*

THE NEW ARS POETICA.

Would you make sweet music sweeter?
 Would you stir men's hearts when you sing?
 'Tis a question of matter and metre—
 Audacity, lilt and swing.
 Chop and change your dactyl and spondee
 With the trip of the smooth anapaest,
 Adding dialect glib and slang *ad lib.*
 To impossible names from the East.

You can sing of the Mother who bore you,
 You can sing of the Pavement Belle,
 You have all the world before you—
 To say nothing of Heaven and Hell.
 No matter too great or little,
 No words too plain or bold,
 If Life but avail your pen for a tale
 Which you tell as a tale should be told.

You must blend the Intensely Human
 With a touch of Essential Beast,
 Never babble of "fallen woman"—
 Let a spade be a spade at least!
 Don't forget your Capital Letters,
 They alone will carry you far,
 And remember in sooth that Art is Truth,
 And write of "Thing as They Are"!

THE TRUTH AS TO "CRACKERS."—G. SPARAGNAPANE & Co. are veritable dealers in the magic poetry of what the Christmas cracker should be. Inventive imagination runs riot, and every possible idea has, by these Christmas wizards, been rolled up in mystery and covered with the glorious gaudiness so dear to the youthful heart.

HOW WE PRINT NOW;

Or, Taking the Seasons in Quick Time.

SCENE—An Editorial Sanctum. TIME—The second week in December. Editor of popular publication discovered. To him enter distinguished Author.

Author. Glad to find you disengaged. I have got an idea that I hope will be just in time.

Editor. Always ready for you, my dear friend. Sure to be acceptable.

Author. Well, I have a story dealing with two old people—variety of Darby and Joan.

Editor. Better make them young—say Paul and Virginia with a difference.

Author. They are on the eve of bidding one another farewell.

Editor. You mean they have just met one another for the first time.

Author. And are arranging a deed of separation.

Editor. No, organising an elopement.

Author. In January.

Editor. Not at all! August.

Author. But will all this be seasonable? How can it be on all fours with Christmas?

Editor. But we don't want it to be on all fours with Christmas.

Author. Surely for a Yule-tide number—

Editor. But it won't do for that. Published that an age ago. If you are sharp, and send in copy by the 20th, we can get it safely in by the 30th; we commence machining our summer number on New Year's Day, so as to be ready by July!

[Modifications adopted.]

MOTE ME BY GASLIGHT!

The Light of other Days brought up to date.

MOTE me by gaslight, mine own!
 No tram-car or 'bus need we hail.
 We can mote on by oil, love—alone,
 With no cabby to list to our tale.
 I have promised to come, for you said
 You would show me the Auto-car Queen.
 Yours can beat all the rest by a head,
 'Tis the speediest ever yet seen.
 Oh! mote me by gaslight, my own!

A hansom may do for the grey
 Who trust to the jolting old gee;
 But an oil-driven motor, I say,
 Is the carriage for you, love, and me.
 Oh! remember the thirty mile spin
 (In an hour) which we had t'other night!
 In the next race to Brighton we'll win,
 For our motor is speedy and light.
 So mote me by gaslight mine own!

LATEST FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—We are not aware if Mr. HOOLEY's gift of gold plate to Westminster Abbey has been accepted by the Dean and Chapter, but we believe the condition attached to the special "Service of Plate" is that, in commemoration of the present, an annual sermon should be preached by the Dean on "The Beauty of Hooleyness."

BAD OMEN FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The Chain Pier of Brighton, one of the oldest Piers of the Realm, has been destroyed.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXX.

Mankletow v. Jabberjee (part heard). Mr. Jabberjee finds cross-examination much less formidable than he had anticipated.

It is now the second day of my celebrated case, which is such a transcendental success that already the Court is tight as a drum, while a vast disappointed crowd is barricading imploringly at the doors!

I was about to harangue these unfortunates, assuring them I was not responsible for their exclusion, and promising to exert



Witherington, Q.C.

my utmost influence with the Hon'ble Judge that they were all to be admitted.

But my solicitor, seizing me by the forearm, hurried me through the entrance with the friendly recommendation that I was not to be the ballyfool.

In the trough I perceive JESSIMINA seated, in a hat even more resplendently becoming than her yesterday head-dress, and I am not a little puffed with pride to be proceeded against by a plaintiff of such a stylish and elegant appearance.

10.25 A.M.—After all, WITHERINGTON, Q.C., has paid me the marked compliment of turning up to personally conduct my cross-examination. At which SMARTLE, Esq., becomes lugubrious, averring that he is capable of turning my inside out in no time unless I am preciously careful. But, knowing that such inhuman barbarities are not feasible in civilized regions, I enter the box with a serene and smiling countenance. . . .

Later.—I am unspeakably delighted with the urbanity (on the whole) with which I have been cross-examined. For, to my wonderment, WITHERINGTON, Q.C., commenced with displaying a respectful and sympathetic interest in my career, &c., which rendered me completely at my ease, and though on occasions he did suddenly manifest inquisitorial severity, I soon discovered that his anger was merely histrionic, and that he was in secret highly gratified by the nature of my replies. And for the most part he had the great condescension to treat me with a kind and facetious familiarity.

I had privately commissioned a shorthanded acquaintance of mine with instructions to take down nothing but my answers, but with inconceivable doltishness he has done the exact converse, and transcribed merely the utterances of Mister WITHERINGTON! However, as I do not accurately recall my responses, I am to insert the report here *pro tanto*, trusting to the ingenuity of the public to read between the lines.

HERE FOLLOWS THE REPORT.

Mr. Witherington, Q.C. Well, Mr. JABBERJEE, so it seems that it is all a mistake about your being a Prince, eh? And, however such an idea may have originated, you never represented yourself as a Rajah, or anything of the kind? . . . I was sure you would say so. You have such a high regard for truth, and such a deep sense of the obligation of an oath, that you are incapable of a deliberate falsehood at any time—may I take that for granted? Very glad to hear it. And of course, Mr. JABBERJEE, it was no fault of yours if people chose to assume, from a certain magnificence in your appearance and way of living and so on, that you must be of high rank in your own country? But, though you don't set up to be a Prince, you are, I believe, a recent acquisition to the honourable profession of which we are both members? And also a journalist of some distinction, are you not? Indeed? I congratulate you—a highly respectable periodical. And no doubt the proprietors have shown a proper appreciation of the value of your services, in a pecuniary sense? Really? You are indeed to be envied, Mr. JABBERJEE! Not many young barristers can rely upon making such an income by their pen while they are waiting for the briefs to come in. May I ask if you intend to practice in this country? The Calcutta Bar, eh? Then I suppose you can count upon influence out there? Your father a *Mooktear*, is he? I'm afraid I don't know what that is exactly. . . . A solicitor? Now I understand. So he will give you cases—in which I am sure you will distinguish yourself. But you'll have to work hard, won't you? I thought so. No more pig-sticking or tiger-shooting, eh? That's a drawback, isn't it? You're passionately devoted to tiger-shooting, aren't you? Unless I'm mistaken, you first won the plaintiff's admiration by the vivid manner in which you described your "moving accidents by flood and field"—another parallel between you and OTHELLO, eh? Well, tell me, I'm no sportsman myself—but it's rather a thrilling moment, isn't it, when a tiger is trying to climb up your elephant, and get inside the—what do you call it—howlah?—oh, *howdah*, to be sure; thank you, very much. . . . So I should have imagined. Still, I suppose, when you're used to it, even that wouldn't shake your nerve to any appreciable extent. You would bowl over your tiger at close quarters without turning a hair, would you not? . . . Just so. A great gift, presence of mind. And pig-sticking, now—isn't a boar rather an awkward customer to tackle? "You never found him so"? But suppose you miss him with your spear, and he charges your horse? Ah, you're a mighty hunter, Mr. JABBERJEE, I perceive! Ever shoot any elephants? No elephants? That's a pleasure to come, then. Now, about your relations with the plaintiff prior to your engagement—you were a good deal in her company, weren't you? Well, you constantly escorted her to various places of amusement, come? Yes, yes; I am quite aware a *chaperon* was always present. We are both agreed that my client has acted throughout with the most scrupulous propriety—but you liked being in her society, didn't you? Exactly so, and, at that time at all events, you admired her extremely? "Merely as a friend," eh? no idea of proposing? Well, just tell us once more how it was you came to engage yourself. . . . You were afraid your landlady would summon a boarder and ask him to give you a kicking? And the prospect of being kicked terrified you to such an extent that you were willing to promise anything—is that your story? But you are a man of iron nerve, you know, you've just been giving us a description of your performances in the jungle. How did you come to be so alarmed by a boarder, when the attack of the fiercest tiger or wild boar never made you turn a hair? But that is what you gave us to understand just now, wasn't it? Then do you tell his lordship and the jury now that, as a matter of fact, you never shot a solitary tiger or speared a single boar in your life? Why didn't you say so at once, Sir? Do you consider a misrepresentation of that kind a mere trifle? In spite of the fact that you have solemnly sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? Very well, Sir, I will take your answer. Now, just look at this letter of yours, dated June the 15th, 1896. (Your lordship has a copy of the correspondence. . . . Yes, it is all admitted, my lord.) I'll read it to you. (*Reads it.*) Now, Sir, is it the fact that you ever actually consulted the gentleman who enjoys the distinction of being astrologer to your family upon your marriage with the plain-

tiff? Be careful what you say. . . . And did he ever forbid you to contract such an alliance? . . . Then was there a word of truth in all that? . . . I thought as much. Let me read you another letter. (*He reads.*) Here, you see, you make quite another excuse. You are already married, and can only offer the plaintiff the position of a rival wife, or "sateen," as you call it. Have you ever contracted an infant marriage in India? . . . Oh, that is true, is it? But why, when you were paying these attentions to the plaintiff, did it never occur to you to mention the fact that you were a married man? . . . "You don't know"? May it not have been because you were a widower? Was your infant wife alive or dead when you wrote this letter? . . . Then why did you write of her as if she were alive? . . . I quite believe that—but why were you so anxious to break it off just then? . . . Well, when you were cross-examining the plaintiff you asked her about a certain china ornament you had given her, which seems to have been originally intended for another young lady. We needn't mention her name here—but you made her acquaintance some time after your engagement, didn't you? . . . And since you left Porticobello House, you have seen a good deal of her, eh? . . . You were a great admirer of hers, weren't you? . . . I'm not asking you whether she is engaged to a Scotch gentleman at the present moment—I'm putting it to you that, at the time you were writing these letters to the plaintiff, you had already formed the conclusion that this other young lady was more deserving of the honour of being the second Mrs. JABBERJEE. . . . I am not suggesting that you could help it—but wasn't it so? . . . Very well—that is all I have to ask you, Mr. JABBERJEE. You can go.

I must not omit to record that my replies and the reading of my letters did excite frequent and vociferous merriment, and in other respects I have testified so exhaustively that my solicitor informs me it is not worth a candle to call any further witnesses—especially as Hon'ble CUMMERBUND has intimated that he prefers to blow unseen, and as for Baboo CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, he, it seems, has of course been seized by such violent indisposition that he was compelled to leave the Court.

So I am now to deliver one more brief oration, which will infallibly secure me the plerophory of the jury and exalt my head to the skies as Cock of the Roost.

Only I regret that JESSIMINA's visage is now completely invisible to me, being obscured by the dimensions of her hat, also that she should carry on such protracted confabulations with her curly-headed professional adviser—which is surely lacking in most ordinary respect for myself and Hon'ble Justice HONEYGALL!

"THE FINAL WAR."

(*A Last Chapter, about as probable as its forerunners.*)

So England, with the assistance of the United States, had crushed the Triple Alliance. She had taken Paris, occupied Moscow, and obtained the Treaty of Peace before Berlin. As already described, the negotiations had been brought to a successful conclusion, thanks to the efforts of H.R.H. the Prince of W-L-S. All was quiet in London—seemingly. But peace was only on the surface. Amongst the millions there was a growing feeling of unrest. "We are too powerful," said the foremost man of Shoreditch. "Our prosperity is demoralising," added the most influential inhabitant of Herne Bay. It was at this crisis that Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROT came to the front in a leader published in his organ, *Britannia's Adviser*. Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROT counselled disarmament. A Cabinet Council was called, and the standing army (which had been considerably augmented during the past war) was reduced from a million and a half to five thousand.

Then Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROT suggested that the Colonies should receive their independence. Again a Cabinet Council was called, with the same result. Then Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROT advised the independence of India. Russia was too impoverished by her recent defeat to take advantage of the scheme, so the title of Empress was dropped, and things became as they were a triple of centuries before. And now Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROT made a final suggestion: England was to divest herself of everything to show her *bona fides*. No sooner said than done.

But at this point there came a reaction. Someone pointed out that matters had been carried too far, and that WROT was a traitor. Jingoism spread over the country like wild-fire. The wonderful victories of "The Final War" became again realities, and all was well.

So Britannia ruled the waves, as she ever can do when she is assisted in the operation by a writer—on paper.

THE BEAUNE OF CONTENTION.—Cheap Burgundy.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. III.

CANINE SAGACITY.

DEAR SIR,—You will be interested to hear of the curious action of a little dog belonging to a friend on the same staircase as myself at Brazenface College, Oxford.

This animal regularly every morning, at the same hour, brings a young kitten in its mouth, and drowns it in a tub of water which always stands in one place. He is invariably accompanied by an old hen, who personally superintends the work of destruction, cackling the whole time as if possessed, as she probably is. The hen gravely stalks away when the drowning is completed. To my certain knowledge, no less than thirty-three kittens have thus been destroyed on consecutive days.

Now, where does the dog obtain the kittens? Why does he drown them? Is it the result of a solemn anti-feline vow? Is it a vendetta? What is the connecting link with the old hen? Does the hen employ the dog to kill the kittens because cats have injured her eggs or her feelings? I confess myself completely baffled! Yours ever, A. SOLOMON (*Undergrad.*).

Sotto Voce.

A WRITER in the *Daily Telegraph* has complained that loud talkers at railway stations are too prone to discuss private affairs in public, but surely the following style of conversation is more aggravating to bystanders on the same platform:—

First Passenger. Yes! JIGGINS met STIGGINS and said—
[Sinks his voice to a whisper.]

Second Passenger (deeply interested). No; really?
First Passenger. Yes; but STIGGINS answered—

[Whispers again.] At close of communication both roar with laughter. Intense mortification of those around.

NOTE FROM OXFORD.—Water "Isis" seem very popular at the "House" just now.



ON BOARD A LINER.

Belle Américaine. "POPPA SAYS YOU BRITISHERS ARE AKIN TO US. POPPA TELLS ME OUR ANCESTORS CAME OVER IN THE *MAYFLOWER*."
Matter-of-fact Britisher. "AH!—WHICH TRIP?"

A NEW AND SORROWFUL LYTELL GESTE
OF ROBIN HOOD.

[It is proposed to run a railway through Sherwood Forest.]

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
 That be of Brytyshe blood,
 I'll tell you of a good yeoman,
 His name was ROBIN HOOD.
 ROBIN stood in Sherwoode Forest,
 And leaned him to a tree;
 And by him stood stout LITTLE JOHN,
 Both glum as glum could be.
 "What booteth it?" cried LITTLE JOHN,
 "The railway company
 Is going to shriek and squeale and smoke
 Under the greenwood tree."
 "Oh waly, waly!" cried ROBIN HOOD,
 "Under the leavés green
 Their sleepers and their rails they'll lay,
 Whereof will be great teen!
 Merrie England will be no more,
 There'll be no men of grystle,
 When Sherwood hearth the railway roare,
 And eke ye railway whystle!"
 Forth then stert LITTLE JOHN,
 Half in tray and teen;
 "Let us hang ye Managere," he cried,
 "Upon this oke-tree green!"
 "Alas and waly!" cried ROBIN HOOD,
 "That were a merrye plan,
 But that, I doubt, would scarce seem good
 To our Maid MARIAN.
 She hath so many tronkes y-now
 For farthingale and bonnet,
 She will not fayle to greet ye rail
 With glee, depend upon it!
 I trowe when arches roof ye brake,
 And tunnels pierce ye thycket,

She will not weepe, but uppe and take
 A firste-classe seasoun tycket!
 She hath already a cycle got,
 She rideth it near and far;
 And next she'll get, or I'll be shot,
 A moderne motor-car!"
 Then uppe and blubbered poor LITTLE
 JOHN
 (For he, though brave, was human),
 "'Tis never merry in the green wood,
 Since MARIAN turned Newe Woman!"
 Forth then went brave ROBIN HOOD,
 With a most mournful cheere;
 The tears out of his eyen ran,
 And fell down by his lere.
 "Gramercy!" cried he, "neath the green-
 wood tree,
 This hour is sure the sorest!
 I ne'er did thinke to live to see
 Railways in Sherwoode Forest!"

A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—About this time of the year, it is customary for tea-dealers and licensed victuallers to start "Goose Clubs," with the aid of the weekly subscriptions of their customers. As a rule, the Christmas bonus includes, besides the succulent bird, several bottles of ardent spirits, a pound of tea, and a quart of champagne. Will you permit me to make a suggestion. I would propose that a company should be formed to supply the public with a number of yule-tide hampers, at the cost, say, of a guinea a-piece. For that sum purchasers should obtain (1) a pass to the continent enabling the voyager to travel (1st class) through France, Aus-

tria, Germany, and Russia. (2) Coupons for hotel accommodation (premier quality) sufficient to last a month. (3) A tourist outfit, with fur-lined overcoat. (4) Half a dozen best whiskey. (5) Half a dozen best brandy. (6) A travelling library, including the works of DICKENS, THACKERAY, RUDYARD KIPLING, and WALTER BESANT. (7) An insurance ticket for £1,000. (8) A concertina or a musical box (playing twelve tunes) at choice. (9) A bicycle. (10) A portable tent. (11) A conversation book in four languages. And (12) lastly, a warrant of naturalisation available for every country in the world outside the United Kingdom.

There, Sir, is the idea. The effect would be that 'Arry and 'Arriet would be lured away from their native land during the festive season, and possibly be induced, later on, to take up their residence permanently away from home. Surely this would be a direct gain to the entire community?

Yours genially,

A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

P.S.—I might add that to make "the new Goose Clubs" appropriate, not only in purpose, but in name, the geese might be supplied by the shareholders.

At the Close of the Racing Season.

Owner (to friend, pointing to disappointing colt). There he is, as well bred as any horse in the world, but can't win a race. Now what's to be done with him?

Friend (suddenly inspired). Harness the beast in front of a motor-car. He'll have to travel, then.



“GOOD BUSINESS!”

KHEDIVE. “PLEASE, SIR, THEY SAY YOU’LL HAVE TO PAY THIS YOURSELF!”

JOHN BULL (*calling out after FRANCE and RUSSIA*). “ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! ONLY REMEMBER— WHO PAYS THE PIPER, CALLS THE TUNE!”



NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT. (LABOUR OVERCOMES EVERYTHING.)

DARBY JONES ON WINTER KEEP.

HONOURED SIR,—The curtain has rung down upon that fine drama the Flat Racing Season, and the Royal Turf Theatre has been let by the Clerk of the Weather to the Variety Company which can do such wonderful feats with Hurdles, Banks, Ditches, Brooks, and Fences. And even the Clerk is a bit of a Clown himself. Look how he killed sport at Newmarket last week. Opening with a prospect of skating, and then drenching the Earth like a consistent London water-cart does the streets when the rain and vehicles are turning the thoroughfares into ploughed fields. Paddling about a sloshy course with great Blobs of Damp hitting you heavily in the optics is not my idea of Sporting Pastime; but then, you see, honoured Sir, without this stick-hopping diversion during the months when Rude Bo-reas and Co. exercise their right to draw draughts at sight, where would many of our Fellow-creatures be?

Winter Keep is a very serious matter, more weighty, I assure you, with a good many Britons, than is either the Evil Conduct of the SULTAN or the Presentation of Ancient Poetry to the American Ambassador. Of course a Turfite, who has worked hard all the season, and brought off a Good Thing at the backend, concerns himself but little about the Hopping, Skipping and Jumping. He feels like a man who has espoused an Heiress, and departs to celebrate his honeymoon in the Sunny South, where he knows that he will run no chance of being made ill by the hospitable gluttony and indiscreet wine-bibbing of an English Christmas. But the unhappy wight who has been rolled over like a cocoa-nut from a stick by the cruel blows of pitiless Fortune, is constrained to try and mend his position. He puts his nose to the grindstone of Steeple-chasing and Hurdle-racing, with a fixed determination to become as sharp as those who lay up

“leppers” for the winter like the dormouse does his store of purloined cereals. *He has a Hard Task before him.* There are no people so astute as these Hoppers, Skippers, and Jumpers, especially when they hail from the Island of Potatoes and Dublin Prawns. You will see some rough-coated brute that you never heard of before come shambling on to a course with the action of a rhinoceros, and then, heigh presto! before you ejaculate “John Robinson!” or “Richard Crusoe!” this same anti-diluvian quadruped has landed a pretty little stake and a much larger collection of bets. The meeting and the country have been picked for him, of course. “It’s the difference in obstacles as does it,” said the descendant of the Kings of Tipperary to me last week. And he is right, Sir, without dispute. I’ve seen a tip-top flyer, a crack Bullfincher from the Shires come down into West Hampshire, and be pounded into cat’s meat by an ugly New Forest pony with a head on him like a coal-hammer. But he knew how to jump on to banks, not try to fly them.

But this is, as XENOPHON remarked, a digression. Even the never-say-die “Boys” often get “left” at the illegitimate sport, and should ice and snow set in, be seen, like so many sparrows, pecking about Piccadilly Circus for the means wherewithal to satisfy their occasional hunger and ever-constant thirst. And so Newmarket, Wye, Sandown, Kempton, Windsor, Plumpton, *et id omne genus*, as you say in the classics, never want for patrons, when a sensible man, if not basking on the Riviera, would be warming his toes before one of those sea-coal fires, which I have found no cheaper since the City dues were removed by Act of Parliament. And yet there are some Absolute Gifts to be picked up for the asking, such, for instance, as supporting such a performer as the *Midshipmite* in the Newmarket Grand Military. It was shelling peas to plunk

down one’s doubloons in favour of the Nautical Nag, even though laying the slight odds of 6 to 5 on Mr. A. LAWSON’S mount.

Reverting to things personal and delicate, I am glad to believe, Sir, that, obedient, perhaps, to a fine Sense of Honour, you have made no attempt to make acquaintance with the Lovely Lady, and I have set such a watch on her correspondence that I am sure you will never receive the admiring Christmas Card, which no doubt you are expecting. I am not Jealous, but there is no man more Conservative of Property than

Your lynx-eyed Servitor,
DARBY JONES.

[We expect no Christmas Card from any lady, lovely or otherwise. As an amateur detective D. J. is simply ridiculous.—ED.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Bachelor visits a Lifetime Friend, who has married a fair Lady.

I’M staying with my old friend BROWN.
His country house is on the Down
That stretches to the sea;
A pleasant nook it holds between
The pines, that never lose their green,
But ever young shall be.

I’ve known old BROWN since he and I
At Eton met, and by and by
From Oxford sallied forth
To travel on the Continent—
No matter where—I think we went
East, West, and South and North.

I’m sure we got into disgrace,
And ran like madcaps many a race
We could not hope to win;
But that’s the eager fault of Youth—
It never knows the pungent truth
Of Waiting to Begin.

Old BROWN and I for many a day
Would let Time roll—we loved the play!
’Twas like a football match,
When at the Wall or in the Field
We resolutely would not yield
Till forced our breath to catch.

And so we mixed our cares and joys,
A pair of very foolish boys,
And kicked the ball of Life;
And then we parted. Now I find
Old sympathies are left behind,
For BROWN has got a wife!

A charming creature, fair to view,
With amber hair and eyes of blue,
And such a winning smile!
The sort of goddess one might deem
To be begot by painter’s dream
Of perfect woman-style.

And yet somehow I do not care
To waste my glances on her hair
That shines like liquid gold.
Nor do I seek her eyes divine
Nor care to hear her voice with mine
Blend in the stories told.

No better hostess could there be;
She’s always looking after me
Like some well-cherished gown.
I think that my dislike is due
To Something that is all too new—
The awful change in BROWN!

VERY APPROPRIATE.—Mr. BEERBOHM TREE opened, at the Knickerbocker Theatre in America, with *Seats of the Mighty*.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM' FITS!



Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a pyrotechnic carnival displayed proper; 2nd, three tropical cocoa-nuts statant sable (three shies a penny); 3rd, an ancient British barrow, supposed to be charged with body of Queen BOADICEA; 4th, an array issuant from three bars blatant on a field dotty. *Crest*: An ass's head regardant reproachful, probably charged on the body with a juggins rampant. *Supporters*: Dexter, an arriet plumed and garnished somethink like, I tell yer; sinister, a coster arrayed pearly to the nines, charged with a concertina all proper. *Second motto*: A regular beno.

["It has been decided that arms shall be devised for Hampstead."—*Daily Paper*.]



LORD L-NO.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, three bars wait fretty in the wings; 2nd, an heraldic pavilion, or changing-tent proper, outside a pair of heraldic dancing-pumps also fairly accurate; 3rd, inside three 'alls a (k)night; 4th, a professional's brougham passant between two 'alls 'eraced. *Crest*: A lion comique rampant in garb base to the last degree, holding in dexter hand an heraldic parapluie slightly out of repair all proper. *Supporters*: Dexter, one of the "gods" regardant, inclined to repartee; sinister, a denizen of the fauteuils d'orchestre cachinnatory to the last, charged on the breast for distinction with a solitaire of the first water.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

G. A. HENTY, of the marvellous pen, fights one of our great battles over again *At Agincourt*, where "the one jolly Englishman" knocked the bloom of the flower of French chivalry "into a cocked hat," as our interested and very British schoolboy remarks. Especially as the hero had to encounter the "White Hoods" of Paris. In his other book, the young naval adventurer is launched with *Cochrane the Dauntless* on the troubled waters of South American seas. Then there is *The Loss of John Humble*, by G. NORWAY, and it will be that boy's loss who does not read it. Lastly comes *Violet Vereker's Vanity*, in which ANNIE E. ARMSTRONG ("more power to her elbow!") tells a charming story of a girlish folly. All the above-mentioned are to be found in the stores of BLACKIE & SON'S Book Cellars, whose address must of course be sought in a Directory of Darkest London.

Horn Book Jingles. By MRS. ARTHUR GASKIN. (Leadenhall Press; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.) Another illustrated book for smaller folk, though the idea of what our great-great-grandmother's Horn Book was might be a trifle beyond the grasp of even our modern babies. These dainty jingles may enlighten them, for the nineteenth-century babies are generally well advanced, and the Horn Book should get on well if it can only blow its own trumpet.

In Bohemia with Du Maurier enshrines Mr. FELIX MOSCHELES's recollections of happy days spent in Belgium with our lost "Kicky." It shows him, as in intimate company he was up to the last, lighthearted, full of fun and good fellowship. It was his early manner—this also preserved unto the last—of drawing sketches at the head, tail, or on the margin of letters to his friends. Mr. MOSCHELES has preserved over three-score, which are reproduced, and add greatly to the pleasure and interest of the simple annals of student life in the fifties. Whilst DU MAURIER was studying and larking at Malines, there came a time when, literally, a shadow fell upon his life. He had lost the sight of one eye, and a cheerful doctor told him the other must needs follow. It seemed the end of all his hopes and ambition. But he bore the trial with unabated cheerfulness. "If one can't paint," he said, "one must do something else—write perhaps," he added, in a flash of unconscious prophecy. One cannot know

too much of DU MAURIER, and my Baronite finds in this volume many pleasant echoes of a voice that is still.

In *The Herb Moon* (FISHER UNWIN), JOHN OLIVER HOBBS's latest story-book, my Baronite finds all that cynical mood, rapid insight into character, carefully-polished and sharply-barbed sentences, that attracted him in early days to *Some Emotions and a Moral*. Here, as there, plot is not the authoress' chief stand-by. She tells again the old, old story, how two young people love each other; how misunderstanding comes about, and how they part. He becomes a soldier. She might have married—not a market-gardener, but a baronet. She resisted the temptation, and he, coming back from the wars with the Victoria Cross, marries her, retires from the army, goes into Parliament, and "it is said will be in the next Cabinet"—a very happy chance for a retired colonel, who, apparently, has not yet been even a Junior Lord of the Treasury. But *The Herb Moon* is avowedly a fantasia, and all things may happen under it. Mrs. HARROBY, who nearly marries *Rose* to the Baronet, is an entertaining person, reminiscent of *Ethel Newcome's* protectress, *Lady Kew*. The volume is enriched by a charming sketch of the authoress.

Mr. ASHBY STERRY's *Tale of the Thames*, brought out by BLISS, SANDS & Co. (what happiness in the name of this firm of publishers! Do not BLISS and SANDS suggest a series of, say, *Beatitude at Broadstairs*, *Merriment at Margate*, and *Rapture at Ramsgate*?), will be found a charming companion by the winter fireside, when it delights the gallant young watermen and waterwomen to recall the adventures of their happy summertime on the River Thames. Likewise will the book be invaluable as an entertaining guide to water-parties who love to take their pleasure "down 'Henley' way." Mr. STERRY knows the ropes and how to work the lines. Take him as your guide, trust to him to show you the river, and consider him as Mr. Ashby Steery. The illustrations, by W. HATHERELL, are delightful. Pity they could not have been, appropriately, in water colours.

Of prettily-got-up books, suitable to most times, and to Christmas time in particular, JOHN LANE, the active brain of the Bodley Head, produces not a few. Among his latest is *The Children*, by ALICE MEYNELL. Its natural simplicity is its great charm. All who are interested in children at Christmas time—and who is not?—will have their pleasure enhanced by reading this little book.

THE BARON.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Friend (running down for a day or two to Brown's "little place"). "RATHER A PITY YOU HAVEN'T ANY CABS OR 'BUSES HERE, ISN'T IT?"

Brown. "PITY? NOT A BIT! WHY, WE HAVE A GRAND THREE-MILE WALK BEFORE US; BUT IF YOU'RE NOT A GOOD WALKER, WE CAN SAVE A GOOD MILE OR SO BY CUTTING ACROSS THESE FIELDS!"

[*Friend* rather wishes he hadn't come.

ECONOMICAL REFRESHMENTS.

(At a Dance in aid of a Dispensary.)

Touch not that fatal lemonade!
That claret-cup, I have a notion,
Is like the drinks the BORGHIAS made—
A healthy, hospitable potion!

That sherry is an English wine;
They give us drinks they "didn't
oughter,"
Perhaps to suit some tastes—not mine;
I'll take a glass of simple water.

And ices, too, like those are sold
On any barrow for a penny;
Small boys survive them, I am told.
No, thank you, I will not take any!

Oh, doctors, did you plan this dance
That to this fact we might awaken—
There comes to all of us by chance
A time when physic must be taken;

Dispensaries are needful, so
We, having made a contribution,
Should after such refreshment go
Ourselves to test your institution?

As we Live now.

Go-ahead Squire (to rector's factotum).
Well, RINGWELL, what can I do for you?
Ringwell. Master's compliments, and
could you oblige him, Sir, with your motor-
car to try the ice on the parish pond?

THE "NEW BOY."

(His Rules for Parents during the Holidays.)

1. ALL parents must get up early in the morning, in order to see that the house is made perfectly comfortable before the children come down—fires in full swing, prayers over, newspapers aired, and breakfast laid.

2. Bread and milk, and porridge are forbidden as articles of food. The daily bill of fare to be submitted to a committee of children.

3. Bikes to be supplied to all children, with, when space permits, at least one motor-car.

4. Smoking cigarettes *everywhere* to be permitted.

5. Late dinner every night, but no grown-up parties.

6. List of amusements, theatres, dances, &c., to be arranged by the children on the first day of the vacation.

7. No holiday tasks, and no lectures.

8. No fixed time for going to bed or rising in the morning.

9. Pocket-money, as settled by abitation, to be served out every day after breakfast or lunch.

10. All rooms to be free for romps or games.

11. All servants to obey orders from the children, without heeding the habits or wishes of parents.

12. No slops to be served out. Champagne every night.

13. Noise must never be objected to. Football, when desired, in all the passages.

14. It is distinctly to be understood that any breach of the above regulations will entitle the children to GO ON STRIKE, and remain out till a handsome indemnity has been paid and apologies offered.

15. It is also understood that the word "parents" includes grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins (grown up), guardians, and all other tyrannical persons whatsoever.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Booklets and calendars of most subtle daintiness come from those artistic firms of MARCUS WARD and RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, who have politely left their Christmas cards on us at our office. MISCH & STOCK evidently decided that "it's humour we want," and so, on a good Christmas Mischion, they have set out with a Stock of quaint novelties.

A NEW GAME.—There is an uncompromising sound about "Table Football," which, being brought out by "WOOLF & SON," sounds suggestive of "bear-fighting" in the dining-room. But it's a quiet game. Don't keep the Woolf from the door. Let him in.

ADVICE TO A DEMAGOGUE.—Remember that it isn't Mann who disposes of both land and sea.



HINTS FROM OUR INVENTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE INFANT-CARRIER. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR TWINS.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

A MARRIAGE.

DEAR MISTER,—During that I write the notes for my guide, in visiting the english towns, I am alldays very content of to have the occasion of to observe the manners and the habitudes of your compatriots. I have spoken there is some time of a "croquetparty"; at present I go to describe a marriage.

He goes without to say that, after to have received the invitation, I expedite a little *cadeau de nocces*, a little gift of nuptials, to the charming miss. That it is precisely as in France, and one cannot mistake himself. But I wanted, *je manquai*, of to mistake myself otherwise.

Naturally I have the intention of to go to the church in black habit and white cravat, also as in France. For not to mistake myself I ask to one of my friends, also invited, if one carries his habit, his *frac*, at the church, and he responds that yes, one carries his *frac* coat. Therefore I dress myself after the *déjeuner*, and I attend this friend, because I go with him to the church. He arrives a little in delay, *en retard*, and the instant that he perceives me he cries himself, "Bijove, my dear fellow, did not I tell you that at a wedding one wears a *frac* coat?" "Eh, well," I respond, "I have put my *frac* coat. Why have you not done of same?" "You mean," says he, "you are going to put on your *frac* coat? But you cannot wear it with an evening waistcoat and a white tie." We say all this very quick, being so pressed. "For why not?" I demand, "and also why are not you ready?" "I am," responds he. "*Tiens!* How that? You wish to say that one goes to a marriage *en redingote*?" "In a *frac* coat, of course." Then I comprehend that in english a *frac* is a *redingote*, and also that I have not one instant to lose.

Aided by my friend, I throw my *gibus*, my *frac*, my white cravat, my white gloves, and my other habits, I put a grey cravat in marine knot, a *redingote*, &c., I seize my hat high form, we descend to the carriage, and as quick as possible we go to the church, where we arrive much in delay.

The church is filled of world. Not only all the parents of the charming *fiancée*, the female affianced one, and all the parents of the male affianced one, and all the inviteds, but also of other persons, some women, even some child, who are entered for to see the marriage. As in France, it is a spectacle for them. By consequence we are obliged of to rest all at the end of the nave, and I see not anything of the marriage. In effect the women hold themselves upright all the time, and the child are even on the benches, all regarding the ceremony. However

at the fine, between the heads of my neighbours, I see to pass the nuptial *cortège*—the new marrieds, the misses of honour, and the witnesses. Then all the world precipitates himself in the street, and after some time we find our carriage, and we go at, *chez*, the mother of the young spouse.

There also much of world, for that which we call in France "*un fivoclock*" or "*un lunch de cinq heures*." The new marrieds receive in the saloon the felicitations of their friends, and me also I give to each one a shake-hands, and I say, "All my felicitations." Then I am presented to some ones of the ladys and to the charming misses of honour. And all the world goes to see the beautiful gifts of nuptials, exposed in the hall of billiards. As in France the friends have given enormously of *théières*, tea-pots, of *salieres*, salt-pots, and of *bonbonnières*, goodies-pots, but there is much of objects of more great value, in jewellery and in goldsmithery, as well as in silvery, and also some cheques. Ah, the charming cheques—not of Panama!

During all this time one can not to seat himself in any room, at cause of the number of the assistants, and all simply also because he wants, *il manque*, absolutely of chair. It is very fatiguing. However, in fine the new marrieds go themselves away to the station, and me also I can to part for to repose myself at the hotel, where I put my black habit and my white cravat, without fear of to mistake myself this time here, for the ball of the evening.

It is a ball of the most ravishings. Me I dance with the charming english misses just to the fine. That they are adorable! So gay, so animated! And all the time that I speak they have the air so amiable, so smiling, from the moment where I say, "Will you accord me a valse, miss?" And I conduct of them someones to the buffet for to take a gazeous lemonade—ah no, it is a squash of lemon!—or an ice, and more late all the world goes to the supper. Then we dance still; there is the Dance of the Barn, and a dance all new, the "Washington's Post," very droll in effect. At three of clock and half of the morning it is finished, I give a shake-hands to the amiable hostess, and I part with thousand thanks of her gracious hospitality.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

AT NAZARETH HOUSE.

A very practical Christmas Carol.

God bless you, merry gentlemen! Does misery you dismay?
Remember Charity, like Love, will always find a way.
And as the Christmastide draws nigh when Charity, at least,
Would bid the sufferer's soul rejoice, and let the poorest feast,
Let grateful thoughts of Nazareth, and all the boon and bliss
That name still brings to bruised hearts in so sad world as this,
Rouse you to service of your kind, the spirit's best response
To the Great Service done by One for all!

He who but once
Has passed the threshold of that door wide open unto all
At Nazareth House at Hammersmith, is evermore the thrall
Of tender, loving memories. Spontaneous there hath sprung,
In service of the very old and of the very young,
Needs bitterest extremes, a spring of charity and love
As pure as inexhaustible. From sources high above
The dusty level of our days such streams must ever flow;
But rains that fall on loftiest heights enrich the plains below.
And piety and passionate humanity combine
To perfect Charity's best work. Wouldst have such work be
thine,

Not in devoted hermitage, but as a quickening gleam
Amidst life's daily battle-task? Then help to swell that stream
Which freely flows for old and young, for every class and creed.
From Nazareth's nurturing ministry. Great ever is the need
Of rills auxiliar, for the wastes of London's life are wide;
Poverty's parching thirst is sore, sorrow on every side
Pleads mutely for compassionate aid that overtakes still
The scant resource of Christian love, the coffers of goodwill.
Help swell them! 'Tis a Christian task that brings a double
boon

To self and to the suffering poor. Send freely and send soon!
Go, see the sisterhood's good work, sick children taught to
smile,
And old folk in safe hermitage. It shall be worth your while,
And leave sweet recollection. Nought will be rejected there,
The modest dole, the cast-off garb, the broken food, the prayer!
All who would mark at Christmastide, love, grateful heart,
glad hope.
At Nazareth House in Hammersmith shall find most fitting
scope.



A MODERN PEGASUS.

Purchaser. "CAN HE JUMP?"

Irish Dealer. "JUMP! BEDAD, IF YE WAS TO PUT HIM IN A FIELD, YE'D HAVE TO PUT A LID ON UT TO KAPE HIM IN!"

SALLY, OUR SALLY!

(English Version sung by an Ecstatic Frenchman on the Great Day of Sarah Bernhardt's Art-Apotheosis.)

AIR—"Sally in our Alley."

OF all the artistes svelte and smart
There's none like our SALLY.
She is the crown of Gallic Art,
And to her shrine we'll rally.
No actress born, however grand,
Is half so great as SALLY;
She is the darling of our land,
Beloved ex-cep-tion-ally!

OF all the days in this great week
Fame will red-letter one day,
And that's the day that came between
This Wednesday and last Monday.
For "Toute France," drest in all its best,
Crowded to worship SALLY,
And see her canonised by Art
Most alle-gori-cally!

What was the Excitement about?

ONLY that just as Madame CAMEL (of the famous *bonbon* dealers, NOUGAT et CAMEL) of Bond Street, was serving the Duchess of HYPERION with a pound of sugared orchids, a burly stranger, evidently an agriculturist up for the Cattle Show, entered and exclaimed, "I say, missus, put us oop a crown's worth o' brandy balls and mint drops to take whoam to the youngsters." No wonder that the Duchess and Madame simultaneously fainted, that Sir REGINALD CARIBEAU upset his fragrant chocolate over his irreproachable pantaloons, that the exquisite Hebes cried "Murder! Police!" and that the burly stranger beat a hasty retreat, muttering, "Well, I'm danged if this bain't a sweet-stoof shop for loonaatics!"

A VAGABOND FIELD-MARSHAL.

[At the New Vagabonds' Christmas Dinner, on December 9, Lord ROBERTS (who is about to publish his reminiscences) claimed, as a soldier, to be an old vagabond—a father of vagabonds among the New Vagabonds.]

COME, Vagabonds, and divagate,
Vagarious and various,
Extravagantly up-to-date,
Gregarious, hilarious!

We've gained last week a new recruit,
A vagrant like the rest of us,
A V.C. and a peer to boot,
Who soon will prove the best of us.

A veteran and a hero, too,
Has joined the ranks of vagrancy;
A vagrom old before he's New,
Is Bobs in fine full flagrancy!

He's of the stuff that's made our race
E'er readier through the centuries
To rove and roam from place to place
Where fighting and adventure is.

Bohemia's latest denizen
We toast with free festivity,
Here's to his sword, here's to his pen—
More power to their activity!

At the "Nut," Portsmouth.

First Midshipmite (reading from paper).
"The French fleet is avowedly the least fast in the world."

Second ditto. By George! What a bad chance the poor devils will have when they have to run away!

AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

Evangeline. Why is this called the dress circle, mamma?

Mamma. Because the stalls are the undress circle, dear.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Bachelor of none too large fortune, living in Chambers, having distributed Christmas largesse, himself receives a "Tip" of great value.

THE Time of Tips is drawing nigh,
Each varlet is alert;
The open hand, the eager eye,
The love for eating dirt,
Proclaim that he awaits the prey
That he has long marked down—
He will not have me say him nay,
He'd take my last half-crown.

The crossing-sweeper holds his broom
Like pistol at my head,
And in the thick December gloom
Proclaims I must be bled.
The waiters at the Club prepare
For coming showers of pelf.
I must subscribe—the list is there
Upon the mantel-shelf!

The dustman, heedless of neglect
That laid me up for weeks,
Develops now a smirk respect
Proclaiming what he seeks.
Yon postman, whom I know too well
As harbinger of ills,
Asks ransom, while he wields the spell
Of countless unpaid bills!

That paper boy, who always knocks
With fierce and fiendish cry,
Anticipates a Christmas box—
He knows I cannot fly!
His comrades, imps who love to pick
The paint from off my door.
Will get, not any vengeful kick,
But halfpence, as before!

Our housekeeper, a wily soul,
(I'm sure, with double keys,)
Who on my cellar levies toll,
Must have her double fees!
Our porter, such a surly beast,
Who will not touch his cap,
Shall have a sovereign at least,
Though I have not a rap!

Their satellites, a ravening band—
I do not know their names.
Indeed, I cannot understand
Why they on me have claims.
But all of them, I'm gravely told,
Have for me done much work—
Pour out the coppers, silver, gold,
My duty I'll not shirk!

A beggar for the nonce I sit,
But by no care oppress.
The Yule-log burns, the lamp is lit,
The whiskey's of the best.
I too have got a tip at last,
The happiest of my life.
You give it! Hang the Present, Past!
Next year I'll have a wife!

In a Birmingham Smoke-room.

Young Roseleaf (to histrionic stranger, who says that he was at Oxford). Of course you keep up the traditions of Alma Mater?

Histrionic Stranger (slightly fuddled). Alma Mater! Rather! You should have seen her in burlesque, my boy!

In the Billiard Room.

Major Carambole. I never give any bribes to the club servants, on principle.
Captain Hazard. Then I suppose the marker looks on the tip of your cue without interest.



"GOING ONE BETTER."

Neptune (the auctioneer). "FOR THE COMMAND OF THE SEA—(to France)—THANK YOU, MADAM. GENTLEMEN, EIGHT MILLION POUNDS IS BID,—ANY ADVANCE ON EIGHT MILLION POUNDS?"

John Bull. "GUINEAS!"



ANXIOUS TO SELL.

Dealer (to Hunting Man, whose mount has NOT answered expectations). "How much do you want for that nag o' yours, 'sir?"
Hunting Man. "Well, I'll take a hundred guineas." *Dealer. "Make it shillings."* *H. M. (delighted). "He's yours!"*

WHAT MR. BULL THINKS.

CONCERNING SOME WHO TALK ABOUT HIM.

(With apologies to Hosea Biglow.)

SOME say if J. B. were a sensible man,
 He would just stay at home and look after his folk;
 Of his tight little island make all that he can,
 And into no foreign potato-patch poke.

But J. B.,
 Boss of the sea,
 Says that foreign palaver's all fiddle-de-dee!

"My! ain't it terrible? What shall we do?
 We can't block his road on the billows—that's flat.
 Guess we shall have to combine, do not you?
 And go in for big fleets, great guns, and all that!"

But J. B.
 Has some L. S. D.,
 And says, "For their two ships I'm game to build three!"

Uncle SAM is "a drefle smart man":
 He calls JOHN a "Gold Bug," a piler of pelf.
 If consistency now were a part of SAM's plan,
 Spite of BRYAN's tall talk, he would look to—himself!

And J. B.
 Says that L. S. D.
 Can be worshipped as well put in dollars, says he.

COUNT POSADOWSKY declares that the Strike
 At Hamburg is bossed by BULL's capitalists;
 And that German leaders and workmen alike
 Are seduced by our Traders, whom TOM MANN assists!!

But J. B.
 Says the Teuton Count P.
 Spyeth "English Shippers" where no shippers be.

The Frenchman hints that the murder and pillage
 Which still the sick air of Armenia taint,
 Are stirred up—for gain—in our big British village!
 Well, BULL in the market won't pose as a saint,

But J. B.
 (Though he loves L. S. D.),
 To stop them but waits till his censors agree.

The Northern Bear growls, "BULL is still on the make!"

Now Bruin, of course, is an innocent beast,
 Who Constantinople would scorn for to take,
 And has not an eye on the Chinese far East.

But J. B.
 Says a view of the sea
 And "warm water" might suit travelling Bears—to a T!

Plain English would dub these wild statements as lies!

They are nothing on earth but *fee, faw, fum!*
 The "Vampire," the "Gold Bug," who blood-sucks or buys
 His way to the front, is a bogey, a hum.

And J. B.
 Says, smiling, says he,
 "It may amuse them, and it doesn't hurt me!"

"Young BRYAN—he's scarce learned the lesson of life—
 Thinks me the Gold Calf in top-boots and tight coat.

Young WILHELM, whose music is all drum and fife,
 Deems me a mere slave to the democrat vote.

But though they're so free
 In their pictures of me,
 They do not know much of the real J. B.

"Perhaps it's a mercy I've many to tell me
 The greedy, perfidious fellow I am!
 But though they may chivey they will not compel me
 To take angry chaff for the truth's real jam.

For J. B.,
 While he's healthy and free,
 Won't budge every time someone holloas out 'Gee!'"

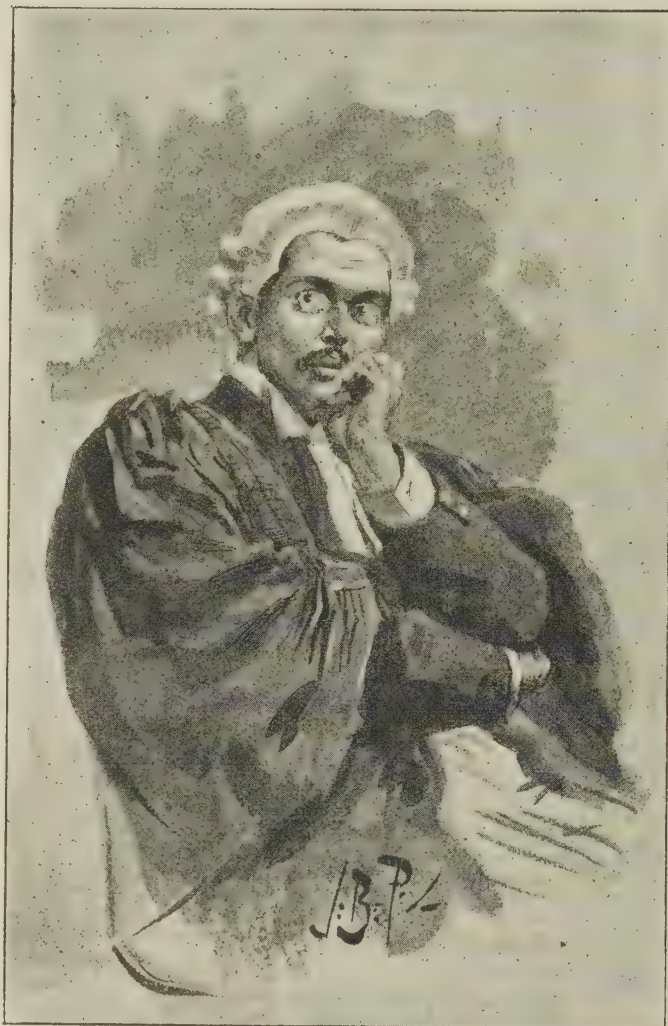
JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXXI.

Mankletow v. Jabberjee (continued). The Defendant brings his Speech to a somewhat unexpected conclusion, and Mr. Witherington, Q.C., addresses the Jury in reply.

Mr aforesaid shorthanded acquaintance has very fortunately preserved the literal transcript of my concluding oration, which



"Jabberjee's face gradually lengthens."

will afford a feeble idea of the grandiloquence of my loquacity.
—H. B. J.

VERBATIM REPORT (unofficial).

Baboo Jab. May it please your mighty honour and great notorious gentlemen on the jury, it must present a strange and funny appearance to behold a young Indian B.A., provided with a big education and the *locus standi* of barrister-at-law, crawling humbly towards your footstools as a suppliant, and already I perceive from your benevolent and smirking visages that your hearts are favourably inclined towards your unfortunate son, and that you are too deeply imbrued with serpentine wisdom to be at all bamboozled by the *ad captandum* charms of feminine cajoleries. Indeed, I am a poor penniless chap, if not almost completely dead for want of funds, and if I had only been able to call my revered and fatherly benefactor, Hon'ble Sir CUMMERBUND, he would infallibly have testified—

The Judge. As you did not think proper—no doubt for excellent reasons—to put Sir CHETWYND in the box when you could have done so, Mr. JABBERJEE, I shall most certainly not allow you to make any comments now upon the evidence he might or might not have given.

Baboo J. I beg to knuckle very submissively to your lordship's argument. The fact is, that the said Sir CUMMERBUND, on

hearing my answers when I was acting in the capacity of a harrowed toad under my friend WITHERINGTON's cross-examination, very handsomely stated that I had left nothing for him to say, and begged modestly that he might be excused. But indeed, Mist'ers, I occupy but a very beggarly apartment in this Fools' Hotel of a world, and it is the moral impossibility for me to pay any damages whatever! Moreover, it is a well-authenticated fact that I am a shocking coward, and was induced to become affianced by haunting apprehensions of receiving a succession of severe kicks. For how, being suddenly put to my choice between being barbarously kicked and punched or acquiring a spruce and blooming bride, could I hesitate for a moment to accept the lesser of two evils? Nevertheless, I did remain uninterruptedly devoted to the plaintiff for many weeks—until I encountered a still younger and more bewitching lady, who became the Polar Star to my compass-like heart. But, lackadaisy, Sirs! though I left no stones unturned to be off with my Old Love, I did not get on very fortunately with the New, seeing that she preferred an affluent young Scotch, whereby I am reduced to shedding tears in silence and solicitude between two stools! (*Roars of laughter.*) Mist'ers, like the frog that was being lapidated by thoughtless juveniles, I reply:—"For you it may be facetious; but to myself it is a devilishly serious affair!" For, after beholding the plaintiff here and discovering that she had advanced rather than retrograded in physical attractiveness, I made cordial approaches to her, but she passed me by with a superciliously exalted nose! Gentlemen, it is a terrific piece of humbug for her to allege that her heart has been infernally lacerated by my unfaithfulness, when, at this very moment, instead of lending her ears to my brief and rambling oration, she is entirely engrossed in flirtatious conduct with her curly-pated juvenile solicitor! (*Sensation.*)

Witherington, Q.C. (rising). My lord, I really must protest. There is absolutely no justification for the defendant's outrageous insinuation. I am informed by Miss MANKLETOW that she simply asked the gentleman sitting next to her whether he had seen her smelling-salts!

The Judge. I fail to see, Mr. JABBERJEE, what advantage you can hope to gain by these highly irregular digressions. The plaintiff is under my immediate observation, and I have seen nothing in her conduct during the trial of which you have the smallest right to complain.

Baboo J. I am highly satisfied by your lordship's *obiter dictum*. Not being in such a coign of vantage as your honour's excellency, I was misled by the propinquity of heads viewed from the rear. Now, before again becoming a sedentary, I am to propose a decisive test of plaintiff's *bona fides* in desiring my insignificant self as a spouse. Herewith I beg humbly to have the honour of renewing my formal proposal of marriage, and moreover will pledge myself in most solemn and business-like style never on any account, whether so permitted by laws of country or *vice versa*, to take to myself a single additional native wife in her lifetime. This handsome offer is genuine and without prejudice. (*Great laughter, and some sensation in Court as JABBERJEE sits down.*)

Witherington, Q.C. Your lordship will see that this—ah—rather unforeseen development renders it necessary that I should ascertain the plaintiff's views before proceeding to reply. (*The Judge nods; breathless excitement in Court while the plaintiff's solicitor carries on an animated conversation with Mr. W. in undertones.*)

Witherington (rising once more). Gentlemen, I have, as it was my duty to do, consulted the plaintiff respecting the unusual course which the defendant has thought proper to take. Her answer to his proposal is the answer which I am sure you will feel is the only possible one in the circumstances. (*JAB. beams.*) The plaintiff, gentlemen, has undergone the severest ordeal a young woman of delicacy and refinement can be called upon to endure (*"Hear, hear!" from JAB.*), and out of that ordeal I think you will all agree she has come absolutely unscathed.

I need hardly say that she is incapable now of harbouring any unworthy sentiments of rancour or revenge. (*JAB. beams more effulgently still.*)

But, gentlemen, there are some injuries which, as you know, a woman may find herself able to excuse, to palliate, even to condone; but which she feels nevertheless operate as an insuperable and impassable barrier between herself and the individual who could be capable of them! (*JAB.'s smile becomes a trifle less assured.*)

After the disgraceful and unmanly attempts the defendant has made to evade his obligations; his disingenuous defences; his insulting innuendoes; after the deplorable exhibition he has made of himself in that box; and especially after the sombre picture he himself has painted of the domestic future he has to offer; after all this, I ask you, gentlemen, is it likely, is it possible, is it even conceivable that the plaintiff can retain any

respect or affection for him, or have sufficient courage and confidence to entrust her happiness to such hands? (JAB.'s face gradually lengthens.)

Once, it is true, under the glamour of her own girlish illusions, she was ready to expatriate herself, to endure an alien existence, and strange manners and customs for his beloved sake; but now, now that her ideal is shattered, her dream dispelled,—now, it is too late! Gentlemen, my client's answer is—and it is one which will only command your increased respect:—"No. He has broken my heart, undermined my belief in human nature, cast a blight upon my existence. (Miss M. sobs audibly here, and JAB. is visibly affected.) Much as I should like to recover my old belief in him, much as it would be to my worldly advantage to marry a wealthy Bengali barrister with talents and influence which are certain to lead to rapid promotion in his native land (JAB. bows, and then shakes his head in protest), he has made me suffer too much, I cannot accept him now!"

(The learned Counsel then dealt exhaustively with various portions of the case, and concluded thus.) Well, gentlemen, I shall not have to trouble you with many further remarks, but I will just say this before I sit down:—The defendant, amongst innumerable other ingenious excuses, has pleaded for your indulgence on the score of poverty. He has the brazen effrontery to plead poverty, forsooth! after complacently admitting, in that box, that he is earning at this very moment an income by his pen alone that might be envied by many a hardworking English journalist! I do not say this by way of making any reflection upon the defendant; on the contrary, gentlemen, I consider it does credit to his ability and enterprise. (JAB. bows again.) But at the same time it disposes effectually of his allegation that he is without means, and indeed, leaving his literary gains entirely out of the question, it must have been obvious from what you have heard and seen of his manner of living in this country that he is amply provided with pecuniary resources. Bearing this in mind, gentlemen, I ask you to mark your sense of his heartless treatment of the plaintiff, and the mental and social injury she has suffered on his account, by awarding her substantial damages; not, I need scarcely say, in any spirit of vindictiveness, but as some compensation (however inadequate) for all she has gone through, and also as a warning to other ingratiating but unprincipled Orientals that they cannot expect to trifle with the artless affection of our generous, warmhearted English maidens without paying—aye, and paying dearly, too! for the amusement. (He sits down amidst applause.)

NOTE BY MR. JABBERJEE.—Hon'ble Judge is to sum up after lunch. I am highly pained and disappointed that my friend WITHERINGTON should have shown himself a perfidious, and have taken the liberty as he quitted the Court to murmur the plaintive remonstrance of "*Et tu, Brute!*" into the cavity of his left ear.

My solicitor, SIDNEY SMARTLE, is of the opinion that my case is looking "a bit rocky," but that much will depend upon how the Judge sums up. What a pity that, owing to judicial red-tapery, I am prohibited from popping in upon him at lunch and importuning him to pronounce a decree in my favour!

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY.

(Fragment of a Nautical Romance à la Charles Beresford.)

It was, indeed, a magnificent sight. The whole of the ship's company were beat to quarters and waiting the signal for departure. The fine old admiral stood on the modern equivalent for the quarter-deck, surrounded by the senior officers. He and his captain, his navigating lieutenant, and a score of other subordinates. He had reason to glance proudly at the apology of a mast from which gaily flew his pennant.

"My lads," he cried through a speaking-trumpet, "and under this title I salute both bluejackets and redcoats, remember that the eyes of the world are fixed upon you. And now, Sir, give my favourite signal."

Upon this the well-known combination was run up, and the fleet in general, and the crew of the *Stupendous* in particular, were desired to recollect that "England expected every man to do his duty." The familiar token provoked the customary applause.

"And now, my lads, one word more," continued the veteran Admiral of the Fleet, still using his speaking-trumpet. "You see before you the enemy—come to close quarters with him, grapple with him and defeat him. Bear in mind that no commander can go wrong who, without further direction from me, crushes his nearest opponent. And now three cheers for Queen and country, and away with ye."

The shouts were deafening, and then the men, responding to the whistles of the boatswains, flew hither and thither in all directions. But, strange to say, the *Stupendous* did not move.



'THE NEW HANSOM CAB-GIRL

(A Suggestion for the Railway Companies.)

"In the name of NELSON," shouted the admiral, using an invocation reserved for moments of the fiercest excitement, "what is the meaning of this? Have I not commanded my beloved vessel to grapple with the enemy, and here she floats like a log of wood on the restricted surface of a landlubber's water-butt! What is the meaning of this strange inaction?"

The old sailor used a stronger epithet than "strange," but the word chosen must stand as a substitute. But for all the cries of the admiral, the commands of his officers, and the activity of his crew the good ship made no progress. She rode the waves like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Then there was a hurried consultation, and the junior cadet was chosen by his seniors to give the required explanation.

"If you please, Sir," began the young gentleman, in faltering tones, "it is not our fault."

"Not your fault!" thundered the admiral. "Here you are, six hundred strong, and you can't move a foot! Not your fault, indeed! Why isn't it your fault, Sirrah?"

Then came the explanation, uttered in broken accents, by the trembling youngster.

"Because, Sir, in spite of all our men, we can't cause the engines to move. The fact is, Sir, we haven't got a stoker!"

An Ancient Irish Missile.

WE take the following extract from the *Daily Chronicle's* report of a lecture on "The Life of an Old Irish Hero," delivered recently at the Workmen's College:—

"CUCHULINN was a type of all the heroes of Ireland. In all his conflicts he displayed a high sense of honour and of chivalry. Being opposed by a great number of foes, he was called upon to cast away his spear. His sense of honour was so great that he threw it at his foes, and it went through the heads of nine men."

It must have been an exceptionally keen sense of honour.



HOPELESS CASE.

Hostess. "WHY DIDN'T YOU COME TO US ON SATURDAY? I SUPPOSE YOU HAD SOMETHING BETTER TO DO?"

Admiring Visitor (nervously). "NO, I ASSURE YOU ON THE CONTRARY, IT WAS SOMETHING MUCH WORSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE are, my Baronite complains, few phenomena more tiresome than a clever child when trotted out by a fond parent or an affectionate, though unmarried aunt. In *W. V. Her Book* (ISBISTER) Mr. W. CANTON has adventured the apparently impossible, and has accomplished it. He has made a charming book about an infant prodigy. *W. V.* has the soul of a poet. Once, all unconsciously, she commenced to supplement one of the most beautiful passages in WORDSWORTH by communicating reminiscences of what had happened "before she came here." Her remark was proffered with comprehensive wave of tiny hand round our poor planet. Being here, walking in spring-time through the garden, she notices that "the bushes have their hands quite full of flowers," and wants to know "whether the buds are the trees' little girls?" This and much else is simply told at length not too extreme. Occasionally the ecstatic father, emulous of the habit of *Mr. Silas Wegg*, drops into poetry. Here, also, the influence of the child is predominant. The verses entitled "Crying Abba Father," written about the little maid, are incomparably the best of the collection.

Just a simple story is *The Oriel Window*, told in her charming way by Mrs MOLESWORTH, for quite young people. The pictures are by LESLIE BROOKE. It is published by MACMILLAN & Co., who give us also an exquisite edition of *SHERIDAN'S Rivals and School for Scandal*, delightfully illustrated by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

FISHER UNWIN, whose name suggests some Waltonian piscatorial work, publishes a collection of *Cat and Bird Stories* from the *Spectator*, showing how the harmless, necessary domestic animal is, above all things, a humourist! Doubtless the *Spectator* has heard many a good thing of "cat-and-dog life."

From F. WARNE & Co. we have *The Riders*; or, *Through Forest and Savannah*, by A. RUSSAN and FREDERICK BOYLE. "I'm a-going to the Sawannahs," were dear old John Willett's last words. How he would have enjoyed this book! A capital story.

told. *Young Denys*, by ELEANOR C. PRICE. An interesting tale of an Englishman with the great NAPOLEON before the turn of the tide that bought Waterloo. He went "Nap" and lost. Another romance of more subdued historical surrounding is *The Black Tor*, by G. MANVILLE FENN, which takes us into rural merrie England in the time of JAMES THE FIRST. Go and get these books from your Chambers (Messrs. W. and R. "of that ilk"). They will be most acceptable gifts at Christmas.

Of the "greenery gallery," but much more of the decadent "gallery" school are the fantastic pictures by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER which adorn *Wymps, and other Fairy Tales*, by EVELYN SHARP. (Published by JOHN LANE, the Bodley Head.) The simple brilliancy of the cover alone reveals something of the hidden delights of these charming new stories. Such extravagance in yellow and green ought to pique the most jaded appetite of any nursery pessimist who is *fin de siècle au bout des ongles*.

With the muster of so good a company as JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, MAX BEERBOHM, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, BARRY PAIN, Mrs. MOLESWORTH, &c., *The Parade*, 1897, edited by GLEESON WHITE (H. HENRY & Co.), is a magnificent gift-book for some more than ordinary girl or boy. The illustrations are numerous, and delightfully quaint.

Greatly doth the Baron's artistic heart delight in the first part of the enlarged series of *The Magazine of Art* brought out by CASSELL & Co. The frontispiece, which is a reproduction of ALMA-TADEMA's picture, "*In my Studio*," would look better were it mounted and framed. A portrait of ALMA-TADEMA in the biographical sketch by Mr. SPIELMANN is about as unlike the ALMA-TADEMA himself as any picture professedly a portrait could well be. But the photographs of the interior of the TADEMA house are charming. The article on the Art Movement induces us to hope that Beardsleyisms or Bellisms will never be applied to playing-cards. Under the heading of "Notes and Queries" an inquirer is informed as to Sir JOHN TENNIEL's contributions in water colours to the Royal Institution, and of his "*Leonardo da Vinci*" in mosaic, on the west wall of South Kensington Museum.

"*Emphatically*," writes KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, "is at his or



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"SEASIDE LODGINGS."

RUSSIAN BEAR. "NICE VIEW OF THE SEA! JUST WHAT I WANTED! THINK I'LL TAKE 'EM!"

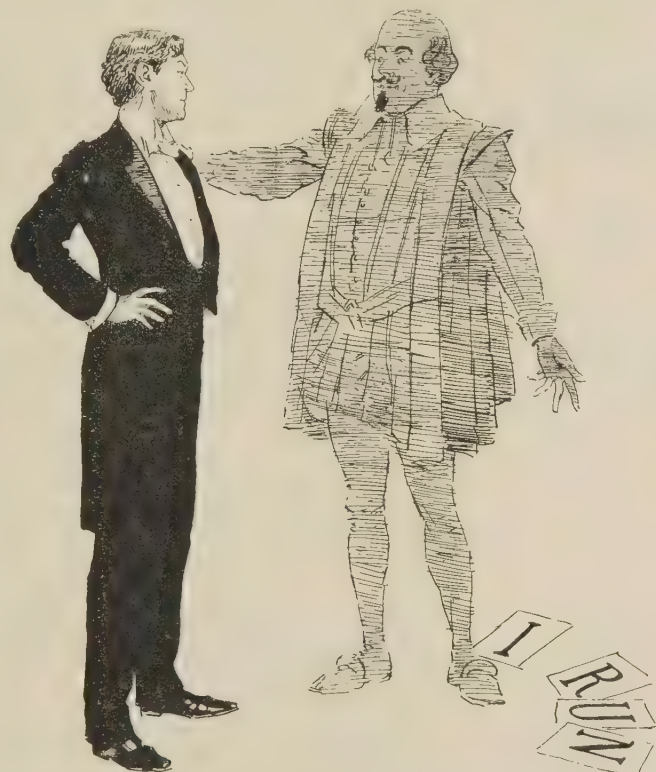
[“The scheme,” embodied in the new Treaty reported as having been quite recently concluded between Russia and China, gives the former maritime outlets, “Chinese ports in the warm water, and even allows her to plant her garrisons in Chinese territory.”]

DOUGLAS (my Baronite cannot away with WIGGIN) is at her very best when she takes a child by either hand, or sits beaming in their abundant company. *Marm Lisa*, her latest book, published by GAY AND BIRD, is the story of a waif and stray, mentally, morally, and—not least important—physically warmed into life by sisterly hands. *Lisa* was the self-appointed guardian of Twins, less Heavenly than any known in modern literature. *Atlantic* and *Pacific* they were christened, and the combined ocean space is scarcely sufficient to cover their iniquity. How little *Marm Lisa*, “having all the sorrows and cares of maternity with none of its compensating joys,” tended these Satanic imps, what pranks they played, and how finally she found rest, is a story told by KATE DOUGLAS with that rare combination of humour and pathos that is genius.

THE BARON.

IN THE ST. JAMES'S WOODS AND FORESTS.

EXCELLENTLY well has Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER placed on the stage the *As You Like it* of Divine WILLIAM. Out of the London fog and damp into the sunny forest of Arden. “Arden” is the cockney unspirited pronunciation of “Hawarden,” and



AN INTERVIEW.

Mr. George Alexander (to Immortal Actor-Manager-Dramatist). I hope, Mr. Shakespeare, this play is “As you like it”?

Immortal William. I faith, good Master George, 'tis something “like it.” Marry, they say I spell RUIN; but, look you, 'tis but transposing the old letters, and here is new matter: aye, and “matter most attractive,” methinks; how say you?

the thoughtful manager has certainly lost one point in not emphasising this by insisting on Mr. GEORGE HAWTREY, as *William*, making up so as to suggest the only WILLIAM who, in our time, has been associated with “Arden.” By the way, Mr. HAWTREY's *William* is very droll. Some great comedians have been cast for these two parts of *William* and *Audrey*—the latter is taken by Miss KATE PHILLIPS—and scored enormously.

Except in the wrestling scene, which is carried out with great spirit, there is nothing for Mr. ALEXANDER as *Orlando* to do; in fact, as far as acting goes, it is a one-woman piece, and the one woman is *Rosalind*. Miss JULIA NELSON is most fascinating in appearance, and exceptionally good in her singing, gaining a double encore for the cuckoo song. When *Orlando* first sees her in boy's attire, he is struck by her resemblance to *Rosalind*. But had the real *Rosalind* been only so sparsely disguised about the neck as is Miss NELSON when impersonating *Ganymede*, *Orlando* could have had no doubt about the sex of the pretended boy; and this criticism applies also to her hands.

The two best *Rosalinds* I remember wore high-necked doublets, and buff, untanned, rough-looking gloves. Miss NELSON's fault is perpetual motion; she would effect so much more by doing so

much less. Yet will her *Rosalind* remain in the minds of playgoers as a pleasant memory. Mr. W. H. VERNON is perfect as *Jaques*, his only error being, in my humble judgment, that he looks too pleased with the song which he has demanded only to sneer at it. A most artistic performance is that of Miss FAY DAVIS as *Celia*. The way in which Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ, as the exiled duke, thoroughly enjoys the property boar's head and real apples, furnished at the Arden picnic, and how he, in dumb show, his mouth being too full for speaking, presses everybody to follow his example, is a lesson to all histrionic beginners. The wicked brother *Oliver*, played by Mr. H. B. IRVING, who repents, and falls in love with the Fay (Davis) of the Forest, loses a chance of “good business”; for when *Rosalind*, hearing of her lover's hurts, turns pale and faints, there is close at hand a babbling brook of real water, which will run as long as the piece does, and its proximity would at once suggest that a handful of it gathered in a dock-leaf and sprinkled over *Rosalind*'s pallid brow, would help to restore her to consciousness. But, strange to say, this idea never occurs to the crafty *Oliver*, nor even to *Celia*, and certainly not to SHAKSPEARE, who had never contemplated the immediate proximity of a running stream of real water on the stage where his forest of Arden was located. Altogether a delightful evening's entertainment, with quite an Elizabethan, Christmassy, finish of masque, revel, and épilogue to send the audience away rejoicing.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LA CÔTE D'AZUR DU SUSSEXSHIRE.

DEAR MISTER,—At Brighton, of who I have already spoken you several times, one finds a great town, absolutely without commerce, absolutely occupied to receive the voyagers—town of hotels, of *pensions*, of furnished houses, at little near, *à peu près*, as Nice. And of more one finds at Brighton enormously of new riches, of financiers, of lenders of money, often making display of an ostentation and of a vulgarity absolutely insupportable, also at Nice. Hasting, more sheltered and frequented by the olds and by the ills, resembles to Menton. Eastburn, with her gardens, her trees and her villas, resembles perhaps a little to Cannes.

But Monte Carlo? Ah no! He wants absolutely in the Sussexshire a town as Monte Carlo, the town who is—as would say some parisian journalists, writing the french language of a fashion ignored of our great writers—“*le féérique rendez-vous de nos plus élégants mondains, la merveilleuse principauté de la Côte d'Azur, où règne une délicieuse et printanière température.*” In effect a site of the most beautifuls, and a temperature truly springy, but a vulgar and pretentious little town, frequented by a crowd still more vulgar and pretentious, a crowd of persons the most “flashing,” as one says in english. Very amusing to see, without doubt, but not a terrestrial paradise, as pretend those parisian journalists who are subventioned by the direction.

Naturally there is not of Monte Carlo in England, because the game is there absolutely defended and absolutely unknown. In some circles, or clubs, the English play to the “wist” for the pieces of six pennys, and in the houses of the particulars, *des particuliers*, without silver—“for love,” as they say. But the *baccarat*, the *roulette*, the thirty and forty, and the poker are entirely unknown in your country, *n'est-ce pas?* You are so serious, so correct, you play to the chesses, *aux échecs*, or, if you desire a game more gay, more *léger*, you play to the ladies, *aux dames*. Eh well, the brave burgess of my country plays all the days to the dominoes, that which is enough sad, I avow him!

It is curious that one finds not in the Sussexshire a town as Monte Carlo, with a house of game. Would it be possible of to establish a house of game—only for the english games, the “wist for love,” the chesses, and the ladies, well heard, *bien entendu*—and of to have a “fairyish render-yourself of our most elegant worlders” on the english Coast of Azure? Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, the gaiety, the vivacity, the intrain of a such town! Figure to yourself the innocent gamers searching a party of chesses, or walking themselves to the border of the sea after to have played to the ladies! *Voilà*, see there, a true terrestrial paradise, that all the world would praise, without subvention!

And me, AUGUSTE, I have found her, this town so delicious! She is at the border of the sea, not too much far from London, at one half hour from Brighton, as Monte Carlo from Nice, and enjoying of a climate soft and agreeable, and relatively springy. I have visited her, at present all deserted, and I have peopled her in imagination of the cosmopolitan crowds, and of the elegant worlders, rendering themselves to the english Monte Carlo. Among the innumerable new companies, of who the announces fill your journals, it wants at present but this one, “The Anonymous Society of the Casino of Worthing.”

Agree, &c.

AUGUSTE.



ZOOLOGY.

"THAT'S A PORKYPINE, SARAH." "NO, IT AIN'T, BILL. IT'S A ORSTRIDGE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. IV.—OF THE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE OF UNDERGRADUATES—OF THE SOCIETY OF YOUNG MEN, AND THE PROPER EXPENDITURE OF TEN POUNDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—I highly appreciate the honour you bestow upon me when you refer to me for advice as to the best manner of expending the £10 which you say you have just received from your Aunt SARAH for the purchase of books. She is your godmother, and in every respect an excellent lady, and she still cherishes the memory of the learned and amiable man who became her husband in the only interval which he is known to have spared from his profound investigations into the state of manners existing amongst the inhabitants of these islands before the Roman invasion. In her innocent, widowed retirement she doubtless imagines that the University of Cambridge, of which you have recently become so distinguished a member, is a home of calm and studious culture, where young men spend their days in the laborious pursuit of knowledge and the acquisition of all the intellectual graces. There—in her mind's eye at least—they sit, each in his little monastic cell, scantily furnished, save for its rich lining of varied books, and scorn delights in order that somewhere in the coming years they may step forth the HOOKERS, the BUTLERS, the MILLS, the

CAVE CANEM.

SIR,—Some little time since, the *Spectator* published a letter purporting to be from a Balliol undergraduate, and recounting how his fox-terrier has formed a friendship with a Cochinchina hen and a kitten, which belong to a man who keeps his terrier for him out of college. The hen and the kitten, according to the letter, walk down with the terrier to the college every day, saying good-bye to him at the porter's lodge, where they are, of course, refused admittance. The next number of the *Spectator* contained an angry little notice to the effect that the above letter was a "forgery." They used to do these things more artistically in Oxford some few years ago. The legend runs that certain undergrads., perceiving a clear demand for dog-stories, and the ability of an esteemed contemporary to swallow statements which might almost astonish even the Natural History editor of the *Field* (if that be possible), determined, with the usual kindness and good nature of undergrads., to satisfy the demand with an appropriate supply. They accordingly formed a select little club which met once a week in a member's rooms, the only condition of membership being the production of an "original" dog-story every week. The stories were read at the weekly meeting, and the one agreed to be the best despatched by its author to a friend in the country to be posted. By this simple process a series of the most amazing true tales was given to the world, to the satisfaction of the editor of the esteemed contemporary, the exceeding glee of the club, the great glorification of canine intelligence, and the mighty increase of the gaiety of nations. "CAVE CANEM."

'Tis best to Give and Receive.

Little Chris. Daddy, if you were to give me five shillings, just think what a nice Christmas present I could buy you!

[Daddy stumps up.]

"BITS" FROM BRIGHTON. — Suitable motto for VOLKS' Electric Railway, which was destroyed in the recent gale: "Volks, et praterca nihil."

INVENTED BY OUR OWN ORNITHOLOGIST. —The motor car-rrier pigeon.

BENTHAMS, the FARADAYS, the PITTS, the ERSKINES of their age. I know nothing in the world so attractive as a pure delusion. May it please Heaven to keep your godmother constant in hers. At any rate, I trust that her godson, whose library she has so nobly desired to increase, has made a suitably grateful acknowledgment of her kindness.

And now I am going to indulge myself in a growl. Your good nature will pardon it, and if my views seem calculated to offend you, pray ascribe them to the crusty prejudices and the blindness engendered by advancing years. I shall state the facts as they appear to me. You can treat them as fancies if you like. Stated broadly, then, my first fact is that young Englishmen, far from desiring to cultivate their minds, abhor the very notion. They are barbarians—pleasant barbarians, I concede, but still barbarians. Some of them can turn out Latin hexameters with accuracy, or Greek iambics both with accuracy and accents; some are admirable in the higher mathematics, others stain their fingers hideously yellow with chemicals, or talk with an impassive calm of their gruesome experiences in the dissecting room; others, again, employ their vast backs in the "screwing of scrummages" (pardon a possible incorrectness of phraseology), or in the propulsion of an eight-oared boat, or, like swift CAMILLA, scour the plain, by which I mean the cinder-path, in search of cups and renown. Each of these estimable young fellows could talk for hours at a stretch on his own special subject, but his mental equipment, and therefore

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THE MARQUIS OF H-L-Y.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, an ecclesiastical service of plate richly chased and displayed or; 2nd, a gratuitous advertisement under editorial protest erased quite improper; 3rd, a Scotch moor sable dancetté, the ballet H-l-y or hieland Hoolichan; 4th, two rural advowsons legally acquired over the counter on a human hand proper. *Crest*: an heraldic bovricycle urgent, tyred and inflated all proper, except driving-wheel sinister, which shows signs of puncture on a flint passé. *Supporters*: Dexter, a full page puffy in advance announcing new company on a capital of two millions; sinister, a dean complaisant and recipient sable.



LORD K-PL-NG OF MANDALAY.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a review laudatory richly deserved quite proper; 2nd, an heraldic jungle-bok rampant under several deadards or mem-sahibs or words to that effect; 3rd, a lordly elephint a pilin' teak; 4th, an argot-naautical vessel (in verse) in full sale, classed A1 at Lloyds, charged with a cargo of technicalities all warranted genuine. *Crest*: On a charger argent the head of a publisher urgent. *Supporters*: Dexter, a tommy atkins in all his glory, arrayed proper by a plain tailor from the hills; sinister, a first-class fighting man or fuzzy wuzzy of the Soudan, regardant sable on a British square charged with an élan effrontée.

his conversation, are summed up in the word "shop," and "shop" is to a mind what the protecting stick, that is run through the front of its little chair, is to a child. It saves a fall, but it also impedes movement.

But take an assembly of some of these, the fine flower of the University, and start—if you can—a conversation on some subject of general interest, and I warrant no collection of ruminating cows could appear more stolid. I remember once, in the presence of some young men, making a remark about TITIAN, and being brought up with a round turn by one of them with the observation that he didn't know much about "these old Roman Emperor Johnnies." This is typical, and if you mention a character out of DICKENS, a book by SCOTT, by THACKERAY, by GEORGE ELIOT, the title of an opera or the name of its composer, anything or anybody in fact that a decently intelligent man might be expected to know about (I make a possible exception in favour of Mr. JORROCKS in the past, and Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS in the present), I'll wager a modest competence that you will be met by a blank stare of perfect ignorance. Heaven knows I don't want youngsters to be prigs. I loathe a prig as the Western American of a former day loathed Indians; but there is a difference between the prig who uses his lack of total ignorance as a bully might use his bludgeon—to prove his superiority and to overawe his shrinking fellows, there is a difference, I say, between this pert nuisance and the man who keeps his mind open and his intelligence alert, who makes it his business to know something not only about the great names and the great deeds of the past, but also about what is going on around him, the movements, the enthusiasms, the art, the literature of the world in which he lives. Such a man will be able to hold his own in any company, and that, too, without abandoning the modest reserve that should mark a youngster. Why, if a man will only consent to read a good review of politics, literature, and the fine arts once a week he must learn something that will enlarge his mind. In any case he'll be better off than the clod who confines his reading to the cricket averages and the League matches, with an occasional and probably inaccurate excursus into such humour as he can recollect from the back-numbers of his favourite sporting paper. Don't mistake me, my dear JACK. I don't propose that you should be a groaning mass of encyclopedic knowledge—indeed, nature has, I fancy, guaranteed you against any such danger—but I should like you to keep a curious mind, and to satisfy its curiosity by reading

something beyond the mere books that you must wade through in order that at the end of your career at Cambridge the Vice-Chancellor may place his hands upon your head and declare you to be a Bachelor of Arts. Again, don't charge me with wanting to make you a niminy-piminy dilettante with a soul only for æsthetics. You are going to be a rowing-man. Well then row with all your might, and talk about rowing to your heart's content, about your chance of getting a place in this or that boat, the latest theory of the sliding-seat, the proper method of combining leg-work with body-swing, or the marvellous deeds of some blue hero of the Cam. It is a noble exercise, a grand school of the simple, manly virtues, and if, as I hope, you are heartily interested in it, why you must and will talk about it heartily. But every now and then you might let your intelligence stray beyond these limits and refresh itself at more enduring fountains.

And yet, and yet (I must sing my palinode) is there anything in the world so pleasant, so stimulating as the society of young men. One's old jokes and time-tried stories, with what a full-souled appreciation are they greeted, with what a zest does the company laugh—but that is nothing. What attracts is the freshness of the youngsters, their enthusiasm, their hearty, honest love for what is of good repute, their outspoken contempt for meanness in thought and action. They have hearts—not the dried-up, leathery, dingy apologies for hearts, that swing feebly in many a mature breast, but full hearts, beating sturdily—and they are not afraid of showing that they have them. And oh, FRED, CHARLES, and FRANK, friends of my early years, and you, WALTER, REGGIE, and DICK, you and others, younger friends of a later day, think not that I have done you and yours a wrong in writing thus, but reflect and tell me if, speaking of the mass, I have spoken inaccurately, or with a wanton malice.

But there, my dear JACK, lyrical outbursts are very well in their way, but as FRED and the rest of them will never see these lines there is no use in prolonging this particular lyric. And I find that I haven't said a word about the books you are to buy with your dear aunt's £10. But your patience must be at an end. I reserve the books for another letter.

Your affectionate uncle, ROBERT ROUNDABOUT.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF CONSTITUTION.—England suffers from the Poor laws and the Transvaal from the Boer laws.



Dreary Counsel (in the course of an hour's oration). "GENTLEMEN, YOU CANNOT CLOSE YOUR EYES—MY LORD CANNOT CLOSE HIS—TO THIS IMPORTANT FACT!"

DARBY JONES ON HORSE SALES—WITH VARIATIONS.

HONOURED SIR,—It cannot be said that those Noblemen and Gentlemen who made Newmarket the mart for the disposal of their equine treasures were as a rule rewarded by high prices for their four-legged wares. I suppose that the days are no more when hundreds would fly about the Ring with the ease and agility of a ball on a lawn-tennis court. We need not beg the God of Memory to carry us back to the palmy era of the Marquis of HASTINGS and the Duke of HAMILTON in order to recall some glorious instances of speculation in that Horseflesh which I am given to understand the Parisians prefer to Beefsteaks. And how many of the high-priced Yearling Darlings of the Hammer have we not seen, as Time wings on, disappear with forgotten or dishonoured names, and vanish into that Siberian Gloom which shrouds unfortunate quadrupeds and unlucky bipeds alike? And even the Winner of the Azure Ribbon of the Turf may in his old age earn a precarious livelihood between the shafts of a "showful" or "growler," just as it would not surprise me, in these Radical decades, to come across a once proud Prime Minister dispensing cups of dubious Mocha in the early morning at the top of St. Martin's Lane to vagrants who could not muster up a Parliamentary Vote among them.

Well, Sir, I am the owner of a Cat, whose ancestors once sported in the Palace of the Shah. His coat is as splendid as the garments of that Potentate, his voice is as musical as that of the bard who hymned Lalla Rookh, and his food is the choicest meat procurable on a skewer. It so happened that the long-time purveyor of these viands recently disposed of his business, and retired to a pretty marine villa—after leaving a card begging his customers to patronise his successor. It so happened that I was looking out of the window when this Ambulant Purveyor called for the first time. Great Wizard of the North! I knew him in a minute. It was the Man who was to have been Premier at St. Stephen's and Conqueror at Epsom! This was his only connection with horseflesh now. I have since always

avoided harrowing the Past, and preserved a strict Incognito, but Liberal Treatment and Pints of Ale when he calls are and ever shall be His.

But to return to my Southdowns or Sales. I fancy that the indifferent barter of Racers for Cash at Newmarket must not be ascribed to want of either native principal or interest. Uneasy moments in the Realm of King BARNEY BARNATO, the scattering of myriad Greenbacks over "Sound Money" across the whale pond, the ceaseless victories of General WEYLER in the Isle of Partagas, the absence of speculators from the Land of the Cornstalk and the Kangaroo, the closing of Count LEHNDORFF's purse strings, and, may I add, the present sway of the all-absorbing Bike and the Coming of the Motor—all combined to reduce the hopes of the Seller to the desires of the Buyer. Sir J. B. MAPLE, M.P., has certainly picked up one bargain from Blankney in the daughter of the ever-illustrious *Hermite*. No one knows better, I take it, than Sir J. B. the value of an Alarming Sacrifice. But without Foreigners or Colonials such gatherings are always devoid of the sensation so dear to the Master of the Ceremonies. A rouble-glutted Russian or a mark-laden German produces the same effect as do the ardent glances of Phœbus Apollo on the lively quicksilver of a Thermometer. Therefore a specimen or two should always be secured, even if their travelling expenses be paid, in the opinion of

Your loyal and humble adviser,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—You are perfectly Ovidian in your disguises. The Lovely Lady, despite the rich Lyons silk muffler wrapped about your mouth, recognised you at once in the Intruder who on Wednesday night thrust his head into the *Cabinet Particulier* at a certain restaurant, where we were enjoying supper for two. Beware, honoured Sir, beware!

D. J.

[DARBY JONES is evidently qualifying himself for Hanwell, while dissipating the proceeds of his successful wagering. We do not know to what he refers, but we may tell him that a gentleman with a thick stick has anxiously inquired more than once for his address. If he continue his folly we shall give it.—ED.]

QUITE THE CHEESE.

["Stilton cheese will shortly celebrate its centenary."—*Weekly Paper*.]

WE understand that on the Earl of Stilton attaining his hundredth year, this joyous event will be celebrated by a Caseine Congress, which will be attended by the venerable Marquis of Double Gloucester, the Duc de Roquefort, Prince Gorgonzola, Sir North Wilts, Viscount Cheddar, Lord Cheshire, Lord Cotherstone, Comte de Camembert, M. Brie, M. Gruyère, Sir Blue Dorset, Vicomte Port du Salut, M. Bondon, Baron Wensleydale, Graf Pomme, Count Edam, M. de Neufchâtel, Baron van Gouda, Prince Parmesano, several American and Canadian cousins, and last, but not least, his Highness the Grand Duke of Limburger.

TO SOME "DESIGNING" PERSONS.—The inventors and makers of a "Mr. Punch's ink-stand"—a design attractive as well by its subject as by its novelty, ornamentally, and by its utility, practically—hereby receive the expression of Mr. Punch's approbation—and "approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praise indeed!"—coupled with a note of well-intentioned criticism. "*The arms of the chair*," says the card in explanation, "*form an excellent pen-rest*." Now, this is all very well for occasional writers, or more or less idle persons, but Mr. Punch never even wishes for "a pen-rest." Sometimes, indeed, he has his pen "in rest," but that is when, as a chivalric knight, he is about to bear down upon whatever has aroused his righteous anger. The ink-stand should hold more ink. Knights of the pen are, so to speak, three-bottle men, as regards ink, and not to be put off with a thimble-full. Messrs. SAUNDERS AND SHEPHERD will see to this.

At the Zoo.

Professor (to small boys gathered round the brown bear's pit). This, you must understand, my young friends, is not the *ursus arcturus* to which the great explorer NANSSEN refers. Do you understand?

Irrepressible Youngster (shouting with joy). Yes! Yes; he's NANSSEN himself, and got to the top of the pole at last!

THE DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY.—"The Present State of Ireland; slightly wormed." This is neither a newspaper report nor a confidential despatch from the Lord Lieutenant. It is merely the description, italics included, of Lot 351 in the catalogue of a sale of books by those unconscionable humorists MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON, of Wellington Street, W.C.

At the Ascot Ball in the Grand Stand.

Captain Splasher. 'Krect card full up, Lady Hilary?

Lady Hilary. No. I can accommodate you with a gallop up to the Royal Inclosure.

A SCOTCH BULL.—The learned but not very lucid book-reviewer of *Blackwood* says Archbishop MAGEE "was born two years younger than the Queen." At what age does he suppose Her Majesty was born?

SUGGESTION TO MR. FRANKFORT MOORE.—A new novel entitled *A Bird in the Hand*, by the author of *Two in the Bush*. So evident, that most likely he has the matter in hand already.



NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

EXEUNT OMNES. (THEY ALL GO OFF.)

HARRY'S OWN HOLIDAY LETTER.

DEAR PARENTS,

I'm happy to tell you (*I am!*)
 And "happiness" here is my own "real jam,"
 And not old McWollupum's annual treacle,
 Or mawkish molasses of clammy old Creakle!)
 That term's at an end! (*Ah! and ain't I just glad!*)
 My progress this half has been—well, not half bad,
 Considering what an exacting old beast McWollupum is! (*Oh! the wind's in the East,*
 And our fire is gone out, and my fingers are numb,
 And I'm "joggled" by Juniper Minor (*my chum*),
 So please excuse blunders and blots!) I do trust
 You will deem I have tried (*And oh! haven't I just?*)
 To do honour to you, and myself and the school
 Of McWollupum, M.A. (*Conceited old fool!*
He will stick the alfabet after his name!)
 My average is top one (*I mean at the game*
Of cricket, in batting; and as for the ball,
I have made all but Sloggerson Major look small)
 And if I'm not top of my form, (*which I ain't,*
But tenth,) I do hope (*though the hope's precious faint*)
 To do better next term. (*This one has been a twister.*
 But Bolderson says that his beautiful sister—
 Oh, isn't she scrumptious?—declares that my "form"

As bow in our boat is A 1.) It will warm
 Your parental buzzums. (*Oh well, scratch that out!*
Saps so fuss about spellin' and style!) But no doubt
 You will mark much improvement in—oh, lots o' ways,
 In your dutiful son, but you know that self praise
 Is no recommendation. (*Should that have two c's,*
Or two m's? English spellin's a horrible tease.
It's just like playing cricket without any laws!)
 Hope this weather will last, and that no beastly thaws
 Will bunnick up skating! (*That word's from the Greek.*
Ju says give the root! But what thunderin' cheek!
As if you didn't know, dear papa! Well, I think
 I need not scribble more, and this botherin' ink
 Is as thick as old boots. Oh! the holidays last
 (*If you must call it lasting, they do go so fast!*)
 Till the fourteenth of Feb. when we boys must resume
 Our studies (*wuss luck!*). I feel quite in a fume
 To see your dear faces, and "Spot," the new colt,
 And Mary, and mother's mince-pies. I could bolt
 To-night, but for Wollupum's watchfulness. Well!
 Hooray for the holidays! I've lots to tell,
 But oh! bother writing it. Good news will tarry,
 So au reservoir! Your affectionate
 HARRY.

ON Y REVIENT TOUJOURS.

(A Christmas Letter—with reflections.)

DEAR NANCY, as in days of old,
 I'm sending you a Christmas-box—
 If you will let me make so bold—
 Containing French assorted "chocs."
 All girls are fond of choes, they say,
 And sweets and such unwholesome messes—
 (How many boxes, in my day,
 I've sent to—various addresses!)
 "Sweets to the sweet"—you know the rule—
 I think it's been applied before
 By me (and many another fool)
 To you (and other girls galore).
 Sweet tooth sweet temper, too, you know,
 So don't be cross or supercilious,
 Sweets never used to make you so,
 Or anything but pleased. (Or bilious.)
 So please accept my Christmas gift—
 I think you will—for Auld Lang Syne!
 (That dear old tag! It's given a lift
 To similar appeals of mine!)
 For years our friendship we have nursed
 (Love's dangerous pitfall lightly skirt-
 ing),
 And I am grateful. (NANCY first
 Taught me the gentle art of flirting.)
 I've not forgotten yet—have you?—
 One jolly Christmas at the Hall,
 These old charades, the skating, too,
 And Twelfth Night and the servants' ball;
 The holly wreaths—we made a pile,
 I helped you with the decorations,
 And pricked my fingers with a smile—
 (And sotto voce objurgations).
 Ah, well, since then we've had our fling,
 (Perhaps we've neither taken hurt),
 But, NANCY, was it quite the thing
 To accuse me now of being a flirt?
 It may be so (it is, by Jove!)
 But I confess, it raised my mettle
 To hear you say so! (On the stove
 The pot likewise maligns the kettle.
 Perhaps that's better left unsaid—
 I won't retort!) Of course I know
 You're all that's good, a model maid—
 Whilst I'm a gay Lothario.
 Yet let the butterfly live his day,
 Sweet sins from every flower quaffing—
 Don't break him on the wheel, I pray!
 (I wonder if she'll see I'm chaffing.)
 At any rate, he's sending you
 Good wishes—ill expressed, but still
 His best good wishes (so I do!)—
 With kind regards or—what you will,
 Yours ever—(There's my autograph.
 "Yours ever" might mean much. I fancy
 Just now it means I'm more than half
 In love again with you, dear NANCY!)

An Alphabetical Problem Solved.

I ASKED at this glad season,
 Why your love I once thought true?
 And at last I know the reason
 That I fancied Y was U.

THE TRUE METHOD OF ENJOYING A
 SKATE (*from our own gastronomist*).—*Au
 beurre noir.*

TO REJECTED CONTRIBUTORS.—"Chest-
 nuts" are now in season, but Mr. Punch
 declares he is not "taking any."

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL DISH THIS
 CHRISTMAS.—Turkey stuffed with promises.



NEW IRISH DUET.

Small Irish Farmer and Noble Landlord sing—

LANDLORD AND TENANT, THOUGH CAT AND DOG, WE
ARE BOTH OF ONE MIND WHEN WE WANT £ S. D."

Lord CASTLETOWN, at the meeting held in Cork, December 12, to consider the report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations between England and Ireland, said, "We have the honour of sounding the keynote in this contest." . . . "We have on our side the right of a nation that has been wronged." . . . "He would ask statesmen, inclined to stand in the way of peace with honour, to pause and think solemnly and seriously of what a nation such as a United Ireland could do when her very life depended upon the result of the contest." Mr. HEALY, M.P., seconded the second resolution.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

Santa Claus-up-to-date presides at an International Christmas-Tree.

For the Queen here's a Coronal sixty years old,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

With the jewels of Empire is studded its gold,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
There are pearls in it shining with sorrow and tears,
There are gems that we set with the trials of years,
But the Koh-i-noor-Love makes all joy of our fears,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

For a President. Long may he "sound money" ring!
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

And never JOHN BULL try to bait with its ring,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

What! a picture, a drama, a poem, a glee,
A large box of soldiers, a fleet for the sea,
And all labelled, "For WILHELM, who lives on the Spree,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

Here's a true lover's knout, of a Muscovite make,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

Madame France will the delicate offering take,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

And lo! here's another gift lettered "with care,"
The Box of Pandora, I vow and declare!
But of raising the lid let fair Madame beware,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For the CZAR!" runs this legend in letters of white,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

On a card that should make European delight,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

'Tis a Dove that has nestled a fierce bear beside,
He surveys her with ardour and courage and pride,
So the Peace of the World is the Autocrat's bride,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

It is here! I must give it to whom it belongs,
With no laugh and no lilt and no merry-go-round!

A Chaplet of Horrors, a Garland of Wrongs,
With no laugh and no lilt and no merry-go-round!

It is bound fast with ribbon of funeral black
That betokens the sword, and the scourge, and the rack,
"For the SULTAN!" but with it there's gaping the Sack,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For Italy," MENELEK's "Peacemaking Rope,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For Austria," packets of "Bosnian Soap,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For Spain!" a new brand of Havana cigar,
With a quick, certain cure for Manilla catarrh,
And for Egypt the game of "Be just as we are,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For our Premier," a glove that's of velvet and steel,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For the Hermit of Ha'rden" new lines for his reel,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

Here's a present for "ARTHUR," of "Office Long Lease,"
Here's another for "JOE," "British Empire Increase,"
And for HARCOURT a sauce for both ganders and geese,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

While there're those to be found
Who re-echo the sound
Of this gift to the Mill-i-on—"Plenty and Peace!"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

How the Earthquake took Some People.

Mrs. Joskin (at 5.35 A.M., December 17). There you are, HENRY ADOLPHUS, as usual, shaking all the furniture about, coming to bed at these wicked and pernicious hours.

(And although HENRY ADOLPHUS had been slumbering by her side since midnight, Mrs. J., even now, will have none of the English Earthquake theory.)

Short but not Sweet.

Occasionally-Rejected Contributor (to Mr. P-nch's Editor, facetiously). I suppose your occupation is always cutting jokes, eh?

Mr. P.'s Editor. I cut yours. You generally send 'em in too long. [Exit rejected one.]



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. IV.

Carol Singers:—

"OH, REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMAN,
MAY NOTHING YOU DISMAY!"

THE CONUNDRUM OF CORUNDUM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read that corundum has been discovered by Professor W. E. FERRIER in Canada! The *Echo* says:

"The value of corundum depends entirely on its abrasive power, and can be easily determined by taking a piece of plate-glass, previously weighed, placing on it a weighed portion of the sample to be tested, rubbing the material on the glass until the glass ceases to lose in weight: the total loss of weight gives the abrasive power of the sample."

Is "corundum" a new sort of whiskey? Anyway, I know that an exceedingly interesting experiment of a similar nature can be made with the common or Highland liquid and an ordinary tumbler. Having filled the latter with the former, you weigh the same, and then press your lips to the glass until the glass ceases to lose in weight by the abrasion: the total loss of weight gives the abrasive power of the sample as in the case of corundum. This is an excellent Christmas and New Year amusement. Yours for self and corundum, HAMISH McHAGGIS.

Wharup Lodge, Bonnie Blinkie, N.B.

A SEASONABLE REFLECTION AT A PANTOMIME.

Clown (on stage). Here we are a-gain!
Sour Pittite (morosely). But at any other time of year you would be a loss! Yah!
[Leaves the Harlequinade to its own devices.]

THE ADVANTAGE OF CHANCE.—A losing as well as a winning hazard at billiards always replenishes the pocket.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXXII.

Containing the conclusion of the whole matter, and (which many Readers will receive in a spirit of chastened resignation) Mr. Jabberjee's final farewell.

Queen's Bench Court, No. —. 2 P.M.

HON'BLE JUSTICE HONEYGALL is now summing-up, in such very nice, chatty, confidential style that it is impossible to hear one half of his observations, while the remainder is totally inaudible. . . . Nevertheless, I already gather that he regards the affair



with the restricted narrowminded view that it is simply the question of damages. . . . He appears to be now discussing whether my testimony that I am of such excessive natural funkiness as to be intimidated by a few threats into my matrimonial engagement is humanly credible. . . . I cannot at all comprehend why, at his frequent references to my alleged tiger-slaughters—which, with shrewd commonsense sapience, he seems to consider mere ideally fabricated fibs and fanciful yarns—the whole Court should be so convulsed with unmeaning merriment, nor why so stern a Judge does not make any attempt to check such disorderly interruptions. . . .

So far as my imperfect hearing can ascertain, he has been instructing the jury that they may utterly dismiss from their minds my highly ingenious plea of inability to offer any other kind of matrimony than a polygamous union—surely, a very, very slipshod off-hand method of disposing of such a nice sharp quillet of the Law! . . . He is talking to them about my means, and has thrown out a rather apt suggestion that I may have been led by sheer vaingloriousness and Oriental love of hyperbole into exaggerating my resources. . . . However, he “sees no reason to doubt my competence to pay a reasonable amount of damages”—an opinion with which I am not so pleased. “If the jury think me a gay sort of Hindoo deceiver, who has heartlessly trifled with the affections of a simple, unsuspecting English girl, that will lead them to award substantial damages. If, on the other hand, they consider myself an inexperienced Oriental ninnyhammer of a fellow, who has been entrapped into an en-

gagement by an ambitious, artful young woman—why, that may incline them to inflict a merely nominal penalty.” (But why, I should like to know, does a Judge, who is infinitely more capable than a dozen doltish jurymen to express a decided opinion, thus put on the double-faced mask of ambiguity, and run with the hare and halloo with the hounds, like some Lukeworm from Laodicea?) . . . Now he is mentioning “certain circumstances, which he is bound to tell the jury have made a strong impression on his own mind.” . . . Alack, that, owing to the incorrigible mumbling of his diction, I cannot succeed in ascertaining what these said circumstances are! . . . He has begun (I think) to discourse concerning my latest offer of marriage in open Court. What a pity that hon'ble judges should not study to acquire at least ordinary proficiency in such a simple affair as Elocution!

“It may strike you, gentlemen, that if the plaintiff had any genuine affection for the defendant, or any actual intention of linking her lot with his, she would—” (the rest is a severe mumble!) “Or again, you may take into consideration—” (but precisely *what* they are to take is, to myself, a dumb show!). “Still, after making every possible allowance for the idealising effects of the tender passion upon the female judgment, I confess I find it a little difficult to persuade myself that—” (Again I am not in at the finish—but, from the bristling and tossing of JESSIMINA's hat-plumes, I am in great hopes that it contained something complimentary to myself.) . . . He has just concluded with the observation that, “after what they have seen and heard of the defendant during the proceedings, the jury should find little difficulty in arriving at a fairly accurate estimate of the loss which a young lady of British birth and bringing-up would sustain by her failure to secure such a husband.”

From the last it is clear that his hon'ble lordship meant that, in secret, he has the highest opinion of my merits, though he entirely overlooked the obvious fact that he would have better carried out his benevolent and patronising intentions towards me by affecting (just now) to consider me only a worthless poor chap. But even the most subtly-trained European intellects are curiously backward in such elementary chicaneries!

3 P.M.—The jury are assembling their heads. They seem generally agreed—except a couple of stout ones who are lolling back and listening with mulish simpers. If I were certain that they were fellow-colleagues from *Punch*, I would encourage them by secret signs to persevere—but who knows that they may not be partisans of the plaintiff? If so, they deserve to be condignly punished for such obstinate dullheadedness. . . . The foreman has asked that they may retire, whereupon Justice HONEYGALL answers them “certainly,” and retires his own person contemptuously. . . .

3.15 P.M.—The jury are still absentees. In reply to my questions, my solicitor says that, as far as he can see, the damages can't be under £250, and may amount to a cold “Thou” (or thousand)! Adding that, if I had only let him brief WITHERINGTON, Q.C., I might have got off with £50, or even what is nominally called a farthing. But I say to him, in such a case how could I possibly have acquired any forensic distinction? To which he has no reply ready.

3.30.—The jury are still delayed by the two stouts. I have just attempted to chat over the affair with JESSIMINA and Madame MANKLETOW, and ascertain whether the former will not accept myself at eleventh hour as payment in full of all damages, costs, &c. Mrs. M. replies that the jurymen are notoriously in favour of her daughter, and that she would as soon see her in gates of grave as the bride of a black man. On closer approach to JESSIMINA, I have made the rather disenchanting discovery that she has rendered her nose lilac from too much superfluity of face-powder. Perhaps, after all, the damages may not be so very . . . The jury are coming back. Hon'ble Judge is fetched hurriedly. . . . Mister Associate asks: “Have you agreed upon your verdict?” Answered that they have. “Do they find for plaintiff or defendant?” “For plaintiff.” And the damages? “Twenty-five Thou!!!” My stars! O Gemini! Who'd have thought it? My Progenitor will never pay the piper for such an atrociously cacophonous tune. . . . I am a done-for!

3.35.—All right. I was deceived by aural incorrectness. It is not twenty-five *thou*.—but twenty-five *pounds*!

3.45.—Hiphussar! Cockadoodledoo! A mere bite from a flea! . . . The plaintiff has fallen into hysterical from disappointed avariciousness. . . . There is some idle talk about costs following the event, and certifying for a special jury—a luxury for which it seems I am not to fork out. The case is over.

Outside in the corridor and hall I was the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, and vociferously applauded as a “good old nigger,” and told that “now they *shouldn't* be long,” though for what else they were waiting I could not learn. Madame MANKLETOW did overtake me near the doors and invite me to tea and

talk in a coffee and bun establishment, hinting that she had recently misunderstood the state of her daughter's heart, and that she had in reality been ardently desirous from the first to accept my offer. To which I replied that the gates of grave were now hermetically closed, and that the plaintiff, like the fabulous canine, had thrown away the meaty bone of a first-class opportunity in exchange for the rather flimsy and shadowy form of a twenty-five pound note. But, as a chivalrous, I refrained from saying that I had been thus totally put off by an over-powdered nose.

Then I proceeded, amidst cheering populaces, up Chancery Lane to a certain Bar, wherein young HOWARD regaled myself and solicitor very handsomely upon anchovy sandwiches and champagne-wine, after which I returned to Hereford Road full of ovation and cheerfulness.

It is practically certain that my sire, the Mooktear, will cock-a-hoop with paternal pride on hearing by telegram of my moral victory, and celebrate same with fireworks and festivities, besides sending ample remittances for all costs out of pocket, &c.

So I am now to return shortly to Calcutta, when my time will be too exclusively taken up with forensic triumphs for any further jotting or tittling for *Punch*, or similar periodicals.

After all, for a fellow who is able to enchant multitudes, and persuade their intellects and reasoning faculties by dint of golden verbiage of diction, mere sedentary journalism is a very mediocre and poorly-paid pursuit!

Notwithstanding my cessation as a contributor, I shall, on arriving in India, infallibly recommend *Punch* to all my innumerable aunts, families, and friends, as a highly respectable periodical—provided that the munificent and free-hearted generosity of those Hon'ble Mist'ers, the Editor and Proprietors, shall account me worthy to draw a monthly retiring pension for my distinguished services.

And, with prostrated respects to my honoured readers and their respective relatives, I have the honour to remain, ever and anon,

Their Excellencies most grateful, humble, and
obedient servant, H. B. J.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SAYS our Critical Baronitess, who has taken in hand *The Flame, Flower, and other Stories*, written and illustrated by JAMES F. SULLIVAN (J. M. DENT & Co.), "Its most amusing story is the 'Lost Idea,' evidently suggested by a well-known song, 'He always came Home to Tea.'"

Prince Boohoo and Little Smuts, by HARRY JONES, is a modern fanciful romance for children. Science has upset our primitive fairies. Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE, who comes out strong in the ever-fascinating story of *Undine*, published by GARDNER, DARTON & Co. *Sintram and His Companions* is another exotic from the forcing-house of the above-mentioned Gardner.

Aforesaid Baronitess writes, "I had thought the morals of the naval profession unimpeachable, until, in *Fifty-Two Stories of the British Navy*, edited by ALFRED MILES (HUTCHINSON & Co.), I discovered that our maritime supremacy started with a 'd-mme,' and ended, temporarily, at 'Trafalgar,' when 'Duty,' with a big D, became the watchword of 'Victory.'"

The proverbial "two" used to be "company," but, nowadays, it is considered more exclusive to have an odd number. *Three Girls in a Flat*, by ETHEL F. HEDDLE, might be relatives of our old friends *Three Men in a Boat*.

The Rose of Allandale, by GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. (DIGBY, LONG & Co.), starts with the startling assertion that it is a sensational story of love and crime. Anticipation fully realised for those who like the undiluted, gory romance. The language is somewhat of the pure Adelphian Academic style, which is a bit out of the author's usual line.

Butter Scotia; or, A Cheap Trip to Fairyland, by His Honour Judge EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY. A sort of Fairy Cooke's personally-conducted tour, following a little in the steps of our dear old friend, *Alice in Wonderland*. The only comparatively new acquaintance is a golfing ogre. Fairyland has had to succumb to the fatal fascination of the niblick and the putter. A giant of Butter-Scotch extraction would hardly be complete without his clubs and links. It is excellently illustrated by ARCHIE MACGREGOR. If offered the book, don't say, "Not for Nuts," but go to NUTT'S (DAVID NUTT'S) and get it.

To those who love a laugh, and who, among the Baron's friends, does not, whether at his own or somebody else's expense, latter for choice, the Baron recommends *Kemble's Coons*, brought out by JOHN LANE, of London. Most of the negro piccaninnies, and the situations in which they are placed, are extremely droll. The artist is a master of the Black Art. "First rate for Christmas time," says
THE BLITHE BARON DE B.-W.



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Parlour-maid. "I THINK IT'S SOME GAME FOR YOU, MA'AM."
Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, MAY I PLAY IT TOO?"

CANINE SAGACITY.

A Protest—and a Plea for Rational Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—I read with suppressed irritation the letter from "A Thankful Parent," about the doings of his St. Bernard pup; but when it came to the foolish epistle from Brazenface College, I could stand it no longer!

However, my chief object in writing is to ask you to open your columns to matters of proved scientific interest, such as "How to be married, though happy," "What shall we do with our bores," &c. At present I have good reason to be deeply interested in occult science. When my Aunt MARIA died, just three years ago, we had a remarkable premonition of the fatal event. The housemaid was gently wiping with a soft cloth one of a pair of valuable vases, when, without any warning whatsoever, it flew into a thousand pieces. One month later, to the very hour, my Aunt Maria died!

Now, Sir, two days ago, the warning was repeated. The same housemaid, with the same cloth, was dusting the remaining vase, when, to use her own words, it "exploded," as its fellow had done. The most serious issues are involved for myself and my two surviving aunts, and I should like to appeal to any students of the occult who may be able to enlighten me as to which of us is this time indicated. My own impression is that it is Aunt RACHEL, but she herself believes that her nephew is meant, that is myself. You will see at once that a matter of this kind is of infinitely greater moment than the tricks of animals, however wonderful they may appear upon superficial examination.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, COMMON SENSE.

[We are sorry to say that the letter signed "A. SOLOMON," of Brazenface College, and containing a dog, hen, and kitten story, is a forgery, and not written by the undergraduate of that name.—ED.]



"AFTER YOU!"

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

(Old and New.)

["*OLD-FASHIONED*" writes a lament about the decay of Christmas. He says, "Some relatives in South Africa asked me to buy them a bundle of Christmas Numbers "of the good old sort," and send them out, as they always liked to recall in the bush the happy days of childhood, and explain to the youngsters born there what a real English Christmas is like. . . . I have bought all that I have seen published, but, except on the title-page, I can't find anything about Christmas in them."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

Old lovers of fun, drum this puzzling conundrum

Well into the ears of a cynical age:
What, what has become of that Christmas
which some of

The elderly scanners of picture and page
May haply remember? About mid-December

We used to look forward to frolic and fun,

To holly's red glories, and jolly ghost-stories;

But now all is dismal, and dumpish, and dun.

It used to be rapture the pictures to capture

Of gallant old GILBERT and funny old "Phiz."

Oh, dear days of DICKENS! Now gloom daily thickens

And sentiment's ghoulish, and mirth a sour quiz.

For larks and roast turkey the monstrous and murky,

The horrid, hypnotic, and hideous abound.

For frightened old fat "Ma" a mystic Mahatma,
Or other grim humbug will "flourish around."

For pursy old pater, whose mouth like a crater

Gaped wide with a genial fit of the creeps,

When it was not laughing, or joyfully quaffing,—

Some dim, dreadful demon from Stygian deeps,

Some Beardsleyesque bogey, to scare the old fogey,

From *fin-de-siècle* Fancy's dark vaults will emerge,

And charnel-house creatures, with vague vampire features,

Will drive honest souls to insanity's verge.

And all this as—jollity! Not of such quality

Christmassy "creeps" in the simple old times,

When SAM READ enchanted with Old Granges, Haunted,

And "Boz" gave us genial ghosts in the Chimes.

But Christmas, where is it? The annual visit,

As "*Old-Fashioned*" says, Christmas Numbers record

Alone on their covers. But true Christmas lovers

By horrors plus cynical smartness get bored.

We don't laugh, we snigger! We're better and bigger—

Yes, thanks to Modernity, School Boards, and Art—

Than were the poor creatures whose uncultured features

Would break into grins, or let maudlin tears start

At fun and the pathos we call bleat and bathos,

In old Christmas numbers by DICKENS & Co.,

Mere compounds of snivel and horse-collar drivel—

At least our sage oracles label them so.

No, my dear "*Old-Fashioned*"! your plea so impassioned

For genial, gay Christmas Numbers is vain

In days when the jolly plus holly mean folly

To up-to-date pundits whose heart runs to brain!

Not so Pretty in English.

(Three friends meet at Monte Carlo)

First Friend. No, I'm not staying here. Just run over from Cannes.

Second F. And I from Fat.

Third F. And I'm with my people at Chin.

[We presume the travellers referred to Cannes, Grasse, and Menton.—Ed.]

OLD BUFFER'S BOXING-DAY REFLECTION.

GR-R-R-R! Yesterday I *did* run loose!

To-day pang-wracked, perspiring, puffing,

I feel I am the Christmas goose,
And spoilt by too much stuffing.



FATHER CHRISTMAS—"UP-TO-DATE."

THE LOVES OF THE HOLLY AND
MISTLETOE.

A HOLLY for several winters, when decked in his finest array of ruddy berries, had sent his most tender regards by means of the blackbirds, missel-thrushes and starlings to the object of his love, a beautiful Mistletoe attached by force of circumstance to a crabbed old Ribston Pippin, but the bird-messengers never brought him any satisfactory reply, so the poor Holly bitterly bewailed that such a coy dependent should be permitted to enslave his fancy with the constant loveliness of her charms. Nevertheless, he was persuaded that the open and undisguised fashion in which he waved kisses to her, whenever the wind blew favourably, would sooner or later result in some encouraging response. Meanwhile the Ribston Pippin regarded him with such undisguised jealousy that one fine autumn he produced no more than a couple of bushels of sour fruit, and was promptly condemned to death in the winter by the Dirtman or common gardener. Soon afterwards the Holly was visited by a chatterbox of a Tomtit, who said, "Miss Mistletoe is quite alive to your passion, but she dares not return it through fear of her foster-parent. You must therefore take her bashfulness at its true worth and hope on, for you have indeed a fair chance." The Holly was so elated with this news that he immediately prepared himself for a grand Christmas display, when he would rival a Highland soldier in the grandeur of his scarlet and green garb. At the same time he begged the Tomtit to convey the assurance of his undying devotion to the Mistletoe. No doubt his message was duly delivered, for never had the Mistletoe shown such chaplets of snowy pearls. It was shortly after this display of mutual feeling that little Tina, the daughter of the Squire, accompanied her father round the gardens.

"Oh! how beautiful that Holly and that Mistletoe look," she exclaimed. "We must have them joined together for Christmas, eh, daddy?"

The Squire readily assented, and gave the necessary instructions to the head of his horticultural department. "I'm glad of that, Sir," said the Dirtman, "because that there 'olly spoils the laurels, and as to the Mistletoe, I believe it's killed the apple-tree." The Holly felt a contempt for the gardener which he could not express. But the bitterness of his reflection was, however, effaced by his joy. At last Miss Mistletoe was to be united with himself! He looked forward to Christmas-tide with all expectancy. He winced a little, it is true, when the Dirtman came with an axe and chopped his trunk in twain, but oh! what rapture when he was hung at last, intermingled with his beloved Mistletoe, in the centre of the great hall.

"Darling," he whispered to his bride, "at last we are one!"

"Yes," she murmured, "how thankful I am! Look at that horrid Ribston Pippin glaring at us from the fireplace!"

They were so happy for nearly a fortnight. Little Tina and her friends, especially one friend, who was familiar, came and made merry beneath their branches. "This is seeing life," said the Holly, as he wrapped the Mistletoe in his strong embrace. "Yes," she replied, "but life is the beginning of death." She was right, for, on Twelfth Night, the varlets and maids came and stripped down all the leafy decorations and placed them amid the

ashes of the Pippin's trunk. But the Holly and the Mistletoe were not divided. They flew up the chimney side by side, as a couple of sparks, right into the heaven above. That same night the Astronomer-Royal reported two new stars in the firmament. He gave them names such as would probably crush the understanding of an ordinary Board School teacher, but all children of Earth, no matter what their age, who read these lines, will know them as Holly and Mistletoe, the Ever Constant.



WHAT THE CHILDREN OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES DIDN'T HAVE TO ENDURE:—THIS SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION FOR THEIR PICTURE-BOOKS!

A Fable of Vain-glorious Bipedes.

A TURKEY and a Goose were once disputing as to the superiority of their ancestry.

Quoth the Turkey: "I come from the peerless prairies of the boundless West. There pigs would not be allowed to roam as they are on those wretched English commons, where you pick up your sustenance."

Replied the Goose: "My ancestors were those who saved Rome, furnished pens for sages, and gave arrow-guides to warriors. As to pigs, let me remark that they are known to none of my quality."

In process of time a pig found the trifles, which subsequently enriched the Goose's liver, and also supplied the sausages for adorning the Turkey.

This fable shows that Gastronomy is not appreciated at its true worth by any living being as a factor in the economy of Man-kind.

The Morning after the Pantomime.

Magistrate (to prisoner). I understand that you are charged with being drunk, disorderly, and obstructing the police.

Prisoner. Yes, your worship; but I was really only playing at being clown, which the constables misunderstood.

[Discharged without a stain on his character.]

MOTTO OF THE LOG-ROLLER AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.—Do as Yule be done by. *Vide* topical numbers.

DARBY JONES GOES TO ALGIERS OR—
ELSEWHERE.

HONOURED SIR,—The festive season has once more come down like the Assyrian on the Earthly Fold, not, it is true, embellished with much of that Gold which seems as plentiful in the Western Antipodes as are slippers and rice at up-to-date nuptials in England, but nevertheless not lacking in the Scarlet Abundance of the repellent Holly. For my own part, much as I revere Christmas, with its Congratulations, its Cards, its Tips, its Turkeys, Geese, Plum Puddings, Mince Pies, Snapdragons, Hilarity, Inebriation, and Indigestion, without reckoning Mr. S. H. HYDE's ever joyous holiday meeting at Kempton Park (where I trust Master JOHN FROST will not nip the jumpers by the heels), yet I am constrained this year to forego these pleasures collectively and individually, being commanded by my Medical Adviser to seek a more beneficent Atmosphere, less exhilarating scenes, and Meat and Drink of a more butterfly character. Yes, honoured Sir, I fear that my arduous exertions on your behalf, coupled with the fact that I was asinine enough to accompany a friend to Richmond to witness what he called a football match, but which closely resembled my idea of Savage Warfare in the Rainy Season, have necessitated my instant removal to a hotter place. No, Sir, I do not mean what you mean. I refer to the sun-kissed slopes of Algeria, not unknown, I believe, to Mr. GRANT ALLEN, the late Lord EXMOUTH, Marshal MACMAHON, and other hill and water toppers. But for your Mosquito-like Stab of last week, I should forbear to bayonet your feelings by informing you that I do not travel *alone* to the Land of the Turco and the Palm-tree. But now I make no scruple in telling you that the Lovely Lady undertakes the same journey at the same time, taking with her as natural Guardian and Protector her Brother, a youth who has yet to learn the *meum* and *truum* of Life, as applied to spirits, cigars, and petty cash. But no fly ever corrupted the best kind of pomatum. For the nonce, then, not without a quivering cardiac feeling, I leave you, honoured Sir, to the Barbaric Splendours of Insular Hospitality. Sooner or later I shall be with you again. Sooner if the Protector-Brother goes on as he has been doing. Meantime, the Bard chortles at Charing Cross station.

Farewell, most honoured Sir, farewell,

I'm ready for the flight,
And wave to Fleet Street and Pall Mall

A well-deserved "Good-night!"

The engine whistles forth "Adieu,"

The night wind telephones

"A Merry Christmas, Sir, to you

And yours!" from DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I do not state my precise destination for excellent reasons. Did you ever catch a weasel asleep, &c.?

[We are afraid that our reference to the man with the cudgel has frightened D. J. Whither he has gone we know not, but we certainly should not waste a twopenny-halfpenny stamp in trying to find him at Algiers. Southend is a more likely place of refuge.—Ed.]

At the Bookseller's.

Lady (to proprietor). Good heavens! What's the matter with your assistant? Is he seized with lockjaw?

Proprietor (soothingly). Don't be alarmed, Madam. He's only trying to pronounce the name of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD's new volume of poems!



CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

THAT the sentiments on the cards come from the heart, and are absolutely genuine.

That every account on its arrival will be promptly settled.

That the annual family gathering will be productive of nothing but peace and goodwill.

That bonnets and mantles will be totally disregarded by the feminine portion of the congregation.

That holiday tasks will be highly popular with the young friends of Dr. BIRCH and his talented assistants.

That gratuities on Boxing day will be given with enthusiastic generosity everywhere.

That indigestible plum-pudding and rich mince pies will be regarded as professional foes by the doctors.

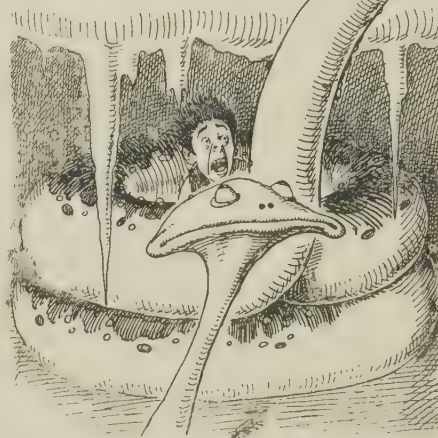
That there will be plenty of cabs for every one after the performances on Boxing night.

That all the Yule-tide entertainments will once more beat the record.

That the toast of the season will be
"Long live our rates and taxes."

And lastly (biggest cracker of all) that every one who has arrived at the age of discretion sincerely regrets that "Christmas comes but once a year," and consequently can *not* be frequently repeated.

GAIT-MONEY.—The price of admission to a running contest.



PREHISTORIC WAITS.

THEIR CAREER WAS, AS A RULE, A SOMEWHAT BRIEF AND CHEQUERED ONE, OWING TO THE FASCINATION THEY HAD FOR THE REPTILE WORLD !

A PROVERB AMENDED BY ONE LETTER FOR THE OCCASION.—Moral drawn from the recent case of *Brooks v. Labouchere*: "Truth is stronger than Fiction." "BROOKS of Halesworth" probably wishes that his existence had been as fabulous as that of *Mr. Murdstone*'s "Brooks of Sheffield" in *David Copperfield*.

FROM THE CRACKERY SHOP.—From the glories of the more than "purple East," and the whirling wonders of the go-ahead West, TOM SMITH has evolved such radiant varieties for his Christmas crackers as will produce ineffable delight in the hearts of all youthful Christmas-party goers and givers. Bang! "open Sesame," and "Aladdin's Discoveries" are revealed! Then "Curios from the Cape," and a boom in "The Up-to-date Cycling." Tom is not without a sense of humour when he bestows the title of "Home Comforts" on one set of crackers. Without such "home comforts" where would be the quiet and repose of home? So many and varied are the marvels of our old friend in the crackery department, that, parodying "*The Village Blacksmith*," we may say with truth,

And long may he reign as the King of Christmas Crackers.

Had Him There.

Young Teddy. I say, grandpa, are you fond of a round game?

Grandpa. Yes, certainly; very seasonable amusement.

Young Teddy. Then just take me to the circus at the Crystal Palace.

[Ancestor captured, of course.]

VICE VERSÂ.

Master Harry (whose father is expected on leave from India). When my dad comes home for the holidays, I think I'll treat him to the pantomime.



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